

About a fortnight after the fire the Inspector of Police sent for me. Mr. Hackworth, Collector of Customs, was in his office. The latter said to me, "There is a vacancy in my department, and I offer it to you if you care to accept it." I thanked him, and said my intentions were to leave the Police at the end of the year, and go to America, and join my friends. Very soon after this, something happened that completely quenched my intentions of going to America.

In January, 1885, a new Police District was created, with headquarters at Oamaru, under the charge of Inspector Andrew Thompson. The Inspector (Weldon) sent for me and asked me if I would take the clerkship to Thompson, and, as he was a hard man to get on with, he would give me a week to consider the matter. I accepted, and on February 19th I took up my new duties. Nothing worthy of note happened until the 4th May, 1886, when I lost my status of bachelorhood.

The Smoked Fish Case.

A year passed, and the first case worth noting that I was concerned in occurred.

On a Saturday afternoon, I received a telephone message from the Railway Station from the Detective (O'Brien), telling me that there was a pile of stuff dumped off the express train, now on the platform. It was labelled "Smoked Fish" and was addressed to "Christison", barber - that he dared not go near it, but he thought it was smuggled stuff. An expressman named Bree, he said, was starting to load it, and that I should go and see what became of it. I went to Christison's shop, and sat down for a hair-cut and shave. Christison was by himself, and, before he was finished with me, Bree arrived with the first load of the stuff, and Christison directed him where to put it. I tarried, until I thought Bree would be returning with the second load. I then went and had a look at the stuff. I said to Christison "And what is all this stuff?" He said, "Canary Seed - you know I own a lot of canaries, and I share with the Grants." I said, "I'll have a look at it," and I cut the string of one of the bags, and out fell a box of Juno Tobacco, three-quarters of a cwt. I said, "This is smuggled tobacco, and I'll take possession of it." He received such a shock that he fell into one of

the chairs, and when he recovered he said "I am ruined". Bree, with the Detective following, arrived with the second load. I told the Detective that everything was in order and that Christison admitted ownership, the important point in the case. All the stuff was then removed to the Police Station.

Christison, De Witt (Steward of the S.S. "Ruapehu") and a boatman named McCormack, of Port Chalmers, were duly charged with a breach of the Customs Laws etc. and all pleaded guilty. Christison and De Witt were each fined £100. and McCormack £25. The tobacco was sold by public auction at Dunedin, and realized £500. The Customs Department awarded Detective O'Brien £100., the Inspector of Police £20. and £20. to me.

On the 7th July, 1887, I was promoted to 3rd class Sergeant.

The Footprint Case.

The next case of importance that I had to do with was known as the "Footprint Case."

On the 19th April, 1887, a band of notorious criminals visited Oamaru, and that night broke into several places, besides committing several petty thefts. Shortly after 8 o'clock the following morning, Mr. Familton's (Grocer and Wine & Spirit Merchant) shopman, came to the Station and reported that the shop was broken into during the night, and a lot of stuff taken. I went with him to investigate and the first thing that caught my eye was the clear impression of a bare right foot on a new blotting pad on the office table. I also found half a candle that was broken in two, also a piece of rope with a noose in it. I took possession of these things, and brought them to my office, and locked them up there, and returned to the store. It was found that 4 bottles of brandy, 4 hams, about 24 lbs. of tobacco and some dozen tins of salmon were taken. Access to the shop was gained through a sky-light. The thief was barefooted, and his foot would be moist from the damp roof, and when let down from the sky-light, he stepped on a shelf with an accumulation of dust thereon, and then on to the blotting pad, leaving

a clear impression of the right foot. Now to find the offenders.

I took a Constable with me and had a look round the town. As we were going along the Main Street we saw a man rounding the corner of a side street, and, as he saw us, he doubled back, and we could see him over the fence running for his life. We followed, but he had disappeared. A man working at the Gas Works pointed to the adjacent timber yard, and we made search and found our man hiding under some timber, and as he could give no account of himself we arrested him, and conveyed him to the Police Station. On searching him, he was wearing no socks, I found on him half a candle that fitted exactly with the half I had found in Familton's shop. We decided to have another look about the town so we separated, I going North and the Constable going South. After looking into several of the hotels, I looked into the bar of the Imperial. There were three men in the bar, one by himself, and two together. As soon as one of the two saw me, and without a word being said, he threw his empty glass at my head. I ducked, and it went through the glass panelled door. I closed with the pair, and rushed them out on to the street, and, as they started to resist, I threw them, and at that moment Mr. Jack Sewell (Chemist) riding his trotting pony "Safe Cure", came to my assistance. He took hold of one, and we took them to the station, and they proved to be the first prisoner's companions. This Mr. Sewell was in his element when helping the police in a row.

During the course of the morning, I had the dust print photographed, and then obtained a printer's rolling pin, and some printer's ink, also large sheets of white paper. I stripped the prisoners and rolled the soles of their bare feet, and then got them to walk on the sheets of white paper, each prisoner leaving a clear impression of his right foot. The prisoners' names were

John McGuire, alias Baker.
James Scott, alias Smith.
John Cooney, alias Conner.

When the impressions were compared that of McGuire was the exact facsimile of the dust print. On searching the timber yard, we found the whole of Familton's property, and other property

stolen from other places. We found 37 pairs of boots in one plant. The prisoners were duly charged, and when the prints were exhibited in Court, McGuire pleaded guilty, and tried to show that he broke into Familton's alone. Expert evidence showed that it was impossible for one to commit this crime without assistance. The three prisoners were committed for trial in Familton's case, and were each sentenced to three years' Penal Servitude. They received several lesser sentences for minor offences committed at Oamaru.

The Judge, and the Crown Prosecutor, complimented me on the way that I got up the cases and laid them before the Court.

The prisoners took out their sentences in Lyttelton Prison, and, while serving his sentence, McGuire committed an act of bravery, by saving a fellow prisoner from drowning, and for this act the balance of his sentence was remitted. He knocked about New Zealand and became a notorious offender. He went to Sydney and was hanged there in 1903 for the murder of Constable Long.

It was years after this case that the Finger-print System was introduced into Scotland Yard (1892) and into New Zealand in 1904.

The next incident that I was mixed up in was the
Oamaru Drowning Fatality.

On the night of the 25th September, 1891, one of the coldest and darkest nights that could be, I went for a walk to warm myself, and, as I was going down Wansbeck Street, I heard screams coming from the Harbour. At first, I imagined it was larrikins who were playing up, but when I arrived at the Railway Station I was told there was a man drowning in the harbour. I ran to the beach, and while running, I threw my coat here, and my vest there etc. I was undressed in a minute, and I told a man who arrived with a lantern to follow me out with a boat. At that moment a fresh cry for help came. I answered, "Hold on, and I'll be with you in a moment."

It was full tide, and I plunged in, striking my breast against a mole boulder. It was so dark that I could not see my hand. I had to swim to the direction that the voice came from. When I got to the spot, the drowning man's head was under the water.

Mr. Nightingale who went to the drowning man's aid from the wharf, a shorter way, was trying to hold the drowning man's head out of the water, but was exhausted. Mr. Nightingale stated that his struggle with the drowning man knocked him almost out. I lifted the drowning man's head out of the water and placed it on my left arm - he was still alive - and I told Nightingale to take hold of my hips and we would make for the shore. As we got about half-way to the shore we were met by the boat. Nightingale went into the boat, but I would not wait to put the drowning man into it, but swam with the boat to the shore. The man was still living. There was no place near hand, and I had to work at him on the open beach in a shower of hail. I got all the water out of him, and for twenty minutes I worked at him to restore animation, but the cold and exposure settled him. A Doctor arrived, and I handed the man over to him, picked up my clothes, got a cab and went home. My breast was still bleeding, and when I arrived at home I called Mrs. Dwyer and asked her for some underclothing. When she saw my plight she fainted. There were some lady visitors in the house who attended to her, and, after I had had a good wash and some strong refreshment, the bleeding stopped, and I was myself once more.

I have often pondered over the events of that night, and shuddered at the thought of what might have happened if I had become exhausted like Nightingale. It might have gone very hard with us both. A human being in peril and crying out for help appeals to one's nobler instincts to the exclusion of every other consideration.

The man's name was Hickson, and, while in drink, he walked down the mole, and when he got to the end he walked into the Harbour. He swam for about 40 yards and, when he found himself becoming exhausted, cried out for help.

Opportunity was taken at a Public Meeting to present Mr. Nightingale of the Railway Department, and Sergeant Dwyer of the Police Force with the Royal Humane Society of Australasia Awards for Bravery. His Worship the Mayor (Mr. Harry Aitken) made the presentation, and in doing so commended both men for the presence of mind and nerve they had displayed in boldly venturing on a dark,

cold, rainy night to plunge into the Harbour and swim out to the assistance of a fellow creature whose cries for help had aroused them.

The following are copies of extracts from the Otago Daily Times, September 28th, 1891, and the Oamaru Mail, May 20th, 1893:-

"An Oamaru Telegram states that the man drowned in the harbour on Friday night did not belong to the Waihora. Up to the present the body has not been identified. His death is a mystery as the place where he was drowned is an out of the way corner of the harbour, where he could not have been on business. Referring to the attempted rescue, the North Otago Times states that the bravery of Mr. Nightingale and Sergeant Dwyer is worthy of every acknowledgment. The night was dark, rainy and cold, and it required stout hearts to brave the dangers that presented themselves on such a night in venturing to swim out to the rescue of a drowning man. It may be mentioned that when Sergeant (then Constable) Dwyer was stationed in Dunedin, he was presented with a medal for his gallant conduct in rescuing the inmates of a building which took fire in Cumberland Street."

"His Worship the Mayor took the opportunity of the public gathering to hear Mr. Duncan last night, to present Mr. Nightingale of the Railway Department, and Sergeant Dwyer, of the Police Force, with the medal and certificates awarded to them for bravery under circumstances already detailed. His Worship commended the men for the presence of mind and nerve they had displayed in boldly venturing on a dark, cold, rainy night, to plunge into the harbour, and swim out to the assistance of a fellow creature, whose cries for help had aroused them. It was an instance of that British pluck which had made our Colony what it was. The awards he had to make them were of small intrinsic value, but they were valuable as a tangible souvenir of the appreciation of the nation of their heroism. He then presented Mr. Nightingale with a bronze medal, and Sergeant Dwyer with a certificate. Both men said a few words in reply, expressing their satisfaction at the awards, and hoping that their nerve would not fail them if it were necessary ever to go to the rescue of a fellow-being again. They had only done their duty, and their one regret was that their efforts to save the man's life had been unsuccessful. They then left the stage amid loud applause."

I also received £10. reward from the Police Department.

Youthful Criminals.

I am recording this case, just to show the part an infinitely small thing will play in criminal investigation. In 1896, some thirteen business places in Oamaru were broken into in less time than two months. Letters and leaders were appearing in the papers, giving the Police fits for their ineptitude and laxity in not bringing the offenders to justice. I was then Acting Gaoler, and had nothing

to do with outside police work. Still, I felt the slur cast on the police, and offered to give a hand to catch the offenders. One night, I decided to watch the North side of Thames Street, (the main street) and a Constable was told off to watch the South side. Nothing happened, and, as day dawn set in, I went to have a look round and see that the doors and windows were secure. I was trying the third door, when the handle in the inside turned at the same time. My heart flew to my mouth, and my hand to my hip pocket. The door was opened by a young fellow named Sutherland who worked in the shop. He was quite cool, and, notwithstanding my presence, and his guilt, behaved unconcerned. He said, "I read a lot, and as I could not sleep I came down for some books that I forgot to take home with me last night." He had some things under his coat which I thought were the books. He went into the shop, and I remained outside. (I afterwards ascertained that it was housebreaking implements that he had under his coat). He went one way to his home, and I went the opposite way. As he was rounding the corner of the street, I just caught the look he gave me. There was something in the look that took hold of me, and I decided to look further into the matter. That evening, Sunday, I went and saw the owner of the shop (Mr. Gimmell). He was my tailor and I knew him well. I asked him how many keys of his shop were in use. He said, "Only one, and I keep that myself. Young Sutherland comes to my house every morning and gets the key to open up the shop for the workmen, and then cleans and dusts the office, and has everything ready for me at 9 o'clock." A duplicate key held by Sutherland without the knowledge of his employer added to my suspicion. I told everything to the Detective that I have stated herein. He pooh-poohed the idea, and said that Sutherland was a very decent young fellow. A week passed over without any breaking into happening, and this fact further increased my suspicion. On the following Saturday, I saw Sargood's (whose sample room was broken into, and a good

deal of stuff taken) traveller in town. I told the detective, and suggested that he should see the traveller, and arrange with him to go to Gimmell's shop at closing time, and say to young Sutherland that he had lost the key of his sample room, that he had a customer waiting, and ask if there were any loose keys about. Sutherland went to the back of the shop, brought a bunch of keys and sorted out one, and gave it to him. The traveller took it and it opened his door first attempt. The Detective was waiting and, when he saw this, he went and, as Sutherland was leaving the shop, he took him in hand, and after a battle of wits he admitted breaking into the sample room. He said he gave gloves and some jewellery to a "Miss Sidey", a little girl he was keeping company with, and the rest he threw into the Camaru Creek. He was locked up and word sent to his father and mother. The father, an engine-driver, was away, and the mother was away too. Word was left at the house, and early next morning, the mother came to see her boy. There was^a fond embrace, then a swoon (Mick McQuaid would call this "a strong weakness") then a sermon on restitution. I watched my chance, and it came. "Now", I said, "tell your mother how you broke into the Railway Station and four or five other places that I named." He confessed everything, after a few more swoons. The mother went away, and sent a Solicitor to see him. The Solicitor, Mr. Newton, came and after his interview with the prisoner, he said to me "Why - you have extracted everything from the young fellow after his arrest." I said, "He told his mother everything, and I was a silent listener."

It was impossible for the young fellow to break into some of the places without assistance and my trouble now was to get out of him who his confederates were. I put it to him, but he denied point blank that he had anyone with him. I gave him time to think and approached him later. I said to him, "Do you want it to go forth that you committed all these offences alone? What will that nice little girl, Miss Sidey, and her friends, think of you? Why, they'll say that you are a regular "Jack Shepherd." This little suggestion did the trick. He said, "Young Anderson was with me

every time. Anderson delivered the papers in the early morning, and suggested the places that could most easily be broken into. On the shelves behind the books in the book-stall at the Railway Station you'll find a lot of the stolen stuff."

Anderson's father was a bookseller and owned the book-stall at the Railway Station. I sent for the Detective and we arrested young Anderson, and took him to the book-stall, and behind the books we found a barrow load of stolen stuff. We also found a barrow load of stolen stuff beneath the flooring of Gimmell's shop.

Both young fellows pleaded guilty to the several charges, and were admitted to Probation.

Struggle with a Criminal Lunatic.

The lunatic was brought to Oamaru from beyond Kurow. He was a man of 34 years, powerfully built, and was not long out of gaol after completing a sentence of 10 years. He behaved very well after his arrival, and showed no signs of violence. I allowed him to exercise in the corridor, and, as it became dark, he asked for a drink of water, and this was given him in the regulation pannikin. Soon after, he asked for another drink, and I gave it to him in the same vessel, and as I did so he threw the contents in my eyes, rushed the iron gate - the pannikin struck me on the head and for a moment stunned me. He got out in the Watch House, and as I closed with him he kicked me on the shin with his iron toe-plated boot, and left a mark that I still carry with me. A struggle for life, or death, followed, and I used all my strength to subdue him. I succeeded in throwing him and pinning his head in a step of the stairs. He tried biting and kicking with all his fury. Mrs. Dwyer heard the struggle and she ran to the Police Station for assistance, and, as luck would have it, there were four men in the Station at the time playing a quiet game of Euchre, and all four came in haste to my assistance, and relieved me from my perilous position. Assistance came none too soon, as I felt that my strength was giving out, and in ten seconds more the lunatic would

have worked himself free and might then have been able to kick me to death. The lunatic was then put in a straight-jacket, and next day it took three men to take him to the Asylum. There was this peculiarity about me that on occasions like this I had treble my usual strength.

On the 1st February, 1897, I was promoted to Second Class Sergeant and transferred to charge of the Otago Goldfields, with headquarters at Clyde. Before leaving, Mrs. Dwyer was presented with a gold watch and chain by her Oamaru friends, and the Police presented me with a diamond locket and gold pencil case, both inscribed. The Mayor of Oamaru made the presentation to Mrs. Dwyer, and in doing so, said, he expressed the mingled regret and pleasure which were felt by her friends, regret at her severing many pleasant ties and associations and pleasure that she should be participating in her husband's promotion. The following is a copy of the newspaper report:-

"At the Police Camp last night a number of friends gathered for the purpose of saying goodbye to Sergt. Dwyer and Mrs. Dwyer who leave for Clyde today, the popular gaoler having been recently promoted, and also to make a small presentation to each as a token of the esteem in which they are held. His Worship the Mayor presided and amongst those present were Messrs. W. Williamson, O.R. Wise, Cagney, Corcoran, Clarke, and Curran, while apologies were received from others who were unavoidably absent.

The first business was a presentation to Mrs. Dwyer, a number of friends having subscribed and purchased for her a really beautiful lady's gold lever watch, with an ornamental gold albert and trinket attached, the watch bearing the following inscription - 'Presented to Mrs. J. Dwyer by a few friends, on her departure from Oamaru, February, 1897'.

The Mayor made the presentation in a few happy sentences, expressing the mingled regret and pleasure which were felt by her friends, regret at her severing many pleasant ties and associations, and pleasure that she should be participating in her husband's promotion. He wished both Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer success in their new home, and begged her acceptance of the Watch as a memento of her many friends and a token of the high esteem in which she was held in the town.

Mrs. Dwyer feelingly responded, expressing her regret at leaving the town where the happiest part of her life

"had been spent. She would always bear in mind the kindness of the many friends she had made. She could not do full justice to her gratitude and her feelings, and hoped that they would take the will for the deed.

On behalf of the fellow members of the Force, Sergeant O'Grady then presented Sergeant Dwyer with a handsome gold locket in which a diamond was set, and a gold pencil case inscribed, "Presented to John Dwyer by his comrades on his departure from Oamaru, February, 1897." Sergeant O'Grady expressed regret at Sergeant Dwyer's departure, although he was glad to see his merit recognised by his promotion to a district where he would have the responsibility of the charge of seven or eight stations. He hoped that he would gather round him in his new home as staunch a circle of friends as he was leaving behind him.

Mr. O. R. Wise endorsed this, remarking that Sergeant Dwyer had nothing when he came here 12 ~~years~~ ago, but that he was taking away from the town a good wife and a fairly substantial family.

Sergeant Dwyer replied, also expressing his regret at parting from so many friends. The best and happiest years of his life had been spent in Oamaru and he could never forget them. He thoroughly appreciated the kindness of his many friends, and it would long linger in his memory as the crowning act of many previous favours.

A social hour or two were then spent in "farewelling", friends dropping in to say goodbye. Mr. and Mrs. Dwyer leave by the south express tonight."

When leaving by the train a number of anglers and sportsmen collected at the Railway Station and made the air resound with their singing and cheering. They even placed detonators on the line.

I have often been asked why I remained so long in Oamaru, and replied that I could not help it. There were no promotions and no opening. I was wearing a stripe for ten years before I got a mate for it.

I had a good time in Oamaru, plenty of fishing, shooting and coursing. The Acclimatization Society (of which I was a member) promoted a fishing competition in the season of 1895 and gave a gold medal as First Prize. I competed and won the medal from 26 other competitors.

The Goldfields.

When I arrived in Clyde I found things very dead, and a start had just been made to drudge the Molyneaux River for its

hidden treasure, and dredges were being erected right along the river. In six months after my arrival a boom had set in and, with thousands of others, I was dragged into the vortex. Alexander, the dredging centre, became a very busy township. People from Dunedin and other parts rushed here and there, pegging off claims, and in six months there was not a spot in the river from Beaumont to the Shotover that was not pegged off. I sank everything I had in the venture. I held some good stuff as a Promoter, and as a Shareholder, and if I only took the tide at its flood I'd be independent all my days. I hung on too long, thinking that everything I held would turn out a "Hartley and Reilly". Shares that I could have sold for £5. a share disappeared altogether, and so on with the lot, and I was not the only one that was left financially stranded.

After putting in eighteen months in the Goldfields, I found it was not a good place to bring up a family, and I moved for a change and got it, to the streets of Christchurch as Sectional Sergeant. I did not mind as I felt I would not be long in that position. I found nothing wrong with the Goldfields but what I have stated. The climate was glorious and I could live there for ever by myself. I worked my way into the good graces of the miners and residents, and when leaving, they tendered me a farewell banquet and also presented me with a pair of Field Glasses. There were so many speeches made and so much said that it would fill six pages of this little book.

The following is a copy of the newspaper extract:-

"Quite a large gathering of representative residents assembled in the commodious dining room of the Dunstan Hotel on Saturday evening last to say farewell to Sergeant Dwyer prior to his departure from Clyde, where he has been stationed for some fifteen months. Mr. Robert Gilkison occupied the chair.

After the usual loyal toasts were duly honoured, the Chairman rose to propose that of the "Guest of the evening" and, in doing so, referred in very flattering terms to Sergeant Dwyer's efficiency and courtesy as a police officer. It was with feelings of regret that the people of Clyde heard of Sergt. Dwyer's transference from Clyde, but the feeling was mingled with pleasure since it was known that the change meant considerable promotion to him. Only recently, when giving evidence before the Commission, he had clearly shown that less deserving officers

"were appointed to positions over his head, positions which he honestly merited by efficiency, intelligence and length of service. But the Department might have very well raised the status of Sergt. Dwyer and left him at Clyde. (Hear, Hear.) This district required the services of just such an efficient and intelligent officer as he had proved himself to be, and he, the speaker, was of opinion that the Department could have very well given Sergt. Dwyer the promotion he so richly merited, and allowed him to remain here where the responsibilities of a Sergeant were greater than they could possibly be in a city. This was the second time Clyde had been drawn on for an efficient officer to fill the position in Christchurch for, as they were all aware, the genial Sergeant McLeod was also transferred from Clyde to the city of the plains. Christchurch was unpleasantly far away from Clyde but it afforded many opportunities to a man with a family, not the least of them being the advantage of a residence in proximity to some of the best schools in the colony. He was sure they would rejoice with Sergt. Dwyer since his removal from their midst meant promotion to himself, but when the dry bones of officialism were shaken up, the Sergt. would be raised to a still higher position, and sent back to reside amongst them. (Applause.)

Mr. B. Naylor senr. said it could scarcely be doubted that, during his short stay in Clyde, Sergeant Dwyer had succeeded in making for himself many sincere friends. As an officer, he had always been studiously courteous and obliging. He spoke with experience for he had had to work with him in his capacity as a Justice of the Peace. His efficiency again had been the means of bringing many evildoers to justice throughout the wide district which had been under his care. He was confident that the people of Clyde and residents generally would wish him all prosperity and happiness in his new sphere of duty. (Applause.)

Mr. Scott, Cromwell, who was present, also spoke in a commendatory manner of Sergeant Dwyer. He said that, as a casual visitor to Clyde, he would assume the right to say that he was proud to see that the people of Clyde knew how to appreciate an officer who did his duty intelligently and conscientiously. As a very early resident upon the goldfields, he had had opportunity of studying the characters of a few of their police officers, and he had come to the conclusion that they were a fine set of fellows on the whole, notwithstanding that, even they, had their clique to work against. He had much pleasure in complimenting Sergt. Dwyer upon having such sincere friends as those whom he saw gathered there that evening to give expression to their friendship. (Hear, Hear.)

Mr. R. S. Gilkison said that but little remained for him to say other than that he desired to testify to the un-failing courtesy and kindness with which Sergeant Dwyer had given him any little items for the Press. As a Justice of the Peace, he had also had a little legal business with him, and he could confidently say that in every instance he had found him intelligent, painstaking and efficient. He might say that he very much regretted his leaving the district, and only recently Mr. McCarthy, S.M. had told him personally that he regretted Sergeant Dwyer's leaving, as he was a most efficient officer. He sincerely hoped that they might see him back as an Inspector (Hear, Hear.)

"The toast was drunk with musical honours.

Sergeant Dwyer, who, in rising to respond, was greeted with prolonged applause, said he could assure them that the gathering that night to do him honour had quite taken him by surprise as it was quite unexpected on his part. His stay amongst them had been so brief that he did not think he had made many friends during that time. Looking around him and seeing the representative faces, he must conclude that he had got on much better than he had hoped to. He had received, he said, every kindness and consideration, not only from the people of Clyde but from residents throughout the district, so that his duties were made light and easy to perform, and for this he had to thank them, one and all. He had found the people of this district most peaceable and law-abiding. Though he was now severing his short connection with the district he could assure them that he would always entertain a warm interest in its welfare. Ever since he came to the district he had taken an interest in the dredging industry, and when he settled down in Christchurch he would miss no opportunity of bringing the resources of the district under the notice of those with whom he came in contact. Before sitting down, he would like to make a few remarks of a personal nature. He wished to take this opportunity to publicly thank their worthy Magistrate (Mr. McCarthy) for the consideration and valuable advice he had always given him when he required it. Though some might differ with his method of doing things, he could, without hesitation, say that they had one of the best Magistrates who occupied a position on the Magisterial Bench of the colony. It was to the way in which he administered the law that he (the speaker) attributed the fact that the police had so little to do in this district. He had also to thank Mr. Jeffery, Clerk of the Court, for the kindness and courtesy he had always shown him. (Applause.) He concluded by again thanking them for the kind wishes they had expressed towards himself and family.

Mr. Scott, Cromwell, proposed the toast of the "Dredging Industry" coupled with the names of Mr. Hewitt and Mr. H. W. Gye. Both gentlemen briefly responded. Mr. Gye in responding, said that for the past few years dredging had made rapid strides in the district. He was pleased to say that the guest of the evening had always taken a keen interest in the industry and had been the means of recommending several of his friends to invest largely in dredging. He felt certain that Mr. Dwyer would always remember his stay in Clyde, and perhaps he might induce more of his friends to take an interest in the district.

Songs were rendered during the evening by the following gentlemen:- Messrs. Robt. Gilkison, Jeffery, Beveridge, McSwan, Burnaby, Robertson, Gye and Waddell.

A very pleasant function was brought to a close by all present joining hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne."

After leaving the Goldfields, I had to leave Mrs. Dwyer and family in Dunedin as she could not travel any further, and I had to go on to Christchurch by myself, and was two months there before Mrs.

Dwyer was able to join me. About the middle of July I went to Oamaru to meet her with her two newly born infants and five other children. I am stating these irrelevant facts so as to bring in an incident that happened to the train on the journey from Oamaru to Christchurch. The day was a very stormy one, but everything went on all right until we got close to the Makakihi Station, when one of the engine steam-pipes burst and blew the Stoker and the Driver off the engine. Both were scalded, the former seriously so. The train careered on by itself, and came to a standstill, by Farmer Quinn's homestead, for loss of steam. The Guard (Tom Fouke) and the passengers were not aware of the mishap until the train stopped. If the grade of the line had been downward there might have been a terrible tragedy. Such a mishap never happened before, or since, on that line. We had to wait three hours before an engine could be brought from Timaru to take us on to Christchurch. The female passengers and poor children were famished with the cold as the weather had changed to frost. The Quinn family showed the hospitality of the "St. Bernard Monk". They brought cans of tea, bread and butter, scones, biscuits and everything in the way of eatables that they could lay their hands on. Mrs. Dwyer says, up to this day, that that cup of tea was the nicest she has ever tasted. Before the train left, the passengers gave three rousing cheers for the Quinn family. Instead of arriving at Christchurch at 9 p.m. we did not get there until after midnight.

As I expected, I was not long in Christchurch, as, on Christmas Eve, I received word that I was transferred to Wanganui as Sergeant in Charge of that station. I arrived in Wanganui early in February. Things were commencing to look up and the town showed signs of recent advancement. Townships were being formed in every direction. The people of Wanganui I found to be very law-abiding, and during my three years stationed there I had a fairly easy time of it.

The Dream Case.

The facts in connection with this case are as follows:-

On the morning of the 12th November, 1901, it was reported