

scene when at St. James's Palace representatives of the Turkish Empire and the Balkan League, which included Bulgaria, Greece, Serbia, and Montenegro, signed a treaty of peace which ended the thirty-two weeks' war between Turkey and the Allied States. The signing of this treaty was entirely due to the firm action of Sir Edward Grey. Serbia and Greece were inclined to haggle about details, but Sir Edward politely but firmly intimated that those delegates who declined to sign had no further business in London; and it was thus that by a stroke of the pen the Empire of Turkey in Europe was signed away.

It was at Frankfort, in 1871, that the treaty which ended the Franco-German War was signed, giving Germany Alsace and Lorraine and £200,000,000. Seven years later the Russo-Turkish War ended with the treaty of San Stefano, which gave Russia an immense amount of territory. The subsequent treaty of Berlin, in which other Powers had a deciding voice, gave Russia money instead of land. The Berlin Peace Conference of 1878 was attended by Lord Beaconsfield, and it was on his return that he used the famous phrase 'peace with honor.'

A remarkable war palaver was the meeting of Napoleon I. and Emperor Alexander of Russia on June 25, 1807, in a pavilion erected on a raft moored in the middle of a stream at Tilsit, a town in East Prussia, situated on the banks of the Memel. It was this conference which ended the war between France on the one hand and Prussia and Russia on the other, France taking half Prussia's territory.

Our first war with China was ended by the treaty of Nanking in 1842, by which we got a few million pounds with the island of Hong-Kong and liberty to trade in five Chinese ports, while in 1895 the war of China with Japan was brought to a close by the treaty which gave Japan £32,000,000 and possession of Formosa and the Pescadores.

FAMILIARITY.

Illustrative of the fads and fancies of some families which have suddenly acquired riches is the delightful story which comes from a neighboring town of calling house servants by their last names. An application for employment as chauffeur was received and the applicant interviewed the woman of the house.

'We call our servants by their last names,' she said. 'What is your name?'

'You had best call me Thomas, ma'am,' replied the applicant.

'No, we insist that you be willing to be called by your last name. Otherwise you won't do at all.'

The chauffeur said that he was willing to be called by his last name, but didn't think the family would like to use it.

'What is your last name, then?' said his prospective employer, somewhat coldly, as though she expected a revelation of international scandal.

'Darling, ma'am. Thomas Darling.'

HOW HE FELT.

The conditions in the trenches were dreary in the extreme after the drenching and long-continued rainfall, but the irrepressible spirits of the 'Pals' were not yet entirely quenched when the order came to leave the trenches.

'Hurry up out of this, my gallant soldiers!' was the cheery call of the sergeant to his waist-deep and rain-sodden men.

'Soldiers!' came the derisive answer from one of them. 'I'm not a soldier; I'm a blooming bulrush!'

A MODEL SON.

The fussy old gentleman asked the chance travelling companion, 'Have you any children, sir?'

'Yes, sir, a son.'

'Ah, indeed! Does he smoke?'

'No, sir, he never so much as touched a cigarette.'

'So much the better, sir; the use of tobacco is a poisonous habit. Does he frequent clubs?'

'He has never put his foot in one.'

'Allow me to congratulate you. Does he never come home late?'

'Never. He goes to bed directly after dinner.'

'A model young man, sir, a model young man. How old is he?'

'Just six months.'

BRITAIN'S BIG GUNS.

That Britain's heavy guns—the 13.5in and the 15in—are of the highest possible quality is borne out by the world's artillerists. Sir Robert Hadfield, president of the Faraday Society, who is one of the greatest authorities on projectiles and guns, tells us that whatever the future has in store in the way of development in the power of big guns, our experts may be trusted to produce the world's best.

Sir Robert points out that the muzzle energy of British guns has outranked that of any other nation. So-called big German guns, about which there has been so much written, are, as regards their muzzle energy, very small and inferior weapons in comparison with ours.

Sir Robert also reveals the astonishing fact that the life of a modern high velocity gun is not much more than 3 seconds. By this he means that if one added up the length of time during which the projectile remained in the gun it would be found that under full service velocities the total time, and consequently the life of the inner gun tube, did not amount to much more than three seconds before the erosion set up interfered with the accuracy of aim.

Several interesting examples are given by Sir Robert of remarkable results that he has witnessed as being obtained from what he calls that 'modern high-speed and great-power heat-engine known as the big gun.' One of these was that of a 9in wrought-iron plate being attached by a 9.2in Whitworth shot. This plate was swung upon trunnions projecting from either side. In other words, before firing it would have been possible with comparatively little energy to make the plate swing backwards and forwards.

To show how quickly the shot acted, when the Whitworth shot was fired against this plate and perforated it the plate was lifted from its trunnions seating and thrown away some 10ft or 12ft, yet the hole was properly punched in the plate. In other words, before the plate had time to swing the shot passed through it.

'A POSSIBLE.'

The inspector was examining a class of boys, and they had been specially told beforehand by their master. 'Don't answer unless you are almost certain you are right.'

History was the subject.

'Now, tell me,' said the inspector, 'who was the mother of our great Scottish hero, Robert Bruce?'

He pointed to the top boy, then round the class. There was no answer.

Then, at last, the heart of the teacher of that class leapt with joy. The boy who was sitting at the very foot held up his hand.

'Well, my boy,' said the inspector encouragingly, 'who was she?'

'Please, sir, Mrs. Bruce!'

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