

morning till night, it is not to be wondered at that they have the most perfect band this side of the line. Their services are always required at Government levees, balls, etc. In a retired corner, hidden from curious eyes by surrounding shrubbery, they produce exquisite melodies, which float on the heated air, and dainty feet trip and glide to their strains. Twice a week for years they played in the rotunda on Cocoonut Square, but this practice has been since abandoned.

On the broad bay many pleasure boats are kept by Englishmen who are either employed in business in the town or in the various mines. A strange law exists whereby a Frenchman must be part owner of these boats. Again, if one is so unfortunate as to have his boat stolen by some convict meditating escape, the English owner must make good all damages occurring, despite all the inconvenience to himself. The laws are for the French, not for the English.

THE . MINGY . COCKATOO.



TEN or fifty miles from nowhere,
By a road that's on the map,
Where the bush is wild and thickest,
You will strike a new cleared gap,
There will be a punga whare,
And a bearded fellow who
Drops his axe and growls "good
morning,"

As he turns and stares at you.
Look at him and stop and ponder—
He's a Mingy Cockatoo!

He's the man who pays your taxes,
Raises children for the State,
Works from daylight unto darkness,
Hardly knows the day or date;
Yet 'tis he cements the Empire,
And from such are born the great.
Stop, O citizen, and ponder!

Think these facts are somewhat
new?
Why the backbone of the country
Is the Mingy Cockatoo!

Who has felled the mighty forests,
Ploughed the fern and burnt the flax,
Cleared away the stumps and rubbish,
Formed the roads and cut the tracks,
Made your boasted butter merchants,
Built up your meat exports,
Brought the trade that raised your cities,
With their shipping and their ports?
Look around you, pause and wonder!
Think it over: it is true—
He's the maker of your country
Is the Mingy Cockatoo.

You may cheer your Transvaal heroes,
Ye may sound your fife and drum,
Ye may laud the God of Battles,
But remember ye the one
Who is fighting a lone-hander
With an axe and not a gun—
Fighting Nature in the back-blocks
In heroic silence, too,
For the hero of your country
Is the Mingy Cockatoo!

COLIN C. BIERNACKI.