

THE PUNTA ARENAS ENGLISH MAGAZINE

(Late Parish Notes.)

N.° 19

March 15th 1908.

Vol. II.

CLERGY.

The Reverend Canon E. C. Aspinall. Casilla 272

The Reverend E. Q. Coles. Casilla 145

CHURCH COUNCIL.

C. A. Milward

J. C. Robins

P. A. Petterson

A. Hunter

P. Lethaby

C. Constanduros

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

J. C. Robins

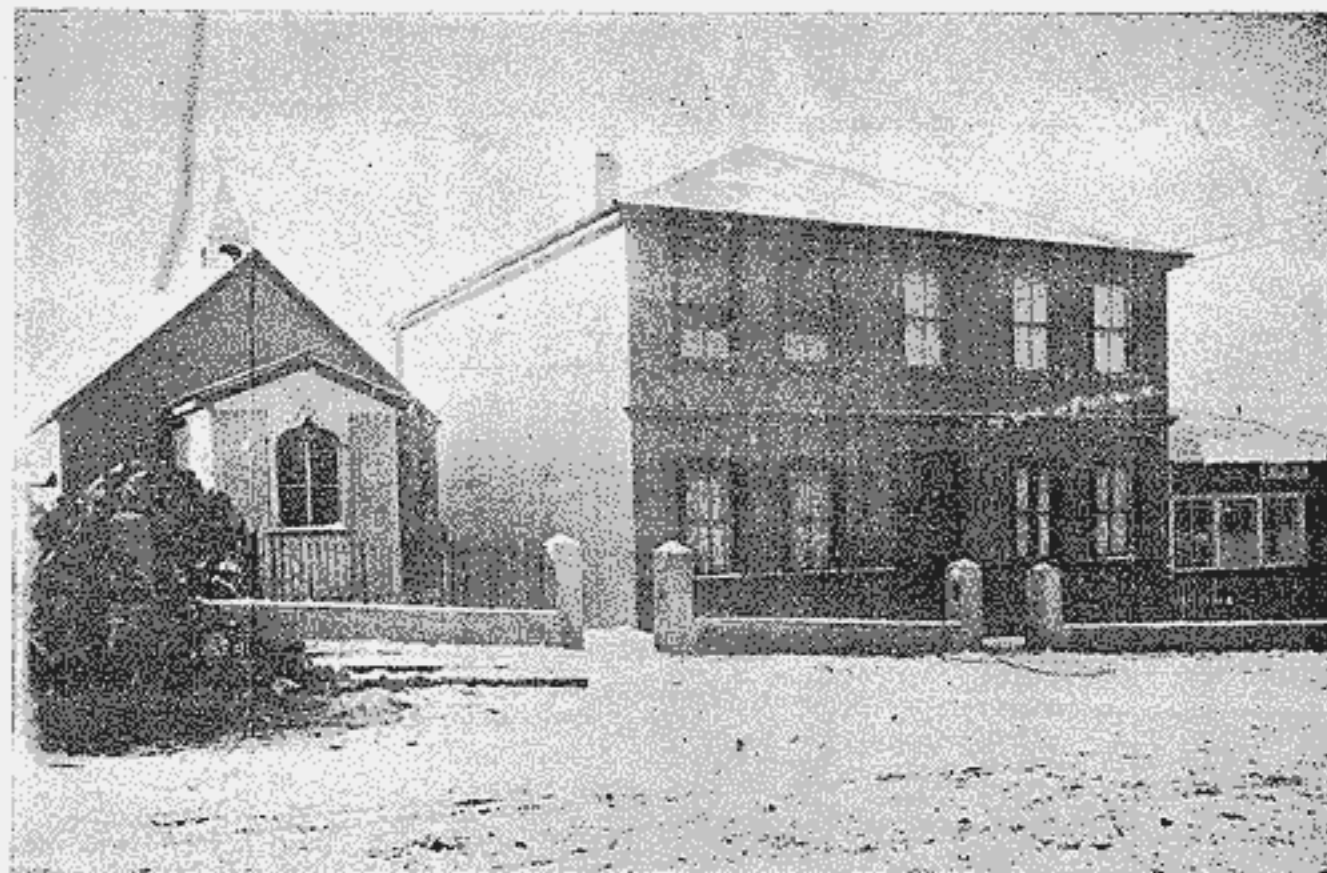
C. A. T. Riesco

C. Constanduros

R. Blake

J. Foggie.

T. Saunders



St. James' Church

The English Schools

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The Punta Arenas English Magazine

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CHURCH SERVICES

Sunday.—Morning Prayer	10 a. m.
Evening	8 p. m. (Summer).
	5 p. m. (June and July).
DAYLY SERVICES	9 a. m. and 6 p. m.
Wednesday	9 a. m. and 8 p. m.
The Holy Communion	8 a. m. 1st 3rd and 5th Sundays in month.
	10 a. m. 2nd and 4th

The Sacrament of Baptism, and Churchings by arrangement with the clergy
 Choir. Practice—Wednesday 8.30 p. m.
 Sunday School. 2 p. m. to 3 p. m.

Savings Bank. Each Monday in the month, in the English Schools.
 Band of Hope. Quarterly.

OFFERTORIES FEBRUARY 1908

Balance				Expenditure					
February.	5	M.	24.70	E.	17.25	—	31.95	Caretaker	15.00
	12	M.	11.75	E.	42.10	—	53.85	Church House	50.00
	19	M.	7.10	E.	62.05	—	69.15	Tesoria Municipal	45.00
	26	M.	7.00	E.	34.40	—	41.40	Jepson	100.00
							54.70	Bal in hand	41.18
							\$ 251.18		\$ 251.18

Averages. Cong: M. 14. E. 57. S. 8.
 Offer: M. 12.64 E. 38.95

BAPTISMS

Gente Grande	Mc. Leod	Jan. 28th	Lucy Janet Mc Leod
" Philips Bay	Walker	Jan. 29th	Wilfred Venas Walker
" Rio Cullen	Edwards	Febr. 2nd	Dorothy Ruth Florence Edwards
" San Sebastian	Edwards	Febr. 2nd	Hilda Phillis Edwards
" Rio Mc Clelland	Wood	Febr. 7th	Nowell Wakeley Wood
" Punta Arenas	Bright	Febr. 7th	Lilian Gertrude Bright
" "	Mc Intosh	Febr. 9th	William Ritson Mc Intosh
" "	Clarke	Febr. 13th	Rupert Edward Clarke
" "	Davis	March 4th	Esther Emily Davis
" "	Clark	March 15th	Kathleen Mary Elizabeth Clark
" "	Rigby	March 21st	Winifred Irene Rigby
" "	Fuglberg	March 25th	Anita Ruby Fuglberg

MARRIAGES

February 19th.—Mr. Charles Turnbull to Miss Charlotte Wells
 " 19th.—Mr. John Rogers to Miss Mabel Scott
 " 22nd.—Mr. Murdo Morrison to Miss Andrewina Sutherland
 " 27th.—Mr. F. S. Williams to Miss Margaret Bain
 March 2nd.—Mr. John Mc Donald and Miss Louisa Mc Gregor
 " 14th.—Hugo Macdougall Esq. eldest son of Duncan Macdougall Esq. Egyptian Civil Service to Miss Emily Maud Scott eldest daughter of A. W. Scott Esq. Punta Arenas.
 " 17th.—Mr Alexander Mc Askill to Miss Annie Macandrew.

Yearly subscription \$ 3.00. Postage \$ 1.00. 1 Copy 50 cent. 5 Copies \$ 2.00.

Sermons

What is a Sermon? The word is derived from the Latin *Sermo*,— «discourse» or «talk», and we have all listened to a great number of talks, many of which have left absolutely no impression upon us. The reason of this is a matter upon which I, as a layman, wish to express an opinion.

In the olden times, it was customary for a young presbyter to stand up and say what he had to say, and, when he had finished, for the Bishop to follow, and in the event of more than one Bishop being present for all, in turn, to take up and continue the word of exhortation. If this custom were observed now, and laymen were invited to continue the discourse of the cleric I am disposed to think we should occasionally have more light thrown on knotty points, but at the same time we should realize more fully the difficulty of reaching the heart, as apart from tickling the ear.

Hearing a sermon has become the sole religious duty of some people, and it is no uncommon occurrence to hear good Church people speak of the sermon as if it were the most important part of the Sunday service. As a matter of fact the Book of Common Prayer only once mentions a sermon, and that is in the communion Service,—quite apart from Morning or Evening Prayer. And yet in the Baptismal Service Sponsors are particularly enjoined, with reference to their Godchildren, «Ye shall call upon them to hear sermons.»

As regards the ordinary sermon, it is, of course, very easy to criticize the preacher, to denounce his shallowness or want of preparation, his brevity (though this is somewhat rare) or his length. The writer once heard a discussion between two Clergymen in which one declared that in his opinion no man had a right to take more than twelve minutes in which to convey his teaching on any given text. The retort was that any man who could only find enough matter to last twelve minutes was not fit to appear as a teacher at all. Probably wisdom, as usual, lies between these extremes. It must, however, never be forgotten that there is a duty belonging to those who hear, as

well as to those who preach. «Take heed therefore who ye hear.»

A sermon is, first of all, a message from God, and Christian reverence is never more beautiful than when it is displayed in the face of what is unworthy, and the dignity of the message may well swallow up the personality of the preacher. The proper attitude of the congregation must be that they, not having the time for special study, look to the preacher for light and guidance, and accept the teaching he gives. I venture to say that if one listens with the mind properly attuned there is something to be learned from the sermon of the youngest and least experienced Curate. But the preacher must be in earnest, and convince his hearers that the truths he enunciates are very real to him. He must speak as one having authority. The true criterion of an effective preacher is rather that he should make his people displeased with themselves, rather than pleased with him. He must bring home conviction to the individual soul, and be able to clear up the doubts and difficulties which come across the daily path of the average man or woman.

One as often heard a preacher likened to a signpost, which, in the old country, is erected at a cross-road for the purpose of directing the wayfarer as to the right course to follow. It is not an inapt illustration of a general truth, but the sign post does not traverse the road,—it is a case of «do as I say, not as I do.» What we need is a sign post which not only points out the right road, but can tell us, in plain words, the dangers which attach to following any other.

Dean Church said that one of the things which a preacher will least like to meet at the day of Judgment will be his own sermons. He will then know how often he failed to use his opportunity, and what splendid chances he allowed to pass. But what of the listener? Will he have no regrets for his failure to avail himself of the help which was offered again and again in the course of the many sermons preached in his hearing?

F. J. Mag

EDITORIAL

In the last mail «Oriana» Mr. & Mrs. Patterson of the English School left for their home in Ire-

land, owing to Mr. Patterson's dangerous illness this furlough was absolutely necessary. They hope to return about September. The schools will continue as usual during their absence. The number of scholars that have returned in spite of higher fees, and the opening of several excellent private schools is most encouraging when we say higher fees, we mean more dollars, though actually the value is less than it was when the school was started.

The Reverend E. Q. Coles also left for Buenos Ayres to see the Bishop.

We are much pleased with the handsome present of books which some of our friends subscribed for and presented to the Church, to commence a Parochial library. The books will be kept in the organ chamber of the Church, and we hope will soon be available to subscribers. The Annual subscription will be \$ 2 for founders, and \$ 5 for all others.

We have a selection of Prayer-books and Hymnbooks for sale, at the Canon's house some of the former large print, also a few Bibles, from \$ 2 upward.

The account of the Annual Prize giving at the schools appears in another column. It is extremely difficult to make many of the parents understand the English system of giving prizes. They are not given for simply attending the school, or because the parents are wealthy, or because the children are favourites, but for the aggregate number of marks, given by independent examiners, showing that those who do get a prize really deserve it. We publish marks, to show how keen is the competition, and that though a child does not get a prize, yet he or she is not disgraced thereby, often only losing by a few.

We would ask all those whose subscriptions are due to kindly forward them and also that those who do not receive their magazine would please let us know.

An excellent school for small children has been opened by Mrs. Meredith, Nuble Street, corner of Colchagua. We most cordially wish it every success.

We understand that Miss Bridges school for older children, is also doing well, at this we rejoice, foreseeing the time when our ideal shall be fulfilled and every child in Punta Arenas or the camp will have the benefit of a sound education, either in a public or private school, to fit him or her for the stress of the battle of life.

WEDDINGS



Mr. Murdo Morrison & Miss Andrewina Sutherland

This Marriage took place in St. James Church on February 22nd. The Reverend E. Q. Coles taking the ceremony, there was a good gathering of friends and well wishers. Afterwards the invited guests assembled at the Kosmos Hotel, where Mr. Brockow served one of his famous, personally superintended dinners. The usual healths were drunk, and speeches made.



Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull Mr. John Rogers and Miss Mabel Scott

This double wedding took place in the English Hotel Porvenic, on February 19th Canon Aspinall officiating. Many friends were present. With Mr. & Mrs. Turnbull it was the occasion of the religious ceremony, circumstances having prevented it from taking place when they were civilly married.

The Canon in speaking to both couples specially commended the former, for their act of courage and rightness a very pleasant evening was afterwards spent, the usual healths being drunk.



Mr. T. S. Williams and Miss M. Bain

Were married in St. James Church on February 27th many friends and well wishers were present Mr. Will Saunders gave the bride away, she looked extremely well, in a very pretty dress and veil. After the ceremony the guests were driven to the Hotel France to

the wedding feast, which was given by Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Saunders, as a special mark of their appreciation of the bride.

The only thing that marred the full enjoyment of the evening was the unavoidable absence of Mr. T. Saunders owing to illness. Mr. W. Saunders, the Bridegroom, Mr. Brandt, Canon Aspinall and last, but by no means least, Mr. Harry Townsend, made the usual congratulatory speeches before the splendid wedding cake, made by Mrs. Saunders was cut. Dancing was kept up till the early hours of the morning and all went home feeling that they had enjoyed a very happy evening.



Mr. John Mc Donald to Miss Louisa Mc Gregor

This wedding took place, very quietly in St. James Church on March 2nd Canon Aspinall officiating a few of the friends of the Bride & Bridegroom being present, afterwards there was a very pleasant gathering at the English Hotel, where the healths of the happy couple were drunk, and the Wedding cake cut, an enjoyable dance followed.



Mr. Hugh Macdougall to Miss Emily Maud Scott

This was the most English Wedding that we have seen in Punta Arenas. The Ceremony was taken by the Reverend Canon Aspinall assisted by the Reverend E. Q. Coles, on March 14th the Church was beautifully decorated, several of the young people, having given much time and thought to this work.

The Church and Porch were crowded many Chilians and friends of other nations beside British, being present of course the Scotch were in great force.

The beautiful service of the English Church was as impressive as ever.

Afterwards the guests were driven to the house of Mr. A. W. Scott, where a most delightful dance was

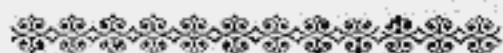
kept up till far into the morning. Many beautiful and useful presents were received. A full list of these appeared in the pages of our contemporary 'The Standard'. About midnight supper was served, the Wedding cake made and given by Mrs. T. Saunders, was cut. Speeches were made by Mr. G. Harries, Mr. Gordon Rae, the best man, Mr. Perkins, Mr. Vicary, Mr. Coles and the Canon. Healths were drunk and every one came away with the same thought, what a happy evening. All felt the unity present, one, or two old stagers, saying 'Quite like old times in P. A.'



Mr. Alexander Mc Astill to Miss Annie Macandrew

On March 17th this wedding took place very quietly in St. James Church Canon Aspinall officiating, the civil ceremony having taken place the day before at White's Hotel, where a very pleasant evening was enjoyed by the invited guests.

We truly wish all those who have, thus been united in the bonds of holy matrimony a blessed and happy life. 'God bless them.'



PRANT us, O Lord, that patience
[and that faith—
Faith's patience imperturbable
[in Thee,
Hope's patience, till the long-drawn
[shadows flee,
Love's patience, unresentful of all
[scathe! . . .
How gracious and how perfecting a
[grace
Must patience be on which those
others wait!
Faith with suspended rapture in her
face,
Hope, pale and careful, hand in hand
with fear,
Love,—Ah, good Love who would
[not ante-date
God's Will, but saith, "Good
is it to believe."

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI



ENGLISH SCHOOLS

RESULT OF MIDSUMMER EXAM

December 1907

GIRLS	ENGLISH									SPANISH						French	Geography	Arithmetic	Drawing	Music	Neatness	TOTAL	MAXIMUM	
	Recitation	Spelling	Reading	Writing	Grammar	Parsing	Dictation	History	Composition	Recitation	Reading	Writing	Dictation	Grammar	Composition									
NAMES																								
M. Robins	60	95	95	95	95	85	96	100	50	100	50		80	80	80	80	100	100				120	1,374	1,820
A. Stanger	60	98	85	100	95	85	98	95	90		100	100				30	98	85				120	1,339	1,520
M. Scott		20	85	100	30	30	15	60	40	80	50		50	50	50	40	50	20				120	890	1,820
A. Rudd	100	98	85	100	85	75	98	98	60		100	80				40	99	100				127	1,337	1,520
L. Moffat	80	95	95	90	55	50	100	90	40	80	80		80	80	50		95	40					1,200	1,220
M. Beuller	20	30	85	100	30	30	30	60	40	80	80		80	50	50	60	65	10					900	1,820
L. Bragg	100	100	85	95	95	100	98	100	60	100	100		100	100	100	80	100	70				120	1,300	1,820
B. Avaria	40	25	85	20	70	55	20	40	40	100	100		80	80	100	40	75	60				120	1,150	1,820
K. Williamson	100	100	100	100	90	85	100	100	90	100	100		100	100	100	80	98	60				120	1,318	1,820
W. Evans		100	100	75						80	80		80	80	50		40	75				100	860	1,120
E. Evans		80	80	80						100	100		50	50	50		20	25				100	735	1,120
E. Lilley		80	80	70						100	100		80	80	80		70	75				120	985	1,130
D. Navarro		100	40	100						100	100		100	100	100	40	30	100				120	1,030	1,220
V. Manns		100	40	75						100	80		40	50	40		30	25				120	700	1,220
M. Stanger		60	80	90						100	80					30	100					120	660	820
L. Rudd		80	100	95						80	100					100	100					120	775	820
A. Pott		60	70	95						100	100		80	100	80		70	100				120	975	1,120
E. Juricie		100	30	65						100	80		50	50	40		90	75				120	800	1,120
Anita Petterson		100	100	80						100	80						100					120	680	720
W. Manns		100	100	90						100	100						100					120	710	720
O. Juricie		100	100	75						100	100						100					120	695	720
O. Hamman		100	100	75						100	80						100					120	675	720

N. B.—The boy's school, results, will be published next month.

Some account of a trip up the river Aysen

(Continuation)

very large and fine vegetable garden, the Colonists houses, Store, Carpenter's and Blacksmith's shops, and a sawmill driven by a water-wheel. The next day Sunday we did not start early as to tell the truth I was very tired, but at 4 P. M. we started on horses kindly lent us by Mr. Dun and at 7.45 as we did not see the house we were bound to, we camped out in a lovely sheltered spot. At 4 A. M. we were dressed and once more ready for the road, which we took after having a cup of coffee, we reached Coy Aike alto m. 8 o'clock and had our breakfast there, we then had to go across country where there were no tracks and and so we did not reach Mr. Richard's house until 7 P. M. and we very much appreciated the kind welcome extended to us by him.

On our way I forgot to say that we came across an ostriches nest on the high pampa, and we carried seven of the 12 eggs with us so that we had a really good ostrich egg omelet at Mr. Richard's. I must stay for a moment to give some description of Richard's house. Imagine us 500 miles from anywhere, time 9.00 P. M., locale, a mud hut, roofed with grass, with rafters of trees cut from the forest, a large old fashioned open hearth with a couple of ostrich hounds stretched out in front of the first a rough bench made of a slab of a tree supported on pieces of branches with a piece of woolballed as a cover and stuffed with wool to make it as inviting as possible to men coming at a long ride, seated on the s.d. stool Mr. Richards the patron and Mr. Lundberg, on the right hand side of the fire stands Sr. Antonio Zonzzia, in an old Panama hat, a coal which has evidently been put in honour of the visitors and a pair of riding breeches that will not stand detaching, manipulating a splendid Edison Phonograph with all the latest improvements: in the back-ground a couple of Paysanos, (you call them Indians up

there) who have evidently been attracted by the music. On the left of the fire your humble servant, sitting in an armchair made of a flour barrel cut down, endeavouring to place on record some idea of the scene. The room itself is peculiar, in front of the door there is a raised bed, composed of skins of ostriches, guanacos and foxes, on which a large guanaco hound is lying, close to him a couple of fowls quietly roost. The walls are adorned with all manner of advertisements and pictures from the illustrated papers, there is a general titter of horse gear all over the place, and stretched in every direction overhead are pieces of cord or hide, from which hang a miscellaneous collection such as towels, caps, sheep's intestines, ponchos, strips of leather, pieces of meat, shears, cayundas, wire etc. etc. whilst stuck into the thatch over the bed is a spade handle which has evidently been put there to come in use at some time. On a shelf above the hearth is a raft of pinnacles, ostrich eggs, plates, pickles, cooked meat, wine glasses, tea, fresh milk, forks and spoons etc. knives there are none as each man takes his own knife out of his boot wherever he keeps it, wipes it on his pants, and proceeds to cut his meat with it. Between the pantry as this shelf may be called and the door there is another bench on which stand a very bent enamelled wash-basin, and a galvanized iron bucket which has seen better days and a large piece of blue soap: this is the family washing place, and above there is a small cracked oval mirror and two combs not over clean but which are hospitably placed at the convenience of all guests. The door of the house is open all day and all night for the sake of fresh air and light. It struck me as being so very incongruous to have amidst these surroundings airs from the latest operas, and the newest London songs. But I cannot conclude without saying that although picturesque and peculiar in some ways, there is the most hearty welcome for all Britishers from Mr. Richards & his nephew Don Antonio, and I for one shall never forget the kindness shewn to me in this rough but hospitable house. The next day we both felt the need of a rest, and in the afternoon Mr. Lundberg made an

arrangement with a settler up the valley to hire his bullocks to go to Puerto Dun to bring up the carts with Mrs. Lundberg, and I found a peon who was going to Rio Hue-mules looking for work. I suggested that I should go with him and it was so arranged. We started the next day at 8 o'clock and after a long day's ride arrived at Rio Huemules. The Camp hereabouts is very beautiful, but unfortunately there are such things as Lions and Winters. If it were not for these two the place would be ideal. Mr. Brooks was very pleased to see me, but not more so than I was to see him. I very quickly fell into the ways of the place. All hands in bed by 8 P. M. & up at 3.30. Meals were Coffee at 4.0. A. M. Breakfast 9-10. 2.30 tea, & 6 o'clock dinner or supper & then bed again. A fine healthy life but perhaps it might pall after a time. The weather whilst I was at the Rio Huemules was very fine but plenty of wind, all day and all night it seemed to me to be a persistent Westerly wind. I enjoyed my stay very much, and on two occasions went out etc. lions or pumas as we should call them in England but we had no luck for although we found their tracks we never got sight or smell of them. It was very annoying, as they came in and got our sheep & we could get no traces of them in the morning. I think that this was partly due to our not having good lion dogs, as the scent in these strong winds does not lie long enough for an ordinary dog to follow it with any certainty. One of the things that surprised me most in the Rio Huemules was the great quantity of wild flowers, and the strawberries not the kind we have in Punta Arenas, but real wild strawberries, the place was full of the blossoms, and you could not walk without treading on them Mr. Brooks assures me that in parts you can sit down and gather a pint without moving, they are very large many of them the size of a walnut. The house at the Rio Huemules is primitive in the extreme being made of logs stuck in the ground close together and the chinks stuffed with moss, and roofed with 8 sheets of 9' iron so that the inside dimensions are easily calculated more or less 16' X 9' in

which small space there are 4 bunks, and nearly the whole of one side is taken up with an immense chimney, which has to be so large because it is made of slabs of wood, and if there were not plenty of space the house might take fire. There is the beginning of a very nice garden at Rio Huemules, and the beds are irrigated with little tiny canals taken round them from the stream close by. On the evening of December 3rd. we tied up two horses so that we could make an early start and on December 4th at 3.30 we were up and after seeing that the horses were alright we went down to the river for our morning bath, on returning some half hour later we were surprised to see only one horse, the other had got away, we at once sent a man after him but it was not until 6 o'clock that he was brought back and we were able to make a start, haying in the meanwhile put our things together & had coffee. After an hours ride we came to a shed where there was a canvas boat belonging to the Limits Commission, this we inspected and found to be in good order. At noon we arrived at the upper end of Laguna Blanca & called to see a man who had some good hounds for lion hunting we had been told,—I should call them more of a lurcher than a hound—here I parted from Mr. Brooks, he remaining to do a deal for one of them and I proceeded on my way back to the Rio Mayo which I reached at 5.30 after 11 1/2 hours journey through an uninteresting country. The following day I left early with my two horses which had remained at Rio Mayo for a weeks rest, I got to Coy Aike Alto before noon, here I rested for an hour in the hut that was built for the carters as no one lives there, and then pushed on but my horses were such poor animals that I had to leave one on the track at 4 p. m. and the other I had to tow for the last five miles. As it was I reached Coy Aike Bajo at 8.10 p. m. Any camp man who knows me will be sure to say that I rode too fast but the distance is 21 leagues and I took 14 hours and 10 minutes to do it, so it does not seem to me that I unduly pressed the horses. I remained at Coy Aike Bajo for some days fishing in the Aysen which abounds with small trout,

the greater part of this time it was very wet & then we went down to Puerto Dun the ride down the famous road was an extraordinary one, as the mud and rain were something that a person must experience to believe suffice it to say that I do not think I am overstating the case when I say that if I were to strike an average depth for the mud the whole 61 miles I should say 8 to 9 inches. After one day at Puerto Dun we proceeded to Chacabuco Cove where we lived for seven days in a galpon waiting for the steamer to come and fetch us and this same Chacabuco Cove is not by any means a lively spot to stay at in the best of weather, as there is no dry place for the sole of one's foot except the 30 or 40 feet of the jetty, and during the time I was there it was Rain, Rain Rain, all day and every day which does not add to the joys of waiting in a galpon situated in a Patagonian forest. Despite the rain however we made one or two excursions into the forest and at last a small steamer called the Imperial came along, and she informed us that the "Alm" had passed Southward some days and the Westfold Northward also, so I decided to take passage in her to Puerto Montt. The Imperial was a small steamer of some 60 tons and had no accomodation, the hold was full of peons returning, and as there was no place to lie down I had to get a plank and support the ends on two buckets to keep it off the wet deck, then lay my poncho on the 10 inch plank & lay down with my macintosh to cover me, & I can tell anyone who has not tried it that they must lie pretty quiet if they are sleeping on a 10 inch plank and do not want to fall off, myself, I was not quiet enough to do it and several times came off on the wet deck. After 6 days of considerable roughing it, we reached Calbuco where we found the Lebu of the South American Line & took passage in her to Corral which we reached on 27th December. I left for Punta Arenas in the Thuringia on the last day of the old year and arrived on January 4th. thus ending a very pleasant and instructive trip.

C. A. M.

Annual Prize Giving English Schools

On Friday March 20th there was a large and representative gathering of the Parents and friends of the scholars in the above schools.

The chair was taken by the Reverend Canon Aspinall, who immediately started the Programme of songs, dances, music, and exercises so well prepared by Mrs. Patterson Miss Boyce & Miss Goudie assisted by the other teachers.

Programme 1st. Part

Pianoforte solo.—Sonata.—Miss A. Stanger. Song.—The Holy City.—Choir. Pianoforte solo. Tarantella.—Miss M. Robins. Song.—Gipsies We.—Choir. Indian Clubs. Master G. Georgensen.

The Canon then said how glad he was to see so many present notwithstanding the fear that there would be no Electric light. That but for Miss Goudie spraining her ankle during the past week, the boys would have acted the court scene, from the Merchant of Venice and what trouble she had taken in training Master Georgensen with the Indian Clubs. He pointed out what an exceptional advantage it was to the boys schools, to have obtained such a highly trained and certificated teacher, to take Mr. Patterson's place during his holiday.

He then spoke of the slight sadness which all felt was present, owing to the fact of having to say Good-bye though only for a time to Mr. & Mrs. Patterson to whom he paid a just tribute in speaking of their self sacrifice and loyalty, in building up the schools.

He then proceeded to give the prizes to the Girls school winners.

Programme 2nd Part

Piano forte solo.—Petit serenade.—Miss A. Stanger. Dance.—Misses Stanger, Rudd & Pott. Song.—The Woes of three duffers.—Hans & Fin Samsing & P. Moreno.

The boys Prizes were then given and immediately after the Duet Pianoforte of Hans & Fin Samsing the Canon introduced Pancho Moreno who stepped forward and gracefully presented to Mr. & Mrs. Patterson a beautiful Guano skin rug as a token of love and affection from the Boys & Girls of the Schools Mrs. Patterson chiefly thanked them all.

The Song the Quakeresses was then sung by four of the senior Girls in Quaint Quaker costume and a happy evening was brought to a close, with God save the King—Mrs. Aspinall as usual presided at the Piano. Several made remarks afterwards of the good touch, and general musical improvement of Miss Boyce's pupils.

Specimens of the boys maps and the girls paintings were much admired.

A Gamble for a V. C.

Saul Benjamin was an Australian Jew. In peace time he used to sell cigars retail most of the week, and fill in odd moments making a 'lectle book' on any sporting event that might be in progress—boxing, foot running, rowing, horse-racing, cycling, it was all the same to Saul. He made his 'lectle book' and gathered in a nice little bit of this world's goods. He was no better, no worse, than the Gentiles who followed the same line of life. When a race meeting was in progress Saul used to hang a large leather bag around his neck and go and stand on the racecourse and bet in shillings. His shrill voice used to ring out above the roar of the multitude: "Twenty to von Rosemary, four to von Pickles, two to von The Quveen, two to von on Waxworks, any price runners." He had a method all his own in regard as to laying and calling the odds. He called it a system, but those who knew him said he was systematically systemless. Anyway, the day Waxworks won the Adelaide Cup, Saul came to grief. It came about this way. There was another horse in the Cup called Lord John, who belonged to a sporting publican named John Lord.

The horse was a good one and his owner a good sportsman. Saul Benjamin, acting upon private information received from a tout, 'saved' Lord John in his book and laid against the favourite, Waxworks, with an unsparing pencil. This time he 'went for the gloves.' Forsaking his usual shilling book, he blossomed out amongst the leviathans of the turf. When most of the fielders were silent, his thin falsetto voice rose octave on octave, "Two to von on Varvorks! two to von on Waxvorks!" and the public came at 'Waxvorks' like hawks at a stray chicken. At the home turn Lord John, who was nursing the favourite, looked all over a winner, he was going so strong and so smoothly. Then Saul capared about and tossed his arms in the air, shrieking in an ecstasy of joy, "Vat about Waxvorks now? Lord John vins in a valki!

"Who's that fool capering about on the lawn," asked the club secretary of Harry Moss, the wittiest and most irreverent of all the sporting men in Australia.

Just at that moment a great shout rent the air, Saul ceased to dance; Lord John had made a dash to the front. For a few seconds he held the pride of place, then as though smitten by a thunderbolt, he blundered and went down, and Waxworks, stalling all challengers off, strode home a winner. Saul looked to the heavens above him in a dazed, stupid way, then at the mob surging round to get a look at the winner; it was his first plunge, and like Lord John, he had gone down, for he had allowed the excitement of the hour to carry him away, and had laid the favourite for far more than he could pay.

"What's the matter, Saul; got it in the neck, have you," asked Harry Moss, biddly.

"Got it all over," moaned Saul. "Mossy, I think I'll take a fit."

"I wouldn't if I were you," was the old stager's advice. "If you can't pay out, I'd take a walk, or a run, it's better than a fit at a time like this on a racecourse. I've tried both and I know. You take the run; if you get away you can settle your debts some other time, if you don't get away they'll give you fits."

The advice came too late, the crowd that had been wild to see Waxworks now turned to collect the money it had won. At the sight of the mob Saul's nerve forsook him, for he knew what an Australian crowd could do to a bookmaker who could not or would not 'settle up.' "Mossy," who had the most caustic tongue and the most generous heart south of the line, made up his mind to save him.

"Quick, you fool, punch me, punch me hard."

Saul was too dazed to know what it all meant, but he punched Mossy with frantic force in the face.

"A fight! a fight!" bellowed the crowd, surging in on the pair. Half-a-dozen policemen charged through the mob, and one seized Saul by the neck.

"I saw you do it, me mahn; don't thry any thricks wid me, or I'll thwist the arrum out o' yer shoulder, do you hear me now—do ye give 'im in charge, Mr. Moss?"

"I do; lock him up; he's split me mouth open."

When Saul heard that speech a light got in on his darkness, he wriggled round and feebly struck Dennis Callighan, P. C. No. 1987, on the cheek, much to the delight of the crowd. When No. 1987 got the blow he gasped with amazement for half a second, then the majesty of the law vindicated itself as Dennis, gripping his quarry by the neck, swept the Jew through the crowd off the racecourse into a cab, and curtly gave cabby orders to "dhrive to ther pleece-station."

It was only when the bookmaker and the avenger of the law had disappeared that the crowd realised that there was no chance of getting their bets paid that day.

The following morning when Saul appeared before the magistrate, charged with riotous behaviour in a public place and with assaulting P. C. No. 1987, he was fined forty shillings and costs. Quite a crowd met him outside to congratulate him upon his adventure, and to present betting tickets for amounts of various sizes due to them. Saul paid each man half what he owed him, and eventually compounded with all his clients on a ten shillings in the pound basis which just about left him penniless, but he was a straight fellow according to his lights, a good deal straighter than many of the Gentiles who 'made books.'

Just then the war wave rolled over Australia, and Saul made up his mind to try his fortune as a volunteer. As he was an exceptionally well-built man he had no difficulty about getting accepted, and so got away with the first contingent. On the boat his old passion came upon him strongly, and he decided to 'make a book' on the event. There were seven hundred and fifty men on the ship, and he laid each soldier a hundred to one in half-crowns that he would not be the first to win the V. C. The fellows jumped at the bet, partly because half a crown was not much to invest, and partly because the scheme tickled their vanity.

(To be continued)



Children's Corner

Shipping News

SOUTH SPIRIT'S STORY

The White Guanaco of Helélé Cove (Concluded)

"And then the old medicine woman grew jealous, and I was afraid of her. One day she found me alone by a spring and taking some of the water in her hand she sprinkled some on me and chanted some words I could not understand, and touched me with her stick. Suddenly I was a little girl no more but a white Guanaco. The witch laughed at me, and said I should keep this shape till some one else sprinkled me with the water of the same spring, and touched me with the same stick. And that she said should never be, because she would bury the stick and heap a mountain on the top, and no one should ever find it although the mountain would always point a finger to the sky."

"Point a finger to the sky! Point a finger to the sky!" exclaimed Jack, "why I know a mountain that does that, It is Mount Buckland. The stick must be there!"

"Ah! but you could never get it. How could you find it under a mountain?"

"I don't know" said Jack gloomily, thrusting his hands into his pockets. Here one of them touched the stone that had helped him so much. His face brightened. "Look here" he said. "It won't be harder than finding you, and I did that. I am sure I shall find the stick. I have a good little friend who will help me" and he patted the stone.

"Oh! if only you could!" sighed the guanaco. And then suddenly remembering the sad look on the boy's face she added "But why are you here? And what was the matter when I came up?"

Thus reminded of his failure to find the flowers, the boy's eager face clouded over and he told his new friend what the trouble was.

"And tonight" he added sadly, "is the new moon."

"Oh! I am so glad I found you. Why, all those flowers grow in my garden. Bring the shining one and come along. There are lots and lots there; you can easily get six."

Overjoyed, Jack ran to get his precious flower, and the guanaco took him to a pretty little grove hidden away behind some rocks and here were flowers enough. Together they waited till twelve o'clock, and then at the right time Jack gathered the flowers.

Next day he set off back to Hastings, but before he went he promised again and again to find the magic stick and return and set the little guanaco free.

When he got back to Helélé Cove, he found Hastings just as he had left him; but he was soon cured by drinking some tea the old Indian made from the flowers. Then the friends went to work again on the boat. Jack told Hastings all his adventures and Hastings gladly promised to help him in his quest before starting for home. It was many, many months before the boat was ready and many, many more before at last, with the help of the magic Stone they found the stick in a deep cavern, running right under Mt. Buckland. And when, at last, they got back to the enchanted valley, Jack was a fine handsome young man. He took some of the water from the spring and sprinkled it on the guanaco at the same time touching her with the stick, and lo! the little animal vanished away and in its place stood a beautiful young girl who told them her name was "Joy".

Hastings and Jack took her back with them to Bristol. And soon she and Jack were married and they all lived happily ever after.

THE END.

Arrivals

ORAVIA, 23-II-1908

From Valparaiso:
Mr. & Mrs. P. Calvalho & child,
Mr. O. Hall, Mr. J. Oldham.

ORIANA, 27-II-1908

From Montevideo:
Messrs Max Schwabe, A. J. Catheart, P. W. Schreyer, A. Jennings

ORONSA, 8-III-1908

From Valparaiso:
Mr. & Mrs. Lyon & child, Mr. J. W. Grace.

SORATA, 8-III-1908

From Pabia Blanca:
Mr. F. de Roi, C. C. Rowlands
From Madryn:
Messrs Sjock, A. Juricic, G. Göring.

ORISSA 13-III-1908

From Liverpool:
Mr. & Mrs. Mc Andrew.
From Montevideo:
Messrs J. Williams, A. E. Mcable, K. Jacobs.
From Port Stanley:
Messrs Morrison, Fenelon Vic, Cap. Zelande, Cap. Willumsen, A. Harrison, Mr. & Mr. Detleff, C. Paice, K. Christiansen.

SARMIENTO, 14-III-1908

From Liverpool:
Mr. C. Williamson, Mr. A. Lewin, Mr. T. Steffen.

Departures

ORAVIA, 24-II-1908

To Port Stanley:
Mr. A. & F. Berutsen, Cap. O. Kröger.
To Buenos Ayres:
Mr. Riddley, Mr. Gartzzen, Mr. Herzberg.
To Liverpool:
Mr. & Mrs. Mackay, Messrs H. H. Watson, M. G. Genitos, G. W. Clanghly, J. Riddik, J. Viven.

ORIANA, 28-II-1908

To Valparaiso:
Mr. & Mrs. E. H. Braun, Mr. E. Bois de Chesne, Mr. C. Brient.

ORONSA, 8-III-1908

To Liverpool:
Messrs E. Peine, J. Knapton, Watson, H. Morrison, J. Harvey, D. Milligan, A. Merrit, P. E. Bushell, A. Scott, H. Brooters.
To Buenos Ayres:
Mr. Charles Dougherty, Mr. Wagner, Mr. J. Denis.

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