

TREATY OF PERPETUAL PEACE

LONDON, March 17.

A remarkable speech was made in the House of Commons on Monday by the Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey. His subject was the possibility of a perpetual peace treaty with the United States, and he sounded a note of idealism rarely heard from the lips of a Foreign Secretary. His speech made a profound impression, and it has been received sympathetically both here and in the United States.

The President of the United States had sketched out a plan for an International Arbitration Court, whereby nations might agree to settle their differences by peaceful methods. Loud and prolonged cheers continually broke upon Sir Edward Grey's significant remarks. Such a proposal would be warmly welcomed if made to us by another country, he went on; and he attached such great importance to it that, besides the signatures of the Governments concerned, it should be brought before the two Houses of Parliament for their sanction. It was a proposal the consummation of which lay in the distant future. "We shall never live to see it!" interrupted a pessimist on the back benches. "I think we shall live to see some progress made," retorted Sir Edward Grey.

The Foreign Secretary before broaching the topic of a peace treaty had spoken long and seriously on the general growth of European armaments. It must in the long run, he said, break down civilisation, and he believed relief would be sought, not in war, but in revolution—a declaration which deeply impressed the House.

The only other hope, he continued, was the growth of international law and arbitration, and especially an Anglo-American agreement never to go to war, which he would welcome.

President Taft, he said, has recently made the statement that he does not see personally any reason why matters of national honour should not be referred to a court of arbitration. He has also expressed the opinion that if the United States could put through a positive agreement with some other nation to abide by the adjudication of an international arbitral court, in every issue which could not be settled by negotiation; no matter what the issue involved, a long step forward would be taken. (Cheers.) Those were bold and courageous words. (Cheers.) We have no proposal before us, and unless public opinion rises to the height of discussing such a proposal as a great movement in the opinion of the world, it cannot be carried out. (Cheers.)

ridge Farr, Mr. Reginald C. Grigsby, Mr. A. J. Haddon, and Mr. W. W. Philson, all of New Zealand, have joined the Royal Colonial Institute as Fellows.

The Rev. H. C. Bell, one of the Anglican Missionaries, who recently visited New Zealand, has returned to England via America. He travelled to Vancouver by the Zealandia, and joining the Adriatic at New York, arrived here on February 26.

Mr. Henry Broadhead, of Christchurch, late secretary of the Canterbury Employers' Association, arrived here by the Ionic on Sunday night, after a pleasant voyage, accompanied by Mrs. Broadhead and family. Their principal object in coming to England is for the benefit of their two elder sons, one of whom is proceeding to Trinity College, Cambridge, while the other will enter a school of art in London. Mr. and Mrs. Broadhead propose to remain here for some years at least, making London their headquarters. At present they are in lodgings near Russell Square, but they propose taking a house as soon as possible.

Mr. and Mrs. Waymouth, of Fenfulton, Christchurch, and Miss Waymouth arrived by the Ionic last Sunday. They propose to spend about two years in this country, I understand. Colonel Head, who has been engaged in military duties in New Zealand for the past four years, returned by the Ionic, with his wife and family, and other arrivals by the same boat were Mr. and the Misses McLaren, of Masterton, Mr. and Mrs. M. Myers, and Mr. Alex. Myers, of Wellington, Miss A. and Miss M. Bowen, Dr. Querin and Mr. and Mrs. Israel, who have been on a visit to the Dominion.

A VISTA OF PEACE.

But, supposing two of the greatest nations of the world were to make it clear to the whole world by such an agreement that, in no circumstances, were they going to war again. (Cheers.) I venture to say that the effect in the world at large, in example, will be bound to have beneficial consequences. (Cheers.) The nations who made such an agreement might be exposed to attack by a third nation. This would probably lead to their following the agreement up with another to join with each other in any case in which one of them had a quarrel with a third nation in which arbitration was refused. I do not think a statement of the kind made by a man in President Taft's position should go without a response. (Cheers.) In entering into an agreement of that kind there would be risks. You must be prepared for some sacrifice of national pride. Were such an agreement proposed to us, we should be delighted to have such a proposal. (Cheers.) I should feel it was something so far-reaching in its possible consequences that it would require not only the signature of both Governments, but the deliberately decided sanction of Parliament. That, I believe, would be obtained. (Cheers.) I know that to bring about changes of this kind public opinion has to rise to a high plane of ideal, higher than it could rise to in ordinary times. But the times are not ordinary. They will become still less ordinary as expenditure increases. The minds of men are working for these things, and if you look back into history you will find that there do come times when public opinion has risen to heights which a generation previous would have thought impossible. It was so when public opinion abolished slavery—(Ministerial cheers)—with all its vested interests. In such an enormous change progress may be slow, but it is not impossible that public opinion in the world at large may insist, if it is fortunate enough to find leaders who have the courage—such a courage as has been shown in the speeches I have quoted—upon finding relief in this direction. (Ministerial cheers.)

Armies and navies would remain, no doubt, but they would remain then, not in rivalry, but as the police of the world. Some hon. members say we should not live to see that day. But I think we shall live to see the day when some progress will have been made. Even if our hopes may not be realised in our time, that is no reason why we should not press forward in the direction in which we see a possible means of relief. What is impossible in one generation may be possible in another.

NATIONS IN BONDAGE.

The great nations of the world are in bondage at the present moment—increasing bondage—but it is not impossible that in some future year they may discover, as individuals have discovered, that law is a better remedy than force, and that all the time they have been in bondage to this enormous expenditure the prison door has been locked on the inside.

If you think that visionary, and not within the region of politics, I reply that at any rate we ought not to leave what the President of the United States has said without response. (Ministerial cheers.)

MR BALFOUR'S SPEECH.

Mr. Balfour, in a weighty speech last night, supported Sir Edward Grey's welcome of Mr. Taft's peace proposals. It was, he said, a continuation of Unionist policy, and he placed behind Sir Edward the whole of the Unionist forces. Mr. Balfour's speech thrilled the House.

"Never in recent times," says an on-looker, "has the House heard a more lucid, appealing, and powerful speech from Mr. Balfour. His face was touched with a flush of feeling, his voice rang clear as a bell. It was one of those occasions when the quality of a great man makes itself felt. The members were all conscious of the fact, and as the musical sentences of Mr. Balfour began to take on unusual warmth and dignity, there was a silence throughout the Chamber which is only secured on dramatic occasions."

An old parrot used to live in a public-house bar where there was always a great trade on Saturday nights. One evening the parrot was missed. Search was made, and at length it was discovered in the middle of a field surrounded by crows, who were steadily plucking out its feathers. As the rescuers approached, the now half-naked bird was heard to call out: "One at a time, gentlemen, if you please; if you'll only wait, you'll all be served."

Extract from a Modern Novel.

The island was not only uninhabited, it was an absolute desert—a mere bank of sand. The man was the only thing on it.

Remorselessly the sun sank toward the Western horizon. The man gazed at it with slowly increasing consternation. Whatever else he may have been he was unmistakably a gentleman. The very fibers of his deepest being cried out for the siccities of civilised society. He might die, he might perish, he might suffer cruel hunger; worn out with fatigue and long nights passed in sleepless watching, it is barely conceivable that he might sleep without pajamas, but this—this was too much.

Again he gazed at the remorseless sun measured the distance between it and the horizon, calculated the time of day, a feat which his high training and specialization in trigonometry at the greatest university in the world made him able to perform with incredible ease; and then, hero though he was, his face blanched.

"This is awful!" Great beads of sweat stood out on his noble brow, he gazed about vacantly over the vacant seas, the vacant sands, the vacant air.

Then he cast his eyes downward and looked at his coat.

"It was a sack coat. "This is horrible!" "I—I—cannot dress for dinner!" he muttered.

It seemed unbelievable, absurd, fantastic, the gruesome horror of a nightmare, and yet he was well aware that he waked and did not sleep and that the awful fact was true.

Again he gazed at the fast setting sun, and over his pale clenched lips came a smile of high resolve.

"If I cannot live like a gentleman I can at least die," he whispered, and the light of heroic devotion, that devotion, to an ideal which transcends the devotion to woman, or money, or even to tobacco, shone about his countenance, transfiguring it.

He stepped into the edge of the water and waded out. When it was up to his chin he paused.

The quibble that he had no dinner had come into his mind, but with another grim smile and a little toss of the head he dismissed it.

He kicked on. There was a little splashing of the blue water, a few bubbles came to the face.

And then, beneath the vacant sky, illumined, by the departing rays of the sun, the vacant waters bathed the vacant sands.

Villains' Deeds.

Hull rhymes with dull, and the idea that the association may go even further is suggested by the statement that a "hoax epidemic" breaks out in that seaport every three years. Tedium vitae seems a very reasonable explanation for a couple of youths who read a publication called "Villains' Deeds," and made a fairly successful effort in their own small way to combine depravity with amusement. One of them found relief from ennui for a time by puncturing cycle tyres and putting uncorked bottles of oil in his friends' pockets. When these recreations began to pall, the ever-green amusement was taken up of distributing bogus orders among the local tradesmen. A builder was set to work upon the roof of the Queen's Hall, the licensed trade was consorted for its sufferings by an order for forty-seven barrels of beer, waggons of coal were requisitioned from Sheffield, and even London had a share in the illusory "boom." Between them the two office-boys managed to get goods to the value of £250 delivered—chiefly, we gather, to their own employers, and they may feel fairly entitled to have some future issue of "Villains' Deeds" all to themselves. The periodicity of this sort of thing points very strongly to Hull's need of some permanent and satisfying distraction.

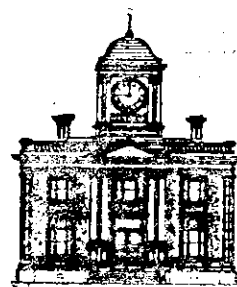
He kissed her with might and main, She pleaded, "Don't do it again— For I have a cold, and I've often been told That people with colds should refrain." He chuckled in frolicsome vein, "Those blessed old microbes again! A remedy, sure's Woods' Great Peppermint Cure." So he kissed her and missed the lost train.

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