

that grand old man wanted to grant Home Rule to Ireland. He refused to settle by arbitration the quarrel raised by a gang of egotistical brigands in the Transvaal, with a view to destroying the independence of the two South African Republics. And now he insolently flouts Australians by demanding that they must frame a Federal Constitution to please him and not themselves, and make no secret in his despatches of the fact that in so doing it is the interests of the financial institutions that he is safeguarding. The impudent attitude assumed by this Brummagem statesman in attempting to dictate to Australians how they should govern themselves reminds us of his overbearing attitude towards the Boer Governments and is such that no self-respecting people calling themselves free can honourably tolerate by refusing to agree to Chamberlain's dictatorial amendments, took the right course. However much we may differ amongst ourselves on other matters, there is one point we should all agree on, and that is, that Australia as a nation should insist on the right to work out her own destiny free and unfettered by any outside interference.—"Brisbane Worker."

NEW ZEALAND'S PROSPERITY.

Those who express doubts regarding the genuineness of the Colonial Treasurer's surplus might find reason to adopt a humbler and more correct attitude if they paid a little attention to the statistics of trade. These adverse critics start with the assumption that surpluses at the Treasury are "manufactured," or are produced by some species of financial legerdemain—ignoring the patent fact that a plethoric state of the public purse is but an outward, visible and concrete expression of the general prosperity of the country. The returns just issued by the Department of Trade and Customs, showing the imports and exports of New Zealand for the quarter ended 31st March last, speak eloquently of the prosperous condition of the people. They show that, as compared with the corresponding quarter of 1899 the export trade had increased by £294,000 and the import trade by £453,000—a gain, in round numbers, of a million and a-half sterling, equal to an increase of over 20 per cent. This is a magnificent record, and one that reflects the greatest credit upon the energy, industry and enterprise of our producers and merchants, and upon the enlightened measures adopted by the Administration to encourage increased production and foster the export trade. Enhanced prices and an unusually brisk market for oats account for some of the increase, but it is largely due to greater productivity and to the intelligence displayed, under State guidance, in catering for the world's consumers. Of the total increase in the value of exports, wool is responsible for £400,000, butter for £122,000, oats for £115,000, frozen meat for £80,000, and gold for £30,000—the remaining £200,000 being distributed over a large variety of New Zealand products.

WHY WE CANNOT GET DOMESTICS.

The girl in the mill, factory, or shop lives and works with her equals, comes and goes at certain hours like a man, which in her heart every working woman desires to be, and is then free, while the housewife, or overseer, at whose bidding she works, is generally of the same class as herself, once occupied an analogous position, and even now is not so far above her but that she may hope some day to step into her shoes. In ordinary domestic service this position is reversed. The girl is too much alone, and not enough alone. Too much alone, especially where only one is kept, occupying a solitary inferior position, looked down upon with gentle contempt by her employers, and frequently spoken of as "the slaves" and "four bidds"; and even where the orders are more outwardly considerate the children of the family, with the brutal candour of their ages, soon make the girl understand that they consider her of an inferior and altogether lower order of flesh and blood than themselves. And, incidentally, where such things are not openly said they are often thought, and the psychic law of telepathy, or thought-transference, applies as surely to a servant as to a queen, and when you give your mind credit for inferiority of colour, manner and principle, it will be strange indeed if it does not, to a certain extent, justify your opinion.—Mrs Colton, at the Women's Council.

Minor Matters.

The war is prolific of good stories—pathetic, humorous, wise, and otherwise. Here is one that was told to me the other day.—Two Irishmen were comparing notes. They both had sons at the front, doing honour to the "ould country," and bravely proving the loyalty of Irishmen to their Queen. One asked the other how her boys were doing, and was answered: "Oh, grandly. They are happy as they can be, begorra—shooting Protestants all day long!"

The wounded Tommies on board the yacht Rhouma, at Capetown, which has for the time being been turned into a convalescent home, are a plucky set of fellows and grateful. With every comfort and attention that could be bestowed upon them, the patients on board this floating hospital have, re-lates the Cape "Argus," apparently felt that they must do something in return. They set at thinking how they could do this. In true soldierly fashion it was decided that to challenge the crew of the yacht to play a football match was the best way out of the difficulty. For the moment their helpless limbs, wounded bodies, and aching heads were forgotten with the prospect of a tussle in the football field. The challenge was accordingly sent in, but the event has not yet come off. The centre forward still requires the use of crutches, the goalkeeper is badly handicapped with a bandage over one of his eyes, and several of the team still bear unmistakable signs of a rather rougher game than football. However, when once the physician has done his work, should the skipper of the tiny craft be inclined to accept the challenge, there is no doubt that there will be an interesting game for the lovers of the game. Albeit the rope-haulers and brass polishers will find their erstwhile patients a tough lot, and the skipper may have a smart pack to beat them.

A few years ago a large party, headed by the Duke of Norfolk, went on a tour through the Continent. The duke busied himself very much on the journey in a kind-hearted way about the welfare of every one in the party. At every station he used to get out and go round to see if he could do anything for any one. One old woman, who did not know him, when she arrived at last in Rome, tired and hot, found great difficulty in getting a porter. So she seized on the duke. "Now, my good man," she said, "I've noticed you at all these stations loafing about. Just make yourself useful for once in your life. Take my bag and find me a cab." The duke mildly did as he was bid and was awarded a sixpence. "Thank you, madam," he said. "I shall prize this, indeed! It is the first coin I have ever earned in my life."

Northfield, Vermont, has taken a new step in the total abstinence ranks. It has voted that the names of all persons in the town who buy liquor shall be printed in the local newspaper, and if one is refused liquor who has tried to get it that the reason for such refusal also shall be printed. The totalitarians expect that the business of the agency will be very much abridged and it probably will be, but that may mean that persons who really need liquor for proper purposes will go without it. There is something humorous about this method of treating the liquor question—it cannot be called the temperance question, since there is as much intemperance about this as about the other side of the matter. One who lives in a little town in a prohibition district grows to maturity with an idea that a person who takes any kind of liquor for any purpose whatever is utterly without the pale, and when experience throws such an ignorant youth into the world and he sees things so different from what he has been led to believe, the effect is certain to be bad upon him. Those who really wish to teach temperance and to help along the cause of total abstinence would do much better to teach the truth as it is than to teach what they would like to have the truth be but which it is not. A great deal of the teaching which is given for children on the effects of liquor is distinctly untrue. It is a poor cause which cannot stand the whole truth.

The use of watermelons as a post-bag by Boer sympathisers with the prisoners of war at Simonstown was ingenious and novel. But it will no doubt curtail the supply of creature comforts and such little luxuries as may have tended to lighten the tedious and privations which must be a necessary accompaniment of their imprisonment. It proves (says a Cape exchange) how dangerous to the peace of that portion of South Africa is the presence of so large a number of Boers in a district honey-combed with disaffection, and the hiding place of disloyalists, who lack only the opportunity to imitate the example of the mad fools who have selected Kenhardt, Prieska and surrounding districts for their rebellious antics. The folly of locating the Paarlberg prisoners at Green Point was happily prevented in time, and they are instead enjoying the pleasures of St. Helena.

Queer, isn't it, how much more readily one can raise money for a charity if it is mothered by some prominent woman? Also how much more interest there is in the finest display of pictures when some woman known for her wealth, if for nothing more, consents to pour tea. Wasn't it Thackeray who said we are all snobs at heart? I don't believe it, but at times it does look as if that were the fact. However, there are others who take men and women for what they are, regardless of externals. It is what a man is, not what he has, that makes him really count. He proves this when what he has takes wings.

In Arthur Lawrence's new life of Sir Arthur Sullivan, published by Stone, of Chicago, there is this anecdote, told by Sir Arthur himself:—I was travelling on a stage in rather a wild part of California, and arrived at a mining camp, where we had to get down for refreshments. As we drove up the driver said, "They are expecting you here, Mr Sullivan." I was much pleased, and when I reached the place I came across a knot of prominent citizens at the whisky store. The foremost came up to a big, burly man by my side and said, "Are you Mr Sullivan?" The man said no and pointed to me. The citizen looked at me rather contemptuously and after a while said, "Why, how much do you weigh?" I thought this was a curious method of testing the power of a composer, but at once answered, "About one hundred and sixty-one pounds." "Well, said the man, that's odd to me anyhow. Do you mean to say that you gave fits to John S. Blackmore down in Kansas city?" I said, "No, I did not give him fits. He then said, "Well, who are you?" I replied, "My name is Sullivan." "Ain't you John L. Sullivan, the slugger?" I disclaimed all title to that, and told him I was Arthur Sullivan. "Oh, Arthur Sullivan," he said, "Are you the man as put 'Pinafore' together?" rather a gratifying way of describing my composition. I said, "Yes." "Well," returned the citizen, "I am sorry you ain't John L. Sullivan. But still I am glad to see you anyway. Let's have a drink."

Alas! all of them were disappointed. On the decisive day the lady judges looked them all over carefully, and then awarded the two prizes to a gentleman who rejoiced in a magnificent beard, and who had never taken the slightest pains with his moustache, and to a ballet girl, who had put on a man's clothes for the occasion. It is said that the ladies' decision was sadly discomfited, not only the disappointed competitors, but also the barbers, since they naturally fear that this public preference shown for bearded gentlemen is almost certain to hurt their trade.

A certain Dunedin lady is rather proud of her four-year-old son, who, if the truth must be told, has matters pretty much his own way. Freddy, as we will call him (says the "Star"), is never thoroughly happy unless he has something of value entrusted to him—for the youngster has an exalted opinion of his acuteness. The other day, while accompanying his mother on a shopping excursion, Freddy was made happy by being allowed to carry the purse. After an inspection of two or three shop-win-

dows, the lady asked Freddy for the purse. He handed it over without a murmur—a circumstance that struck the mother as being rather odd. As it happened, the lady had not been in possession of the purse many minutes before one of the light-fingered fraternity relieved her of it. She was not aware of her loss until she put her hand in her pocket to pay for some goods. "Good gracious!" she ejaculated, "my purse has gone! Whatever shall I do?" To the surprise of the tradesman, as well as the lady, Freddy dived his hand into his pocket and produced a number of coins. "I wanted to carry somefin', maama," he explained, "so I kept the money." Freddy's desire to "carry somefin'" had saved his mother five or six pounds, and had, no doubt, slightly disappointed the pickpocket.

It is not generally known that, in spite of the warm liking he inspires in those above and under him, some of Colonel Hector Macdonald's dusky Soudanese once mutinied against him. His regiment had to make long forced marches under the fierce desert sun, and the conditions were so hard that the men became mutinous. One day Macdonald overhauled two or three of the native soldiers saying, "Wait till the next fight, and I will take care that this slave-driver of a colonel does not come out alive. I myself will shoot him." Macdonald at once called a halt and sternly ordered the culprits to step out from the ranks. Facing them he cried, "Now, you are the men who are going to shoot me in the next fight. Why wait so long? Why not do it now? Here I am, shoot me—if you dare!" The rebels granted their arms in sullen silence. "Why don't you shoot?" asked their colonel. "Because you don't seem to care whether you die or not," and that reluctant answer explained the secret of Macdonald's power over half-savage soldiers. There was no more grumbling, and the same men, and others like them, followed him devotedly through the battles of Gematrah, Tskri, Afafit, Ferkah, Athara and Omdurman.—"Collier's Weekly."

Assuredly we live in strange times, when, if a man wants to push himself into the front ranks, he must, as Yankees put it, bustle. A young commercial recently on a business trip, happened to stop for a couple of days in —. He wanted to get some advertising, and had read about the "king of the dunes." He had £2 to spare, and he accordingly went to a bargain sale at which they had a lot of last summer socks at a shilling a pair. He spent the money on these things, and went out of the way to get the loudest effects in the place. Then he spent the day in the corridor of the hotel sitting in a conspicuous place showing off the socks. He would wear a pair for about twenty minutes, go to his room, change, and coming down, show off another design for about the same time. He did this for almost ten hours, and naturally attracted quite a good deal of attention, but he could not break into the newspapers. The only recognition he got was from the lady clerk, who, when he was paying his bill, said: "You ought to patent that invention." "What's that?" asked the sock man, with an anticipatory smile, as he expected something complimentary about his scheme. But the beauty crushed him with the query: "Don't you do that for cold feet?"

FOR BEEF TEA
SOUPS, SAUCES AND GRAVIES
ASK FOR (and see that you get)
GEAR
COMPANY'S
EXTRACT
OF MEAT
Made solely from Cattle passed by the Government Veterinary Inspector.
Guaranteed
Absolutely Pure
and of the Very Highest Quality.
Is For Jap. From Stores, Chemists, &c. In Throughout the Colony.