

asked me again, "Do you deny that?" I said, "Yes." He turned round to Sergeant Wohlmann, and the pair of them looked at one another for a while. Then Sergeant Wohlmann turned to me and said, "Will you deny attempting your wife's life?" I said, "Most decidedly." After that I would not have anything to say.

107. Did not the doctor say to you that it was a mad act?—Yes. Dr. Craig said, "If any one did anything of that description it would be an act of madness." I replied, "No, certainly not; if a person could relate clearly and distinctly anything that happened and all that took place both prior to its happening and afterwards, and at the time, that person is not insane." I said, "If a person could not relate for a certain time anything that took place, then that person might be mad during that blank."

108. What did he say to that?—He turned round and said something like this: "No, Johnston, any person who could do an act of that sort would be mad." I remember now that it did last a little while after that, but I got pretty sarcastic.

109. And then you refused to answer any more questions?—I refused to answer anything, and told them they were traitors and I had fallen into a trap. I said, "I consider you are here for the express purpose of sending me to Avondale." He said, "Rot." He went on in this strain: "Do you ever feel yourself going along the road and do not know how you got there?" I said "No." "Do you ever find yourself suddenly running?" I said "No." He then asked, "Do you have headaches?" I said "No, only a bilious headache." He said, "Are you sure they are bilious headaches?" I said, "Yes," and he then asked me to describe them. I told him how my eyes began to swim and a pain come across the head above the eye, and vomiting afterwards. He also asked me if I ever had a fit. I said "No." He also asked me if I ever fainted. I said "No; but I will tell you this: if I work double shifts for sometimes six months and even nine months. For instance, when the wife was ill, as soon as ever I got her better after having nothing I used to be up at 5 o'clock attending to gardens in Auckland. Then I would go away out to Orakie and do my eight hours."

110. Where were you working there?—At the drainage-works. Then I would be ready for any overtime in unloading boats, and to do that overtime I had even carried blankets down and had thrown myself on the bags of cement in the shed. The only effect it had was this: that suddenly I would find that I was not able to work. I would be weak. I would feel that I had hardly strength to life my arm. Then if I rested for about a week or a fortnight I would be all right. I told him all this, and I said, "That is why I want to take this holiday, because I feel a little bit weak." That was my motive for getting this money. I could not go and work two shifts again at the present time.

111. Weaknesses like that, you think, would be induced by excessive physical strain?—Certainly. For instance, when I was at Kumeu I did all my ploughing by moonlight, and planted thirty thousand strawberries, thirty-five thousand vine cuttings, and fifteen hundred cherry-trees, and put in fifteen rows of peas 30 chains long, and did the whole lot in eighteen weeks, all by my own labour. I did all my ploughing at moonlight.

112. That was at the place where you had the bad luck?—Yes. For three months before I left there I and the wife and children lived on turnips.

113. You once or twice, in the course of this examination, said that you would like to get away and see your wife?—Yes.

114. And in each case you were told she was coming?—Yes. Every time they told me that Mrs. Johnston would be there in a minute. Sergeant Wohlmann, even after this interview with the doctor, said, "We have sent for your wife, and we cannot make out why she has not arrived."

115. *Mr. Isitt.*] At what time was that?—Somewhere about half past 2.

116. *Mr. Robertson.*] From about a quarter past 11 in the morning?—Yes, and every time I asked to get away for dinner I was not allowed to.

117. After that Dr. Galligan saw you?—Yes. I was told to wait a little while. Sergeant Wohlmann said I could go out into the outer office and look at the papers. Never at any time before I went to Waihi would I let anybody know my business. For instance, when my wife and children were starving if any one asked me "How are you, Johnston?" I would say "All right." And if any one went to the house the wife would not ask them inside. When I went into that outer office another policeman in plain clothes came in and said, "Hello, Johnston, what are you doing here?" I said, "I am only waiting for a little while." "Who for?" he asked. "For the sergeant," I said. That is all I said. Just a minute or two before that I had tried to leave where I was and went to the door, and another policeman who was there told me to sit down, that the sergeant would not be long; and I saw another couple of policemen outside. I knew it was of no use my showing violence or making a dash out; the quieter I kept the better. That may have been a mistake. After that Constable Kelly came in and told me that they wanted me in the front for a little while. I went out, and as I went out of the door between that building and the new one Dr. Galligan was there. He was between the two buildings, and he came up and said, "Hello, Johnston, how are you to-day." I ignored him. We went into the building.

118. Dr. Galligan then cross-examined you?—We went into the same room as the Inspector and Mr. Mays.

119. Who was there when Dr. Galligan was present?—No one. Constable Kelly went to the door with us and we went in. There was a table there and two chairs. Dr. Galligan sat at the end of the table and crossed his legs; he put a piece of paper on the table and took a pencil out of his pocket. Dr. Craig had had no pencil or paper. Sergeant Wohlmann had a pencil, though, and was writing the whole time. Dr. Galligan was quite nice in his speech, and all that. I refused to answer any questions whatsoever. I got up several times from the chair and turned my back on him and treated him with contempt, and looked out of the window.