

Japanese commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Hayakawa, led a charge of 500 men against the topmost heights. The heights were captured, but out of the 500 who made the charge Col. Hayakawa and 130 of his men fell.

This defeat, and the bombardment of some of their coast villages by the cruisers *Naniwa* and *Takachiho*, led the savages to ask for peace. They soon broke out again, and in October captured fourteen of the Japanese outposts and a number of machine guns. A month's campaign recovered these and once more brought the savages to terms. But that they have not remained quiet is shown by the fact that last spring finds the Japanese troops again operating against them. Mr. Oshima, Chief of Police of Formosa, under whose department this work comes, stated in April that

it would take five or six years more to reduce the savages to order.

Meanwhile the Japanese have had to face the situation caused by the mutiny of a detachment of their Aiyu or Chinese troops. Sixty Japanese, including twenty-four women and children, were murdered by the mutineers before other troops arrived.

Altogether the Japanese have had their own share of troubles in Formosa. They are learning the lesson which only colonising nations do learn, that the most difficult and vexatious of all campaigns for civilised troops is that necessitated by one of those "little wars" against the guerrilla bands of savage tribes. There can be only one end to the conflict, the final defeat and pacification of the head-hunters. Meanwhile it is costing Japan blood and gold.

ANOTHER YEAR

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

Another year has passed away
But, like an endless line of kings,
Another year is born to-day.

Though we cry out in all dismay,
The Ball, unheeding, onward swings—
Another year has passed away.

Its smile, a vanished summer's day;
Its voice, a migrant bird that sings
"Another year is born to-day."

Life's lovely blossoms, fair in May,
Must wither as the season swings,
Another year has passed away.

Friend, through whatever paths we stray
Forever beat Time's tireless wings—
Another year is born to-day.

Come pluck whatever blooms you may
While Life, the lover, plenty brings—
Another year has passed away,
Another year is born to-day.