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# CHILDREN'S NEWS PAPER

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THE CHIEF attractions of Sydney just now are the Press Bazaar, in aid of the Consumptives' Homes, and the Exhibitions of the Sydney Society of Artists and of the Art Society.

THE WHITE STAR S.S. MORAVIAN has just made a record passage from England to Melbourne *via* Cape Colony. She reached Melbourne in 38 days from Dover, and brought English newspapers of three days' later date than the Suez mail of the same week. The details of the journey were: Dover to Teneriffe, 5½ day, 1618 knots; Teneriffe to Capetown, 15 days, 4,456 knots; Capetown to Melbourne, 17½ days, 5,740 knots.

A LARGE COMPANY has been formed in London, with a capital of £500,000, to import from Western Australia Jarrah wood, which grows in such abundance on the slopes of the Darling Range.

THE TRAWLING industry in New Zealand is making great strides; the number of vessels is being increased, and arrangements to export fish on a large scale are being made.

THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN Marine Board has determined to place a new lighthouse near the site of the Loch Sloy wreck. The pilots and captains of vessels on the South Australian coast were asked to choose the site, and they decided upon "The South Neptune" on the south of Kangaroo Island.

THE NEW ZEALAND MAIL STEAMER Waikato, from London to Dunedin, is supposed to have broken down, probably in a similar manner to the Perthshire, between Cape Colony and Australia. A warship has gone out to search for the missing vessel.

NEW SOUTH WALES produced 4,706,000 tons of coal last year—a great increase on the previous year. The foreign export decreased, but the intercolonial export and home consumption was much larger than ever before.

VICTORIA, by a majority of more than 140,000 voters, has accepted the Federal Commonwealth Bill, whilst Tasmania has been equally decisive in its acceptance.

THE FROZEN MEAT TRADE between New Zealand and Great Britain is increasing to such an extent that seven new up-to-date vessels are to be added to the fleets of the largest two companies engaged in the trade.

MR. COGHAN estimates that the population of New South Wales on June 30, 1899, was 1,357,050.



THE UNIVERSITY of London is now to be housed in the Imperial Institute. This building was erected at a cost of £300,000 to commemorate the Jubilee (1887) of Queen's Victoria's Reign, by the formation of a complete collection of the natural products of the British Colonies and India, and by taking all desirable means to stimulate the trade of the Empire.

THE PACIFIC British Cable is likely to very soon become an accomplished fact. The route has been surveyed. The Imperial, Canadian, New Zealand, Queensland, Victorian, and New South Wales Governments have agreed to share the cost, and all real difficulties seem to have been removed.

THE EASTERN CABLE COMPANY talks of connecting Cape Colony with W. Australia. This will be an additional all-British route. These improved facilities for communication with other parts of the Empire should prove of incalculable benefit to trade, for with several alternate cable routes there need be no fear of interruption from war or weather.

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**ROW'S EMBROCATION.**



DOMINICA, one of the Leeward Islands, which we took from France during the Seven Years' War, is said to be anxious to exchange masters and become a dependency of the United States. Most of the white people there are of French descent, and they are employed chiefly in producing spices, sugar, and coffee.

IT IS REPORTED that Mr. Merri-man, the Treasurer of Cape Colony, wishes his colony to join the Imperial Penny Postage movement. Should Cape Colony do so, Australasia will be the only part of the Empire not included in the scheme.

A FRIENDLY agreement has been arrived at between Great Britain and the United States, concerning the boundary of Alaska. Canada is to be allowed to occupy a port on Alaskan Lynn Canal, and to promise not to compete with America for the coastal trade.

WHILST Great Britain superintended the Government of Crete, the trade of the island increased fourfold, unprecedented progress was made with public works, and the gaols became practically empty. What better object lesson could one get of the benefits of British rule, or of the iniquitous government of the "unspeakable Turk!"

WHEN LORD KITCHENER marched into Omdurman after his glorious victory last September, it will be remembered he caused the body of the late Mahdi to be cast into the River Nile. This act provoked severe criticism from the Liberals (Opposition) in the Imperial Parliament. But Bishop Brindle, who was R.C. chaplain during the Soudan campaign, has now written to a London paper to explain that the tomb was not worth preserving, except as a centre of fanatic devotion—a shrine to form the focus of unrest, from which would possibly spring the fires of revolt.



IN AFGHANISTAN the other day the General of the Army and three of his officers were convicted of the incredibly mean offence of robbing their own soldiers. For this offence they were publicly shot in the chief street of Cabul. This is a typically Asiatic method of dealing with wrong-doers. The incident gives some idea of the want of honour in high places which exists in a country which, on account of its proximity to India, is of much interest to members of the British Empire.

JAPAN, adopting a European precedent, has just passed a law making the vaccination of children compulsory.

RUSSIA has commenced to cultivate the tea-plant. A beginning has been made on the Black Sea coast of Transcaucasia. Several hundreds of Chinese emigrants were secured to prepare the soil and commence the plantation.

IT IS SAID that Sir. Henry M. Stanley, G.C.B., the great African traveller, has expressed the opinion that Major Marchand ranks next to Livingstone and Speke as an African explorer. His splendid march from French Congo to Obock *via* Fashoda was a remarkably fine performance.

MR. HERBERT WELD BLUNDELL'S hunting expedition, consisting of himself, Lord Lovat, and Dr. Koettlitz, has reached Khartoum after a long hunting tour through the Soudan and Abyssinia. The "bag" included ten elephants, two lions, and sixteen different kinds of antelope, as well as 350 different varieties of birds.

GUZMAN BLANCO, the great soldier of Venezuela, South America, died last week. Few men in the much-disturbed South American provinces have become so widely known in other continents. Thirty years ago he was a rebel leader, and he became for a time Dictator of Venezuela. Subsequently the country became a Federal Republic, and in 1886 he was elected President.

RICH COPPER deposits have been found at Pilon and Ao, New Caledonia, and a company has been formed to work the mines. Hitherto nickel and chrome ore have been the chief mineral exports of New Caledonia.

THERE HAS recently been a cycle of volcanic eruptions and earthquakes in various parts of the world. Mount Etna, in Sicily, whilst in eruption, cast out hot stones which did much damage to the observatory on the mountain.

IN THE NEW HEBRIDES the volcano of Tanna was in active eruption, presenting a magnificent spectacle to vessels passing during the night.

PERHAPS, the most talked of international event of the present is the re-trial of Captain Dreyfus in France. All the world awaits the result with deep interest.

THE REPUBLIC of San Domingo, on the second largest island of the West Indies, is undergoing one of those periodical Revolutions which seem to be the accepted fate of colonies peopled by descendants of Spanish and Portuguese. General Hereaux, the President, was shot the other day, and the whole commerce of the State is paralysed whilst contending parties fight for place and pay.

RUSSIA has been permitted by the Chinese "to attain her historic aim" and occupy the port of Talienwan on the Yellow Sea. Ten thousand Russian troops are to be sent forward to occupy it, but Russia has promised to make it a free port, open to all nations, on completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway.



THE SOUTHERN PORTS of the Philippines, which have been in a state of blockade for some months, have now, by order of General Otis, been re-opened to foreign trade.

MAUNALOHA, in Hawaii, has also been making its presence felt. Its action has been thus described in a cable message to a daily paper:—"From the side of the mountain gushed streams of molten lava, turning night into day, as they lit up the heavens and surrounding country with dazzling radiance. On each side of the main flow were geysers, where the fire burned and seethed, throwing the fiery element into the air in fantastic shapes. The noise as the lava was being forced up was something terrible. It seemed as though the force behind the cone would blow the wall of the mountain to pieces at any moment. Besides a large lake, about ten other fountains were throwing fire and lava high into the air. Two miles lower another crater looked like a vast sea of fire boiling. In another the fiery red lava was rushing to and fro, throwing large splashes into the air. Some boulders thrown from the upper crater must have weighed several hundred pounds. The lava flow threatens to pass through the main part of Hilo, should it become extensive. It is thought it has already run about 12 miles, and if so it cannot be far from the Kaloeha ranch houses."

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## THE UNIVERSITY JUNIOR EXAMINATION.

THE results of "the junior" have been made known during the past month. There is perhaps no incident of school life which is looked forward to with greater interest than the publication of this list. We regret that our paper is not quite large enough to give the complete list of 752 successful candidates; but we hope that before the next time comes round, the paper will have grown large enough to spare space for this interesting record. There were 1091 candidates, and 69 per cent. passed whilst 111 qualified for matriculation.

Amongst the girls, the blue-ribbon of the year was carried off by Miss Jessie Skillman, second daughter of Mr. H. Skillman the well-known Inspector of Schools for the Metropolitan District.

Miss Skillman, whose portrait we present on this page, was born at Newcastle in October, 1883. She received her primary education under Miss M. Gray at the Superior public School, Kogarah.



MISS SKILLMAN.

Less than 3 years ago Miss Skillman entered the Sydney Girls' High School, being placed first on the list of Scholarship candidates at the entrance examination. Not only has she secured the *Fairfax* prize; but she has matriculated and gained a first class or "A" pass in the following seven subjects: Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, English, Latin, French, and English History.

Amongst the public-school boys, the best pass was secured by John Paterson he was marked equal with two others for the University Prize. Master Paterson, whose portrait also appears on this

page, was born at West Kemsey, Macleay River, in March, 1884. He is the eldest son of the Rev. James Paterson, M.A., now living retired at Summer Hill; and a grandson of the well-known Glasgow surgeon, James Paterson, M.D.,



JOHN PATERSON.

who successfully followed the practice of his profession for 50 years in the largest city of Scotland. He received his primary education at the Public School Albion Street, and subsequently at the Superior Public Schools Glebe, Ashfield, and Burwood. From the latter school he gained a Scholarship at the Sydney Boys' High School. Master Paterson got a matriculation pass, won the medal for English History, and passed first class of "A" in Arithmetic, Geometry, English, Latin, Greek, and English History, and a second class or "B" in Algebra.

WRITE TO THE EDITOR.—Children are invited to write to the Editor when they have anything to say which they think will interest him and his readers. Send him items of news, tell him what you think of the paper, or send him the names of new subscribers; but never forget to put a stamp on your letters before posting them. Address—**EDITOR CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER, 17 Castlereagh-street, Sydney.**

We would like to have an agent for THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER in the vicinity of every school in New South Wales. Would our correspondents and subscribers when writing to us kindly give the name and address of the news-agent most convenient to the school which they attend?

## WADE'S CORN FLOUR

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## Empire Builders.

No. 2.—SIR GEORGE GREY.

### III.

ON reaching England, Grey was received with every mark of distinction by learned and scientific societies, and the University of Oxford conferred upon him the decree of LL.D. His labours in N.Z. have been thus summed up: "He came, at the crisis of a civil war, to a colony bankrupt in finance. He left the colony in profound peace, solvent and flourishing, with native tribes, which had been subdued by his skill and arms and had become willing and loyal servants of the Crown."

Whilst in England on this visit he was appointed Governor of Cape Colony, and for the next seven years (1854-61) he lived there. Personally, he wished to return to New Zealand; but he obeyed the call of duty, and went to the Cape, where his services were so much required.

Things at the Cape were in a state of unrest. Native wars were almost constantly breaking out, and there seemed small prospect of peace amongst the various conflicting elements of South Africa. Yet Sir George Grey soon made his presence felt. The Kafir tribes were subdued with little bloodshed, and they were then treated with justice and kindness. Large tracts of land were set apart for them, and, as in the case of the Maoris, they were encouraged to become diligent and industrious. The result was that many of the tribes became not only willing but anxious to come under British rule.

In August, 1857, news of the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny reached the Cape. It was expected that all the Central India tribes would rise in revolt, and possibly put an end for a time to British control. Grey at once sent off all the troops and horses available. Even the horses from his own stables were sent over for the use of the army in India. A few days after some transports called at Cape Town en route to Lord Elgin, who was to act with the French in China. Grey took the enormous responsibility—for it was before the days of the

cable to the Cape—of ordering them to go instead to Calcutta. They did this, and these were the very men who helped Sir Colin Campbell in the relief of the noble Havelock, the act which virtually saved India for England.

Such a signal service to the Empire has been rendered by few men. Others have not had the unique opportunity. How many of England's greatest sons would have had the courage to accept the responsibility of diverting troops as Grey did!

Before sending all the troops from South Africa to assist in suppressing the Indian mutiny, Grey took the remarkable step of visiting all the great Kafir chiefs and getting their assurance to preserve peace and order in the land. Only a man of his striking personality could have taken such a step. But he had won the respect and love of the native races, and not a solitary rising against his authority occurred during the troops' absence,—and this in a country which, for thirty years before, had been an almost constant scene of disorder and strife and bloodshed!

From the moment of his arrival in Africa, Sir George had made a special study of the conditions of the new people whom he had been sent to govern. After four years' experience he formed a plan for a *Federal Union of South African States*, under the British Crown. The Cape of Good Hope, Natal, and the Orange Free State were to form the Federation, with authority to admit all States—including native States—which desired to join. The Parliament of the Orange Free State actually passed resolutions agreeing to support the proposal, and the Governor brought the matter before the Cape Parliament. Sir George Grey's action in this matter displeased the British Ministry of the day. It was held that he should have submitted the proposal to the Secretary of State

before bringing it under the notice of the Colonial Parliament. Hence, Sir E. B. Lytton felt it necessary (June 4, 1859) to recall Grey. At a time like this, when unrest in South Africa is so acute that war between British and Boers may be expected to break out at any moment, one cannot help speculating upon the different history that land would have had if Geo. Grey's far-seeing scheme had been adopted. But alas! Grey's policy was too advanced for statesmen of his time, and, in consequence, the inevitable destiny of the Boer Republics remains to be wrought out in blood and tears.

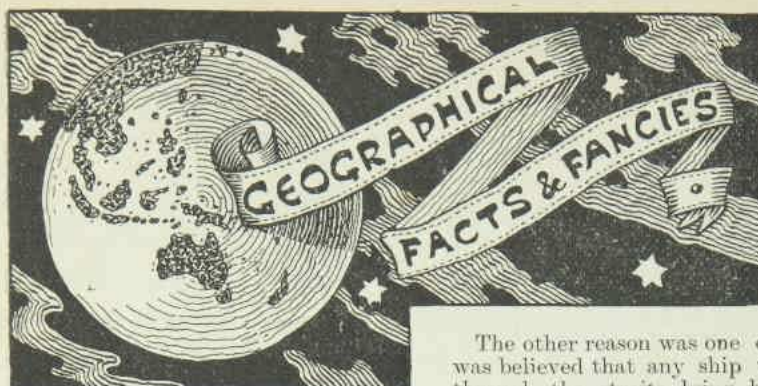
During his five years in South Africa, Grey had maintained peace and promoted good government. So deeply had he impressed all classes by the wisdom of his rule all over the Colony, that there were expressions of sorrow and dismay at his recall. Public meetings were held in every important town to express dissent and to arrange memorials to the Queen—even the native Fingoes took steps to express their sense of his worth.

Before Grey reached England there had been a change of Ministry, and the first news he heard from a visitor to his ship, off the south coast of England, was that the first action of the new Ministry had been to re-appoint him as Governor and send a ship to the Cape to stop his return. The vessel had passed him on the way. But though the Government had re-appointed him, it would not support his Federal proposal. The new Colonial Secretary promised Grey that at the end of his period in South Africa he should be appointed Governor-General of Canada. So Grey returned to Capetown in 1860, and was welcomed right royally on all sides.

Governor Grey secured in a remarkable degree the confidence of the Boers of the Transvaal and Orange Free State, and of the various native tribes. Many of the latter came to love him so deeply that they referred all their difficulties to him.

(To be continued.)





By GEO. COLLINGRIDGE,  
Member of the Council of the Royal  
Geographical Society of Australasia.

[Our readers will be pleased to learn that we have arranged with Mr. George Collingridge, to furnish a series of articles on interesting geographical subjects. "Geographical Facts and Fancies" will be continued in our next issue, and followed by "Some Ancient Opinions on the Shape of the Earth."]

## PART II.

Every girl and boy will notice that the old Portuguese geographers gave too much breadth to Java, and the reason for it is that, as they say, they were not acquainted with the regions to the south of Java.

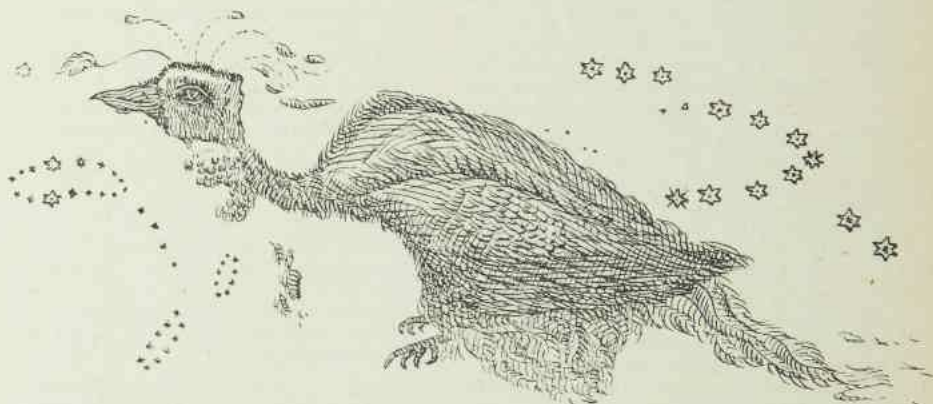
Now, why did they not frequent that sea which lies between Australia and Java, and which they called Lant Kidol, or South Sea?

There are two reasons. The principal one is that all their trade and shipping was with Asia and the Spice Islands, where they went for cloves, nutmegs, pepper, and other spices. To go to Europe and back they passed through the Straits of Sunda, between Sumatra and Java.



The other reason was one of fear. It was believed that any ship that passed through the straits lying between the islands to the east of Java would be drawn away by the strong currents that exist in those parts, and should never be able to return.

So widespread and deeply rooted was his belief that it exists, in a slightly



modified form, to the present day, for a tradition is prevalent among certain sailors that all ships that are lost at sea, all wrecks and derelicts drift to a smooth and desolate tract of water situate in a remote part of the southern seas. This melancholy region is in sight of a low-lying and unhealthy coral reef, abandoned by the sea birds. It is undisturbed by storms, yet the sky is said to be perpetually obscured by a thick yellow haze that almost blots out the light of the sun.

To return to our curious resemblances, the following are some of them:

Celebes, a large island and many small ones, little known and seldom spoken of, but once known as *Celeberrima insula*, hence the name, was described as resembling a spider.

South America, which in old maps was often represented as detached from North America, was known as the Dragon. The immense estuary of the Amazon River formed the monster's mouth, and the tapering southern extremity its tail.

Australia, unlike South America, was pictured as joined to the continent of Asia in the neighbourhood of China. Australia thus formed an immense peninsula, which was called the "Hammer-headed Peninsula."

This strange malformation of Asia, reaching out to the regions where Australia stands, puzzled learned geographers for a long time, and may account for a still stranger thing that happened in the very early days of this colony.

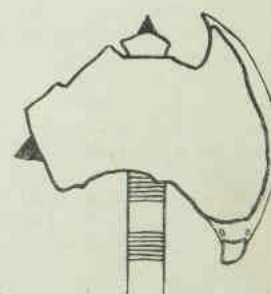
We read in the history of New South Wales that some prisoners escaped from Sydney, and, having secured a few weeks' provisions, set out on a long tramp with the intention of reaching China overland.

They were re-captured and brought back to Sydney Cove, having been found wandering about in a terrible state of destitution. Had those deluded wanderers seen some of the old maps I have alluded to?

It is not probable, and yet they were not further out in their calculations than the old mapmakers who joined China and our continent together.

On those maps it was the western portion of Australia that was called the "Hammer-headed Peninsula."

Had New Guinea and the eastern shores of this continent been known at the time, Australia would have been



recognised as an island and in all probability would have been called the "Battle-axe-head," whereas New Guinea, the haunt of the bird of paradise, might have taken the name of that beautiful creature.

We invite correspondence from intelligent schoolboys (or school-girls) who would be willing to become agents for the CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER.



## Science.

### Water.

By "GOSSIP."

THE pleasantest way to acquire information is by asking questions. I like to find a man who can answer my questions, and I like to answer questions for others. Here is a little girl, "Ella," who asks a question about water, and she says: "I am eleven years and five months old. I hope you will not put my letter in the waste paper basket, as I saw in the paper where you put one child's letter in it."

I don't remember putting a child's letter the W.P.B., but if I said I did, I did; and there must have been a reason for it. But your question, Ella, is a very wise one, and a very difficult one, and if you were grown up I fancy I would tell you that I didn't know. Two people were arguing about the boiling of a kettle. One said it was *too* full and would not boil quickly, so she took just a little out, and the other person laughed and said that could not make any difference. The other said that if there was ever such a little space left, it would boil quicker.

Now you want to know, Ella, who was right. The woman who took some out was right, I think, because if the kettle was quite full, then when it boiled it would run over. She was also right, because the less water there was in the kettle, the sooner it would boil. But the other woman was right, too, because leaving a space in the kettle is only a superstition, but it is based on fact. If you lift the lid off a kettle you let the hot air escape, and so the water takes longer to boil. If the kettle could be filled right up to the top, it *might* take longer to boil.

That all looks very simple, Ella, but then simple things are very, very difficult in reality. One little boy told his smaller brother that the star he pointed to, in the sky, was hundreds of times bigger than this world of ours, and that is true. But the little boy said it was not, because if it was bigger than this world, it would keep the rain off us, which is also true, and the bigger boy was puzzled. That needs a good deal of explaining. So is it with water!

Do you know what water is, Ella? Somebody says, "Water is water, of course." So it is; but I can take a globe of water, put two electric wires into it, and make it into air that you cannot see! Water is composed of two gases called oxygen and hydrogen. All water is the same. Some water is charged with salt, and we call it "sea-water." Some is charged with lime, some with sulphur, some with gas, and we call them "medicinal waters," for the cure of diseases; but they are all water at first.

Water is a curious thing, for if you make it very hot it runs away. It turns into steam and flies away to the clouds. But if you don't let it fly away, but keep it shut up in a box, then you can make it

your servant, and it will work for you as long as you like. Steam is one of the best servants we have, and it is born of water. You have heard people say "As weak as water," but that is only a superstition. Water is the strongest thing in the world. If you knew how to use water and make it into steam, you can compel it to do anything that requires enormous strength. I suppose you never saw a big ship, did you? We have big ships in Sydney that could carry thousands of people, and thousands of bales of wool; yet with water we drive them to London, 13,000 miles, over the ocean. Water is fearfully strong. All you need is some coal, or wood to make the water angry, and then it is turned into steam and is chained up and drives the ship.

Sometimes men try to chain water up in a boiler that is not strong enough, and then there is trouble. The steam wants to get away, and when it finds that its prison is not strong enough, it bursts its bonds asunder and kills its keepers; we call that a "fatal boiler explosion." Water is very, very wonderful and strong and mysterious, and very few people ever think about it, because it is so common, except in a drought like that you have been suffering from. It is the most wonderful thing in the world, and very few of us ever think about it.

You see what water can do if you make it hot, but if you make it cold it is even more curious. It turns hard and becomes ice. Did you ever see ice? In some countries all the water-holes and rivers get covered with ice, and people have fairs and shows on the ice, and all kinds of sports. Ice is a wonderful thing and I would like to tell you a lot about it; but this column is very short and I want to tell you one very curious thing. You know what a thermometer is don't you? In summer it marks about 100 degrees of heat where you live. If you will watch the thermometer when it is growing cold, you will see the mercury in it falling. When it gets down to 32 degrees the water freezes—turns into ice.

Here is the curious part. All bodies contract on cooling and expand on heating. That is the water in the kettle expands with heat. Yes, and it contracts with cold, except when it freezes. If ice contracted when it froze, then, when the ice formed on the surface of a water-hole it would sink to the bottom, because it would be heavier than the water. Then, if the cold lasted long enough, all the water would turn into ice and the fishes would be killed. But, because of the exception, the ice forms on the top and covers up the rest of the water, and leaves the bottom of the water hole for the fishes to live in.

When the water freezes in the water-pipes of a city, it expands and bursts the leaden pipes; but as it has turned into ice, nobody knows. When the warm weather comes and the ice thaws, then people say "the pipes burst," but they don't, they burst when the water expanded with the cold.

Water all runs to the sea; then the

sun sucks the sea-water up to the clouds, and the clouds break on the mountains and come down as creeks and rivers and floods, back again to the seas. Water is wonderfully wonderful beyond all telling, and your simple question set me to thinking about it, and made me remember the song of the Hindu poet who sang of the fountain whose waters

"Flow into the seas; then steaming to the sun,

Give the lost wavelets back in cloudy fleece

To trickle down the hills, and glide again, Having no pause nor peace."

## Our French Column.

We have made arrangements by which M. Périer, the author of Périer's New Illustrated French Method, will in future edit a column in the C.N. for the benefit of our French students.

M. Périer invites subscribers to form a correspondence class, and offers a series of prizes to such of our readers as send him his book.

Letters should be addressed—  
M. PÉRIER,

Editor French Column,  
Children's Newspaper,  
17 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Sentences taken from the text in pages 15 and 17 of the "New Illustrated method," and page 74 for a few adjectives:

1. Don't tell me any sad news.
2. Tell us a pretty and wonderful story.
3. Once upon a time a beautiful child who lived at Dunkirk.
4. They all loved the good Spaniard.
5. It is a large German town.
6. There is enough room on the grass.

## Mademoiselle Nuage et Mademoiselle Rayon-de-Soleil.

Following are five paragraphs of Miss Cloud and Miss Sunbeam from the Second Reader, and correspondents are invited to set the English under the corresponding French words, as:—

Ma fenêtre donne sur un jardin.  
My window overlooks a garden.

4. "Jouons au cheval," dit Mademoiselle Nuage.

"Conduis," dit Mlle. Rayon-de-Soleil. "Très bien!" et elles s'éloignèrent aussi heureuses que deux oiseaux.

5. Tout d'un coup une des rênes se rompit. Mlle. Nuage frappa du pied.

"Nous ne pouvons jamais jouer sans que quelque chose arrive."

"Je puis l'arranger dans une minute," dit Rayon-de-Soleil, en souriant.

6. La cour n'est pas assez grande pour y jouer et nous ne pouvons nous y amuser.

"Oh! je pense que nous nous amusons très bien," j'entendis Rayon-de-Soleil répondre.

7. Tu n'es pas un bon cheval, et je me veux plus jouer," dit Mlle. Nuage; et, avec un air refrogné, elle courut dans la maison.

8. Rayon-de-Soleil joua seule le reste de la journée, et elle était si heureuse, et tout était si brillant en plein air, qu'elle semblait un vrai rayon de soleil jouant avec des rayons de soleil.

Answers to July correspondents will appear in the September number.



THE  
**Children's Newspaper.**  
PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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WM. BROOKS & CO.,

17 CASTLEREAGH-STREET, SYDNEY.

MONDAY, AUGUST 28.

THE AUSTRALIAN OF THE  
FUTURE.

MR. OSCAR BROWNING, the best-known living authority on English school life, has stated his opinion that the average youth of to-day gives his entire thought and his whole conversation to games. "His path of educational progress is marked out by fences and sign-posts; the road is macadamised with guide and extract books, and made smooth and easy by marks and examinations. Nothing is left to his own enterprise and ingenuity, he can always tell exactly where he is, and is sure to receive at the end of the measured mile the applause of his approving backers. He knows how to *get up* anything. He is convinced that the whole duty of life is to be *doing* something, that is, to be going in for some competition. To sit in a chair and read a book is laziness in his eyes."

And the result is that whilst he

is far superior in manliness and vigour to a Frenchman, or an Italian or a German, he is far inferior in steady, persevering application to work, and is, consequently, easily beaten by his foreign competitor in business and trade.

The charge laid at the door of the Australian youth has hitherto been somewhat similar

But no one who has followed the recent developments of ordinary Australian school life can gainsay the fact that our boys and girls of to-day, in spite of their natural love of athletic games, are becoming a reading and a thinking class. The opportunities for getting good books provided in the School Libraries (now very widespread), and in the cheapened series of good literature are being fully availed of; and it is beyond doubt that the Australian of the next generation will be a lover of books—rejoicing in those healthy exercises that develop the physical man; but rejoicing also in the easy chair, where he can hold commune with the greatest master-minds of his own and of other nations.

FOREIGN STAMPS.

[III.]

Are any of my philatelic friends fond of statistics? Here are some details concerning the varieties of postage stamps issued by various governments (extracted from a recent article in the catalogue of Whitfield, King, and Co., of Ipswich, England.)

The total of known varieties is 13,811. Great Britain owns 131 varieties, the British Colonies 3,843, making a total for the Empire of 3,974, a number which is exceeded only by the whole of the American Continent with 4,656 varieties. Africa owns 2,320 different kinds, Asia 2,571, and Europe, excluding England, 3,359.

Amongst separate countries, the United States has 287 kinds—more than double

the number of the United Kingdom. Whilst Victoria with 174, has the largest number of different kinds amongst British Colonies.

What would you think of a stamp worth £1,000! This is the present price of one of the original issue of 2d. stamp of Guiana, and also of the original issue of Mauritius stamps. I wish I had a few of them, don't you?

I dare say you have often come across Spanish stamps, with a circular hole punched out of them. I used to wonder what it meant! Recently I learned that it indicated that the stamps thus treated were for use on telegrams only. In West Australia, stamps are similarly treated when they are for use by Government offices.

In the Philippines, since they became an American possession, the U.S. stamps are used at present surcharged with the name of the islands. But it is said that a series of special stamps is to be provided, so we may look for it as one of the interesting additions to our albums in the near future.

Australia will soon be a Federated Commonwealth, so that a new series of Australian stamps will certainly be one of the signs of this consummation. Our present issues, as well as those of the other federating colonies, will then become obsolete.

I am glad that so many of you feel interested in the brief information I am able to give in this column. I am specially thankful to two correspondents who say that "though not stamp collectors," they hope I will give some more of the very interesting information they found in last month's stamp column.

[NOTE.—In all communications respecting exchange or purchase of stamps, enclose a stamp addressed envelope if you require a reply by post.]

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BOVRIL surpasses everything in maintaining strength and building up weak constitutions.

**RANKIN & Co.**

Bovril Representatives,

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### Brooks's History, Geography, and Reader Competition.

These competitions, which closed on the 1st August, produced a most gratifying response. Our adjudicators are now busily engaged allotting marks. We are not yet in a position to announce the results, nor can we yet say definitely when they will be ready. Competitors will understand that with several hundreds of papers and maps (many of them of exceptional merit) to be examined, the work will occupy considerable time. The gentlemen who are engaged in this work are taking extreme care to do full justice to each competitor, so that those who are impatiently waiting for results may console themselves with the knowledge that their claims to the coveted prizes are all receiving adequate consideration, and we can only promise that the prizes will be allotted at the earliest possible moment.

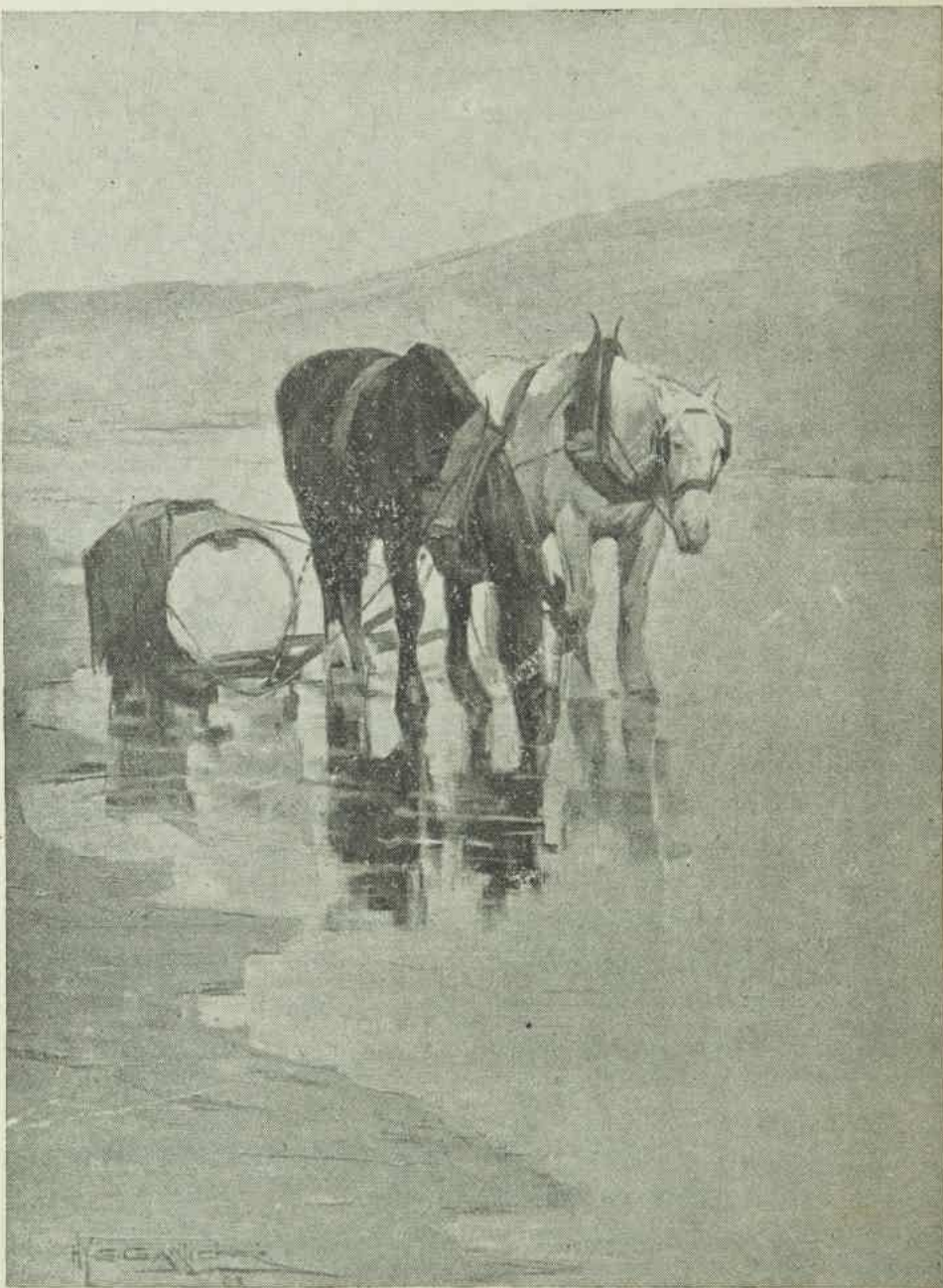
### PRESS BAZAAR.

THE Grand Fair and Press Bazaar in aid of the Queen Victoria Homes will be over by the time this is in print, and, as far as I can judge to-day, it will have resulted in a magnificent success from every point of view. It was opened by His Excellency Lord Beauchamp on August 10, in the presence of quite 3000 people, who paid for admission about £300. The bleak, dreary Exhibition Building was transformed into an old English town, with quaint little timbered houses, tenanted by pretty women and stocked with dainty goods. A bit incongruous some of it. 1900 jostled the Middle Ages, and Caxton's house saw the latest Paris modes peeping in at its latticed windows.

A lady of Dr. Johnson's time superintended a phonograph, and a vivandiere of the old guard sold tickets in a raffle for a talking doll. Women in mob caps and pink frocks dispersed refreshments at the sign of the Mermaid, and a palmist and a sewing machine had opposite rooms in the Old Cock Tavern. Mrs. Frewin Thompson's assistants wore the costume of the second Empire, and their stall was stocked with elegant silverware, prominent among which was a model of a cyclist and tiny locomotive, the funnel of which was a pepper castor, the boiler a mustard pot, and the tender a salt cellar. Our stall held, chiefly, books and the CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER. A great many copies were sold on Saturday afternoon, which, to a great extent, was a children's day. The PRESS NEWS, edited by Lady Mary Lygon and printed by D. H. Souter, was published here, and sold at sixpence a copy, and the Souvenir Book, edited by Lord Beauchamp and printed by William Brooks and Co., found many purchasers at fancy prices on the opening

day. The book contains a short *resumé* of the object of the Exhibition, illustrated with portraits of His Excellency and Lady Mary Lygon and the officials of the Fair. Then follows thirty or forty autograph sentiments from the Governors and Premiers of the different colonies and from the leading men of our own. G. H. Reid, Esq., says: "A

"Bubbles, His Book," the first part of which, with a few plain illustrations, appeared recently in these pages, has met an excellent reception at 3s. 6d. His Excellency and Lady Mary Lygon have each received a copy and written their gracious approval to the publishers. Lady Darley purchased copies to send to England, and everyone thinks it is the



Darby and Joan.

H. G. Garlick.

cure, if science can; a home, if science fail!" and J. P. Dowling, Esq., of the *Sydney Mail*, has perhaps the next neatest thing in the book. Interspersed with these are an equal number of pictures by our artists, and the whole, bound in limp cloth with silver lettering, is one of the features of the Fair. Price, 3s., the whole receipts go to the fund.

finest children's book that has ever been produced in Australia. Only 2,000 were printed, and the edition promises to be speedily exhausted. Although the Fair is a success, despite the unpropitious weather, and the people of New South Wales may be congratulated on their ready response to a deserving charity.



# "MAROONED"

## A ROMANCE OF UNKNOWN AUSTRALIA

### CHAPTER II.

"My Dear Mr. Sinethorpe,

*I could be greatly Pleased if you could find Leisure to call at my poor House some day during the Week. There is Much that I would tell you, so that my Behaviour, while your Guest might be somewhat explained. If it were possible I would wait on You, but a combination of divers Troubles confine me to the house for the present.*

JNO HAMOUND."

The letter bore the address of a marine suburb, and on my first leisure day I found the place. A little wooden cottage, perched on the top of a crag that overlooked the harbour. A narrow patch of vegetation in front of the verandah rail, and a sheer drop of thirty feet, where the deep water lapped the base of the rock.

The house was reached by a lane off a narrow street; a light, close fence, with a postern-like gate, flanked by an iron bell-pull, that answered the jerk I gave it by a deep clang in the house beyond.

Presently a half-coloured man, in semi-European dress, opened the gate, and, on hearing my errand, admitted me through the gate along a narrow cobble-edged path, to what was really the back part of the house. A stone kitchen abutted on a neglected garden, where a few straggling flowers raised their dusty petals in a wilderness of weeds. An empty parrot cage and some barrel hoops were piled in one corner, where a flowering acacia fluttered its shimmering leaves in the sun. Through the house was a long, shadowy vista leading to where the open door led on a broad verandah, beyond which gleamed the sunlit waters of the harbour. There were closed doors on either hand as I entered the passage, but they seemed to have been long unopened, and the place had a feeling of the dirty tidiness that distinguishes the establishment of the old bachelor. My guide paused before a door near the front of the house, and knocked twice. I recognised the voice of my late guest within, and the servant answering in a strange tongue, opened the door and ushered me into the presence of John Hammond. He was propped up in bed with a number of pillows, and at his side was my Batavian skull; his long claw-like hand spread over the occiput, and the first and third fingers dug deep in the orbits. He held his hand out to me, and a quaint smile spread over his weatherworn face as he motioned me to a chair at his bedside.

"Sit down, my friend, sit down. I am glad, very glad, that you have come, for there are many things which must seem strange to thee in my behaviour, and much that calls for loud explanation. Sit down in that chair there, where thou art, near the open window. I would not have thee feel prisoned with a madman, and, putting myself in thy place, I cannot expect thee to think me as aught else."

"Oh, I assure you, Mr. Hammond," I began, but with a wave of his hand he motioned me to be silent. "Friend," he said, "I am somewhat mad: we all are on some topic, but here is my boy with wine and biscuit—we will drink to our better knowledge of each other. Sooth, the wine is good, and needeth no bush; it hath lain in my cellar these many years, and until I met thee, I was cudgelling my brains as to the best method of its replenishment."

It was good wine, and I was no wise sorry to aid in its consumption, though the share I was to have to its replenishment was not apparent to me at all.

"We will begin almost at the beginning," said Hammond, handing a small oblong packet. "What make you of that?"

It was a little manuscript book of some 80 or 100 pages, closely written, in the crabbed script of the Seventeenth Century, and bound in worn leather covers, loosely tied with a thin strip of green hide.

On the third page was written—"A Continuation of ye Narrative of John Hamound late supercargo of the Brig Sorrel commencing from ye Time of ye Wreck of ye Spanish schippe about ye Summer Solstice, in the Year of Grace 1659. Heere again I write in the Hope that this Diary, written in great tribulation, may fall into Xtian hands, and be the Means under God of bringing to Judgment and thwarting the ill Ends of my cousin Roger Hamound, of Wollasterre, Surrey, and Chief Officer of the Sorrel Brig, which sailed from South Shields on 20th day of August, 1659, whereby was much evil wrought, and my Unfortunate Self left on the Desolate coast of New Holland, on the 10th of Jan. in the following yeere."

"It looks genuine," said I, "Where did you get it?"

"Look also at this!" said he, handing me a roll of skins, about eight or ten inches in length, and apparently prepared after the manner of parchment. They also were tied with a string of hide, which I unloosed, and found that the inner skins were crammed with characters, written with a brownish fluid like the ink of the cuttle fish. The writing was very indistinct, but I deciphered "John Hammond," and "Sorrel," and "Roger Hammond," and a word here and there that seemed to be an accusation and a request for justice how ever tardy, on the head of the villainous Roger.

Then followed three or four skins, which dealt with English events between 1645 and 1650, including the fitting out of the Sorrel, and matters relating to her voyage. The remaining half-dozen was a sort of diary, the material for a Defoe to write another Robinson Crusoe.

All this time he had watched me closely, noting my every expression of countenance, his eye glittering with a silent longing as I slowly unwound skin after skin, and sometimes held them to the light the better to decipher their import.



STOOD BY THE WINDOW TO DECIPHER THEIR CONTENTS.



When I had finished, I re-rolled them, and as my eye met his, with almost fervent haste he cried, "Well, what make you of them?"

"I don't know," said I, "They are evidently original; certainly clever, and an able man would make good 'copy' of them—"

"Copy—copy! cried he querulously. "S'truth, there is no question of copy; their originality I can vouch for with my life's blood!" and his eyes sparkled again, and his face was drawn with suppressed passion.

"Tell me what they are then, some heirloom of a wronged ancestor?"

"Friend, it is hard for me to tell you what they are, and it will be harder for you to credit my story, but as our own Shakespeare said, 'There are more things in Heaven and earth than was ever dreamt of in our philosophy,' and this, mark you, is one of them. To begin with, at your elbow there lies a loaded revolver; you can test its action if you choose. A shot from it would alarm the somewhat populous neighbourhood should you trouble to fire it. You can see that I am a man incapacitated by illness, whom you would overpower with but little exertion. Besides us two there is but the servant in the house, and I can vouch for his pacific nature. I tell you this, that should you doubt my sanity, you may be convinced of your safety, and be the more inclined to hear my story to the end."

This was said with such earnestness, that I felt sorry for the man who was thus humbling himself before me, and I was aware of a growing curiosity to hear his wonderful tale.

"Sip again at the wine, and whiff thy pipe, friend, for verily thou hast nothing to fear if thou were but aware of the great service you have done me in bringing me kennings of this great rascal, whose skull lieth now in the hollow of my hand."

"Mr. Hammond!" said I, "speak on, strain my credulity to the utmost. Give me but a ha'porth of proof to four gallons of incident, and I will not ask for more."

"Indeed you are a merry wight, and one well suited to my purpose, so I take thee at thy word, and strain thy trust to cracking point by telling thee that I am the John Hammond whose true tale is even now in thy possession."

He waited to see what impression this made on me, but I kept an impassioned front while he proceeded: "Seems it not strange that I who wrote those pages more than 200 years ago, should sit with thee alive and well to-day?"

"It is more than strange," said I, "and may be taken as a fair proportion of the four gallons of incident to which you promised of proof."

"The proof is there written fair and clear; as a man who had to find his own ink and pens could hope to write it—listen! Do you know any part of England well, for I take it you are of that country?"

"I am," said I, "one of the Sinethorpes, of Surrey, where"—"What," exclaimed he, "My God! You to be the instrument that connects me with a past of three centuries ago. Was thy father the rector of Cunwold? Ah, what do I say, thy father's father's great grandfather were more like."

"My father's father's great grandfather may have been, for I have seen tombstones in Cunwold churchyard that bore the name of Sinethorpe in the time of Elizabeth."

"Elizabeth! That was before my time some score of years, still I lived in Cunwold from '42 until that day in '49, when Charles lost his head on Tower Hill, and the butchers of Smithfield rode roughshod over his adherents. Jason Sinethorpe was rector of Cunwold."

"Jason is a family name of ours! I have an uncle and two cousins so called, and it is my own name as well."

"Verily the ways of chance are wonderful," said Hammond. "Man, I was lover to a great grand aunt of thine. I have held her in my arms and kissed her sweet lips time and oft, and had my voyage prospered on which I set out, this arrant knave, the shield of Hammond, should have been quartered on that of Sinethorpe, and I should have been lying quietly in my grave these 200 years ago."

"Hammond," said I, "you have roused my curiosity, but it has stood the strain. Either you are the cunningest madman on earth or really a relic of a vanished age. Either way, you are possessed of a fund of interesting matter that claims my undivided attention," and we clasped hands over the empty skull of Roger, in silent token of our implicit faith in each other.

(To be Continued).

### SPECIAL PRIZE FOR BOYS UNDER FIFTEEN.

W. Jno. Baker, the cutler of Hunter St., has sent us a knife to give to the boy who writes the best essay on its use. The knife is a strong horn handled two

bladed weapon, with a picker and tweezer, a corkscrew, a thing for pulling stones out of a horse's hoof, and another thing. The whole being finished up with a swivel, attached to a steel chain with a leather to fasten it to a brace button, so that its owner can't lost it. It is a

splendid present, and we want our smart boy readers to have a try for it. Write less than 250 words on one side of the paper, and send your copy to this office marked "Knife," not later than the 10th of October. This will give our more distant readers a chance to compete.

### The Cheapest House

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AUTOHARPS, &c.

MUSIC, SONGS, WALTZES, at 1s. 9d. each.  
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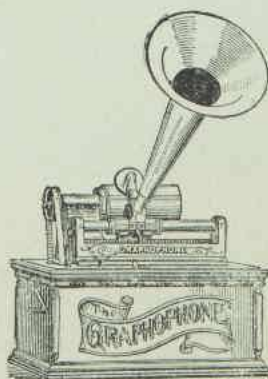
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**BOOMERANG**, the King of Mouth Organs. Sweet, Mellow Tone, and almost indestructible. Retail Price, 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d. Trade Supplied.

**NOTICE.**—Tis on one of these High-class BOOMERANGS that WALTER ORMOND won the Australian Championship, the Gold Medal, and a purse of sovereigns on May 6th, 1899, at the Golden Gate Club, before the referees and an audience of two thousand.

### ALBERT & SON, KING STREET.



### PHONOGRAPHS, 25s. up.

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**PEDESTAL** and **OAK COVER**  
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**RECORDS** } **25s. up.**

Extra Records, 2s. 6d. and 5s. each. Reductions on quantities.

**THREEPENNY SLOT GRAPHOONES**, Best kind, with Bent Glasses, acting faultlessly. Best Money-maker, £7 10s.

**40s.**—On receipt of £2 we will forward, **CARRIAGE PAID**, a beautiful **ACCORDEON**, of medium size, three stops, fine fittings, and **THREE SETS** of English Broad STEEL Reeds, with a sweet and powerful Organ tone, in cedar polished box.

**CATALOGUES** of Music, Musical Instruments, Phonographs, Vapour Bath Cabinets, Medical Batteries, Record, Lists, Musical Toys, etc., etc., posted Free.

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**ALBERT & SON, 118 King Street, SYDNEY.**





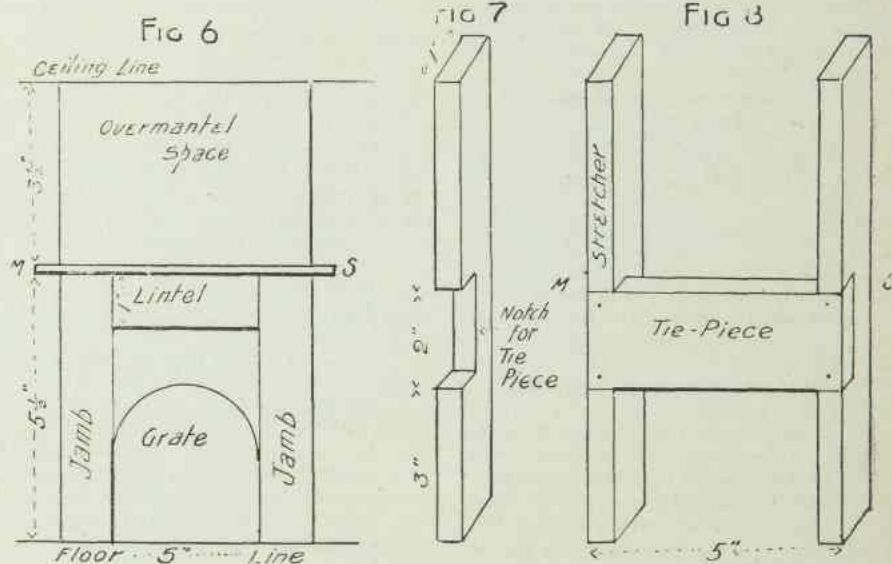
## How to Make a Doll's House.

(Continued).

ASSUMING that since last month's article appeared, our builders have completed the body of the house and its roof, it now remains to add the fireplaces and stairs. The most suitable position for the fireplaces will be the centre of the back wall of each room. Thus one fire will be opposite the door in one lower room and opposite the window in the other. Upstairs fireplaces may be placed exactly above those in the lower apartments. It will be found most convenient to make each fireplace, with so much of its chimney as belongs inside the house, as a separate fitting. When put together as a whole, it may then be secured in its final position by screwing or nailing it to the room walls inside, as described later on. Fig. 6 shows front view of fireplace and inside chimney so made. The letters are the initials of the names of the several parts as J-jamb, &c.; this is fully explained at foot of sketch. The dimensions figured thereon give the widths and lengths of each part, the thickness is given elsewhere. The construction will be as follows:—Prepare two strips of wood 1in. wide, each long enough to reach from floor to ceiling of room, and  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. or  $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick. These strips form the stretchers or main timbers upon which the fireplace and inside chimney are to be built. The stretchers are lettered "S.S.," and each must have a notch 2in. long and  $\frac{3}{4}$ in. deep, cut out of front edge, as shown in Fig. 7, which shows one stretcher so prepared. Next cut a piece of  $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick board 5in. long, 2in. broad, and fit its ends into the notches of S.S., fastening them together exactly 5in. apart, *outside to outside*, as shown in Fig. 8. For jambs or uprights of the fireplace, make two slips  $\frac{5}{8}$ in. long, 1in. wide, and fasten to right and left stretcher at position shown in Fig. 6, where jambs are indicated by "J.J." Lintel "L." of same width and thickness as the jambs, but only 3in. long, may next be fitted between the jambs "J.J.," and secured by small nails or glue to crosspiece marked T (tie) shown in place in Fig. 8. The mantelshelf is

to be made 6in. long and 1in. wide, and about  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick—cigar box wood will do for this; fix it in its place by nailing or screwing to tops of "J.J." and top edge of "L." The space "O.M." (overmantel) above the mantelshelf may be next covered in by one piece of  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. or  $\frac{3}{4}$ in. board cut to fit across to extreme outsides of S.S., and sprigged to latter at the ends of such covering board. The grain of the coverboard should run across the space, that is, same way as length of mantelshelf. We have now a shallow trough made open entirely down the back and closed at front by "O.M." covering board and the mantelshelf, jambs and lintel forming the space for fire-grate. Referring to Fig. 6, the semi-circle shows approximate position of the metal grate. Toy fire-grates of metal can probably be obtained at the Sydney toy shops, and may be fitted as indicated in Fig. 6. The space G above may be filled

as to bring the top level with the highest part of the dolls' house roof. To secure the chimney two courses are open: first to cut off the bottom end of our chimney block to a slant corresponding with slope of the roof, and then nail it to the roof. The second and better plan is to cut a hole through the roof, and let end of chimney partly through and secure to wall of cottage by a screw or two, the exact mode adopted being left to the taste and skill of the builder. The model of chimney should have a beading of wood strips fitted near the top, in imitation of the coping usually found on brick chimneys, and the whole completed by painting in imitation of brickwork. Returning to the inside of the house, it will be noticed that as the fireplace and chimney breast project into the room, a recess is left on each side, such recesses may have shelves fitted thereto or model wardrobe, so making the resemblance to



up with wood to suit taste of workman. Should a toy grate not be obtainable, then a wooden hearth and hobs may be made one-twelfth real size, taking the pattern from the fireplace in the builder's own home. The scale of reduction 1-12th means that for every foot long in the real house, you make your copy one inch, and so proportionately for parts of a foot. For example, the size I have given for length and breadth of mantelshelf of doll's fireplace, viz., 6in. by 1in., answers to actual house shelf 6ft. long by 1ft. wide, the thickness of dolly's mantelshelf is, however, not proportioned on same scale, as it would be too thin. Supposing our fireplace and inside chimney to be made, we next fix it in its intended place in the room and secure it by putting a few screws or nails through the wall from outside into the back edges of stretchers "S.S." The outside part of the chimney may next be made of solid wood, or built up of strips of board to oblong section 2in x  $\frac{1}{2}$ in,  $\frac{1}{3}$  size of ordinary brick chimneys. The height of the block chimney must be such

a real dwelling more complete. The doll's house is now described complete, all but the stairs, and I think our builders ought to be able to make a model stairway  $\frac{1}{12}$  size of stairway in their own home without needing a detailed description. In the next paper I shall give some hints upon construction of doll furniture and interior fittings of the house.

## THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Is a news paper written expressly for children. Its main purpose is to supply, in palatable form, the world's news carefully selected and edited, told in simple language and accompanied by appropriate explanations and references suited for children of both sexes.

In addition to its carefully selected news and its interesting comments on passing events THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER will contain specially written biographical sketches, fairy stories for the little folks, popular science articles, latest geographical information, etc.



## FANCY WORK.

By MRS. ERNEST FAVENC.

I can quite imagine directly most of you look at the illustration given, your exclamations of "Call that fancy work!" but I assure you, unless you can do all this kind of sewing neatly and easily, you will never shine at other needlework. Now, in these days of sewing machines, plain needlework is becoming one of the lost arts to a certain extent. Perhaps few of you have ever tried to make a sampler of old-fashioned stitching, tucking, hemming, and buttonholing. I hope you will try, and I should be very glad if you would show me the results of your work. All the stitches given here are used in embroidery, and there are two, the herringbone and the single coral stitch with which you may adorn the edge of your samplers.

I am not asking you to work only at the samplers, but give you directions for a Crochet Collar; it is very simple, and has a very lacey effect. With the least knowledge of crochet you should make a success of it.

Follow directions for Crochet Collar.

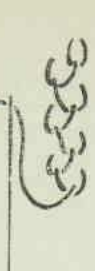
## CROCHET LACE COLLAR.

Use fine crochet cotton and a steel hook. Make 200 chain, as foundation of neck.

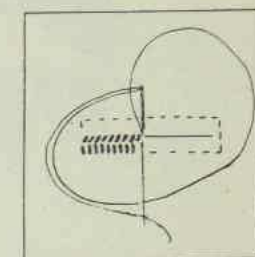
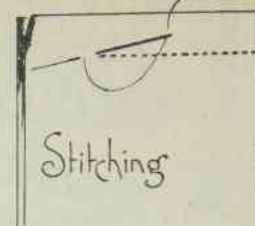
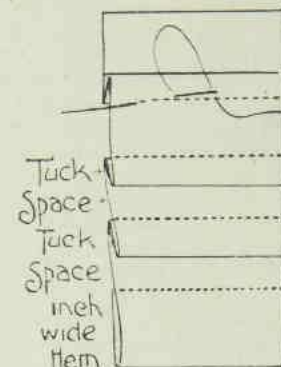
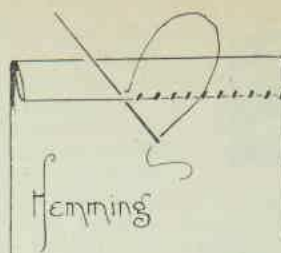
1ST Row.—1 single crochet into 4th stitch from the hook; 7 chain, 1 single into 4th stitch from hook; 2 chain, 1 single into the 8th stitch of foundation chain from the 1st point formed; \* 7 chain, 1 single into the 4th chain from hook; 7 chain, 1 single into 4th chain from hook; 2 chain, 1 single pass over 4 stitches of the foundation chain; 1 single into the next; repeat from \* 36 times; turn. You will see that 7 chain, 1 single into the 4th chain from hook forms little picots or dots.

2ND Row.—\* 4 chain, 1 single in the 1st chain made, repeat from \* 3 more times; then, 7 chain, 1 single into 4th chain, 2 chain, 1 single into the centre chain between the two picots

Single Coral Stitch



Herringbone



Buttonhole

of 1st loop of 1st row, \* 7 chain, 1 single into 4th chain; 7 chain, 1 single into 4th chain; 2 chain, 1 single into centre chain of next loop, repeat from \* 36 times; 7 chain, 1 single into 4th chain; 7 chain, 1 single into 4th chain; 2 chain, 1 single into 3rd chain from the 1st picot made; turn.

3RD Row.—Same as 2nd row, to working the last loop in the 2nd stitch from 5th picot on the edge of collar; turn. 4TH, 5TH, 6TH, 7TH, 8TH, and 9TH rows are just the same as the 3rd row.

10TH Row.—\* 4 chain, 1 single into the 1st chain made; repeat from \* eight more times, so making 9 picots, then 1 single between 1st and 2nd loops; \* 7 picots that is 4 chain, 1 single into 1st chain, doing this 7 times; then 1 single between next 2 loops; repeat from \* 36 times. Make 8 picots, 1 single into 2nd stitch from 5th picot on the edge.

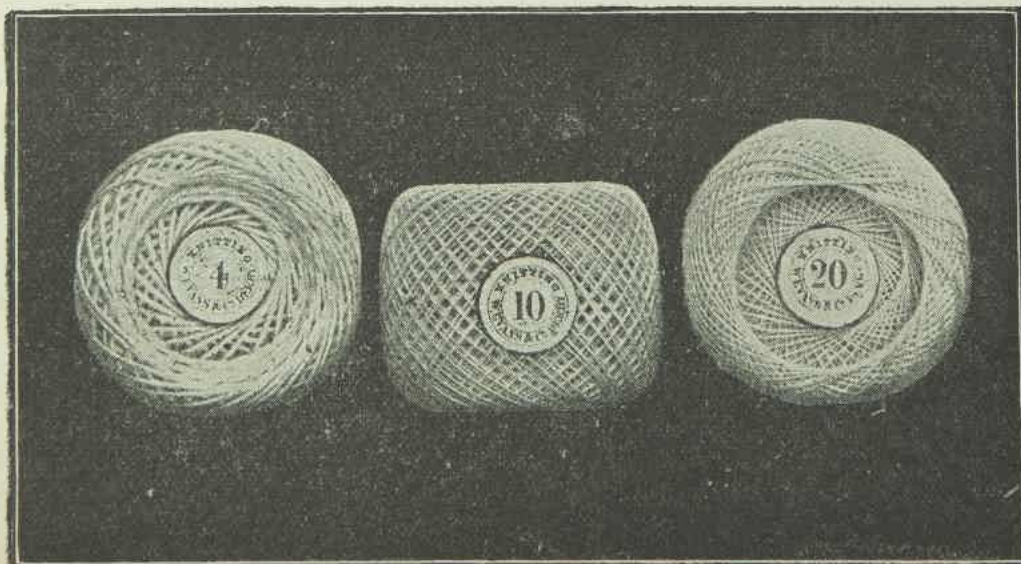
For the edge round the neck work 1 single crochet into each stitch.

## FANCY WORK PRIZE COMPETITION.

We were very pleased with the serviette rings received for competition. They have been sent on to the Press Bazaar in the Exhibition Building, and are selling well.

First prize of 3s. was awarded to Beryl Dettman. Second prize 2s., Ruby Capel; third, Madge Nosworthy; fourth, Vourneen Thompson; fifth, Isabel Holman; sixth, Clytie James. The prizes of the last four being one annual subscription of this paper. Amongst other competitors, I must mention that the rings sent by Kathleen Coyle, Muriel Richardson, Millie Frazer, Alison Smith, and Nita Bercini were very pretty.

Only two tray cloths; but that was owing to the mistake made in the date, I am sure. First prize, Muriel Holman. Second prize, Minnie Thompson.



Ask for

**EVANS'**  
KNITTING  
**COTTON**  
In Balls.

As above in Nos. 4, 6, 8,  
10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20.

STOCKED BY—

David Jones &amp; E. Way.



## Out-door Sports.

[By "OBSERVER."]

[The Sports Editor will be glad to receive notes of school sports for inclusion in this column, and is prepared to answer any questions concerning the game of Cricket.]

**Cricket.** The different school clubs are making preparations for the coming season, and practice matches are being indulged in. Several new clubs, I hear, have been formed, and the season, as far as school cricket is concerned, at any rate, promises to be an interesting one. We hope to regularly devote a column or two to the field doings of the Public Schools, and more particularly to the contests of the Great Public Schools. It is interesting to note that many of our best cricketers emerged from the ranks of school elevens. Noonan and Ebsworth (of Waverley) learnt their cricket at St. Joseph's and the King's School respectively; R. Donnan (brother of Harry Donnan) played for Sydney Grammar School.

At the Church of England Grammar School sports, S. Holtermann achieved a meritorious performance by throwing the cricket ball a distance of 106 yards 2ft. 9in.

A. E. Stoddart's record score of 485 (not out) for Hampstead Club against the Stoics, has been eclipsed by a 14-year-old boy. Playing for Clark's House against North Town, at Clifton College, A. E. J. Collins went in first, and in a total of 833 scored 628 (not out). The boy was presented with a bat from A. E. Stoddart.

The annual report of the Newcastle District Public Schools' Athletic Association shows that great progress has been made during the past year. The number of members enrolled for the year was 224, against a previous enrolment of 157. The treasurer's balance-sheet showed a credit balance of £29 6s. 7d. The Pupil Teachers' Cricket Club, the report stated, had proved a very enjoyable means of promoting healthy recreation and professional friendship.

The final test match between England and Australia, concluded on August 16, resulted in a draw. England won the toss, and, going to the wickets first, amassed the great total of 576 runs. Jackson and Hayward contributed 185 runs between them before the first wickets fell, which is a record for test matches in England. Fry compiled 60, Ranjitsinghi 54, and McLaren 49. The Australians made 352 runs, Gregory playing a brilliant innings for 117. Darling came next with 71, Worrall 55, and McLeod (not out) 31. Following on, Australia made a splendid start, and two wickets were down for 208 runs. Then Trumper was caught after making 7, Gregory was bowled by Rhodes for 2, and Darling run out for 2. Worrall (75),

McLeod (77), and Noble batted in splendid style, the latter carrying his bat out for 69. Worrall hit 15 fours. As stated above, the match ended in a draw. Of the five matches played, Australia has won one, the other four being drawn.

Darling and Gregory also atoned for their comparative failure in the previous test matches. In the first innings their partnership yielded exactly 100 runs. In the second innings the first wicket partnership of Worrall and McLeod produced 116 runs.

The most noticeable feature in connection with the match was the success of McLeod, who was selected in place of Laver. This was McLeod's first appearance in England in a test match, and his score of 108 for once out fully justified his inclusion. Previous to this match McLeod altogether failed to make runs on English wickets, his highest contribution in 26 completed innings being 44.

McLeod leads the batting averages in test matches, with 108 for once out. However, this honour should rest with T. Hayward, who has the splendid average of 68.83 for the five test matches—a splendid performance. Hill is next on the list with 60.20, and Noble third, his average being 52.42. Hayward's 137 is the highest score in the series of test matches. Trumper's 135 (not out) is the next best.

In looking over the bowling averages in test matches, I find that Laver leads the list with 4 wickets at 17.5 runs apiece; Jones 26 wickets, 25.23; Trumble 15 wickets 25.0; Noble 13 wickets, 31.23. Howell's eight wickets cost 43.25 runs each.

The following table, showing the manner in which individual members of the Australian eleven have been disposed of in all matches up to date, should prove of considerable interest:—

	Bowled	Caught	L.B.W.	R. Out	S'd
Darling	13	24	1	1	2
Gregory	12	18	6	3	1
Hill	5	14	1	2	—
Howell	12	14	—	—	—
Iredale	8	18	2	1	—
Jones	10	17	—	—	—
Johns	1	4	—	—	—
Kelly	9	19	1	—	—
Laver	9	10	2	—	2
McLeod	14	9	1	1	1
Noble	12	19	3	2	1
Trumble	15	17	1	3	—
Trumper	23	14	1	1	—
Worrall	4	23	1	3	—

Seven members of the present Australian eleven have amassed over 1000 runs: Noble, Trumper, Worrall, Darling, Gregory, Iredale, and Trumble. This equals the records of 1893 and 1896.

Syd Gregory has visited England three times as a member of the Australian eleven, and on each occasion has aggregated over 1000 runs, which shows consistency.

**Football.** On the 17th instant the King's school and Newington met in their fixture in the second round of the Schools' Premiership, when the former won by 19 points to nil. F. Futter (2), V. Futter, Richards and Newton secured tries, from two of which White and Body kicked goals.

The English footballers were entertained at a farewell banquet on the 12th instant. In proposing the health of the Australian team, the captain (Rev. M. Mullineaux) remarked that he would like to see senior clubs take a great deal of interest in boys' clubs. If they were taught to learn the game, nothing would be lost in the end.

The final test match between England and Australia was decided at the Sydney Cricket Ground on August 12. The ground was in a terrible sloppy state, and the players could not keep their feet. During the course of the play the rain came down in torrents, and it was a difficult matter to recognise any of the players, for they were covered in mud from head to foot. There was no score in the first half of the game; but in the second spell the Englishmen scored 13 points to nil. The Englishmen have suffered defeat on three occasions, only: by Australia in the first test match, Queensland, and the Metropolitan Union. They have every reason to be proud of their long list of victories.

**Athletics.** A. D. W. Fisher was in good form at the Church of England Grammar School sports, winning no less than three of the principal events. He covered 100 yards in 10 2.5 seconds; 220 yards in 24 4.5 seconds, and the quarter mile in 58 seconds—three good performances. The 150 yards, under 16 (all schools) was won by G. W. Hinton (Sydney Grammar School) in 17 seconds. In the Form and Flag Race, Form III. A (2) had 100 yards handicap in 1600 yards, and won. The team consisted of Black, Bland, Bulloch, Dent, Forsyth, Grant, Hartridge and Reid.

# EPPS'S

Will make

Young Australians  
Strong and Healthy

# COCOA





### EDITOR'S NOTE.

We want to encourage our little friends to send us short, chatty letters on matters of general interest. Every month we will print a page of the best, and at the end of the year give a prize for the best letter sent in. The points on which it will gain a place will be composition and subject.

Any letters not for publication should be headed PRIVATE.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I like the CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER very much, and I wrote a little story for it, which I hope you will like and put in. We have just had the Roma Show. The Governor was coming up, but did not come, so Mr. Rutledge, our member, opened the show. I have five sisters, and one of them, who is two years older than me, got the prize with me at school for the highest conduct marks. It is a book called "On to the Rescue, a tale of the Indian Mutiny." We have had some nice rain lately, and the grass is getting a little bit green. We have such a nice blue cat; his real name is Ursa Major, but we call him "Bluey." I must stop now.

I remain, yours truly,

K. M. (aged 9 years).

Craig-Dhu, July 30, 1899.

"I got your story, and, although it is very good for nine years, I had rather have had your blue cat. I am very fond of cats. Did you ever notice a drawing that I sometimes make of a black cat with a wide mouth and a white waistcoat? Well, he was a fine Tom, that could do all sorts of things, and when we moved across to a new house we carried him in a basket, and shut him up in the washhouse with his toes nicely buttered, because cats are ungrateful animals, and are more attached to their homes than to their friends. I was out in the yard seeing some men bringing in the furniture, when I heard a mew, and "Darkie"—that was the cat—was climbing out of the top of the washhouse chimney. He gave one howl and bounded off the roof, and we never saw him again, although we were told that he was infesting the neighbourhood of his old home. He got into bad habits, and stole chickens, robbed pantries, and finally took to the bush—a regular desperado. But he was a good cat while I had him.—Ed. C.N.]

My dear Mr. Editor,—We received the CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER to-night, and I thought I would write you a letter, as I am going to write a true story, which I hope will be interesting enough for you to publish. My sister Elsie wrote to "Gossip" last month, and felt "sat upon" to-night when she did not see anything about her letter in the paper. I think the children's paper very interesting, and especially "Science." I am sorry the description of the sea-urchin has come to an end. Something happened here which made me feel very sorry. Some carriers were camped at the railway station nine miles from here, and an old grey cat became fond of them, and followed them here, and partly swam over the river and rested on an island, and then the men were gone, and poor puss came back to this side, and took up her quarters in our house. I am very fond of animals, and know lots of wonderful things some of them have done, but it would make my letter too long if I were to

tell you any more to-night. Darlington Point is on the bank of the Murrumbidgee. The district has suffered very much from drought, but the drought has come at last. For my pen-name I have chosen "Rose," because a very dear friend has gone to England, and as the rose is the emblem of England, I know it will please her. I think I have made my letter long enough. With best wishes for our little paper,

I remain, your affectionate friend,

Darlington Point,  
August 1, 1899.

ROSE.

[Another cat story. I like people who like cats. Now I'll tell you another true story about a cat. A friend of mine has a whole household—Persian, Manx, tabby, tortoise-hell, and white. She gave me a Manx kitten. Now, the peculiarity of a Manx cat is that it has no tail, and people say that it is not so affectionate as other breeds. After I had it about a year we went to the country for a month, and the people who were keeping our house didn't like cats, and Ranji—he was a pure black Manx—stayed off and on for a few days and then left. When we came back we searched everywhere for him, but couldn't find him. It was a black, dark night, and he was a



dark black cat, so perhaps that was why. I have a little room in the back part of the house, where I smoke and work at night, and about ten o'clock I heard a mew, *mew*, *mew*, and there was Ranji, as thin as a lath, and every hair on his back standing on end. He had no tail to stick up, so he stuck up his back hair. We were glad to have him back, and he made a terrible fuss, and ate nearly a pound of steak and drank ever so much milk before he went to sleep. But that month, without proper supervision, was his ruin. He stayed out late, and sometimes was away for days, and yesterday morning I heard the bang of a gun, and when I went out a man had just shot him, because like my other cat Darkie, he had got into vicious habits. He stays out all the time now, under a flame tree whose red flowers seem to blush for the miscreant who sleeps beneath their shade. But he was a good cat once.—Ed. C.N.]



Dear Editor,—I have never written to you before. I got the CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER, and I am very pleased with it, and I think it is very interesting for children. I am going to try and get some subscribers for the paper. March (not a township) is five miles from Orange, and has a bi-weekly mail. Most of the people here are farmers, but some of them have orchards and vineyards but the last two seasons they have not had much fruit, on account of the droughts. I must now conclude by wishing your paper every success.—I am, yours faithfully,

LESLIE G. QUICK  
(Public School).

March, August 4, 1899.

Dear Sir,—Just a few lines to let you know I am well. I sent to Chas Markell and Co. and got a spinning top, which I like very much. There is going to be a Show at Hillston on the 11th of August, but I don't think it will be very good this year, on account of the bad season. I received your last paper a few days ago, but I never got any in May at all; the last one was dated 27th June and the other April 28. I think you must have forgotten to send me it; never mind, better luck next time. We are having a few heavy frosts up here at present, but I suppose you are having snow. I went for a trip to Carrathool about three weeks ago and saw the train, which was an uncommon sight to me. My mother and Sall and I and a few more are going fishing to-morrow. I will tell you in my next letter whether we caught any or not. I am going to a school about two miles from our place, but the midwinter holidays are on now. I see you have got no Chatter Page in the C.N. now; but nevertheless it is still improving. I hope I will have some new subscribers to send to you next time. I think I will conclude for the present, wishing you and your paper good luck. So goodbye.—I remain, yours truly,

B. JOHN BUTLER.

Sand Hill, July 8, 1899.

[Your May number has been sent to-day. We haven't had snow yet, but we have had lots of rain.—Ed.]

Dear Mr. Editor,—I have not had the pleasure to read any of your papers, but I suppose I will next month. I am told they are very good, and think every child in the schools should take it. The people about here are greatly interested in the Wagga Show. We are having a nice fall of rain at present. The frosts are very heavy; they will do a great deal of harm to the crops that are just beginning to shoot. I live a long way from Sydney, but hope some day to be able to go there for a trip to see the wonderful things one reads about, and the ships and great sea of which Byron writes: "And I have loved thee, Ocean; and my joy of youthful sports was on thy breast, to be borne, like thy bubbles, onward."—I am, yours respectfully,

JOSEPH CARLON (13 years).

Yarragundry, Wagga Wagga,  
August 4, 1899.

[I hope you will like the sea when you see it. The first time an old English countrywoman saw it she said: "Goodness me! Does it always wobble about that way?"

Dear Editor,—I am enclosing postage stamps for a year's subscription to the CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER. We live in a very cold place. Yesterday the clothes on the line were frozen. I am in upper third class at school. I was down in Sydney for my holidays, but as it was wet I did not enjoy it as much as I would had it been nice. Have you ever seen the Zigzag? It is about eight miles from our place. When you are on the top you can see hundreds of feet below. When you are at the bottom you can see the top. I like the CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER very much. I will write again.—I remain, yours truly,

VERA PICK.

P.S.—I will be eleven years old next January.

Bowenfels, August 9, 1899.

[And when you are half way up you can see both the top and the bottom, eh?—Ed. C.N.]



## THE LAND OF THE LILIES.

IT was summer, and all the land was bathed in golden light. The sky was a deep blue with never a cloud to mar its brilliancy. The sea as blue as the sky, except where the waves broke in a gentle ripple on the long stretch of yellow sand. Children played in the sparkling water, or building mimic castles on the beach, laughed and danced in the utter abandon of their joy.

Beyond the stretch of beach was the park, and beyond the park, set pleasantly among shady trees, were the white houses that fringed the town. Comfortable houses, where men and woman led comfortable lives, and children never knew the grim hardships that dominated the other end of the town; the end of the town where the houses stood thickly together on the flat, treeless land; where, instead of plots of green grass, were squares of grey, black earth; where the fences were patched or broken, the houses grey and weather-beaten, and the children who lived in them sallow and pinched and wan. They sometimes looked to the houses on the hill, and envied the folk who lived under such different conditions.

For work was scarce in the pits, and the house-fathers brought but little to the house-mothers, and very often the children felt the pinch of poverty, and sometimes they were constrained to beg of the people who lived in the trim villas that overlooked the sea.

Lily Vaughan had slung her basket on her arm and climbed the hill that seemed to lead to happiness. Below her the traffic grumbled and surged in the busy street; but here the place took local colour, and the sun seemed to shine brighter because he had prettier things to look on. Bright flowers, whispering pepper trees, and creaking bamboos, with here and there stone carved balustrades margining a terrace of shaven lawn. There were no flowers at Lily's place; but she had found a big, white lily at the street corner, and to her it seemed a whole bouquet.

Poor Lily, with her large, wistful eyes and tumbled, yellow hair; her worn clothes and bare feet. Truly, the world had not been kind to her, in her six years of child life. "Pretty lily," she said to the flower. "I will take you home to mummy." She stooped and lifted her basket which lay at her feet, and walked slowly towards a large house which stood in the beautiful grounds, and where she thought she could get some food to take home to mummy who lay sick in their little house on the flat. Lily knocked timidly at the door, and stood waiting almost fearfully. She did not have to wait long, however, for the door was soon opened by a neatly dressed maid. "Oh, please," cried Lily, "could you give me something for mummy? She's so ill and I can't get anything for her," and the maid turning to a lady who stood in the hall said: "Here's a child begging for food for her sick mother."

"Well send her round to the kitchen," said Mrs. Boyd, impatiently.

"Missus says you're to go round to the kitchen and they'll give you something there," and the maid shut the door.

Lily walked off the verandah and down the steps, and looked about for a path to the kitchen but could not find one. She got into an orchard, and then out into the street, where she turned back through a gateway and found she was in a beautiful flower garden. Here lilies bloomed luxuriantly. She saw no one to direct her, and, feeling very weary and tired, she lay down in the shade of a large tree near a group of lilies. "Oh, lilies, pretty, pretty flowers," she said, "I wish I could be as happy as you seem. You don't have to go and beg like I do; but you only just grow there, and every one admires you. My mummy's so sick and has no food to give me. Daddy's gone away, mummy says he lives up in

the sky. My name is Lily; but I'm not pretty like you, my clothes are old and torn, but yours are white and lovely. I wish I could go to daddy; mummy says if he was here he would buy me pretty white frocks like you wear. I would like—to go up—those white steps I can see." The weak voice faltered, then was silent, and Lily was asleep.

"Lily, Lily! You have come at last. How we have waited and longed for you," cried a wonderful voice. Lily opened her eyes, and found herself in a magnificent garden. Everywhere were lilies; bright, glistening lilies, and a dear little angel bent over her and taking her hand, led her away up the steps into a wonderful shining palace, where the Queen of Lilies stood, waiting to fold her in her loving arms. On her head was a wreath of the same white lilies, her voice was tender and kind when she breathed the words "Dear one rest forever."





She carried Lily away into a large room, where someone came forward to meet her with eager, outstretched arms.

"Oh, daddy. My dear, dear, daddy! have you come back to mummy and me? We have been so hungry, and tired," said the glad voice of Lily.

Just then a burst of music burst forth, and a band of angels glided swiftly past to welcome another soul, who like Lily, had joyfully reached "true rest forever." The Queen of Lilies stepped forward with wings outspread, saying softly "Welcome dear one, rest forever."

Lily glanced quickly at her father's rapturous face, "Can it be true daddy. Is it my mummy?" said Lily.

Sorrows and trials are over, said the beautiful queen, as she led Lily's mother into the "Palace of Peace."

"Wake up, little one; little girl, come, wake up: you must not sleep here. Here is your basket, come now, get away home," and Mr. Boyd, gently shook the sleeper; but she had gone to the "Land of the Lilies," and in her little dead hand was clasped a withered lily.

GUSSIE MCLEOD.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to the Editor will be replied to as far as possible under this heading.

M.K.W.—Your Fairy Story is a very good one for a girl of eight. But we have such a large number of Fairy Stories on hand that it would be a long while before we can publish it. Try a story that is not a Fairy Story.

HARRY JULIUS.—Don't write so "patchily." Read Kipling's "Stalky & Co.," and Stevenson's "Kidnapped" and "Catriona."

MARY O'D.—Not quite "fit," but try again, your next is sure to be better.

FRANK G.—Both writing and composition very good. Write about Pitt-water again.

H. F. BECTIVE.—Thanks for subscription and good wishes.

DEAR ARTHUR K.H.—We hope you will be justified in expecting to receive much benefit from the C.N.

HAROLD HANSFORD.—I suppose you think that if your name is printed in the C.N. you will feel it belongs to you more. I am glad you are improving in your music, and I hope you are quite well again now.

A.M.L.—Using your brains over the puzzles in the C.N. is an excellent thing to do, but why did you not start earlier in the month? I hope you had the pleasure of seeing the Governor when he was in your district.

N.C.H.—The School of Seven was continued in No. 2 and finished in No. 3 of the C.N., as was also the Story of the Sobraon. If you send 2d. in stamps we will forward Nos. 2 and 3. Thanks for your good wishes.

G.F.—Stamps received. I would like to publish your letter for the example it sets to other boys. Read our Chatter page.

JNO. BONGERS.—Certainly.

LONE BUSH LASSIE.—Thank you.

EILEEN CLINCH.—Native bear story being kept for Xmas number.

J.C. (Wagga Wagga).—Your suggestion is being acted upon. Anything from "a warm appreciator of our little paper" is always received with gratitude.

M.P.B.—"The Boys" good for nine years old. Try again.

R.G.—"Daisy the Flower Girl" is promising, and we will be glad to read your other work. If you will say where "Winifred's Ride" came from we would like to use it.

W.F.—"Sunset Land." Will use.

A.S. (Wagga).—I have given your letter to "Interrego" to consider. You seem the right sort of boy for this country. Football news noted; also other suggestions.

W.A.C.—Deserves our best thanks.

## QUESTION COLUMN.

Examination Questions will be given in each month's CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER. Answers to these questions may be supplied by any children in the respective classes, and marks will be awarded each month for correct answers. At the end of each half-year—June and December—valuable prizes will be given to the six pupils who attain the highest number of marks in each class.

For each correct answer to a question ten marks will be awarded. If only one correct answer is sent in each month, it may win a prize.

Ask your parents to certify on your answers that you are in the class in which you are competing.

Do not forget to sign your name, and write address on your answers. Anonymous answers cannot be credited with marks. Answers must reach me within thirty days of the publication of the questions but if you have them ready, I will be glad to have them sooner, so that I may not be rushed at the last moment.

If your answers fill more than one page, place your name and address at the top of every page. If you have completed before, place after your name the non-de-plume or initials hitherto assigned to you, thus—"A.B.," "A.B. (Henty)," "A.B. (Torsonce)," etc., as the case may be.

Marks and correct answers to questions will be published in the second issue of the paper after the publication of the questions.

Competitors will be divided into three classes:

Class A—Boys and girls, 14 years of age and over.  
Class B—Boys and girls, 13, 12, or 11 years old.  
Class C—Boys and girls 10 years and under.

Address replies to questions to—  
"INTERREGO."

Question Editor.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER.

17 Castlereagh-street,

Sydney.

NOTE—Letters insufficiently stamped will not be accepted. If you clip the ends of your envelope, and mark it "Examination Papers Only," it will (assuming, of course that no letter is enclosed) come by post at the rate of 1d for each 200s or fraction of 200s.

Those who write for information, and require a reply by post, should enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

Competitors under 14 may elect to compete in Class A if they so desire; and those under 11 may compete in Class B. But competitors who thus commence to work in a higher class than their own must commence to work in that class throughout. Under no circumstances will children over 10 be allowed to compete in Class C; nor over 13 in Classes B or C.

Children who will complete their 13th or 10th years during the current half-year should work in the Class for which their age qualifies them at the beginning of the half-year.

## QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

CLASS A: 14 to 17 years.

1. What have you ever made with your hands? Describe it fully, and give an account of the process of manufacture.
2. Name the authors of the following books, and give a brief account of one of them: Oliver Twist, The Hunters of the Ozark Mountains, In the Eastern Seas, Little Women, Bubbles, Westward Ho, The Fifth Form of St. Dominics, Alice in Wonderland, Seven Little Australians, Kidnapped, Teens, Tales of a Grandfather.

CLASS B: 11, 12 and 13 Years.

1. Draw a map similar to that in Brooks's 4th Class Geography of the Hunter River.
2. Name your favourite character in History, and say why you prefer him (not more than 200 words).

CLASS C: 10 Years and Under.

1. Write (one page of manuscript) out the first few paragraphs of the Story you like best.
2. Send a drawing (your own unaided work) similar to the last copy you did at school, or for your governess (as the case may be).

## NOTES ON QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

CLASS A.

1. *Marconi*: One of the greatest of living inventors. He has been experimenting with Wireless Telegraphy for the past three or four years and has now brought it to a practicable state, so that it is in use on the coast of England and other countries.
2. *General Hunter*: Second in command under Kitchener during the late Soudan campaign; he won great distinction at the Battle of Omdurman.
3. *Mr. Chamberlain*: Secretary of State for the Colonies, and one of the leading members of the present British Ministry of Lord Salisbury. He became M.P. for Birmingham in 1876, and first held office under Mr. Gladstone; but he seceded from the latter on account of his views on the Irish Home Rule question.
4. *Abdullahi* is the Khalifa; the misguided fanatic, who, as successor to the Mahdi, leads the revolting Soudanese. He was defeated and driven into exile at Omdurman last September.
5. *Paul Kruger*, Oom Paul as he is familiarly known, is the President of the South African Republic. He was first elected to that position in 1882, and has been several times re-elected. He is an ignorant and stubborn man, and is likely to lead his country into a conflict with England, in which defeat is inevitable.



6. *Sir Samuel Way*, the learned and popular Chief Justice and Lieutenant Governor of South Australia, was created a Baronet on Queen's Birthday. He is a member of Her Majesty's Privy Council.

Many competitors made a satisfactory attempt at a short story on Mr. Souter's picture. Here is one of the best of them sent in by Mary Butt, of Bongongolong:

"Master James may put on his new trousers to-day," said Nurse, as she walked into the room where three children were in bed. "Oh, may I really put on my trousers?" cried Jim. When they came out to breakfast their mother and their aunt kissed Willie and Ida; but when auntie went to kiss Jim he said: "I am too big for ladies to kiss, now." After they had finished breakfast, the children prepared to go out to play. Jim usually took a hoop or skipping rope; but he did not this morning, and when they scampered off to their favourite place in the garden to play, somehow Jim was all left behind. As they were running Willie fell down, and began to cry. "Oh you cry-baby," said Jim, "what do you want to cry for? Your clothes are not torn." When they started to play as usual, they found that Jim would not join in with them. Of course, he is too big to play such games as hopscotch, and he would have nothing to do with Ida's doll. Willie said he would go back into the house and take his cat with him. So he was starting by himself, when Ida said: "I will go, too." She walked round in front of Jim, and said: "Oh, I see Jim, you are too big to play with us; but we don't care, we can play just as well without you. Look, even the cat is laughing at you," so saying she made a bow. But Jim stood with his hands in his pockets, for what a girl said was evidently not worth his consideration; but he took the trouble to inform her that "she should address him as 'Master James.'"

#### CLASS B.

1. A million buds are born that never blow,  
That sweet with promise, lift a pretty head,  
To blush and wither on a barren bed,  
And leave no fruit to show.

[From poem *Buds and Babies*, by Christina G. Rossetti.]

2. *Candelo* is a small town near the Bega River, N.S.W.  
*Bendigo* is a gold mining town (population 37,000) 100 miles north west of Melbourne.  
*Casino* is an important town on the Richmond River, N.S.W.  
*Otago* is a large province and harbour in the south Island of New Zealand  
*Copmanhurst* is a town on the Clarence River, north west of Grafton, N.S.W.

*Bellambi* is a mining town north of Wollongong, N.S.W.

*Galapagos* is a group of islands in the Pacific, 600 miles west of Ecuador, to which country it belongs.

*Karachi*: A town at the mouth of the Indus, in India.

*Mona* is a river in Tasmania, flowing into the Macquarie, a tributary of the Tamar; also a passage between Porto Rico and Hayti, from the Atlantic to the Carribbean Sea. It is also the old name for Anglesey.

*Ulverstone* is a town at the north of Tasmania, and also a mining town on the west of Lancashire, England.

#### CLASS C.

1. The answer to the sum is £279,620 5s. 3<sup>d</sup>.—rather a large farrier's bill, eh? Several girls forgot to add together the price of the 28 nails, and contented themselves with stating the price of the 28th only.

#### MARKS.

The following gained marks for answers to questions in our issue of 27th June:—

#### CLASS A.

A. McD., 27; M.W., 20; L.M. (Roma) 18; A.L., 16; K.S., 16; B.W., 8; E.W., 15; N.U., 7; C.H., 8; A.B. (Torsonce), 13; A.S. (Wagga), 18; A.C., 9; G.A. (Torsonce), 7; C.S. (Alexandria), 12; H.S. (Myra Vale), 18; I.H.A., 16; L.M., 12; O.H., 17; J.B. (Hillston), 12; M.T., 13; A.S. (Torsonce), 12; H.L.T., 18; A.G.C., 12; P.D., 12; L.E.B., 14; G.A. (Mullumbimby), 16; N.C., 16; L.O., 14; E.W., 5; M.B., 19; I.J.B., 18; E.B. (Torsonce), 7; M.F.C., 16; W.McK., 15; A.C. (Raymond Terrace), 13; F.E.W., 14; B.A.P., 12.

#### CLASS B.

E.P. (Blayney), 16; M.R., 9; N.S.R., 9; J.C., 20; C.S., 10; L.E., 15; L.P., 10; H.F., 15; S.F.E., 14; J.McM., 8; J.T., 16; A.T., 14; A.H., 7; P.H., 18; C.F. (Bulli), 12; S.C.T., 20; Good Luck, 9; I.M.N., 10; L.F., 15; A.C., 12; M.T. (Myra Vale), 12; C.McK., 12; J.M., 9; A.S.W., 20; A.T. (Myra Vale) 8; F.S., 20; E.F., 20; W.M., 18; A.M. (Myra Vale), 9; K.A.W., 16; R.T. (Chippendale), 20; F.M. (Gunnedah), 10; E.H., 20; N.B., 10; E.S., 19; C.C.C., 18; V.G., 10; E.B., 20; R.R., 15; N.M.F., 13; M.D., 16; M.S.K., 15; Campbell, 10; D.C.M., 10; G.M. (Tenby) 10; D.G.W., 20; E.M.H., 16; G.E.P., 8; M.A.C., 14; M.M.A., 9; H.S.A., 7; R.L., 17; M.S., 6; M.H., 18; K.C., 17; C.McM., 11; F.V., 6; R.H.B., 14; A.C.D., 9; J.H., 14; O.G., 16; H.J. (Waverley), 11; R.S.McG., 13; A.M.M., 20; M.J., 20; F.M. (Yarrow Creek), 9; E.F.B., 10.

#### CLASS C.

L.M., 18; B.G., 17; G.F., 10; J.G.M., 4; A.G., 8; M.W.C., 9; Viva 20; G.H.B., 15; W.H.S., 13; M.H. (Quam-

bone), 10; S.McG., 11; S.G., 19; E.M.G., 2; M.McG., 12; J.W., 2; B.P., 10; T.T., 10; R.M.L., 10; A.M.S., 15; S.A.O., 20; M.T., 10; H.J., 8; P.B., 14; H.C., 13; K.McK., 18; C.C., 11; M.M., 17; P.F., 8; W.G., 17.

Owing to an unfortunate oversight in registering marks, N.M.F. was not credited with some of her marks. Her total for the last half-year was 147, and she should have been bracketed with O.P. equal for second place. E.F. should have been credited with 119 marks. Class III. should therefore read:—  
1. Mary Butt, Bongongolong, Gundagai; 2. Nina M. Fraser, Sondelburnie, Gildandra, and Violet Pettengell, P.S., Bendemer; 4. W. H. Scott, Chesterstreet, Moree; 5. Eleanor French, Cootamundra.

Prizes have now been forwarded as follows:—

CLASS II.—1. Myrtle Turland, "Bubbles, His Book;" 2. Jessie McMarter, Scholars' Companion; 3. Hubert James, Scholars' Companion; 4. K. A. Willis, pocket pencil; 5. Winnie Gilroy, pocket pencil.

CLASS III.—1. Mary Butt, "Bubbles, His Book;" 2. Nina M. Fraser, Violet Pettingall, set Brooks's Histories; 3. Walter H. Scott, set geographies; 4. Samuel McGooch, pencil case; 5. Jean Thompson, pencil box.

CLASS IV.1. Addie Lindsay, lady's watch; 2. Mabel M. Gordon, "Bubbles, His Book;" 3. Alice M. Macreath, Bubbles, His Book; 4. Myrtle Allen, pencil case; 5. Dorothy Cheater, pocket pencil.

CLASS V. 1. Alan S. Walker, boy's watch; 2. Irene Bellamy, "Bubbles, His Book;" 3. Douglas Walker, pocket knife; 4. Stella C. Taylor, pencil case; 5. Roydon O. Clack, pencil case.

#### SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

The following subscriptions to the CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER, from August 1 to 21, 1899 have been received:—

A. Simpson, Wm. Bendle, Sarah Parkins, Richard Clark, Miss N. Barr, Miss E. Porter, Miss May Bates, Kate McCormick, Joseph Carlow, William Davis, Edward Davis, A. F. Munday, Ettie Shepherd, Olive Patterson, Miss C. Shepherd, Miss Stevens, H. Farthing, Florence Black, Ruby Carter, Ethel McAuley, Elsie Sloman, Edmund Wright, Miss N. Thomas, Tom H. Cox, David Reeve, Wm. Cooper, Miss Gale, Gladys Evans, J. Hannah, Edith Stick, Vera Pick, Miss A. Moy, Mrs Sydney Walker, Janet McDonald, A. W. Robinson, Kate Whiting, A. K. Wilkins, Miss F. Styles, Miss Jackson, Miss Coutts, W. F. Withers, C. Bayly, C. McDonald, Winifred Eldridge, May Harper H. Buttsworth.

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