

How are we to avoid the evil consequences of a chill? If we are in sound health, we are not as likely to be affected injuriously by accidental draughts or chills as when we are enfeebled by disease or any excesses. One of the most frequent predisposing causes of a common cold is over-indulgence in alcohol. The habit of taking a "nip" to keep out the cold often defeats its own object, for alcohol lowers the tone of the system—it is less able to recover from an effect of any change in its environment. Besides, the organs of those who indulge freely in alcohol are not healthy: degenerative changes begin early in them, and, consequently, those people must be considered unhealthy. The effect of exposure is not only more likely to result in illness, but the illness is also more likely to be serious than in sound and healthy people, for the functions of the affected organs are still further interfered with.

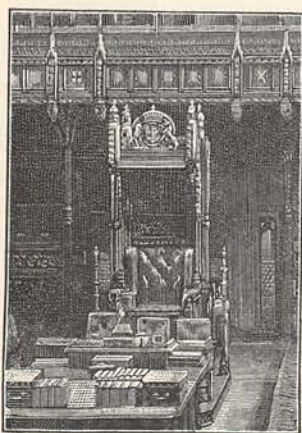
Coughs are even more common than colds. A cough is due to the irritation of a part of the air-passages or of the nerves supplying them. In bronchitis, for example, the cough is due to the presence and accumulation of mucus, and is the effort of Nature to dislodge it. Very often, however—and these cases are too frequently overlooked—a cough is due to local causes. The tonsils may be enlarged, or the uvula—that little tongue dependent between the tonsils—may be swollen and

elongated, or there may be small granulations on the back of the throat. In these cases local treatment is necessary, and drugs are, for the most part, of little service. Cough may also depend upon a reflex irritation from the ear (it is known that the bad habit of picking the ear with the head of a pin often induces a cough), or from a disordered stomach (the morning cough of many people is closely dependent upon dissipation the previous evening). The nerve may even be irritated directly by the presence of a tumour pressing upon it. The cough, in these cases, has a distinct character—it is stridulous. And other affections as well may be recognised by a characteristic cough: *e.g.*, we all know the peculiar spasmodic cough of whooping, and the short, hacking, painful cough of pleurisy. The absence of secretion, as in the early stages of bronchitis, makes the cough hard and dry; as the secretion increases, it gradually becomes softer and looser. A cough may, therefore, give valuable indication of disease. Although due, in the majority of cases, to transient causes, it is never safe to neglect its indications. Persistent cough is often the first sign of commencing disease in the chest, unless it be due to local causes operating in the throat. In any case, it is best to seek advice. Not only is a cough a proof of personal ill-health, but it is always a source of public annoyance.



## COMMENCING IN THE COMMONS.

BY ALFRED F. ROBBINS.



"THE EMPTY CHAIR."

which fail to describe the inward and most interesting features of the function. On the more frequent occasions when the

THE most important day in the politician's year is that which sees the opening of Parliament. Like many matters of general concern that are much mentioned, there is a deal in connection with this event which is little known. When the Queen performs the ceremony, the newspapers are filled with descriptions of the function. On the more frequent occasions when the Lords Commissioners undertake the duty, the published accounts are more meagre than those of the latest race-meeting. And yet it is on this opening day that, from the earliest gleam of wintry sunshine on the empty Speaker's Chair to the cry, "Who goes home?" that rings through the corridors with the midnight chimes, a series of ceremonies proceeds which, more than at any other time, links the Parliament of the present to the Parliaments of the past, and binds the Britain of the House of Hanover with the England of the Angevin Kings.

Tuesday or Thursday is the date now most commonly chosen for the opening of the Houses. Monday has been avoided throughout the century until very recently, because it appeared to involve Sunday travelling on the part of members, while Wednesday is never chosen, because it is by Standing Order an abbreviated parliamentary day, and even the most daring Prime Minister is not likely





THE BEEFEATERS' SEARCH.

to choose Friday. Curiously enough, as it will seem to many of the present age, Sunday was almost invariably selected for the opening of our earliest Parliaments. In the very first series of reports extant, and that dating back close upon six hundred years, it so appears; and a number of similar instances may be found in the fourteenth century. As time went on, the day was gradually changed, but even in the Puritan period, and by Cromwell himself, it was once used.

Whatever the opening day, it finds the Houses swept and garnished. The recess has been occupied by the Office of Works and Public Buildings in re-shaping and re-furnishing some portion of Barry's mighty pile; and the member of the Commons anxious to win a fleeting fame by having his name recorded in the evening newspapers as the very first to enter the building for the session, deposits his hat upon a well-brushed bench, and departs bareheaded to view the alterations. There are legends of members having arrived before the doors were unlocked, and some have certainly been as early as nine o'clock; but, while their more reasonable colleagues are still in bed, or bath, or breakfast-room, a ceremony

is being performed within the walls of Westminster, which (though, under no circumstances, is it ever witnessed by the public) carries us straight back to that never-to-be-forgotten date, November 5th, 1605, to James I., Guy Fawkes, and Gunpowder Plot.

On the morning that Parliament is to begin business, and at half-past ten, there assemble in the Prince's Chamber of the Palace of Westminster a military officer, four marshalsmen, and ten "beefeaters" or Yeomen of the Guard. These last, with their quaint Tudor costume, are familiar to every visitor to the Tower of London. The marshalsmen, with their frock coats and tall hats (of the pattern Leech has immortalised in his various pictures of the metropolitan police), are known only to those who have admission by the Peers' entrance to the House of Lords, inside which two of them stand during each sitting, or who attend State functions at Buckingham and St. James's Palaces, whereat they likewise do duty. With this band of fifteen are joined the resident engineer of the Palace of Westminster (Mr. Prim), the chief inspector of the parliamentary police (Mr. Horsley), and the attendants upon the House



of Lords; and, after a lantern has been served to each, there comes to them the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod (Admiral Sir James Drummond), or, as is now more usual, the Yeoman Usher (Major Butler), with Colonel Carington, the Secretary to the Lord Great Chamberlain, the high official who has charge of this royal palace.

"Prepare for search," is the order given by Colonel Carington; and, in full remembrance that it was under the Peers' Chamber that Guy Fawkes was found, but utterly ignoring the electric light which is now ablaze throughout the building, the procession moves from the Prince's Chamber to the House of Lords. With their lanterns dimly burning, the beefeaters scan each corner and peer under every bench, Chief-Inspector Horsley looking on meanwhile with the serene satisfaction of knowing that the men under his orders have kept the place secure from explosive intrusion. From the House of Lords the procession wends its way through the Central Hall to the House of Commons, and then, by way of the steps at the back of the Chair, to the first floor and next to the basement. Room after room in the most intricately-arranged building ever devised is there searched until those beneath the House of Lords have been dealt with; and then, with a parting inspection of the huge Victoria Tower, the marshals and beefeaters find their way once more into the courtyard, and there disperse.

By this time, the green benches of the Commons are becoming besprinkled with hats, for that is the only fashion by which members can reserve their seats before prayers. It is not often that any point of political importance turns upon such reservation; but at the opening of the session of 1893, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the junior whip of the Liberal Unionists, secured seats for that party on the third bench below the gangway on the Ministerial side by an early and strategic depositing of hats. Though there had been promised some difficulty as to the appropriation of this bench, the unwritten law of the House of Commons which allots it to the first captor has been strictly obeyed, and the hat triumphed where argument might have failed.

The Members' Lobby and the Central Hall alike grow filled as two o'clock approaches, for that is always the hour fixed for the opening ceremony. Greetings are cordially exchanged between those who have not met for months; the resemblance of the scene to a school reassembling after the holidays strikes as a fresh inspiration every journalist who happens to be present for the first time; and the roar of cheery voices rises higher

and higher until, a few minutes before two, the deep voice of a constable is heard from the library corridor to exclaim: "Speaker!" with the second syllable indefinitely prolonged. Then a hush falls upon all, and, at the police direction, "Hats off, strangers," each visitor to the Lobby (including the constables themselves and virtually every member) doffs his headgear as, preceded by the Serjeant-at-Arms (Mr. Erskine of Cardross) bearing the mace, and followed by his Chaplain (Archdeacon Farrar) and his Private Secretary (Mr. Edward Ponsonby), the Speaker, in full wig and robes and with cocked hat in hand, sweeps by through the Lobby into the House.

Scarcely has the Speaker entered and the great doors been closed, than there is a clanging of electric bells, and an announcement from the Chief Door-keeper (Mr. Jennings), "Speaker at prayers." Another two or three minutes, a further ringing of bells, and it is proclaimed, "Speaker in the chair;" and now the most striking portion of the constitutional ceremony begins. The Speaker is seated in the chair, and through the open door he can see along the corridors



OVER THE CLOCK.

leading straight to the Lords. If his vision were sufficiently penetrating, he could perceive the Lord Chancellor on the woolsack immediately facing him, and could note that





UNDER THE CLOCK.—NEW MEMBER ELECTED DURING THE RECESS.

that distinguished functionary was directing the Usher of the Black Rod to proceed to the faithful Commons, and desire them to come to the House of Lords to hear the Queen's commission for the opening of Parliament.

"Make way for Black Rod!" is the cry that the Commons now hear from the direction of the Lords; and, with a police-inspector and a personal attendant in front, the bearer of this symbol, with golden crown at its top, walks through the Central Hall to the other House. In that chamber every sign of vigilance is to be observed, and, as Black Rod advances into the Lobby, the Serjeant-at-Arms shuts the Commons' door and locks it. Thus barred from entrance, the Lords' official knocks three times upon the portal with the actual Black Rod. The Serjeant-at-Arms demands through a wicket to know his business. The purpose of his coming is related, it is reported to the Speaker, the Commons agree to admit him, and not until then is their door thrown open to the official representative of the Peers, who proceeds up the floor, making three low bows as he goes, and desires the Commons' presence in the other House.

This done, he retires backwards to the door, again bowing as he walks, the whole function being an athletic exercise which not every Black Rod has been able to gracefully and successfully accomplish.

In this fashion, whenever Black Rod has to visit them, the Commons deliberately assert their independence of the Lords; and it is not many years since the Peers' messenger was smartly rebuked, because—by accident, it may be believed—he said the presence of the Commons was "required," instead of "desired." And, when he has done this duty, once more the cry is passed along the corridors, "Make way for Black Rod!" followed instantly by the command, "Make way for Mr. Speaker!" and, with the Commons' mace in front, the Speaker and Black Rod walk side by side to the House of Lords, followed by as many members as care to accompany

them—a number always greatest on opening day, and never so great as at the commencement of a Parliament, when a large proportion of the new representatives join in the procession, with the single-hearted desire of pleasing and, perhaps, impressing such of their constituents and lady friends as chance to be present.

When the Speaker has returned from the Lords, and the mace has been placed upon the table to show that the Commons are once more in session, there is an adjournment for about an hour and a half, to allow members to lunch after the labour of listening to the Queen's Speech. Upon the resumption of business, and even before the House is made formally acquainted with the contents of the Speech from the Throne, there is much to be done. The hum of many voices is stilled at the call of "Order! order!" from the Chair, followed by the Speaker's command, "Gentlemen desirous of taking their seats will please come to the table!" And at this direction those who have been elected during the recess, and have been nervously awaiting the call while sitting outside the bar and under the clock, move to the floor.



Supported on each side by a parliamentary friend, every new member has bowingly to advance to be sworn in, to sign the roll, and to be formally introduced by the Clerk to the Speaker, with whom he shakes hands.

stitutional power and independence of the House.

In order to affirm its right of deliberating without reference to the immediate cause of summons, a Bill is at this point read the



R.P.  
"MAKE ROOM FOR MR. SPEAKER."

The new members having come in, such writs for parliamentary vacancies as need to be granted are moved for, the Speaker acquaints the House with any judicial reports he may have received affecting individual Commoners, and with the writs he has issued during the recess. A series of sessional Orders protecting the rights, privileges, and persons of the Commons is passed, a Committee of Privileges is appointed, and then comes the exercise of a function which is one more reassertion, on this opening day, of the con-

stitutional power and independence of the House. That measure, from a long remote past, has always been "A Bill for the more effectual preventing Clandestine Outlawries," and after it has been thus submitted, it is never heard of again. How long this particular measure has been chosen for the purpose has not been made, by constitutional historians, the subject of search. A couple of centuries ago any Bill was considered to suffice, but on the opening day of the session for 1895 appears the record in the *Commons' Journals* as on the opening day of that for 1795: "A Bill for the more effectual preventing Clandestine Outlawries was read the First Time. Resolved—That the Bill be read a Second Time." It is a resolution which is never thought of more; it refers to a measure which was probably never drafted, and which has certainly never been seen; and clandestine outlawries may go



on to the end of time for all that this venerable parliamentary fiction—this veritable constitutional ghost—will do to prevent them.

Two members, clad in unaccustomed costume and filled with obvious nervousness, may meanwhile be seen hovering about the Lobby and taking occasional trips into the House. These are they who have to move and second the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne; and custom demands that, while the mover shall be a county member, and the seconder a borough representative, both shall appear in either uniform or court dress. As they uneasily await their chance, notices are given by Ministers and private members alike of their intention to introduce specified Bills or resolutions during the session—a tedious and time-wasting process, which the present Speaker is attempting to banish from the legislative chamber to a committee-room. And when this is over, and the House has laughed at the "hardy annuals" which are always being brought in and never getting passed, the Speaker formally reads the Queen's Speech, and the Address is moved.

The Address has much varied, in form and style since first it began to be presented. At one period, while always couched in terms of high respect and of thankfulness to the Throne for the promise of legislation, it dealt with the suggested themes in independent language. Gradually it degenerated into a mere and even a ludicrous paraphrase of the words Ministers had put into the mouth of the Sovereign; but the bad taste of this would

not have secured its alteration to the present style. That was attained by the fact that the old cumbersome plan of answering the Sovereign paragraph by paragraph was found to be a growing nuisance, as affording too tempting an opportunity for every parliamentary bore to seek to hang a fresh amendment thereon. But for the past four years and more the answer to the Speech from the Throne has been moved in the form of a resolution, simply expressing thanks to the Monarch.

The future historian is likely to note that, upon the first occasion of the new use being adopted, the Address was agreed to on the very night it was moved; but he ought to add, in explanation, that that was on the eventful November evening in 1890, when what is known as "the Parnell crisis" in earnest began, and when members were thinking of far more important issues than formalities. Singularly enough, it had been at the opening of the earlier session of the same year that the House of Commons furnished a unique instance of being "counted out" during the debate on the Address, presented in the old fashion for the last time; but the curiosities of the occasion have been added to since then by the fact that when an addition to it, attacking the House of Lords, was carried on a division in the session of 1894, the Ministry of the day dropped the document, brought it up again in its old form but as if it were something original, and carried it to the Queen as it at first had stood.

The crowded galleries at the opening of the debate on the Address—the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York being on the opening day customary figures "over the clock"—thin very perceptibly during the "dinner-hour;" but as midnight approaches, and the new rule closing the debate at the chime of twelve casts its beneficent shadow before, the House grows fuller, for the bores and self-advertisers, with whom the Commons are all too afflicted, have had to take themselves aside. The greater men are now on their feet, and such parliamentary oratory as remains to us is to be heard. The Speaker, with countenance stern set, glances at the clock; the practised debater follows Mr. Peel's eye, and calculates to a word what he can say before Big Ben begins to boom, and as he sits down the Speaker's abrupt, "Order! order!" precedes his abandonment of the Chair "without question put," for it is by Standing Order that he acts. And the Serjeant-at-Arms passes the word to his immediate attendant, both portals are flung open wide, and the Chief Doorkeeper moves to the centre, and



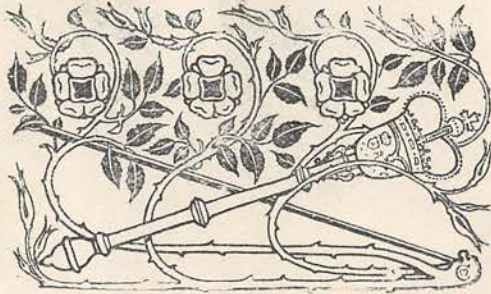
THE SERJEANT-AT-ARMS.

(From a photograph by Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.)



as the electric bells ring throughout the building, loudly inquires, "Who goes home?" The call, dating from a distant past, when members found it necessary to leave Westminster in groups for protection against footpads, is caught up by the constables and echoed through every corridor. Before it dies away, and even while the light which surmounts the Clock Tower, and tells

London that the House is sitting, is being turned out, the Doorkeeper makes the further announcement, "Usual time to-morrow," as has been done by his predecessors from a time long before that at which parliamentary notices were circulated each morning by post. And, with the lowering of the lights and the leaving of the legislators, the long-drawn duties of the opening day come to their close.



THE MACE AND BLACK ROD.

## JOE'S RASCALITY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.



H! the natives are a bad lot," my planter-friend remarked with expansive impartiality, "and so are the Kanakas; there's no trusting any of 'em. They'll thieve, they'll lie, and they'll do anything to spite you.

We're obliged to be hard on them for our own protection. If we weren't, there'd be no getting along anyhow in the colony."

"I'm sorry they're so troublesome," I said. "But, perhaps, if you were to go in for treating them better, you'd find they'd improve a bit."

"No, no!" the planter cried testily. "Kanakas are Kanakas. They're all incorrigible. Kindness is thrown away on them. Why, just to show you how untrustworthy they are, I'll tell you a little thing that happened once on our own place here in Southern Queensland. We had a Kanaka boy called Joe pottering about on the estate in the early days of the settlement, when we all undertook to disperse our own blacks and to do justice ourselves on our indentured labourers. You've heard of that man Harvey who explored so much of the mountains in the interior? Well, one time Harvey was stopping with us, and he wanted

to strike back behind the Darling Downs into New South Wales territory. It was about three weeks on foot to the nearest station in New South Wales inhabited by white people, and nobody but Joe knew the road over the hills—he'd been employed that way; so he volunteered to go as guide with Harvey. He didn't speak English, but he was a good'un at path-finding. So we let him go, putting Harvey in his hands, and making him understand we held him answerable for the white man's safety."

"How did you do that," I asked, "if he spoke no English?"

"Ah! but he understood a good bit," the planter answered, "especially if you swore at him; you don't want many words in dealing with a Kanaka. Why, my father held his revolver to Joe's head, and he said: 'Just you look here, Joe, you take this gentleman straight across to Whiteford's. If you come back without a letter from Whiteford's to say he's got there safe, I blow your brains out. If you get to Whiteford's without him, gentleman at Whiteford's blow your brains out. Understand me, eh?' And Joe grinned like a Cheshire cat, and answered: 'Ah, yes; me understandee, massa.'"

"That was simple," I said, "and no doubt effective."