

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

to me by the proprietor of the Criterion Boarding House that a robbery had taken place in the house during the night. Two boarders occupied the same room and one boarder named Holmes had £15. on him when he retired to bed, and when he woke next morning the money was gone, and so was the fellow boarder (Thurston). I went to the Boarding House and got the particulars and then returned home. On my way I spoke to the licensee of the Albion Hotel and asked him if he knew a young man named Thurston, and he said "Yes - I saw him yesterday in the hotel for the first time, and I saw him take something out of an Assyrian's pack while the latter's back was turned. One of the things was a pair of braces." When I arrived home I had another ring from the Boarding House saying that Thurston had returned. I went to the Boarding House and saw Thurston. He denied all knowledge of the money, and said that when he got up he went to the Railway Station to enquire the time the train left for Stratford, and sat down on a seat and read the paper, and that he did not go further than the Railway Station. I searched him and found him wearing a new pair of braces, and in his pocket I found a new comb and purse. I found no money on him. I concluded that these things were stolen from the Assyrian and I arrested him. The Assyrian identified the things as his, and I charged Thurston accordingly. I also charged him with the theft of the money, but so far I had no direct evidence. I brought him before the Court and had him remanded for a week. When serving Holmes with a subpoena, he said to me "I had a clear dream last night. I woke up, and went to sleep again, and again dreamt the same thing. I thought I saw Thurston plant my money under the blind eye of the Wanganui Bridge, and so impressed was I with the dream that I went down to the place early this morning, and there was everything before me as it appeared in my dream." Thinking of the Dunedin case, I said to myself "I'll follow this thing up", so when I got back to the Station I rang up the Gaoler. I told him I was coming up to the Gaol and when he saw me coming up the drive to bring Thurston to his office, but not to say anything about my coming. I wanted to see what effect my sudden appearance would have on him.

I said to him, "I have come to the Gaol to say a few words to you. I am not going to take any advantage of you. You'll remember the morning I arrested you, you told me then that you did not go further than the Railway Station. Now, I have reason to say that you went as far as the Wanganui Bridge, and it is thought you planted Holmes's money there, and there is a possibility of it being found where you planted it." He held down his head, and I knew then that I was on the right track. I gave him time to consider, and when he lifted his head he said "I took the money and planted it under the Bridge." I handcuffed him and took him to the Bridge. It was a half-holiday, and there were three young fellows sitting on top of the plant. I shifted them and Thurston pointed out the spot where the money was planted. He had simply made a hole with the heel of his boot and placed the money in the hole, and then covered it over with a tuft of grass. The money was intact with the exception of a few shillings. I took him back to the Gaol. At the preliminary trial he pleaded guilty to the charge, and was committed to the Supreme Court, and there received 18 months' imprisonment. Thurston turned out a gaol-breaker and a hardened criminal.

In giving evidence before the Magistrate I related the particulars of the dream as told me by Holmes, and my former experience with a similar dream at Dunedin.

The particulars of the dream were published in the newspapers and I had letters from Melbourne and Sydney from Curio Collectors asking for particulars of the first dream.

It seems a very curious coincidence that during my career I should strike two dreamers whose dreams came true and were the means of bringing two offenders to justice.

Arson Case.

Known to the Legal Fraternity as - "In re Smith".

A man named E. D. Smith kept a Draper's shop in the main street of Wanganui. People thought that he was doing a comfortable business. In the month of March, 1901, about 3 p.m. on a Sunday, a fire was discovered in Smith's shop. I was not far away at the

time and arrived at the fire with the Brigade. The fire had then a good hold and it took the Brigade some time before they had it under control. Smith put in an appearance and joined me, and said he was ruined as the Insurances would not cover his loss. He said he left the shop at 2 p.m. and went for a walk as far as Aramoho, and on his way back heard the fire-bell, and that he was working at his stock sheets all the morning. As the fire was about subdued the Captain of the Brigade called me and told me that, apparently, the place was fired in three separate places. I examined the place and saw that this was so. I spoke to Smith and asked him for the keys of the shop and safe. He gave them to me, and I advised him not to go near the shop until an adjustment of the stock was made. I placed a Constable in charge, and directed him to allow no one to enter the premises. Next morning I sent the Detective to have a look round the place, and later we would commence our enquiries. I told him there was a Constable in charge of the place. As the Detective got to the shop he found Smith coming from the rear of the premises with something hidden under his coat. He accosted him and took from him a book he was carrying, and this turned out to be a ledger, containing records of all the stuff he sent to auctioneers for sale at several of the country towns. It was shown that these auctioneers were selling this stuff cheaper than Smith purchased it at the warehouses. An inquest was held into the cause of the fire and Smith volunteered to give evidence at the inquiry. The Detective and I worked up a very strong case against Smith and, at the preliminary hearing of the charge of Arson preferred against him, I called five country auctioneers who testified to the material they received and sold for Smith. The carrier, who took the goods to the Railway Station proved that Smith directed him to call for the goods about 9 p.m. to take it a back street and not to allow the police to see him. I called also a young girl who lived in a two-storey dwelling at the back of Smith's shop, and she proved that Smith was very busy about the shop until about ten minutes before the firebell rang, also three Sunday School boys whom he hunted away from the front of the shop ten minutes before the bell rang.

The faked stock sheets were found in his bedroom that escaped the fire. The ledger containing an account of the material he sent to country auctioneers was convincing evidence against him. I also put in the evidence he gave before the Coroner and this was torn to shreds. Smith's Solicitor objected to the statement going in. The Magistrate took a note of the objection but admitted the evidence. Smith was committed to the Supreme Court for trial. At the trial before the Chief Justice, Smith's solicitor again objected to the evidence, given before the Coroner, going in. The Chief Justice noted the objection but allowed the evidence to be put in.

Smith was found guilty of Arson, but, before passing sentence, His Honour referred the objection to all the other Judges in New Zealand, and all were unanimous that the evidence given by Smith before the Coroner was rightfully admitted at his trial.

Smith was sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

After the trial I received a letter from the Managers of the Insurance Companies interested, with a Bank Draft for £12/10/-.

The following is a copy of the letter:-

Wellington, N.Z.

10th July, 1901.

Arson Case - E. D. Smith, Wanganui.

Dear Sir,

We had a special report made on the above case and now, having been through the whole of the evidence, beg to compliment you on the manner in which it was got together and placed before the Court. In our opinion, the way the facts were pieced together had a great deal to do with the finding of the jury.

In a small way we wish to show our appreciation of your efforts in so successfully working up the case by asking you to accept the enclosed Bank Draft for £12:10:0 as a slight acknowledgment of the services you have rendered to the public in general, and our offices in particular.

We may add that we have consulted the Commissioner of Police here and have his approval in what we are asking you to do.

By signing and returning to us both the enclosed voucher forms you will oblige.

Yours faithfully,

For the Guardian, Fire & Life Assurance Co. Ltd.

(W. & G. Turnbull & Co., Agents.)

Signed L.U.

For the National Fire & Marine Insurance Co.

Signed J. Manson,

Manager.

The Licensing Law.

A widowed lady, hailing from the Emerald Isle, kept a hotel in the town. This hotel was across the way from the Court House and within full view of the Police Station. The local Stipendiary Magistrate had strong Prohibition leanings, and being bereft of home life and comforts, betook himself to the Court House where he put in his Sunday afternoons smoking and reading up his law cases.

One Sunday afternoon I received a telephone call from him, complaining that a number of men were going from a vacant section into the hotel through a hole in the fence, and that he saw over a dozen men go in that way. I told him I would attend to the matter.

I took a Constable in uniform with me, and we quietly went along to the hotel. We entered by the side door and, in the tap room, off the bar, was the licensee kneeling down with her rosary beads devoutly saying her prayers, and in front of her was an open prayer book showing the gospel of the day - her eyes turned heavenwards, and so intent on her prayers that she did not notice us, and we passed on to the back of the hotel without speaking. There was no one to be found, but there were abundant indications that Sunday trading had been extensively carried on that afternoon. On our return to the tap room the licensee was on her feet. She said, "Sergeant Agra, what's the matter?" I said "You know well what's the matter - the evidence in there and the number of men I saw leaving the hotel shows clearly that you are doing a big Sunday trade. She said, "May God forgive you, Sergeant - why, my place all day has been as quiet as a Convent." What could one do, I ask, in the face of such wit and generalship?

After my departure from Wanganui in 1902, this lady shifted to Wellington where she kept a hotel for years, and made a success of the business too. The Commissioner of Police told me that this incident happened during her time as licensee in Wellington, and from my own experience I have no reason to doubt it. The incident took place in Easter Week (Lent). A Sergeant and

Saturday nights and mixed and danced with the crowd, and soon wormed their way into the graces of the Sly-grog sellers, and got as much drink as they wanted. From time to time they furnished me with reports as to their doings. The names of the probationers were Lewis and Paul. The latter was a man over 6 ft. in height and wore No. 11 boots, earning for him the sobriquet of "Tiny".

After completing their work at Taihape, they returned to Wellington. I drew up search warrants under the Licensing Acts and, a few days before Easter, proceeded to Taihape to execute them. I left by the afternoon train, and to my dismay, there was a team of cricketers on board, bound for Taihape, captained by Mr. Francis (Manager, A.M.P.). The train, in those days, only went as far as Chingaiti and the rest of the journey had to be done by coach. There was generally a delay of half an hour before the coaches started. I remained in the Railway carriage out of sight, and went off to sleep, and it was only the last call "All on board" that roused me. I picked up my bag and rushed to the last coach, and threw myself in as it was moving off, and lighted on Mr. Francis. He wanted to know where I was bound for, and I whispered that I was bound for Mangaweka to arrest the two recently escaped prisoners who were camped near there. I left the coach at the nearest stopping place to Mangaweka and was met by the local Constable (Rutledge) with his horse and trap. I went with him to the Police Station and, after partaking of some refreshments, set sail for Taihape. It turned to frost and was bitterly cold. We arrived at Taihape at dawn and at once set to work to execute the warrants.

We found plants in most inconceivable places. We unearthed several cases of whisky as well as a number of bottles, cases of wine, several dozen of bottled beer, and three 10 gallon kegs of beer. We returned to Mangaweka with a decent trap load of grog.

When I returned to Wanganui, I laid 24 informations against the various offenders. The cases were set down for hearing at the Mangaweka Court before Mr. Greenfield, S.M., a venerable old gentleman

who had passed the allotted span. Tom Wilford (M.P. for the Hutt) now Sir Thomas Wilford, K.C., and New Zealand High Commissioner in London, was brought from Wellington by a man named Chute, to keep him out of gaol, as he was on three occasions previously convicted of sly-grog selling. "Tom" defended and Constables Paul and Lewis were my only witnesses, the former my star witness.

The cases started, and the Court House was packed. "Tom" was in great form and gave "Tiny" the time of his life over some happenings during his visits to Taihape, especially in connection with his friendship for Chute's cook, a woman of amazonian proportions. "Tom" kept addressing me as "Inspector". I objected to being named out of my rank. I was not the Inspector. "If you are not", he said, "then you d.....well ought to be."

At the end of the day's proceedings, "Tom" was urgently called to Wellington, and the unheard cases were adjourned to the next Court day. "Tom" attended and the hearing of the adjourned cases was gone on with, and during the day the Court was crowded to hear Mr. Wilford dealing it out to "Tiny", but to the surprise and disappointment of all, "Tom" treated "Tiny" with the greatest consideration during the day, and turned his attention more to the old Magistrate.

When the hearing of the charges was finished, "Tom" addressed me across the table. "Honors divided, old man." I did not quite grasp his remarks, and he repeated them. I then looked at my Charge Sheet, and there it was clear enough. "Tom" had got 12 dismissals and I got 12 convictions. My strongest cases which I relied on most were dismissed, and in my weak cases I got convictions. It then seemed clear that the principle that guided the Magistrate right through was "I'll give this one to the Sergeant, and the next to Wilford."

At the finish of the proceedings I called Paul (Tiny) and asked him what brought about the great change in "Tom's" attitude towards him. He told me that, when he returned to Wellington,

after the first day's hearing, he was put on night duty and one night, during this period, Mr. Wilford was escorting some friends from the Comic Opera, then being performed in Wellington. When they reached their hotel they were unable to gain admission as the hour was so late. The Constable then appeared on the scene, and gained "Tom's" good graces by his handling of the situation in obtaining immediate admission to the hotel for his friends. It was this little obligation that brought about "Tom's" kid glove treatment of the Constable during the Court proceedings on the final day.

Constable Rutledge, who made the raid with me, a shrewd, far-seeing man, had charge of the seized liquor, and gave evidence of such in each case. (All these Constables named herein are now dead.) In going through the various cases of liquor seized Rutledge spotted one case that was slightly different from the others. The case was new and the bottles were encased in straw wrappers freshly labelled D. C.L. and freshly capsuled. He opened a bottle and found that it was far removed from any sort of Whisky, and restored the bottle to its former place, and no one could tell that it was tampered with. "Tom" produced this case at the hearing of the charge, took a bottle out of it and placed it before the Constable. "Tom" said to him "You swear you found this case in Chute's premises?" "Yes!" "You swear that the bottle before you contains whisky?"

"I'll do nothing of the kind."

"Why?"

"Take a swig out of the bottle and you'll see why".

There was an uproar in Court at "Tom's" expense, and to add to the merriment I said "There are no flies on the Police up this way." He said, "Apparently not - they must have been there and left their mark."

On our return next day to Wanganui, and when about four miles from Mangaweka, there were two men shooting in a paddock close to the road. One of them had a pheasant thrown over his shoulder. I knew the man, he was a butcher of Wanganui, named Gray. I got the driver of the coach to pull up and called Gray. I said, "You have no license

to shoot pheasants". He said, "I have." I said, "You have not, I have the list here, published four days ago, and your name does not appear on it. Hand me over the bird", and he did so, and I gave it to "Tom".

When going down the incline to Ohingaiti the front axle broke - Tom on the outside on the box seat was thrown on to the bank, and I in the centre was thrown in between the horses and pinned by the broken shaft. The horses commenced to kick and I had a miraculous escape from serious injury. The driver was able to control the horses, and a number of willing hands soon extricated me from my perilous position. A woman in the coach fainted. "Tom's" heart went up to his mouth until he saw me out of danger, and then he held up the pheasant and said "This is the second time I have been unseated, but I am game to the last. (Tom was unseated for the Hutt seat because of some Election irregularity.)

When I arrived in Wanganui I gave particulars of the incident to a reporter, and he made a nice readable local of it. I sent the paper to Tom and he wrote back and said that the "local" would have a front page in his album.

My injuries in the accident were a few abrasions and a torn pair of trousers.

"Tom" never forgot this incident and, when promoted to Ministerial rank some eighteen years after, I wired him my congratulations. He replied, thanking me, and among other things he said, "I'll be game to the last."

When "Tom" was Minister of Justice he visited Christchurch during Cup Week and I drove him out to the Races each day in a hired taxi. He said to me "And you haven't a motor car for your use in this City on Wheels - you must have one, so apply for a motor car straight away as I may be leaving the Ministry any day now." I was a bit tardy in putting in my application and "Tom" had severed his connection with the Ministry before it reached Wellington, but he left authority for the purchase of a motor car for my own use.

Promoted to Commission Rank.

On the 1st March, 1902, I was promoted to the rank of Sub Inspector and transferred to Dunedin. I was only six months in that City when I was transferred to Christchurch where I remained for over six years, during which time many things occurred, and I will just relate here a few of the most important happenings.

The Opening of the New Zealand International
Exhibition 1906-7.

This was the biggest undertaking of the kind ever attempted in New Zealand and it proved a great draw and a great success.

I was appointed to the sole control of the Police arrangements during the Exhibition, having 20 Constables, 3 Sergeants, 8 Detectives (one from Sydney and one from Melbourne) and 20 Artillerymen, sworn in as Constables, under me. Everything was done to keep out all undesirables from operating at the Exhibition. At the start, some petty pilfering took place, but after some half dozen arrests were made, we had an immunity from crime thereafter, and, as the Exhibition progressed, the number of Police was considerably lessened.

There were many happenings during the life of the Exhibition, too many to record here. I must, however, record a couple in the nature of tit-bits.

Ned Kelly's Revolver.
(The notorious Bushranger.)

Among the exhibits in the "Victorian Court" was the revolver with which the above named Highwayman fought his last battle with the police at Glenrowan, Victoria. Detective Fahey (late Inspector) who was doing duty at the Exhibition, when standing at the Main Entrance to the grounds, noticed a woman and two little boys strolling along, and the keen eye of the Detective spotted something that one of the children was carrying and, looking at it closer, saw that it was the "Kelly Revolver". He took it from the child and brought it along to me. I said to him, "Say nothing, and we'll have some fun over it, as it is the most prized exhibit in the Victorian Court." Late that night, as he was closing, the Victorian Commissioner (Mr. Nichols) missed the revolver and came tearing along to my office, and

told me of his loss, and said that he dare not go back to Victoria without it. I sympathised with him, and told him I would do my best to recover it. He was for offering a reward but I would not let him. I kept him in suspense until the following night, when we took it along to him. I never **saw** such delight as was shown in his countenance. After this, we were white-haired boys with Mr. Nichols, and Victoria's best Muscatel was always at our disposal.

" Stand off the Grass."

The Exhibition Managers were very jealous of the lawns and flower beds, and an Exhibition Bye-Law made it an offence for any person to walk on the grass, and refuse or fail to move off when requested to do so by a Constable.

On a beautiful Thursday evening between 8 and 9 o'clock, Lieutenant-Colonel Bauchop, Commander of the Forces in the Canterbury Military District, came sauntering along the lawn, twirling his walking stick and smoking a fat cigar, and looking as if he was well satisfied with himself. An Artilleryman approached him and asked him to please stand off the grass. Bauchop replied "Do you know who I am?" The Artilleryman answered, "I don't, nor do I care, but please stand off - there are the notices for you to see." Bauchop then asked for his name and number, but the Artilleryman refused to give him either. Bauchop then made a grab at his number, and the Artilleryman said "If you put hands on me I will knock you down." This completely ruffled Bauchop's plumage, and there was no restraining him thereafter. He went into the building and met another Artilleryman, and he asked him to go out with him and arrest the man doing duty on the lawn. He said, "I cannot leave my post without the permission of the Sub-Inspector, but if you want his name, it is Gunner Murdock." I heard of the incident that night.

Next morning, I met the Colonel about 10 a.m. in the main passage and, after exchanging greetings (the Colonel and myself were friends for years) he said, "I want you to arrest Gunner Murdock and bring him along to the King Edward Barracks to be Court Martialled

and dealt with." I asked him the charge that was against him. He said, "I'll tell the Gunner down there." I said I was sorry but could not comply with his request. The Gunner was a sworn-in Constable and, while serving as such, was free from Military restraint, and if the charge was in connection with the "grass" incident last night, I would advise him to drop the matter here and now. I said, "The Gunner was only doing his duty, and you were wrong in opposing him." He left me indignant.

As I was going to my lunch, I met a Sergeant-Major taking the Gunner to the Barracks under arrest. I said, "Where are you taking this man to?" He said, "To the Barracks at Captain Walls' orders." I said, "Tell Captain Walls that I must be called as a witness, and tell him further that, if Gunner Murdock is punished for doing his duty, I'll leave no stone unturned to have the punisher punished."

The Gunner was charged, and the Colonel gave his evidence. The Captain asked the Gunner a few questions and then gave the order "Right turn- dismiss."

The incident got abroad, and for days I was besieged with newspaper men trying to get the facts in connection with the matter, but I'd give them nothing as the Colonel and I were good friends for years, and in many ways he was a good fellow. The papers, however, got hold of the matter, and the Colonel got a bad time of it in the Clubs and elsewhere. He was not seen again at the Exhibition. "Stand off the Grass" became a catch-word at the Exhibition thereafter.

After the event I received several letters anent the matter. The following is a fair sample of the others:-

Post Card. (Copy).

Inspect Picture in Art
Gallery Buildings
"C'est L'Empereur"
as an example of military
greatness compared with
military narrow-mindedness.
Glad you downed the Colonel.

Sub Inspector Dwyer,
Police Office,
Exhibition Bldgs.,
Ch.Ch.

Lieutenant-Colonel Bauchop was a good soldier, and made the supreme sacrifice during the Great War.

At the conclusion of the Exhibition, the Oversea Exhibitors

and Commissioners presented me with an illuminated Address and a Gold Watch, and Mrs. Dwyer with a purse of sovereigns with which to purchase a set of Canadian Furs. The presentations were made in the Chamber of Commerce. The Canadian Commissioner (Mr. Burns) made the presentation and, among other things he said that "during the last two days of the St. Louis Exhibition they lost £300 worth of exhibits, while they did not lose one shilling's worth during the New Zealand Exhibition." Other Commissioners spoke in a similar strain.

In his report on the New Zealand International Exhibition to the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and to the Right Honourable the President of the Board of Trade, the British Commissioner (Captain P.H. Atkin) said the following:-

"With reference to the surprising freedom from crime in the Exhibition, I must advert to the singular skill and discretion which characterised the police arrangements under Sub-Inspector John Dwyer and to the admirable way in which order and comfort were secured to such large numbers of visitors, both in the buildings and in the grounds, by his industry, tact and geniality."

The following is a copy of a newspaper extract:-

"During the last days of the Exhibition, the Overseas Exhibitors, desirous of making tangible recognition of the efficient services rendered by Sub-Inspector Dwyer, as officer in charge of the Police at the Exhibition, initiated among themselves a movement for making him a suitable presentation. The project was warmly taken up by others, and last night it reached the consummation, when a friendly gathering, which would have been much larger but for some misunderstanding as to the place of meeting, assembled at the Chamber of Commerce to do honour to the Sub-Inspector. Among those present were Mrs. Dwyer and her daughter, and the Deputy Mayor (Mr. G. Payling.)

Apologies for absence were received from Messrs. T.H. Race (Canadian Commissioner) E. Nicholls (Victorian Commissioner) and Arthur Day (British Manufacturers' Representative.)

Mr. W. A. Burns, one of the Canadian Commissioners, expressed the appreciation of the Exhibitors generally, and of the Canadian representatives in particular, of the manner in which Sub-Inspector Dwyer had carried out his duties. There had been some thousands of pounds' worth of goods in the Canadian Court, and none of these had been interfered with in any way. The speaker's colleague, Mr. Race, was sorry he could not be present, but wished heartily to unite in the sentiments expressed. (Applause.)

Mr. John Dixon (Messrs. Boosey & Co. London) added a

"few words expressive of the esteem felt by the English exhibitors for the Sub-Inspector, both personally, and in regard to the manner in which he had discharged his onerous duties during the Exhibition. Mr. Dixon then read the following address:-

"To Sub-Inspector Dwyer"

The subscribers, on behalf of themselves and other contributors to this testimonial, desire in some slight way to recognise the very valuable services you have rendered to the Exhibition and all those connected with it during its lifetime, and to that end they ask you to accept this address. This represents no great value in itself but will be accepted, we hope, as an acknowledgment on our part of the very excellent services you have given, and the uniform courtesy you have shown throughout the performance of your duties. With these acknowledgments we extend also our very best wishes for your future success and welfare, and hope you may have many years of usefulness yet before you, and that these years may bring to you and your family abundant prosperity and happiness."

(Signed) W. A. Burns, Commissioner for Canada.
Edward Nicholls, Victorian Govt. Rep.
W. J. Durie, New South Wales Rep.

The address, which was handsomely illuminated and framed, was then handed to Sub-Inspector Dwyer, and a gold watch presented to Mrs. Dwyer. *The watch was for me but the Regulations prevented me from personally taking it?* Sub-Inspector Dwyer said he found it hard to command words to express his heartfelt thanks to those who had honoured him with the presentation of that beautiful Address. In regard to the discharge of his duties at the Exhibition, he wished to acknowledge gratefully the efficiency and willingness of his Staff. He proceeded to allude to the excellent organisation of police matters connected with the Exhibition by Commissioner Dinnie, and referred especially to the arrangements for watching the arrival and movements of undesirable visitors from other shores. The fact that there had not been a single pocket "picked" at the Exhibition, and no crime worth mentioning committed also reflected great credit on the community, and constituted something of a record. He was very grateful to the exhibitors and others for the courtesy that had always been shown him. Finally, on behalf of Mrs. Dwyer, he thanked the contributors for the beautiful present which they had given her.

A short toast list was then honoured in the course of which Mr. Edinger ("Wonderland") and Mr. E. J. Righton, on behalf of the Exhibition Staff, added their tributes to the personal and official worth of the Sub-Inspector. Mr. Harry Kerrigan and Mr. W. E. Low, representing Mr. Tom Pollard, Director of Entertainments, expressed similar sentiments, and, after the singing of the National Anthem, the gathering dispersed with hearty cheers for Sub-Inspector Dwyer and Mrs. Dwyer."

The Exhibition over, I came back to the humdrum life of the City, a big difference to the life and gaiety of the Exhibition.

On the 12th of August (Grand National Day) I was ordered to proceed to Napier to relieve the Inspector there who was ill. I was kept there for over four months. I visited every part of the district, from Woodville to Port Awanui, twice, and made many acquaintances, both in Hawkes Bay and Poverty Bay.

The end of the following February I was ordered to proceed to Gisborne and hold an inquiry into what was then known as the "Gisborne Police Scandal." I was only a Sub-Inspector and I could never understand why the Department called upon me, when there were Inspectors in Christchurch, Wellington, Wanganui and Napier.

When I arrived in Gisborne I was met with all kinds of opposition by the Police and their immediate friends. I had to wire to Napier for a reliable Sergeant to assist me. The inquiry lasted four clear days, and I must say here that it was the toughest job I ever had to do with in the Police. I had to examine some 28 witnesses, and take down their evidence myself. Some of the evidence was scandalous. It took me a clear day to summarize the evidence and furnish my report.

Instead of the principal offenders being dismissed from the Service, only a Constable was dismissed, the Detective reduced to a Constable, and the Sergeant in charge transferred. The inept way in which these offenders were dealt with did not help the Head of the Police at the 1909 Police Commission.

When I handed my report with the evidence to the Commissioner and the Minister of Justice, both complimented me on the way I performed the work.

The Saving of two Children from Drowning.

On the 26th December, 1905 (Boxing Day) a Monster Picnic was held in the Canterbury Jockey Club's grounds at Riccarton, about four miles from Christchurch. Over 5,000 people attended. The picnic was organised by the Catholic Community of Christchurch. Some time previously, the Jockey Club had formed a lake in the grounds, and this had only been filled in a few days prior to the picnic. The