HYMN ON TOMKINS’ ACTION.

Come sing, my Muse, the Saturday supreme
(Nor tarry for another’s invitation),
When that Great Man, the Captain of our Team—
Either to hurry up the declaration,
Or since he was a humorist at soul—
Put Tomkins on to bowl.

No breath of wind disturbs the balmy air.
Our captain, calling “Woman” indiscreetly,
Padded and gloved leads out his side, and there
Disposes of the first man rather neatly.
No other catches coming right to hand,
Follows a lengthy stand.

The batsman hits the bowler where he likes,
To “off,” to “on”—until at last the Great One,
Not realising that indifferent spikes
Alone defer the inevitable straight one,
Looks round the field, and sighs, and holloas “Hi!
Tomkins, you have a try.”

Mark how his exultation, ill-concealed,
Shines in his eyes as he removes his sweater.
And has “a few balls down” what time the field
Arrange themselves where they can watch him better:
Five in the deep, and three square-leg, and one
Long stop, out of the sun.

Doubtfully, just at first, he trots around—
As circles, when disturbed, the anxious plover;
Soon with long strides he glides across the ground,
Bending his head, as one who makes for cover;
Then, as we wonder if he’ll bowl at all,
Stops, and lets fly the ball.

Ah me! a ball too great for little men!
Deceitfully delivered, full of “devil,”
It rose, and swerved a foot, and “hung,” and then
For reasons of its own resumed the level.
Bounced twice while there, and, turning in from leg,
Made for the middle peg.

As when at Bridge one gently murmurs “Yours”—
Bored by a temporary slump in aces;
As when a Sultan tactfully restores
Boundary pillars to their proper places;
So did the batsman, playing it too late,
Retire for ninety-eight.

TAKING THEIR PLEASURES SADLY AT THE NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.—”In former years we have had periodical, and very grand, tattoos, given by the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards, and there was one such, unhappily enjoyed by a very inadequate assembly.”—The Times.
AN UP-TO-DATE INTERVIEW.

"I have come," began the Interviewer, "to ascertain your views——" "Views?" interrupted the Great Man; "and where can one obtain more charming views than amid the wonderful Swiss scenery? Yet for many years past Switzerland has been a closed book to thousands. Now, at last, thanks to the public-spirited and generous conduct of Messrs. A——, a simple fortnight's tour can be arranged at the nominal cost of a few pounds."

"Ah! quite so," said the Interviewer; "but what I really wanted to know——" "Knowledge," broke in the Great Man, "is power; and from where do we get our knowledge if not from books? Yet in the dark ages of last year many many books were out of the reach of the working man. That library, which you see in the corner, the result of many years of thought cheerfully given for the public weal by Messrs. B——, is indeed——" "Yes, yes," cried the Interviewer, "but I did not come about that. The world is on fire to know——" "That reminds me," said the Great Man, "what a necessary thing to a busy man is a good cigar. After a hard day's thinking I find nothing more cheerful than to take up a cigar from Messrs. C——'s famous factory, a book——" here he consulted his cuff—"by Mrs. D——, and to warm my feet before one of Messrs. E——'s patent non-combustible gas stoves. As used in every home."

"One moment," said the Interviewer. "Will you just tell me, Yes or No, what you think of——" "Wait," said the Great Man; "have I mentioned the Tooth-wash yet?" "Yes," lied the Interviewer; "you said it was most refreshing, and that until Messrs. F—— had placed it within reach of the public many people had had to——" "And the necessity once a week for recreation with G——'s golf clubs?"

"I think so," said the Interviewer. "Just look round the room and see if there's anything I have missed."

"There's a bicycle in the corner," said the Interviewer. "Or did you buy that yourself?"

"My dear man, I buy nothing. The bicycle, Ah, yes. Aben! The popularity of the bicycle—and when I say the bicycle I refer more particularly——" "All right," said the Interviewer, "I've got all that down."

"Then I am at your service. You wished to ascertain my opinion on the political situation, or what?"

The Interviewer closed his notebook. "No," he replied sadly, "I don't. But my time has not been wasted. I am going back to write an article on the way Great Men make themselves cheap."

On the doorstep he met an International Library and a new kind of motor-car coming in.

CASTLES IN SPAIN.

(By the Assistant Critic.)

Gabriel Honoré de Beaujouej (may his tribe increase!) was a man of artistic temperament; so what more natural (or more delightful, seeing that Mr. Harry Fra~son was he) than that he should have a grand piano in his flat, and a sympathetic listener in his man Jenkins? Violet Stanford, just escaped from her convent, comes to see him; and by a great stroke of luck it turns out that she has a bit of a voice too. No false modesty about either of them; no apologies from the lady that she has left the stage all the time, and as each new character enters let the M.C. ask him if he sings at all. It may not come off. "Well—er—I can attempt that tone of insular superiority which has done such harm in the past."

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton in the dressing-room: "My dear man, I buy nothing. The theatre to see Mr. Fracson and Miss de Sousa, and to hear some delightful songs.

NATIONAL PRIDE A NATIONAL DANGER.

The issue by the Board of Education of a list of national songs has evoked strong protests in The Daily Chronicle on the score of the inadequacy of the selection. In particular Mr. J. S. S. Curwen, President of the Tonic Sol-Fa Association, who advocates an eclectic view of the question, decries the narrowing effect which must result from confining children to national songs, a policy which in his view "will perpe-rate that tone of insular superiority which has done such harm in the past."

This large-minded and truly patriotic attitude has commended a number of correspondents, a selection from whose letters we print hereunder:—

DEAR SIR,—I entirely agree with Mr. Curwen that we are in danger of adopting a false policy in regard to the teaching of our children, and that to confine them to national songs will perpe-brate that tone of insular superiority which has done such harm in the past.

For example, I note with pain that in the selected list put forward by the Board of Education "The Roast Beef of Old England" occupies a prominent position. Nothing, in my opinion, could be more mischievous than this exclusive insistence on the excellence of a local form of flesh food. We are largely dependent on our Colonies, and it is of paramount necessity that we should maintain and foster friendly relations with them as with all other parts of the world. I therefore suggest, therefore, that the revised version of this obsolete ballad should run, "The Iced Sheep of New Zealand," or "The Canned Ox of Chicago," and that, in view of the impending visit of
CERBERUS AND HIS SOP.

Mr. BEE-LIL. "I SHOULD QUITE LIKE TO GIVE YOU A CAKE OR TWO, BUT MY FRIEND HERE SAYS WE CAN GET PAST WITHOUT, AND HE'S SITTING ON THE REFRESHMENTS!"
A DEAD CERT.

Expert from the Estate (just arrived—the gardener being a distinct failure). "Why, would you believe it, Sir, I thoroughly cleaned your stove yesterday just before you came— took it all to pieces— and "(most cheerfully) "I’ll lay a sovereign I put some of it back wrong!"

the German Editors, there should be added an encore verse running, "The Grilled Ham of Westphalia."

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

Hugo Slazenger.

Dear Sir,—Why should the Board of Education go out of its way to affront that large and constantly increasing section of the community which has forsaken meat food by including that disgustingly carnivorous pean "The Roast Beef of Old England" in its list? The tune, I admit, has its merits, but to my mind it sounds infinitely finer to the splendid words written by Mr. Ernest Miles, "The Broad Beans of Old England," and "Oh, the Old English Broad Beans."

Yours obediently,

G. B. S.

Dear Sir,—I rejoice to see that the list of songs put out by the Board of Education is being subjected to drastic criticism. If ever there was a time when it was desirable to allay international jealousies, it is the present. Yet I note with grief that "Rule, Britannia, Britannia Rules the Waves," is amongst the selected songs. Why this studied insult to the German Naval League? Could not the standing Committee of Arbitration at the Hague be asked to furnish a revised version of this inflammatory ballad on some such lines as these:—

"Hail, Germany! Britannia humbly craves That peace will ever ever rule the waves?"

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

Avebury.

Dear Sir,—In this era of cosmopolitan humanitarianism our first and foremost duty is to substitute for our insolently insular national anthem a hymn which will adequately voice the spirit of international confraternity. I do not say that the lines which I send are incapable of improvement, but I feel that all but the most prejudiced critics will admit their immense superiority to the version still in vogue:

Long live the gallant Manx! Prosper their triple shanks! Erin-go-bragh! Heaven guard the King of Spats! Long may great Roosevelt reign! May no distress or pain Harass the Suan!

I am, Sir, Yours obediently, A. A.

Dear Sir,—The unsoundness of the principles on which the songs in the Board of Education's list have been selected is sufficiently indicated by the fact that the compilers have not hesitated to include such trashy and trivial ditties as "Tom Bowling" and "Dulee Domum." How far the deliberate boycotting of genuine folk-music has been carried may be gathered when I say that not a single item has been taken from my "Colorado Coon Songs" or the "Ballads of Lundy Island," collected by Mr. Balfour Bently.

I am, Sir, yours indignantly,

L. Puddington, Jnr.

We understand that during the recent dispute with Turkey the general staff at Constantinople (looking to a possible reverse in Arabia) were studying the topography of the Sinaitic Peninsula in order to discover a shorter line of retreat than that adopted by Moses and the Israelites. The financial advisers of the Sultan, however, pointed out the advantages that would accrue if his army were to wander about for forty years in the wilderness without pay.
CHARIVARIA.

It is rumoured that, after all, the House of Lords is not to be abolished this Session.

By a majority of 112 the Oxford Union Society last week carried the motion that the present Government neither possesses nor deserves the confidence of the country. It will be interesting to see now what the Government will do.

Everyone, we fancy, will sympathise with M. Emile Cuny, a French anarchist, who finds himself placed suddenly in a most awkward position. After publicly denying the rights of property, he has been left a fortunate man.

At some field exercises near Metz, the Kaiser, it is said, threw himself down on his Imperial waistcoat and crawled about behind the firing-lines in order to see whether the men were aiming correctly. The incident, we hear, is to be immortalised by a Court Painter in a picture to be entitled "The Kaiser as Caterpillar."

Mr. John D. Rockefeller is to cross the Atlantic. This will be the most important experiment yet made as to the effect of oil on troubled waters.

The report cabled from New York to the effect that an ex-Senator who had become a teetotaler had emptied the priceless contents of his cellars down a drain does not find credence in this country, and when the door was opened he entered the cabin, hol ling one revolver at the sleepers. Yet Ropp's the winner of the title.

A bill to allow women to sit on local bodies has been drafted, and not a moment too soon. Many local bodies badly want sitting on.

A contemporary complains of the monotony of the average Englishman's breakfast fare. We consider the charge unjust. Think how often the breakfast egg contains a surprise.

A contemporary complains of the monotony of the average Englishman's breakfast fare. We consider the charge unjust. Think how often the breakfast egg contains a surprise.

The May Meetings are practically over, and once more we have pleasure in bearing testimony to the admirable behaviour of the clergy, of whom so many were to be seen in the Strand. There is little doubt that the clergy form one of the best conducted sections of our population.

"A waggon containing 300 quarts of milk," says a contemporary, "was upset in a street in Paris, and the milk flowed down the street like a river." A very apt simile.

A proposition of a publication which is now appearing, entitled "Familiar Trees," a correspondent writes to say that it is possible for a tree to be too familiar. Recently he was riding in Richmond Park, and a branch caught him round the neck.

ANY PREMIER TO ANY SUFFRAGETTE.

Dear lady, while your aims
Have my sincere approval,
And while I own your grievance claims
Immediate removal;
Yet, since your cause and you
The frivolous make nought of,
That might risk a vote or two—
It isn't to be thought of!
So, lady, it is plain
While at your claim one man shies,
Until you have a vote 'tis vain
To ask us for the franchise.

Robbery under Clubs.

At golf the issue oft confuses,
And makes a rather strange recital;
To-day, we hear that Lenox loses,
Yet Royal's the winner of the title.

A man called Ballist has been doing great things in Tit Bits. "Mounting horse, he rode off to the spot, where he found the five claim-jumpers barricaded in a rude wooden hut. With a revolver in each hand he demanded admittance, and when the door was opened he entered the cabin, holding one revolver at the rascals' heads and another pointed at their hearts."

"IN A YEAR."

 [*It is when the trousseau wears out that the trouble begins.—Truth.*]

When first we were married, my Mabel
Had everything dainty and neat:
She'd black dresses, white dresses,
Blue dresses, nightdresses—
Simply adorably sweet.
She'd wonders of sealskin and sable,
She'd rows upon rows of wee shoes,
And ravishing booties
To wear on her tootsies—
The daintiest, fairy-like "twos."

She'd frillies superb and expensive;
She'd hats of unspeakable grace;
She'd blouses for Sundays,
And marvellous "undies"
Concocted of ribbons to face.
Her wardrobe was vast and extensive,
And as for the milliner's bill—
The thing I had dreaded.
Before we were wedded—
At first it appeared to be nil.

For a twelvemonth or so I was happy:
I gazed with delight on my May,
And my joy in her neatness
Increased with the sweetness
Of feeling I 'd nothing to pay.
I wondered why others grew snappy
And raved (as I thought) to excess.
When they talked to their Maggie's
And Airs and Abbes
About their extravagant dress.

But after a year of illusion
My bliss was torn up by the roots:
I came to discover
That May's a glover
And accounted new blouses and boots.
Accounts in abundant profusion
Began to whiten my hair;
And the more May invested
The more she protested
She hadn't a garment to wear.

Now breakfast consists of a wrangle,
Which threatens to curdle the milk.
We're spoiling our morals
With pitiful quarrels
Of ever prices of satins and silk.
Through luncheon and dinner we jangle
Of bodices, handkerchiefs, hose;
And it doesn't mend matters
That Mabel's in tatters,
And the more May invested
She didn't a garment to wear.

Would you pass through a peaceful existence
With love and content for your share,
You'll be able to do so
As long as the trousseau
Remains in a state of repair.
So, would you keep care at a distance
And never grow cross like a beast,
That Mabel's in tatters,
And the more May invested
She didn't a garment to wear.

The number of aeronauts is constantly increasing. Last week two ladies made balloon ascents from Wandsworth, and Mr. Lloyd-George paid a flying visit to Liverpool.

The business of the Worship Street Police Court has been transferred to more commodious premises in Old Street, Shoreditch, where patrons may rely on receiving every attention as before.
A NOVELIST'S DAY.

[A writer in The Globe has recently pointed out that the man who curdles blood must first curdle his own. The life of any one who turns out three sensational novels a year must be a perfect misery to him. He can never feel safe.]

Monday.—A strenuous day. Finished Chapter Eleven of The Blood that Dripped on the Doormat. Rather big scene where hero is lured into cellar and bitten by trained gazeka (poisonous) belonging to villain. (Mem.: Is this too much like the cobra incident in Le Queux's latest?) Writing this took it out of me very much. Went for stroll along the Strand. Sinister incident opposite Exeter Hall. Man (perfect stranger) endeavoured to thrust paper into my hand. I leaped back, and, dodging under wheels of motor-bus, escaped to other side of street, where I cocked my revolver and waited. Nothing further happened. My prompt action probably threw villains off scent. Escaped that danger, however, only to run into another. As I stood there, sinister foreigner accosted me. Dark man, probably Anarchist. Asked me to direct him to Leicester Square. Kept my head, fortunately. Pointed towards Charing Cross, and, while his attention was distracted, dashed across street again. (Mem.: New hat. How much?) Ghastly incident now took place. Scarcely had I arrived on opposite pavement when man again attempted to force paper on me. Took to my heels, dodging from right to left to avoid bullets. This must have baffled him, for I heard no shots. Small boy said, "Chase me!" and called me Bampaint. Almost certainly some Anarchist code. To throw gang off scent once more took cab. Drove to Essex Street by way of Sloane Square, Putney, and Mortlake. Gave man shilling. He said, "What the blank!" Recognised instantly that he was in the pay of these scoundrels, and sprang into four-wheeler. Told man to drive to Southampton Street via the "Angel" at Islington. Looked out of window. Sinister hansom close behind. Man with whiskers in it. (Mem.: Hon. Secretary of Anarchists?) Rapidly disguised myself with blue spectacles and a yellow toupee. Hansom drove past and disappeared. Clever, but a little obvious. Block in traffic opposite the Oval. Seized with sudden inspiration (Mem.: Genius?), opened door quietly. Was slipping out when cabman happened to look round. Unpleasantness. Gave him shilling. Man said, "What the blank? Another of the gang! Was I not to have these blood-hounds? I asked myself what Smartleigh Trackenham (detective in The Gore that Distilled from the Crack in the China Vase) would have done. Took Tube. Lift-man sinister. Covered him with revolver from inside pocket. He must have noticed this, for he made no move. Got into train. Alone in carriage. On the alert for sudden attack from conductor (a sinister man). Emerged cautiously at Bank. Changed my disguise in secluded corner of subway. Took off spectacles and put on brown beard. Policeman at Mansion House crossing. I think. Anarchist. Hid behind pillar-box, and watched Anarchists, disguised as clerks, search for me. Man asked me time. Controlled my voice and told him. My disguise so perfect that he suspected nothing. At five o'clock changed my disguise again (false nose, coloured at end, and black moustache), and sprang on to bus. Reached home, five-thirty, worn out. Went to bed after searching room and locking door. Nightmares. * * * * From "Literary Notes" in the Weekly Logroller:—"An interesting departure from his wonted manner will be noted in Mr. William Le Currier's forthcoming volume. Though from the pen of the author of The Black Cap, The Scream in the Lonely Wood, and numerous other sensational novels familiar to our readers, Little Willy's Governess, which Messrs. Papp, Bottley, and Bubbins promise for the early autumn, is a simple story of child-life, simply told. We have reason to believe that Mr. Le Currier, who is at present undergoing a rest-cure in the Engadine, intends for the future to write nothing but this type of story."

In "Charivaria" last week there was quoted a passage from The Daily Mail to the effect that the War Office authorities were encouraging the instruction in shooting of Messenger Boys. A Volunteer writes to protest strongly against the comment there made: that "we shall miss the little fellows."
FROM A SABINE FARM.

"Tile terrarum mihi prater cannes Angulos ridet!"

People who live in rural districts say
View with astonishment and even pity
Men who can thrive in London's central hum.

Opine that everyone who does not share
Some country spot with space and light and air
Soon as Aurora's blushes tinge the sky
The pig who wants one of his numerous meals
Gaily—and out of tune

View with astonishment and even pity
I own, like them, I find the roar of Fleet
Men who can thrive in London's central lum.

Peorte who live in rural districts say
Tuomas, who's in the meadow spudding thistles,
Thus waking up the dog who with his velps

Nothing should mar the silence of the green
Scene.

Alas! I hitherto have failed to hit
It.

Soon as Aurora's blushes tinge the sky
Wake to the call of some vociferous hen.

A dozen cocks shout cock-a-doodle-doo.

The pig who wants one of his numerous meals
Squeals.

A duck, responsive, sends a ringing quack
Back.

And then a lowing comes from where the cows
Browse,
—The least offensive rustic sound I've met
Yet.

Thomas, who's in the meadow spudding thistles,
Whistles
Dailly—and out of tune—like some absurd

bird.
Thus waking up the dog who with his yelps
Helps
(Thank Heaven!) to drown that idiotic boy's
Noise.

Banished by cocks, pigs, boys and baun'ing sheep
Sleep
Deserts me finally by half-past five.
I've
Tried every means I know to keep the rout
Out
But hitherto without the least success.
Yes,
The pleasant country homes of England are
Far
More noisy than the noisier end of Pall
Mall.

* * * * *

Reader, I think I hear you murmur, "What
But have you ever come across a neuter
Metre?

"GOLFERS AS I'VE KNOWN."
(By a Caddie.)

Golfers I divides in me'own mind into three classes: them
as 'tis the ball, them as sketch it, and them as neither. It's
nor sketches the blooming ball but turns rand and wants
to 'it or sketch anyone as is small and 'andy. The first class
is very rare, the second is dreadfull plentiful, and the third,
thank evins, can generally be kep clear of by them as knows
the ropes. Sich as meself.

Any improvement in golfers, as a class, is doo to the 'oge
moral influence of us caddies, 'em some pretends to look
down on. Much can be done, even wif the most 'ardened
(and some of them golfers is dreadfull 'ardened), by firmness
and example.

"Show 'em from the fust as you'll stand to
nonsense," is allus my words when the younger caddies
gathers arround me fer hadvice. Me being older than me
years as the saying is, and me having looked around. If and
often 'ears say, there's less of langwidge and more of golf upon
these 'ere links, it's doo in no small part to 'im'oo pens
these lines. 'Oo's 'onnered name is 'Every Wilks.

I seldom deemmes meself to speak to the kulprits, for
severil reasons which I shall not go into, but I 'ave other
methods. There's snuffing, fer instance. Much can be done
by jerdishous snuffing, which can be chinged to soot all cases.
Or there's a short, 'ard, dryish larf, but that ain't allus sife.
As a blooming rule, I rellies upon me sniff, me smile and
me eye. There's few of them as can meet the last when I
chuses to turn it on. Not as I objecs very strongly to a little
'onest cussing; 'tis himjustice and false haccusashun as
I will not stand.

Sich are me methods to them as needs 'em, but don't think,
becos at times I'm 'cold like and 'ard and stern, that I cannot
be jentle wif them as call fer jentleness. No blooming errer!
'Every Wilks is the lad to oom old gents in need of keerfull
nursing should be himtrusted by their wives and keepers.
I'm not alluding now to old tigers 'oos stiple food is red
pepper in 'uge quantitties, 'oo turns upon yer like blooming
maanicks if yer blows yer nose quite inercent, and 'oo report
y伯 yer before yer know if you're standing on yer 'ead or yer
feels. No, I'm not alluding to old gentlemen like them!
'Every Wilks 'as very little use fer sich unguverned c肉ures.
In 'is erpinyun they should not be let abround without
a chine. But I am alluding to them 'oos pashuns age 'as
tamed, insted of blooming well hincresed, to jentle 'armless
old fellers, 'oo will almost eat out of yer 'ead and, as the saying
is, an sich a one is Mister PERCEVAL GIGGINGTON.

Over sixty 'e is, and allus kind and cивil and respeckfull,
but 'e 'as no more haptitood for golf than a jendarf. Some-
times I thinks, musing kindly like, as 'ow the old cove 'ud
be yunger if 'e took the gime less seersum. But 'Every Wilks
'as little to reproche 'imself about; 'e, at least, 'as
done what 'e could to elp old Gigs. 'Is wife came down
to the Club 'ouse wif 'im larst Toosday, jest as nice an old
lady as 'e's a gent. She drew me on one side and I spoke
confidenshul like, while the old man was fussing and bleeting
about 'is clubs. It seems as she 'd 'eard of me, and 'eard
her meaning in a moment, and I touched me cap, quiet
konfidenshul like, while the old man was fussing and bleeting
about 'is clubs. It seems as she 'd 'eard of me, and 'eard
konfident like. "Mike yer mind easy, Mum," ses in

"Every Wilks is spared," I ses.
Lady (at railway refreshment counter). "Will you please give me a Bath Bun?"

Waitress. "Will you eat it here or in a bag?"

She nods and smiles and slips a bob into me 'and, and then old Giggs finishes wurring abart 'is clubs and we makes a start. The old 'un 'ands 'is card to me to keep, and I speaks to 'im, kind like but firn.

"I'll keep the score, Sir," I ses. "Don't yer wurr abart yer strokes at all. What you've got to do is to koncentrite yer mind upon yer gime. For we're a-goin to do it to-day," I ses. "E'ars me wif a little sorrellful smile, and I lived up to them remarks. 'E'd ask me at the end of an 'ole, that 'e'd fairly bitten along, 'ow many 'e'd taken, but I would never tell 'im. I jest kep 'im upon 'is legs wif kindly, Jerdshous praise. Even after that 'ole where 'e'd strook me wif 'is ball from the drive, although standing well be'ind 'im, and been in each bunker twice or more, I give 'im a word of ope. It was niblick play and 'ope all rand the blooming course. And at the end, when I added up 'is card, strike me 'is score weren't an 'undred and twenty-nine! And I sent 'im 'ome to 'is wife, as pleased as any child. There's some, I dessay, as would 'ave made 'is score an 'undred and nineteen or even less, but 'EXERT WILKS 'as allus known the virtew of modderation.

Non-Alcoholic Stimulants.

[In The Daily Express Mr. ECKSTEIN MILES recently stated that tea, tobacco, meat, and sauces are as much stimulants as alcohol.]

Society ladies are said to be drugging themselves secretly to an alarming extent with mutton cutlets. A Temperance Association has been started, of which the members pledge themselves to abstain from anchovy sauce as a beverage, and to use their influence to induce their friends to do the same.

A Division of Labour.

Aberdeen.—For executing the carpenter, slater, plasterer, plumber, painter and glazier, blacksmith:

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So runs a heart-rending notice in The Builder.

"House full of useful furniture; leaving Bath. Suit marrying couples."—Bath Herald.

It is more usual to leave the fixtures behind than the advertiser seems to think.

We must not think that ours is the only press. In Swaziland they have a paper called The Times. Reuter sent them a telegram to say that France had demanded from China an indemnity of "sixty thousand taels." This was too much for the sub-editor, and in his next number there appeared:

"London, Wednesday.—As an indemnity for the attacks of the Chinese rioters, France has demanded sixty thousand pig-tails."
FROM A STODGER'S WINDOW.
(By a Novice in the New Literature of Reflection.)

This morning brought me a letter from my old friend A——. The letter was trifling enough in itself; it was in fact a postcard; but it served to set me thinking. Most things, it is true, do that. In the course of a fairly long and very serious life I have noticed that thought is common to all, but some of course think more to the point than others. Herbert Spencer, I imagine, thought more or less on organised lines; whereas any one who has had the care of boys must have observed that their thoughts are touch and go, if I may be pardoned so conversational an expression. This postcard, to return to my own matutinal reflections, was brought by the postman, a humble public servant, to whom, it always seems to me, not half the gratitude which he deserves is given. For to him falls the pleasant duty of bringing day after day, sometimes three times a day, and in London, I believe, often, kindly missives from absent friends; newspapers; proofs of one's work—and these are to me the best of all, for I hold that no man is so happy as he who is writing, writing books all day and most of the night, three at once, all the same but all having different titles. Were I asked to name the perfect life I should choose that.

And what do we do for the postman? Do we say "Thank you" to him? Never. But once a year, when the duty is forced upon us, we try to remember to leave half-a-crown with the parlourmaid to give him when he calls next, and very likely forget it altogether. This is very sad, this ease with which the more voluntary obligations can be forgotten. It distresses me exceedingly. There is a reference to it in one of Tupper's best poems, with what always seems to me to have been inspiration:

The duty that's against the grain,
How easily forgot!
But any pleasure merely name,
And we are on the spot.

Talking of poetry reminds me that came in the other evening with a new book by ——, and we spent a merry half-hour over it. How odd a thing is mirth! At one moment it is, and the next it isn't. One notices this so often in class. The boys will be quite orderly and diligent one moment, and some unfortunate mispronunciation or false quantity will send them into a giggle which nothing can conquer. I remember this happening one day, I think in 1891, the ringleader being young B——, the son of a great legal luminary who has since died, poor fellow, as all men must. Not that all die as young as he—he was only fifty-five or six, fifty-five I think, to be accurate; yes, fifty-five, for he was born in the year of the Great Exhibition.

But Death comes to all, soon or late, I have observed, and it behoves us to prepare for his approach. The untimeliness of his descent upon some of us I cannot sufficiently brood on. Keats, for example. What poetry Keats had up his sleeve (as we say of cards) no one will of course ever know, and it may be that his poetic output was already exhausted; but if not, we owe Death a grudge that will not easily be paid. I always feel that a boy's parents are to some extent like untimely death in that they snatch away their sons just as the schoolmaster—that is, the world, to complete the image—is beginning to get something out of them. Every clever boy who leaves school for college is a kind of Keats—so far as the schoolmaster is concerned. It behoves us, therefore, to read all the good books we can in order to gain philosophy.

[And so on.]
FELICIDADES!

(After the well-known picture by Velasquez in the Museo del Prado, Madrid. With Mr. Punch's respectful congratulations to their Majesties of Spain.—May 31, 1906.)
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 21.

House just got into Committee on the Education Bill. Prince Arthur sits forlorn on Front Bench meditating on the truth of old saw about misfortunes never coming singly. The dawning of the new year saw him hopelessly defeated at the poll. On Saturday he was beaten in the Parliamentary golf handicap at Littlestone. I am told that almost when victory was within his grasp he "foozled his tee." Don't quite know what that means; but it sounds disastrous. However it be, it has cast a gloom over a customary radiant countenance.

On the top of accumulated misfortune comes the habit recently developed by Members opposite of recalling passages from old speeches or episodes in his long leadership of the House, with pointed reference to current events. Only the other day his attention was called to appearance on Order Book of a motion which, innocent enough on the face of it, was obviously designed to block action in the matter of the D'ANGELY case, preventing an inquiring Opposition from discussing it on the motion for adjournment. Took early opportunity of calling B.'s attention to the manoeuvre, and sternly inquired what steps he proposed to take to restore freedom of debate in the House.

"I will look up precedents in the

The Virtue of a Short Memory.

Arthur B-1-f-r. "My dear H-d: surely we never sanctioned such things as 'blocking-motions' in our time?"

Acl-d-H-d. "Oh! oh! well—h'm—no! oh no!—of course not! That is, you see,—well—" (explodes with laughter).

matter," said C.-B. in blandest tones, a sly twinkle in his eye as it regarded the champion of unrestrained freedom of debate.

The House, remembering how blocking motions was an organised portion of daily procedure under Prince Arthur's leadership, greeted this quiet sally with uproarious laughter. Now here is Sam Evans, instead of being mute in gratitude for recent escape from the talons of the Furies, indulging in further inconvenient reminiscence. Question before Committee is that Clause 1 be postponed. Prince Arthur supports motion in convincing speech. St. Augustine Birrell so perturbed that in reply he mixes up his gleanings of knowledge in the school of anatomy.

"This clause," he said, "is the very spinal cord of the Bill, and the Government would be departing from fair dealing, lacking in common-sense, if they had not placed it in the forefront."

Whilst Members marvelled how they would feel if their spinal cord were, even temporarily, moved into the neighbourhood of their chest, enter Sam Evans with copy of Hansard under his arm. After furiously glancing at Ladies' Gallery, apprehensive of a projecting flag, he turned back to Report of debate on first night in Committee on Unionist Education Bill of 1902. By odd coincidence, shewing how meagre are the resources of mankind, and how, consequently, history is apt to repeat itself, it appeared that on that closely paralleled occasion proposal was made to postpone Clause 1 and was uncompromisingly resisted by Prince Arthur, in charge of the Bill. Nor was that all. He, with slight variation, lacking something of the picturesqueness of Goldenmouthed St. Augustine's phrase, used the same illustration in support of his argument.

"Clause 1," he said four years ago, standing by the box now thumped by a Liberal Education Minister, "is the backbone of the Bill and must come to the front."

This sort of thing embarrassing to one who still preserves some of the ingenuousness of comparative youth. All very well for an old stager like
Don José to be suddenly confronted by ghost of a speech made in former years, destructive of the position assumed in the circumstances of the current hour. He at least has the satisfaction of recognizing the fact that nothing could be better said in the way of controverting his later attitude on a particular question. During debates on Fiscal Question in last Parliament I have heard the Member for Sark complaining of waste of time and lack of force in speeches assailing Don José's new departure.

"It would be much more effective," he said, "if for all reply one read aloud a speech made by Don José on the topic during his campaign of 1885, say the one delivered at the Cobden Club Dinner on June 13 in that year. The cleverest among you can't beat that for its rapier thrusts, its sledge-hammer demolition of the circumstances of the current hour. But in this field, as in others when he says something outlandish, Don José was dealing with was met by the riposte --- "You can't bully us," growled a new Member.

"No," said Don José with ominously serene smile, "nor, on the other hand, can you bully me."

Proceeding with argument, alluded to Macnamara, who, he said, rested his case on sub-section 2 of Clause 10. Macnamara interrupted with correction. Insisted that he had put in the forefront of his case what Prince Arthur and St. Augustine would call its backbone, namely, sub-section 6 of Clause 9.

"Oh, yes," said Don José, "the hon. gentleman now brings to his assistance sub-section 6 of Clause 9."

Macnamara repeating that he had alluded to the section in the speech Don José was dealing with, was met by emphasized repetition that he "now cited it."

All this Greek to stranger in the gallery. Might have been left in obscurity of that language but for C.-B.'s intervention.

"Does the right hon. gentleman mean to imply," he sternly asked across the Table, "that my hon. friend is stating what is not true?"

Oh, very well. Don José is a man of peace; nothing he dislikes more than even approach to ashindy. But if C.-B., of all men in the world, wanted to fight, let him come on.

Oll went his coat in a twinkling. Danced round C.-B. with fearsome energy. C.-B., his back also up, insisted that Don José should so modify his language as to make it clear he did not impute unveracity to Macnamara.

"Do you know who you are talking to, Ma'am?" Mrs. Prig asked towards end of memorable scene that closed a long-cherished acquaintance.

"Aperiently," said Mrs. Gamp, surveying her with scorn from head to foot, "to Betsey Prig. Aperiently so. I know her. No one better. Go along with you."

Don José did not quote from this classic. He chose his own language, introducing with admirable effect a rare verb. "I am," he said, "not going to be lessened by the right hon. gentleman, whose interference I regard as entirely impertinent." As he slowly spoke in bitter tone, he unconsciously regarded C.-B. with the look that added eloquence to Mrs. Gamp's valedictory remark.

Opposition Benches crowded now. From them boomed roar of "Withdraw, withdraw!" For full minute the horn of cries rose and fell. Don José making use of the interval to study his notes. Mr. Myer, his voice shaking with emotion, appealed to Chairman of Ways and Means to say whether it was within the range of Parliamentary language to accuse the Prime Minister of being impertinent. The ripe scholar in the Chair, knowing that the word challenged originally had, and retains, a meaning that does not attach to its more common usage, declined to rule it out of order. After this nothing remained but for Don José to continue his speech without further interruption.

Later in sitting Tim Healy, envious of mere Saxon having a monopoly of a row, tilted at John Dillos, who, he said, had been making a sidelong attack upon him. "Let me assure the hon. gentleman," he remarked, studiously refraining from glancing at his compatriot seated by his side, "that I do not pay the smallest attention to anything he says either in the House or out of it."

That pretty promising in its way. But in this field, as in others when he takes them, Don José is unrivalled.

Business done. Debatimg Clause 1 of Education Bill.

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Our Recompense.

[At the banquet to Lord Milner, on Empire Day, ladies were allowed in the gallery.]

"Tis false to say they mock our need, And our ambitions faint.

They let us watch them while they feed, And listen while they talk.

Commercial Candour.

From a card in the window of an "artist in footwear":

WE HOPE TO CATCH YOUR EYE WITH OUR NEW BOOT.
PUNCH'S PATENT PICADOR ALLEVIATOR.

In consideration of the recent remarks in Parliament, relative to the bull-fight to be held during the coming wedding celebrations in Spain, Mr. Punch, ever active in the cause of humanity, begs to suggest to those in authority the above design, practical application of which he considers would greatly add to the entertainment concerned, including the bull.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

"The Oxford or Cambridge man whose "Blue" is almost within reach has now to think twice before he fritters away on books the time that, wisely used, might open out to him a useful and honourable career."—Daily Paper.

The Oxford bells are chiming ten, And at their silver call In cap and gown a stream of men, With note-book and with fountain-pen, Are making for the hall. Across the garden quad they pass, Thrice happy mortals, into class, I watch with wistful eye until They vanish and the quad is still. Fain would I follow, for within My secret soul there lurks A passion—call it not a sin— For Plato and his kith and kin, And Aristotle's works; I revel too—ah, tell it not In Gath nor any heathen spot— In Latin prose, and, even worse, I crave to write iambic verse. But, would I join the scholars, "Stay!" Says Prudence. "Turn again! Fool, put your Teubner texts away, And do not waste the golden day In follies that are vain! Look not with envious eyes on these, Nor seek their life of lettered ease!

They all will be life's failures— you May even yet become a Blue. "And if, my son, you once achieve This greatness, there you are! All, so to speak, is up your sleeve, And you are made before you leave The willows of the Cher. The Bench, the Bar, the Church, the Press— In each you may command success, While Fate will mark you out to rule The youthful Upper Ten at school." I hear her voice, and hearing know It is the voice of Truth. The tempting texts away I throw, And off with cricket-bag I go To join the strenuous youth. With them, until the sun has set, I practise grimly at the net, And stop my ears when Fancy sings Of sweet, unprofitable things. And abstinence from study may— Nay, must bring its reward. When double-firsts are growing grey In writing snippets day by day— Snippets they once abhorred— I at a pound a line shall tell How Fry before my bowling fell, How Hayward sledged us Oxford men— The bat is mightier than the pen!

A BAR'S REST.

[Paris restaurant advertises "diners without music." The cuisine is refined, the wines excellent, but it bases its claim to popularity on the absence of music.

Oho! let us fly to the Continong, For we've heard a report from Paree— They've forbidden the band in a restorong To kick up its charivari!

We suffered a deal when dining out, In fact, we may say we grew sick When forced our very small talk to shout By makers of prandial music.

We had to converse at last by signs, With dumb-show for "Pass the mustard!" We mixed our ideas, we mixed our wines, By the orchestra's fury flustered!

The feast of reason and flow of soul Are vanished with Breitmann's "barty," When the fiddles and horns no more control Their fortissimos extra hearty.

So those that can open an easeful inn Of our custom shall be the winners; And where there's a truce at length to din, We'll banquet without the din-ners!

Zing-Zang.
DIARIES OF OPERATIC HEROES.

H.—HunGR.

Monday.—Have really had an extremely trying day. In the first place, I went round my preserves in the afternoon and found that the drought had killed off nearly all the young dragons, and that the hunting prospects for next month are very bad. Especially annoying, as I had already arranged a house party and was hoping to get Wotan down for a long week-end. He's a fearful old bore with his interminable yarns, and doesn't let a fellow get a word in edgeways; but one ought to keep on the right side of him, I suppose.

This was trying enough, but there was worse to come, for when I got home again I found a stranger sitting in my favourite chair, and Smug looking after his queer customer, I thought him; no luggage with him—not even a toothbrush—and looked as if he had been running. I didn't like it at all, but, of course, being so far from an inn, I couldn't well turn him out, so offered him some supper and a shakedown.

Smug is really most annoying. I've always thought that she must keep something in the house in case anyone should turn up, and yet to-night there was nothing but a little cold bear left over from yesterday. Stranger was very nice about it, but I must say, and didn't make any remarks, but I watched him carefully, and saw that he didn't touch a mouthful. So upset about it that I couldn't eat myself. Supper party not one of Siret's sue overs, and old Woran himself could not have done it better. Stranger has just given me my nightcap. Some remarks must be satisfied, so I'll just get a snack of something cold, and so to battle.

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This is the last entry in poor HunGr's diary.

THE MILESTONE OF THE FUTURE.

THE NEW TELEPHONE PLAY.—Brigadier 12468 Herrard.

Tuesday.—Siegie's bolted with the lodger!!! Such a thing has never happened before in our family, and I shall be the laughing stock of all my friends. It came over me that I overslept myself this morning, and woke up late with a splitting head. Of course, I sang out to Siegie to bring me some water and cooling. No answer. I yelled louder. Same result. Though feeling fearfully old, I managed to tumble out of bed and crawl to the door of the parlour. No fire lit—no breakfast laid—no stranger—no Siegie—nothing. At first I thought that she must be showing him round the stables or the preserves, just to keep him amused till I was down, so I questioned my game-keeper, but he hadn't seen anything of them. Then I went into the woods and blew my horn for all I was worth. No answer. After an hour of this sort of thing I came to the conclusion that they must have done a bunk, as Aboriginal vulgarly puts it, so I suppose that there is nothing for me to do but to follow them.

It's a beastly nuisance, because I had a lot of other things to do, and besides, truth to tell, I don't feel quite so upset about Siegie as I ought. She was a nice little thing, of course, but rather too full of fancies for a household like mine, and I've often felt that our marriage has not been a real success. Moreover, I'm sorry to see that the stranger has got hold of that sword, and I look forward to our next merry meeting with rather mixed feelings. However, I suppose the conventions must be satisfied, so I'll just get a snack of something cold, and so to battle.

(This is the last entry in poor HunGr's diary.)

A Little Learning.

"The anti-luncheon crowdy to-morrow may see some memorable cricket."—Bath Herald.

Familial piety in the very young.

THE SONGFISH.

On! have you heard the Songfish
In mellow, moonlit hours?
He’s really quite the wrong fish
To chaff about his pow’rs.
He calls the moon “Astarte,”
And begs to intimate
That she’s the only party
He doesn’t scorn and hate.

And thus laments the Songfish,
Rocked in a sapphire sea:
“Would I were such a long fish
That I might reach to thee,
With music for our mansion
In a world of rhythmic time,
The waves in perfect scansion,
The ripples all in rhyme.”

Oh! have you seen the Songfish
In iridescent state?
In scent and hue a strong fish
He pleases not the great.
He shocks the Peer and Bishop,
But, gaily, in the slums
His patrons as they dish-up,
Exclaim, “O how he hums!”

Oh! would you catch the Songfish,
Deep artifice employ;
Never without a gong fish,
It acts as a decoy.
Down where the dogwatch dangles
Your beating will be heard,
As through those dusky tangles
He warbles like a bird.

Oh! reverence the Songfish,
Consult his lightest whim,
From Harrow to Hong-Kong fish
For nothing else but him.
And if, through moral blindness,
(He’ll well repay the kindness)
 Pretend you have not heard.

“TICKETS, PLEASE!”

In this age of feverish competition
Mr. Punch feels that he cannot afford
to lag behind. He has devised an entire new scheme which may be summed up in the four words

“KEEP YOUR TRAIN TICKETS!”

Hitherto people have been in the habit of thoughtlessly giving up their train tickets to men who collected them at the barriers, thinking that they were of little value. To-day it is different.

THERE IS MONEY IN THEM
(and Time as well). In future, to every one who refuses to give up his railway ticket, Mr. Punch can promise in nearly every case not less than

MONEY

FORTY SHILLINGS OR A MONTH

Think of it! Two pounds, or four weeks free from all care or anxiety, clothed, lodged and fed,—that is what the short sentence above means,—there is nothing away from it!

We do not ask you to remember the numbers of the tickets, or where the train was going to, or coming from. Even if you are found to be travelling without a ticket at all you are still eligible, and stand as good a chance of the “free month” as anybody else!

Do not be misled by the polite requests of

SO-CALLED “TICKET-COLLECTORS”

(everyone is that nowadays), but insist on keeping your ticket—even if you have to use force. Thousands of City men travelling on the Underground every day give up the little bits of pastepad (for that is practically what they are) at their journey’s end as a matter of course. By breaking themselves of this habit they are certain to reap one or other of the advantages of our scheme. Think what it means to the Tired Typist or the Careworn Clerk!

FORTY SHILLINGS OR A MONTH!

The month will be spent at St. Quintin’s Park—which is admirably suited to its purpose, or at some other place appointed by the Judges.

To be perfectly certain of pulling off one or other of the prizes, give your real name and address when asked, and at all costs

KEEP YOUR TRAIN TICKET!
OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Ring in the New (Hutchinson) is classed as a novel. It possesses some of the formule of that literary effort. There are, among other persons moving through the scene, a man and a woman, who love each other, and in the end, after chilly avowal and pleased acceptance, they agree upon marriage. But George Leonard is a shadowy individuality, and Prue, the object of his acid devotion, is least attractive in her domestic relations with him. Wherein the book is of supreme value is its sympathetic study of the life of the honest, hard-working poor of the East End of London. Mr. Whitting knows them and their surroundings intimately, and writes of them with tender touch. The "new" he rings in is the reign of Socialism, whose advent he discerns with the creation of the Labour Party in the new Parliament. The chapters are a succession of vivid scenes in the life of the London veiled from the eyes of denizens of the West End by the spires that separates them from the neighbourhood of Shoreditch. More interesting than hero or heroine is the charwoman, who touches the outskirts of both their daily lives. Sarah, as in a moment of inspiration Mr. Whitting names her, takes turns of work in various more or less mean households, out of her earnings creates for herself "a 'appy 'ome" where she receives visitors with almost luxurious hospitality, habitually secures men, and finally succumbs to the attractions of one who, unknown to her, is already accustomed with wife and child. Another grim tragedy of life in the East End is the career of "The Blake," which the newspaper reader will recognise as a close paraphrase of a criminal record of recent date. These incidents are fragmentary. Beneath them steadily runs the purpose of showing what the Submerged Tenth think, and how they live.

Dear Mr. Smith,—After the flattering diagnosis which I made of your genius when it produced Broke of Cowdenon, I confess that this new book of yours that Messrs. Constable have just published has, for the moment, shaken my beautiful faith in you. In Henry Northcoate I understand that you designed to give us a study in Individualism, and you were, of course, at liberty to assist yourself to that end by making your hero a madman. But would not his perversity have been thrown into happier relief if you had allowed a few of the other characters to be human? I can scarcely find more than one (not your solicitor certainly, nor your foreman of the jury, nor your young barristers in court) that belongs to any recognisable type. And oh! the interminable dialogue, which overflows into a cab-drive all the way from Charing Cross to Norbiton, and then is not satiated. And when something actually does happen that gives one a thrill—I am thinking of the death in the garret—it results from an action which is a defiance of human experience. The kind of woman that you describe may be of the very gutter, but she will at least retain enough honour—if only professional honour—not to give her man away as this woman does. I dare say these critics will call your book "strong." But there is a strength of raw spirits, violent and tyrannous; and I prefer the mellow kind. Do please give us another Broke family and no more Henry Northcoates. By the way, why Northcoate, of all names? What link is here with the memory of the blameless Sir Stafford?

I am, dear Mr. Smith,
(or was once, and hope to be again very soon),

Your Humble Admirer.

Mr. F. M. HUEFFER is the latest recruit to the literary pluralists, for a new book from his pen seems to be appearing almost weekly. I had only just settled down after delivering my verdict on The Fifth Queen when, behold, The Heart of the Country (Aubrey Rivers) emerges from nothingness with red covers and closely packed type. If all Mr. HUEFFER's books are as suggestive and intelligent as this, I shall not mind how rapidly he is in their production. He has studied the countryman with diligence and understanding, and maps out the case for the rural districts with much eloquence. But he cannot deceive me into believing him to be a countryman himself. I detect ink in his veins. The Heart may be of the Country; but the Head is of London.

To own a Wisley or a Kew
May be too much for me or you;
But everyone can dig andhoe
And rake and weed and prune and sow
(Especially on Saturday)
A little plot, an acre say,
Now every small jardiniere
Should straight to Mr. CURTIS fare
For his Small Garden Beautiful,
A volume indispensable
(At Smith and Elder's, seven-and-six),
To set more pears a-climbing sticks,
To fill more beds with mignonette,
To make sweet England sweeter yet.

There can be few things that are now known about cricketers, amateur and professional; and the publication of The Cricketer's Autograph Birthday Book (WALTER SCOTT & CO.), compiled industriously and piously by T. BROADBENT TROWDALE, seems to put the coping-stone on the edifice of public interest in these brawny fellows. Unless, of course, some one brings out a Cricketer's Confession Album, in which TUNNICLIFFE can record his favourite French author, HAYWARD his favourite flower, HURST the picture which has influenced him most deeply, and SAMMY Woods his favourite hymn. This probably will follow. Meanwhile the pages of Mr. TROWSDALE'S volume enable one to learn that the flanneled philosophers (as Mr. Kipling never called them) whose birthdays we are to keep to-day, May 30, are BLYTHE of Kent, MOLD of Lancashire, SELWYN of Yorkshire, and KELLY of Australia. Well, may they all receive presents—from some one!

THE MENACE OF THE GULF STREAM.

Dear Sir,—I am no alarmist, but it has become a matter of vital importance that steps should be taken to draw the attention of the Government to the danger that menaces these shores from the deviation of the current of the Gulf Stream. According to a rough calculation I have made, the people of this country may expect to be frozen alive on or about the 27th of February, 1913, and in the name of our homes and dear ones, of whatever shade of political opinion, I demand that a Royal Commission be convened to inquire into the matter.

Pending such inquiry I would respectfully suggest that the Under-Secretary for the Colonies be immediately despatched to the scene of the disturbance — endowed with plenary powers as Governor of the Gulf Stream—and instructed to deal with the difficulty with all the trenchancy at his command; the nation, meanwhile, being prepared to support the cost of his absence for an indefinite period.

May I add, without incurring the stigma of partisanship, that it is only another example of the slovenly methods of the present Government that matters have reached this crisis. At least I have no hesitation in asserting the trouble would never have arisen with a Conservative Government in power.

Yours truly,

CHRONIC CATARRH.