

roothall. Both teams were too excited to play well, though Guy's kept their heads better than the London team, and showed better form. After a rousing game Guy's won by 8 points (one goal, one try) to nil, London being fairly and squarely beaten.

London had no fewer than ten New Zealanders in their fifteen, and they started favourites. The men from the Dominion comprised A. C. Palmer, A. A. Adams, and D. G. Macpherson (three-quarters), A. S. Heale and A. B. Lindsay (halves), J. N. Mehahey, E. McEwan, S. R. Harrison, P. Foutie, and G. M. Chapman (forwards). In the Guy's team there were two New Zealanders—L. B. Stringer (three-quarter) and H. Hoby (forward). London never settled down to a steady game. Their forwards were ragged and unable to obtain the ball, and Guy's, by reason of their more systematic methods, always looked like winning, and deceived their success. Early in the game Stringer, following up his own kick, gained a try, and in the second half Stokes also scored after a rapid run and placed a goal. The result practically settles the competition, as neither St. Thomas' nor Middlesex, who have already played a drawn game in the other semi-final, can hope to defeat Guy's.

L. B. Stringer, the Guy's captain, played finely all through the game. A. C. Palmer, the most dangerous try-getting man on the field, was starved by his halves and centres. He made excellent use of his one and only real opportunity, but was forced into touch just when he looked likely to score. Lindsay at half back gave himself too much to do, and did not trust his back division enough. Adams played a sound game, but Macpherson could rarely get going, and Heale was not at his best. Mehahey, Harrison, and McEwan were conspicuous in the loose, as also was Hoby on the Guy's side.

The Hon. W. Pember Reeves, late High Commissioner for New Zealand, and now Director of the London School of Economics, presided at the annual dinner of the School last Saturday evening. The toast of the School was proposed by Mr. Herbert Samuel, M.P.; and Mr. Reeves, in replying, said that Mr. Samuel had the good fortune to be a governor of the School. Had he been a student instead, there was no knowing to what height he would not have soared; he might even have been in the shadow of a Premiership. (Laughter.)

Mr. Samuel, in the course of his speech, said that not only did the School do great work in an economic sense, but it helped them a great deal with its intellectual climate in which they were trained. Times were changing; we were living in the days of four-inch Blue Books—(laughter)—and year by year our social system became more and more complex. Society had reached a condition when it could not be managed by mere amateurs, and men were required who had received a thorough training and a liberal education in social subjects. That education the School gave its students.

New Zealand papers are asked to record the death of Dr. Thomas Radford King, F.R.C.S., which occurred on February 17 at 17 Gloucester walk, Campden Hill, London. Dr. King died of heart failure, after three days' illness.

Mrs. Sidney Plummer, of Auckland, arrived by the Arawa from New Zealand last Friday, after a fast passage of only five weeks and two days. Mrs. Plummer intends to take up residence in this country, probably in London. Her husband is second officer on the Rimutaka, which is due from New Zealand tomorrow.

The New Zealand Association is holding a reception in honour of the new High Commissioner for the Dominion, the Hon. W. Hall-Jones, this evening, at the Westminster Palace Hotel. The gathering will be well supported by members of the New Zealand colony in London and their friends.

PRECAUTIONARY.

A negro was under suspicion for chicken stealing. He was called before the pastor and deacons of the chapel, and evidence was given as to character. The parson inquired of one of the witnesses: "Now do you think that Brother Sambo is the man who would be likely to steal chickens?" "Well," said the witness, "I would not like to say that, Pastor, but if I was a chicken and Brother Sambo was about I should roost high!"

Mr. T. E. Taylor's Opinions.

When Mr. Asquith received the cablegram dispatched last week from Christchurch assuring him that New Zealand's offer of a Dreadnought was "an unconstitutional and unfortunate interference with British party politics," we have no doubt that his first remark was, "Who on earth is Mr. T. E. Taylor?" We all know Mr. T. E. Taylor here, and we are in a position to estimate the exact amount of importance that ought to be attached to his opinions. But the British Prime Minister may well wonder what manner of man this is who, on the strength of his position as "member for Christchurch North," calmly assumes the right to address the Imperial authorities on behalf of a Government, a Parliament and a Dominion inhabited by a million other subjects of the Crown. It is a pity that Mr. T. E. Taylor has no sense of humour, or that his friends cannot prevent him from making himself so supremely ridiculous. Whatever Mr. T. E. Taylor may think of himself, the people of New Zealand have had enough previous experience of him and his views to estimate accurately his capacity for dealing with Imperial questions. This is not the first time that Mr. T. E. Taylor has made himself unfortunately conspicuous on our public stage by his profound ignorance of the principles of Imperial policy and his narrow, purblind, and distorted outlook upon the relations that exist between the colonies and the Mother Land. Mr. Taylor, moreover, as we all know, is one of the restless mortals who are never happy unless they are finding fault with other people; but illogical as he has often showed himself to be, we wonder that he ventures to impute to anybody else a desire to make political capital out of a great public or national question. To say that our own Liberal Government has offered this warship for the express purpose of embarrassing the British Liberal Government, and assisting the party which has always opposed Liberal policy and principles at Home, is on the face of it, preposterous enough; but it becomes still more ludicrous when we reflect that the author of this denunciation, this defender of public life against the encroachments of party-politics, is himself actually engaged in utilising this very question as a weapon against his own political opponents. But we do not fear that Sir Joseph Ward will suffer more from Mr. Taylor's enmity than Mr. Asquith will benefit by the sympathy so gratuitously offered him. We are by no means blind to Mr. Taylor's personal merits, and we have often admitted that under some circumstances, unfortunately not yet realised, he might do a great deal for his country. But courage and honesty of purpose are not a sufficient set-off to the monstrous self-assertiveness, and the colossal egotism that disgrace Mr. Taylor's character, and which have certainly never found better illustration than in his astounding attempt to speak for New Zealand to England, and to patronise and console a British Premier.

Father John of Cronstadt.

Father John, who died recently, was born on Nov. 30, 1829. After graduation at the St. Petersburg seminary he became a priest of the Andrew Church at Cronstadt, where his zeal and devotion drew about him hosts of followers and attracted the attention of the Emperor, who constantly befriended him.

A pilgrimage of the present Empress to the shrine of St. Seraphin, which among pious Russians was believed to have been responsible for the birth of the desired heir to the throne, was undertaken on Father John's advice.

The late years of Father John's life were clouded by the ill repute of the sect of Johnites, which was exploited by an unscrupulous and immoral group of men and women to their great financial advantage. The priest's eyes were opened to this only last summer, when he anathematised the false leaders.

Story of Father John's Career.

Father John was christened John Sergioff. He was born at Archangel in 1829. His life-long loyalty to the State, as well as his outspoken criticism of the Government when he thought it was in the wrong, and the reputation acquired in his later years as a miracle worker all combined to make him one of the most striking personalities in Russia. Thousands journeyed every year to Cron-

stadt for the mere sake of his benediction.

Since December 25, 1855, Father John was attached to the Andrew Cathedral in the famous but unattractive port, and enjoyed for some years a widespread fame as a worker of miracles.

The Czar is held in awe; Tolstol, "crying in the wilderness" on behalf of the moujiks, is loved by them and loathed by the bureaucracy; Father John was revered and adored by the masses, who had unbounded faith in his alleged powers of healing the sick and of performing miracles of various kinds.

Heralded as Latter-day Saint.

The mind of the moujik offered a peculiarly fruitful ground for the first seeds of the belief in the priest's miraculous powers. Inheriting the accumulated superstition of ages, and being under the pastoral care of a priesthood whose enlightenment is scarcely superior to that of its flocks, and whose fitful activity is confined to instilling into its followers "the letter that killeth," the peasantry heralded Father John as a latter day saint.

Marvelous stories of his miraculous powers passed from village to village, and were accepted unreservedly by the simple moujik as being the gospel news of deeds performed by Father John. Thus, during the last quarter of a century Cronstadt was the Mecca toward which the steps of the faithful were turned; the port has taken the place so long held by "Mother Moscow" and "Holy Kieff."

Through the dusty days of summer and across the dreary plains of snow in the long winter, pilgrims begged their toilsome way to Cronstadt from the farthest corners of the Empire. For years the stream of pilgrims has been a nuisance to the town, but the authorities could not interfere through fear of arousing popular indignation. To the credit of the simple priest it may be said that this fame was thrust upon him.

Called to Palace as Well as Hut.

A few cases in which recovery was said to have followed his intercessory prayers were sufficient to establish his fame as being able to heal the sick, and to give sight to the blind, in cases which had defied medical skill. From the masses the fame of Father John passed quickly and easily to the official classes, and thus he was summoned alike to the palace of the rich and to the peasant hut in the fight against death.

In return for laying his hands upon the sick and dying, Father John received gifts of large sums of money, which he devoted to charity and to building churches and shrines.

So large was the stream of pilgrims that hostleries abounded for housing them. These hostleries exploited the devout in every conceivable manner.

The "Living-in" System.

ONE CLEAN SHEET A FORTNIGHT.

A graphic story of the evil side of the living-in system is included in the voluminous evidence given before the Truck Committee, which was issued recently in the form of two large Blue Books (says a London paper).

The story was told by a young woman described as Miss X because she said she would "get the swap at a minute's notice" if her employer knew she was appearing before the committee.

Her story, as it was drawn from her by the questions of the members of the committee, was as follows:—

"She is employed in a large draper's shop in a Yorkshire town. There are 120 assistants in all. The hours are from 8.45 a.m. to 8 p.m., except on Saturdays, when she works till 10 p.m. There is no half-day holiday.

"On the floor where she sleeps there are 15 young women. They have no bath, and there is only one washbasin available for all 15 to wash in.

"The girls make their own beds, and get one clean sheet a fortnight. The meals are as follows:—

- Breakfast: Bread and margarine and coffee.
- Dinner: About two spoonfuls of soup; beef, mutton, or ham, often so tainted that they cannot eat it, and vegetables; sago pudding and rhubarb tart.
- Tea: Bread and margarine and tea.
- Supper: Bread and cheese and coffee.

The employer always takes his breakfast with the assistants, but he has bacon and eggs, which, as one member of the committee remarked, "is rather tantalising."

The girl's wages are £35 a year, and she saw the situation advertised in the "Christian World."

Fines and Deductions.

The evidence gives a remarkable insight into the systems of fines and deductions for damage carried on in many of the industries of the country.

One of the witnesses, Miss R. E. Squires, an inspector of factories, told of the extraordinary customs prevailing in the wholesale clothing districts of Leeds, Bristol and London. Not only are the workpeople fined for innumerable offences, but they are forced to purchase all the work they spoil. This is especially hard on the women who are employed in factories where men's clothing is made, as the goods they are compelled to buy are of no value to them.

In other industries the same system prevails.

In the case of a patent buttonhole-maker two dozen and four hunting ties were charged to one woman because the holes were too far apart. The wage earned on them was 5/3, and she was charged 14/7.

A collar-maker stitched 12 dozen collars wrongly. The wage was 1/9, but she was charged £1 0/6.

Dozens of similar cases were detailed, and it was stated that the result was that most of the workers are permanently in debt to their employers, and suffer a deduction in their wages every week.

Deductions made from wages for materials and other services formed the subject of other remarkable evidence.

In one case 100 girls were employed by a firm of blouse-makers, and each girl had to pay 2d a week for the service of the kitchen girl. The kitchen girl only received 8/8 a week, so that the other 8/2 went into the firm's pocket. In another case 400 machinists at a ladies' tailor's paid 2d a week to the cook. The cook received 14/ a week, while the girls paid £3 6/8.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

The thinner the ice is the more anxious every one is to see whether it will bear.

A ninkompoop is a individual who is not an idiot, according to Webster, but one who would be just as well off if he was.

The man who invented the lucifer match, or even the wooden clothespin, did the world more good than many of the ancient philosophers.

Very few people examine the pedigree of a success.

Men who have the most power sho it the least. There isn't a more terrible engine on the law than a fresh eliked constabell.

A man's habits are more natral, and just as necessary to him, as his clothes are.

There is a difference between larning and wisdom. I have seen men who could kalkerate an eklips to the sixteenth of an inch, who could demonstrate enny problem in mathumatik, who could botanize all the weeds, and flowers, but who knaw no other way to set a hen only to tie her onto the nest, and hold her down with a flatt stone.

Next to good health, the next best thing I kno ov is a good wife, and sumthing nice to keep her on.

The gutter is a bad place to start from; I don't care if yu even git to be an alderman, the world allways remembers the gutter, and luvv to talk about it.

The man who is determined to win is sure to; there isn't bad luk enuff in the world to beat him.

Repentance is the most satisfactory duty that a man can perform, but it won't kure hiz hedake after a night's debauch, nor pay for the hot whisky and cigars it took to make it.

A careless man in a family is simply a noosance; but a shiftless and sluttish woman is wuss than a blister.

Luv is a phenomenon; it can't be defined, nor controlled, and too often, like the wild rose, "it wastes its sweetness on the desert air."

A good square digestion is a rich inheritance, and a lite heart is wuth more than a heavy purse.

I compromise all ov mi blunders by charging them to mi bad luk; this is more cunning than true.