

A man at variance with the world, every man's hand against him, and his against every man's—cynical, reckless, devil-may-care, disappointed man, caring not a jot for the world's opinion, but really a gentle creature at heart, and full of human kindness. The character has been moulded upon that of Sydney Carter in "The Only Way" (which in turn derives its inspiration from Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities"). The dominant note is unselfish and heroic self-sacrifice.

Bengough.

Bengough, Canadian cartoonist and entertainer, is to arrive in New Zealand shortly from a tour of Australia, and will commence a tour of the Dominion at Wellington on the 27th inst. This is what the Sydney "Star" says of him:—"Bengough proved the most delightful of entertainers. His great gift for the humorous in art has been developed to its perfection, so that from a sweep or two of his crayons, and a few touches of colour, on the white sheets of his easel, takes sudden shape, some queer figure, whose humour tickles the fancy of the audience upon the instant. The cartoon with Bengough is as ready as the uttered jest of the ordinary humorist. The quaint fancy or airy trip of wit, chancing to strike him, is expressed with the facile strokes of a magic crayon, that gives a jest a shape, and emphasises its humour. His methods seem of the simplest, but his simplicity is the mere perfection of the artist. The line and the curve have their deliberate meaning. Signatures, he will declare, appear to him to suggest the personality of their owners. The audience ponders upon his meaning, while he writes down some signature in chalk upon the sheet. Then they realise. The name 'Cohen,' he tells them, suggests a Hebrew friend of his. 'Cohen,' he writes, and there is certainly something Hebraic in the shaping of the letter 'C' as he forms it; and when he deftly tinges the letters with red chalk, marks forth a figure in a few strokes, accentuates this or that point, a gentleman of the race of Abraham is represented, who certainly looks like 'Cohen.' Similarly the word 'coon' suggests the coloured champion. The word is written down, the crayon glides hither and thither, and in a trice, affable and beaming, stands Johnson over his fallen opponent. Bengough has discovered humour in most things. Who would believe there is humour in Euclid? There is a triangle, according to Bengough. The triangle is lined forth, its sides curve slightly; a dot, a few dashes, and the head of a Cheshire cat grins at the audience. The continuous shading blots out the feline smile, a barn-door fowl replaces it, the whole sketch develops thence through an ingenious dissertation upon the hidden political economy of the rhymes of "Mother Goose" to conclude suddenly with a pointed admonition to young would-be benefactors of the perils of hen-pecking. Putting himself by his easy geniality into touch with his audience, Bengough plays upon their tastes and prejudices. For his Australian audiences a few blurs and smudges develop magically into a squatter, with a truly Australian waistcoat. He has a store of witty anecdotes to draw upon; he mimics excellently the Scottish accent or the Italian; as cartoonist, traveller, light and airy poet, and musician, Bengough is in himself a host—and a host of the most genial entertaining order.

Bengough is assisted by Miss Rosina Buckmann and Mr. Philip Newbury, with Miss Lilian Delany as accompanist.

Miss Amy Castles.

Now that Miss Amy Castles is home again in Australia, it is somewhat difficult to realise that this artist has been absent for seven years. It is a period, however, that has brought to maturity a voice already known to Australians as a rich and pure soprano, and now we are to hear her at its full strength. Miss Castles brings back the reputation, based on the assertion of a German critic, of being one of only three great bel canto singers living, while her temperament, methods, and voice have earned her the title of "The Australian Jenny Lind." In these circumstances it is as appropriate as it is gratifying to find that she has been accorded a welcome in keeping with her high reputation. Starting at Perth, where the Governor of the Western State and Lady Strickland invited her to lunch, and where the Mayor of the city paid her the distinguished compliment of a civic reception, she came on to Adelaide and Melbourne to meet equally cordial demonstrations of welcome. She will subsequently visit New Zealand.

TAKING FORBIDDEN PHOTOS.

New Zealand Journalist's Weird Experience— Preaching in Practice

By E. W. G. Rathbone, late Editor "Weekly Graphic."

THE editorial mind, nothing appears easier than the obtaining of photos, of people or things of public interest whom those mainly concerned ardently desire to keep from the eye of the camera. A day at the Albert Docks with a quarter-plate reflex camera, personally engaged in harvesting views of the injured Whakatane and her allegedly damaged cargo, has tended to modify this opinion of the ease of other person's labours. Of course, the pictures were obtained, but at an expenditure of exercise, temper, and a bearing of the brunt of waterside persiflage not exactly contemplated on setting forth on the expedition. The journey to the Royal Albert Docks by Fenchurch-street—the back door entrance and exit to London with a vengeance—is of itself not exhilarating, nor is the task of finding a particular vessel in those vast basins of water one to compose the feelings on a day one-quarter fog, one-quarter thunder, and the rest unmentionable.

The Whakatane once reached more-over, showed an unblemished and entirely idle side towards the Dock shed side, the damage being toward the water, where the cargo and coal from damaged bunkers were being discharged into lighters. Now, as a means of exercise of some violence, bringing every muscle into play, and most portions of the anatomy into painful contact with bulkheads, hatches, steel ropes, etc., etc., the merry game of attempting to cross a dock by an anchored string of barges, into which a great liner is discharging coal and cargo, has perhaps more to recommend it. To a man of pronounced short sight, a trifle slack in the knees, and carrying a valuable camera, it is, however, too well, shall we say too stimulating to be entirely enjoyable.

The joyous and entirely unrestrained laughter of lighter men (no pun intended), the unrestrained profanity of mates and foremen, should not, of course, be taken amiss, nor, after all, should a truly philippic photographer object when a hot roast potato, fresh from the galley ashes, catches him between the nape of the neck and the collar, and sends his hat into a lighter full of steam coal and dust. Such events are, as editorially one has frequently remarked to members of the "Graphic" photo. staff, but part of the day's work. True, hot potatoes and coal dust down one's neck are not pleasant, and even the strongest sense of humour may be strained by seeing a dusky coal-heaver convulse his co-workers by attitudinising with a hitherto spotless panama; but what's a potato, more

or less—and the hand of an honest man imprinted indelibly on 40/- of head gear should, after all, be honoured by any proper thinking journalist.

But to probe the delights of stealing forbidden photos to the depth, let me recommend tipping a swarthy and apparently friendly wharf labourer into allowing one to descend into the third hold of a 10,000 ton ship during the lunch hour, the idea being to take a picture on the resumption of work. Getting down is a matter more complicated than it seems or sounds, and not (after one has done it) to be described—in printable English.

"Wot's this?" yells an infuriated foreman, as one starts.

"Orl right, George," soothingly replies one's friend; "left art dollar for beer 'e as; from the 'Daily Graphic,' I think."

"'Daily Graphic' be blowed; 'e's the bloomin' 'Daily Mirror,' 'e is. Look at 'is adjectived—'glasses,' shouts another.

Loud and appreciative laughter greets this allusion to London's rival daily illustrated papers, vastly renewed when a youth with an inimitable accent says reproachfully, "gar'n, gar'n; can't you see as the gent's a puffer? 'Sk-tch'!"

In the good temper aroused by this quick fire of pleasantry, permission is obtained to take the snap. The whistle roars for recommencement of work. The men pose a second, and command the windlass man to "hold on." A face—my old friend—appears over the edge of the hatch. "What the blanky blank is going on down there," and then, catching sight of yours truly, pours out a spout of profanity, so spontaneous, so fresh, so varied, and so unique, so "hors, con-cours," so to say, that I shall ever lift my hat in thinking of it.

After getting his breath he inquires, "What the Hades is that bespacledd—doing below?"

"Taking photos," I begin.

But the sentence is never finished. "Heave the — up in a cargo net, Jem," he cries.

It is done.

"Glasses, with care," shouts one.

"Bly'me, if he ain't precious; done up in chamois leather," says another. (Leather waistcoats are a fashion this year.)

"Right ho!" sings out a third.

The rest is unprintable, but the inextinguishable roar of laughter from a few hundred throats ceased not as I tore frantically to the station, and will ever ring in my ears.

I am bruised and stiff; but, after all, it "was" a lark—painful perhaps, but still a lark.

in 1904, and secretary for Queensland in March, 1909. Mr. Hemery joined in Melbourne in 1872, and was appointed district secretary for Auckland, N.Z. in 1883, and resident secretary for Tasmania in 1904. Mr. Lucas joined at Adelaide in 1881, and was appointed accountant in West Australia in 1896, and resident secretary there in January, 1909.

AN INTERESTING MONUMENT.

This Canadian monument bears the words, "Erected in Honour of Sir James Hector, K.C.M.G., geologist and explorer to the Palliser Expedition of 1857-1860, by his friends in Canada, the United States, and England. One of the earliest scientists to explore the Canadian Rocky Mountains. He discovered the Kicking Horse Pass, through which the Canadian Pacific Railway now runs from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean."

SIR J. G. WARD, K.C.M.G.

In our illustrations will be seen a photograph of a bust of the Right Hon. the Premier, which has been executed by Mr. P. C. Ryle (of Auckland), under the auspices of the Elam School of Art. The bust is in plaster, three-quarter life size, and is, on the whole, a commendable piece of work.

For a young sculptor, Mr. Ryle shows considerable aptitude. His modelling is direct, and full of strength. He shows qualities that only require experience to mature, and should his future work proceed as well as what he has already accomplished, there is no reason why it should not attract the notices of wider centres than New Zealand. Reproductions in bronze and imitation marble are to be made from the original shown in our illustrations.

ANGLO-COLONIAL NOTES.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

LONDON, July 16.

The appeals entered in the Stirling divorce case by Mrs. Stirling and Lord Northland have been withdrawn. In the Court of Sessions yesterday counsel for Mrs. Stirling and Lord Northland each stated that their client had decided not to proceed further with the appeals, and the court gave effect to the motions.

Mr. Clyde, for Mr. Stirling, said there were pending in England, between the same parties, a litigation, at Mrs. Stirling's instance, for the recovery of £4000 and a considerable sum of accumulated interest. There was also a litigation in regard to certain jewellery. Some time ago intimation was given that the appeals were not to be proceeded with, and in these circumstances it was Mr. Stirling's intention, upon condition that this other litigation was got rid of, which counsel understood was being done, and in view of the fact that there was no marriage settlement for the child of the marriage, and that Mrs. Stirling was quite unprovided for, to secure an annuity of £250 for Mrs. Stirling, with reversion to the child after her death.

The Lord President said the court had nothing to do with that.

A girl typist was cited as the co-respondent in a petition for divorce brought before Lord Salveson in Edinburgh on Saturday by Mrs. Isabella Smith, or McLeod, against her husband, Alfred George McLeod, formerly district manager in Aberdeen of the Liverpool, London, and Globe Insurance Company, and the Central Insurance Company (Limited), now said to be residing at or near Wellington, New Zealand. The petitioner said that the marriage took place in May, 1903, by declaration before the sheriff. Some months later the parties were married in a church at Capetown, where the respondent was sent to act as district secretary for the Central Insurance Company. The witness knew a typist in her husband's office at Capetown, and at the beginning of the present year she received a letter from the typist's father, who informed her that Mr. McLeod had been guilty of misconduct with the girl. The girl's father on a previous occasion had endeavoured to communicate with the witness, but Mr. McLeod had intercepted the letter. In May last Mr. McLeod wrote a letter from New Zealand stating what had taken place in South Africa. The wife's petition was granted.

Our Illustrations.

DIAMOND JUBILEE OF THE A.M.P. SOCIETY.

THOUGH the A.M.P. Society made no giant strides in its swaddling clothes, it was conceived, born, and nursed in a healthy atmosphere, and in this it has continued up to the present time, and is likely to continue for all time. Probably there has never been a Society with a cleaner past than that of the A.M.P. It is indeed an institution of which all connected with it have good reason for genuine pride. To suitably mark the passing of the sixtieth year, the resident secretaries of the other Australian States and the Dominion of New Zealand were invited to Sydney to assist in the Jubilee celebrations.

Mr. Teece entered the Society's service in July, 1860, and seven years later was appointed chief clerk at head office, becoming secretary in 1887, and general manager and actuary in 1890. Mr. Cam-

eron, though Mr. Teece's junior by a year, dates his service from the opening of the Melbourne office in 1863, and in 1877 was appointed resident secretary for Tasmania, becoming resident secretary for South Australia in 1884, and secretary at head office in 1890. Mr. Lowe, who is a few months younger than Mr. Teece, joined the service in June, 1868, and was appointed accountant at New Zealand, when that branch was opened, July 1, 1871, becoming resident secretary in 1877. Mr. Bridges joined at Sydney in February, 1870, and was appointed accountant in South Australia in 1885, resident secretary there in 1895, resident secretary for Queensland in 1904, and resident secretary for Victoria in March, 1909. Mr. Schultz joined in Sydney in October, 1877, and was appointed accountant in New Zealand in 1894, accountant in Victoria in 1902, and secretary for South Australia in 1904. Mr. Amies joined in Melbourne in December, 1877, and was appointed accountant for New Zealand