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*THE TRIAD.

I owe a debt of gratitude to somebody and if I only knew who it was that I am indebted to I would certainly discharge my obligation in the customary local manner by offering the usual drinks or gloves or chocolates as is customary upon such occasions. And the reason of my anxiety to pay my debt is that somebody, man or woman, drew my attention to "The Triad" by first remarking upon the excellence of its theatrical and musical *critiques* telling me how they set down naught in malice and did naught extenuate. (I trust I am correct in my quotation because if not I shall be snowed under by protests from those meticulous persons who are so anxious to point out the mote in other people's eyes before they remove the beam from their own.)

But to return to "The Triad." Curious to see a production that had the courage of its convictions and surfeited to a nauseous disgust with the local system which makes of theatrical geese, swans and glorifies the braying of local asses into the singing of nightingales, I wrote to Australia asking to be favoured with a copy. Since then I have received three numbers of a monthly magazine which I have found more interesting than any other publication, since the late W.T. Stead ceased editing "The Review of Reviews."

I do not want my readers to run away with the idea that there is any connection or any similarity between "The Triad" and "The Review of Reviews" except that they are both fundamentally sincere, both have a hatred for sham and hypocrisy and both publish the best which it is possible to obtain. Another similarity between the two monthlies is that both encourage the system of signed articles whereby the writer takes the responsibility of his own effusions,

*"The Triad." A monthly magazine devoted primarily to matters of literary, pictorial and dramatic art. Posted direct to subscribers 6/6 per annum. Address P.O. Box 675, G.P.O., Sydney Australia.

is known to the public and is there to be shot at if his statements are inadvertently or maliciously incorrect.

Described as a journal devoted to literary, pictorial, musical and dramatic art, "The Triad" deals with many other matters such, for instance, as politics and is particularly definite upon what it estimates should be the attitude of Australians towards conscription. It not only urges the young men to come forward but insists that it is the duty of the older citizens to support conscription in its strongest form. Some idea of its outspokenness and its determination to support the policy which it believes to be correct may be judged from the fact that, while to-day it is being accused of being anti-Catholic because of its castigation of a priest named Mannix whom it accuses of

"flinging himself into Australian politics because of hatred of England and for no other reason under God's sky," only a few years ago members of Australian-Orange bodies were writing abusing the paper as a rabidly pro-Catholic organ. From this it will be seen that, in Australia as in this country, the way of the honest, self-respecting journal which dares to point out the right road, irrespective of the susceptibilities of those it might wound and only having in view the duty which it should perform to the majority of the population, is a hard one and results there, as here, in exactly the same treatment namely censure and opposition.

But it is not with the policy of "The Triad" that I wish to deal except it be to pay a measure of appreciation to the

THE COMING OF THE "PESACH."

By Max Boshwitz.

When spring gives breath to blossom, and March winds cease to sigh,
When the cold hand of the winter has extended its goodbye;
Then the Pesach comes astriding, with its ancient law and lore,
And the baker bakes the matza—the unleavened bread of yore.

When the gushing drops of April, come to bathe the budding rose,
And the warblers wing to forest and in piping lays propose;
Then the wives begin to kasher—every pot that's in the home,
And the Fathers search for chometz, every nook of every room.

When the violet sweet is waking, from its long and frosty sleep,
And the golden headed crocus from the thawing earth doth peep;
Then the goose that long has fattened, with the Paschal lamb so white!
Are the victims of the Easter for the feast on Seder night.

When the woodbine deep in tangle, by the lips of spring is pressed,
And the linnets shy is looking where to build its little nest;
Then the maidens deck the Seder—ere they don their dainty frocks,—
While the mothers press the juices from the raisins in the crocks.

For the vinous cup of kiddush, is the soul of Easter eve.
As it lifts the drooping spirit, in each heart its cheer doth leave:
And they quaff the ruby bumper, while their lips its praises sing,
And they thank the great Jehovah, for the mirth they find therein.

On the table white and spotless, on a platter—Seder's pride!—
They have tucked the tripple matza, with the mor'or by its side;
With the paschal bone and ch'roses, with the baked egg and the wine,
Are the symbols of oppression they endured in Pharaoh's time.

And at Seder, ties of kindred with hearts happy reunite,
While the stranger, sad and lonely! they to feast with them invite;
And they chant the old Haggadah, as they sing of Israel's glee,
Of their tribes' emancipation, of the dawn of liberty!

And they feast on toothsome viands, with the koss full to the brim,
Open door to Elje-Nuvah, and invite the prophet in;
And they sing the old "Bim—herah," in a chorus full of tune,
Far more sweet than birds can warble in the early morn in June!