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Fair Play

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL FOR SENSIBLE MEN AND WOMEN

No. 1. Vol. I.

WELLINGTON, NOVEMBER 4, 1893.

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Straight Talk

OUR BOW.

FAIR PLAY makes its initial bow to the public of New Zealand to-day, and in accordance with the immemorial custom opens with an explanation of its *raison d'être*. The title, which with all due modesty we are assured will become a household word in New Zealand, is in itself a guarantee of the tone we intend to adopt in all matters, whether political, social, or otherwise. Political, social, and financial interests exact a slavish obedience from many sections of the New Zealand Press, and the writers, clever though they may be, are figuratively manacled, and a free, fair criticism of public life and public morals has so long been actually prohibited, that its exercise has become almost a lost art. FAIR PLAY is against prohibition of any sort, whether it be applied specifically to the temperance movement, or taken in its broader sense as meaning the suppression of honest thought, or the attempt to give publicity to such social and political evils as may be remedied or uprooted by the attraction of popular attention to their existence.

FAIR PLAY being bound to neither party, nor creed, except that of the public good and the people's welfare, holds itself free to criticise adversely or otherwise, public men and public matters. This must not be understood as the declaration of an intention to pillory every prominent citizen and pelt him with satire and bitter humour, but of whatever persuasion or party he may be, if his armour be defective or his weapons ill advised, to attack him honestly and fairly in the lists of public opinion. A space has been specially reserved in the columns of this journal for those who feel themselves aggrieved to take up the gauntlet, and reply to our challenge in the shape of a signed article. Our title "FAIR PLAY" is not to be a meaningless phrase, but a political policy which will be consistently carried out in every issue.

With reference to the "Women's Suffrage" it is now an

accomplished fact, and it would be superfluous for us to advocate its expediency; we can merely sit in judgment on the practical application of a theory that has puzzled statesmen for years, and hope that the delicate perception and refinement of the women of New Zealand will introduce a leaven of purity into political affairs, that, devoid of sentiment or emotion, will logically tend to improve our present position.

Special arrangements have been made for literary matter. Suffice it to say FAIR PLAY numbers on its staff some of the best-known writers and journalists in the colony. Particular attention will be given to music, drama, art, sports and pastimes, social news, and matters of local and colonial interest. Tales by well known English and New Zealand writers have been arranged for, and in addition a series of portraits by a competent staff of artists will be produced in each issue.

We have come, and we have come to stay. Wellington has long needed a journal of unbiassed opinion that dares to speak the truth without fear or favour. FAIR PLAY will fill the vacant niche, and only asks a dispassionate hearing to prove its worth and honesty of purpose.

FAIR PLAY will always be "death on quacks"—political quacks, medical quacks, religious quacks, quacks of all sorts. This country is the grandest place on the face of the earth for quacks. They batten on New Zealand, and on the money of of New Zealanders like a foul fly on a muck heap, and they are as brazen as a dozen Yankee book canvassers. Here's this Worthington fellow for instance. A nice sort of religious teacher he is to be sure. Three of his congregation trucked the prophet, or whatever he calls himself, to his lair the other night. The lair proved to be the residence of a lady member of his congregation, and a good looking one too, at that. The prophet stopped at the house until close on three in the morning, and the amateur and holy detectives climbed up a fire-escape, or up the ivy creepers, or something of that sort, and saw—well, we will not say what they saw. Anyhow, they deemed the conduct of the prophet to be such as was hardly consistent with his holy office, and they sought out an elder, or a deacon, or somebody in a higher position in the show, and told their

terrible tale. When bailed up the godly Worthington said he felt "a lone man and had pined for consolation." He also declared that he had been engaged "in literary work" with the fair person at whose house he had been seen, and called those who had spied upon him "miserable curs," or words to that effect.

The "Students of Truth" are now split up into two sections, those who believe in the "literary work yarn" and those who don't. The latter are the most numerous, and there's the deuce to pay and "pitch hot" over the matter among the students. We have met a good many impostors of the Worthington sort, in our younger days, in the land of the "Stars and Stripes," and some of them are very artful. Worthington, however, is evidently a past master as a fraud of the religious kind. He ought to have been a Mormon elder. He is a good-looking man, with a wonderful gift of the "gub," and as he has a fine voice and a very courteous manner, he has managed to worm himself into the hearts of a good many of the Christchurch noodles, both male and female. The Press Association messages state that he claims to have all the property of the students in his own name, but we hear from the Southern city that this is not the case. The lease of the ground, on which the Temple is built, is in his name it is true, but that is all. He is about played out, and we should not be surprised to hear of him starting to found a new religion in Mexico, or somewhere a mighty long way off from New Zealand. When he quits this country Maoriland will be well rid of a quack of the worst kind.

Some very fine specimens of unadulterated nonsense appear in the Australian papers at times about New Zealand and New Zealand affairs. For instance here is a choice slab of unmitigated rot, from a little rag called *The Worker*, published at Brisbane:—

The nose of the Jew overshadows even Maoriland. Sir Gridiron Hall—not our own Tom Sliprail Hall—was recently entertained at a banquet by the usurers of New Zealand. Great enthusiasm prevailed. The toast of the evening was "The Fat Men of the Colony," coupled with the names of Hull, Stout, McKenzie, and several other prominent usurers. The meeting was of an orderly character, and adjourned at 2 a.m. in peace and harmony.

The above is about as good a sample of a "mix up" as we have seen. Even the most ignorant London paper would not bungle so badly, and that is saying a good deal. Fancy coupling the names of Hull and Stout and MacKenzie and putting them down too, as "usurers." The very idea of Jock Mackenzie sitting down, at the same political banquetting table as Sir John Hall and drinking to the gory capitalist, is enough to make a cat laugh. And yet, no doubt, that Australian paper rather fancies itself as an authority on New Zealand public men and affairs. "*The Worker*" man should spend a little of his spare time in working up the politics and politicians of this Colony. At present he is off, very much off. Some of the stuff the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* has been presenting lately about New Zealand politics is almost as bad, but we haven't space to spare to day to deal with the *D.T.*'s absurdities.

The bakers of Wellington have been having rather a hard time of it lately. The Inspector of weights and measures has been on the war path and the consequence has been a general gathering of the clans of the "dough-bangers," at the Resident Magistrate's Court to answer for selling under-weight loaves of the staff of life. His Worship remarked that it seemed a strange thing that although plenty of excuses were brought forward for the bread being short in weight, it had never been shown that any baker had so far forgotten himself as to err on the right side and bake loaves a shade over-weight. In future, he sug-

gested, satirically, it would be better to err on the right side. The floury fraternity, after being fined on an average £2 apiece, left the court sadder, wiser, and it is to be hoped better men. The working man is hard enough up these times and it is indeed a shame that he should have to put up with short weight in return for his full weight of good hard cash. It is quite true that the weights may get out of order, and we do not think that our local knights of the oven would willingly and deliberately swindle their customers, but still the onus of keeping their weights right depends upon them and if they are not right they must take the consequences. The fines should be more severe and then the bakers would be more careful to have their weights up to the marks.

That's a word in favour of the public. Now for a word for the knights of the oven. They have to give a lot of "tick"—who hasn't in the colonies?—and at times they get terribly let in. The number of bad debts made in Wellington is something perfectly astonishing, and a lot of those who are backward in coming forward and helping the tradesman to meet his bills are people in good positions, in receipt of regular salaries and for whose "harduppishness" there is no good excuse. The fact is that a lot of our citizens, especially those in so called "society" circles, live a precious way beyond their means. They patronise the theatres and concerts very liberally but they show no great amount of alacrity in paying their baker and their butcher. "If I were to stand at the doors of the Opera House" said a well-known local butcher to us the other day, "and point out all those who owe me good big accounts and yet spend their hard cash on the play instead of paying their bills, you would be astonished at the number, and at their identity." And so no doubt we should.

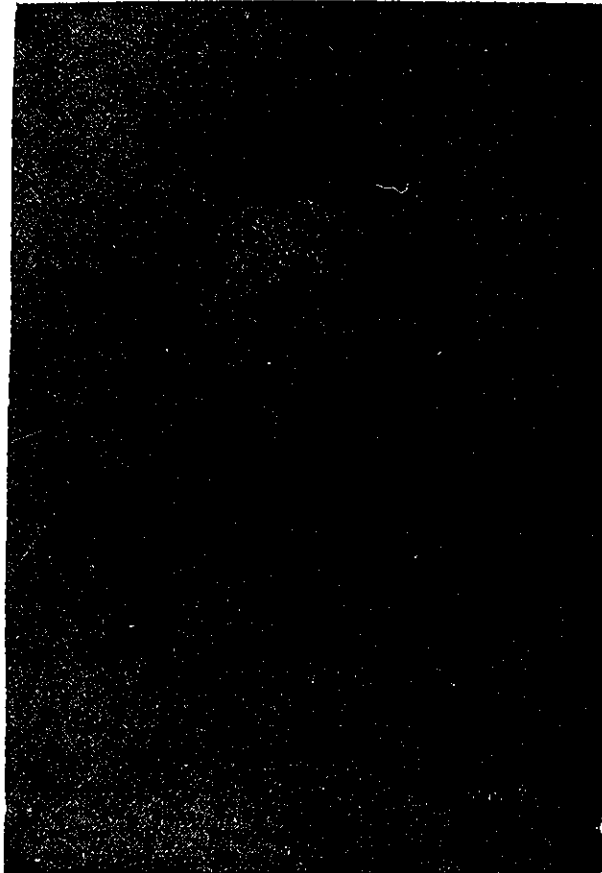
We hear from Dunedin that the great Fish stands a good show of being returned after all. We are not sorry to hear it. Fish is one of the most level-headed men in the House. Of course, he talks too much, but he is not the only offender in this way. He is a painter by trade, and it is a pity he can't give himself a new coat of paint, a sort of moral white-washing, for if he would only go straight he would be one of the most useful members in the House. The goody-goodyes don't like him, because he doesn't pretend to be more virtuous in politics than any other member, but there are many men in Parliament who could be very much better spared than the much abused member for Dunedin. Both the Dunedin papers are 'agin Fish, but that is something in his favour. The daily papers in this Colony are so ponderous in their arguments that few of their subscribers ever bother their heads to read the so-called leaders, and besides which, if all the papers in a place make a dead set against a man, it generally has the effect of making a martyr of him and assisting him to get in.

Take the only Fisher, for example. On more than one occasion he had the whole of the Wellington press against him, and the result has been that he has been returned, whereas if the ink-slingers on the dailies had only let him severely alone, he would probably have been left out in the cold. Fish has a hard "row to hoe" to get in for Dunedin, but he's an old hand at the election game and he'll make the running very warm for his opponents, even if he doesn't actually succeed in getting in.

If no one else can make any money out of the elections the daily papers in the large centres are evidently determined to do so. Not only in Wellington, but in Christchurch and Dunedin, the dailies have given notice to the candidates that their first

speeches only will be reported free. After that the aspirants for political honours will have to dub up their hard cash if they want decent reports, for the reports will only be inserted as "ads.," and that means three "bob" an inch. Either the candidates will do without the papers or the latter will make a good pile out of the election. We fancy that a good many candidates will trust to their meetings and to a personal canvass rather than fill the pockets of the newspaper proprietors. "No booking" is to be the papermen's cry, we hear, with one at least of the local candidates. Now wouldn't you just like us to name the impecunious one. We won't though.

We publish in this issue a portrait of Mrs. John Plimmer, an ardent advocate of Women's Suffrage, and one of the foremost local leaders in that movement. Mrs. Plimmer has been for years connected with the Women's Christian Temperance Union, but it is not in that capacity that her features appear in our columns. Mrs. Plimmer is essentially a supporter of Sir Robert Stout, but she is not one of the headlong following whose motto seems to be "Sir Robert at any price, right or wrong; if right to support him, if wrong to evade the point, and revile his opponents." Mrs. Plimmer recognises the fact that now, that woman enjoys the exercise of the franchise, she must be swayed by reason and logic and not by sentiment or emotion, and to the furthering of that end must educate herself practically, and neither be led nor forced to give, for any candidate, a vote *en bloc*, until she thoroughly comprehends his policy and the course he intends to pursue. In the course of conversation with one of our representatives, Mrs. Plimmer said that she had been spoken of as a Prohibitionist, this statement was wrong, as she did not profess to be such. She further stated that she was not an advocate of forcing the Bible into State Schools. In her opinion, the children of the State, educated by the State, should be educated secularly and without denominational influence.



MRS. PLIMMER.

"The question of Prohibition," said Mrs. Plimmer, "in conjunction with other minor matters is in my opinion, a side issue. What we women want to do is to form ourselves into a political association, akin to the Liberal Association, acquaint ourselves with the machinery of politics, and after having proved to the people of the Colony that we are an intelligent thinking body we will be in a position to formulate a workable platform. Why!" said the subject of our sketch, smiling, "only a few days ago a deputation representing one hundred and fifty women called on me and asked which way they were to vote, as they were ready to vote as I did." "And what was your reply," asked our representative. "That I did not know myself yet," was the quick If Mrs. Plimmer is any criterion to judge by, some of our curly-haired would-be senators will find that they have not got such "asoft thing" as they anticipated.

Mr. McCleary, the master of the Old Men's Home, happened to be called as witness in a case before the Resident Magistrate a few days ago and, under the cross-examination of Mr. Skerrett, experienced a rather uncomfortable quarter of an hour. It came out during the evidence that on one occasion he had knocked one of the inmates down, and just before his leaving the witness-box the Magistrate, who has a most ingenious way of conveying a stinging rebuke in a mildly put question asked witness if he had ever been at sea? On receiving a negative reply, His Worship expressed his surprise, and remarked that he had been impressed with the idea that witness must have served as mate on an American lumberman at some time.

That pretty young gentleman, Mr. Buick, was addressing the lady electors of his district the other day, and talked to them thusly:—"They would find that some people would make a fuss over them now, though they never spoke to them before, and perhaps never would again after the election was over." And yet this good young man had just finished making a fuss over them to the extent of a two hour's speech.

Talking about the lady voters some of them may show inconsistency, but in that respect they are no worse than the men. One Wellington man was heard to say "Oh, I'm for — this time, there's no mistake about that." "But last time you were working hard for So-and-So," said his friend. "Oh, yes, I know that, but then you see, he owed me forty notes and I knew I'd never get it unless he got in." "And did you get it after the election?" said the other. "Not I, that's the worst of it, a 'tenner' on account, and had to sing for the rest. Blessed if he has me again."

There seems to be a large amount of truth in the claim made by Mr. T. Kennedy McDonald at the recent annual meeting of the Wellington Woollen Company, that the attempt to drive him from the chairmanship of the directorate

was solely a political move to weaken his promotion as a candidate for election to the House. Mr. Macdonald has worked hard for this Company, and has been mainly instrumental in bringing it to its present state of financial soundness, and the attack upon him was cruel and unfair. It is pleasing to note that the unfavourable motion was lost.

Every year, on an average, it is calculated that English and Australian tourists spend £100,000 in this colony. They come to see our glorious scenery, and they come to get their health renewed under our sunny skies. The money they spend is well calculated. Every section of the community benefits by it, and yet we are threatened with the loss of a large portion of this money; we are in danger of seeing the tourists' trade which yearly increases in volume and importance, dry up once and for all. Prohibition will dry up this tide; prohibition, this crankies

of modern crankishness, will as surely stop tourists from coming here as would the sweeping of small pox or cholera over this fair country. Does anyone who possesses the slightest scintilla of sense imagine for one moment that the wealthy Britisher, who has been used to have his modest bottle of Bass or claret with his dinner, and his tot or two of whisky before going to bed, will put up with the inconvenience and the annoyance of being deprived of the healthy creature comforts to which he has been accustomed? Of course not. He may think that in New Zealand the people were apparently so given to making beasts of themselves that in self defence they adopted Prohibition, but whatever be the cause for Prohibition, the effect as far as he is concerned will be that he will give the colony a wide berth, and go to Japan, America, or other countries where he can use, and not abuse, the good things that God has given us. And the result—why go into details? There will be no tourist traffic, no foreign money spent in sight-seeing, no coach traffic, a big falling off in the railway revenue, a loss all round. It is just as well to think over this one possible result of Prohibition.

Isitt, the Prohibitionist, as he has told us himself he likes to be called, is getting more violent than ever in his speeches. He detests a good glass of beer, and that is perhaps the reason &c., he doesn't believe in "half and half" expressions. "Licensed assassins" is we hear one of the choice phrases he has recently used with reference to hotelkeepers, a class of men quite as respectable and a million times more charitable than this Canterbury Chadband. We are reminded of Pope's lines:—

"For virtue's self may too much zeal be bad,
The worst of madmen is a saint ran mad."

Whether Isitt was ever or ever will be insane we are not quite certain, but as to his "dottiness" on the drink question, it is indubitable.

Two good men of Dunedin, the Revds. Saunders and Gibbs, have been discoursing on the surpassing sin of that city. It always struck us, when on a visit to that city of "Sawbath" and Scotch whisky, that it was rather a decent town, as far as the social evil is concerned, but according to Saunders and Gibbs, it is a worthy rival in the way of the fair but frail sisterhood to Port Said and San Francisco. The two persons are awfully scandalised over the alleged fact that there are forty "bad houses" and they want to make out that drink has filled these houses with women. They are wrong. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the colonial ranks of the frail sisterhood are recruited through the laziness of the girls—not drink.

The social evil is an awful curse, and so long as men are men, and women are women, it will exist. But its deleterious effect can be lessened if only one course were to be adopted. Whenever a woman of the town is brought before the court let the name of her landlord be published in full, and the amount of rent paid for the use of her residence be set forth. There are in Wellington, and no doubt also in Dunedin, houses let to prostitutes; dens of debauchery and misery, which return a handsome revenue to landlords, who are known to the world only as highly respectable citizens; men who are seen at church every Sunday; men, some of them at any rate, who howl at the street corners and on public platforms about the evils of drink.

Some of the most prominent of the trumpet-tongued tectotallers are amongst the ranks of this species of landlords. They want to see every respectable hotel in the colony shut up—and why? well, color is certainly given to the assertion that it is in order that their tenants, the poor wretched creatures, upon whose earnings, in a life of vice and shame, they live, may, all plenty of liquid poison at five shillings a bottle, and so be

better able to pay the extortionate rent that those whited sepulchres, their landlords, screw out of them. By all means let the dens of infamy be stamped out, but let all the world know who are the landlords; who are the men who batten on the women who live a life of shame that they may reap fat profits.

We hear that at the meeting of the Directors of the Press Association, held in Wellington last week, it was decided to try and make arrangements for the supply of some better cable news than that which the Association gets at present. It is high time there was a change, for some of the stuff the papers have to print, or throw into the waste-paper basket, is the most awful drivel imaginable. The editors swear at it, and the public sneer and scoff at it; it is full of the most glaring mistakes, and very often really important items are omitted altogether. Make a change by all means and that as soon as possible. At present the majority of the cable messages printed in the New Zealand papers are simply balderdash, and the man who compiles them in London ought to be retrenched out of existence, for he isn't worth his salt as a collector of good items. There are several good practical journalists in the Colony, and others in Sydney, who would do the work ten times better than the present fellow does.

Mr Harkness shows a pretty good opinion of himself in standing for the Masterton seat against Mr. Hogg. Hogg is not altogether a pleasant personage in the House, for he roars like the bull of Bashan, and can beat the record in clearing the seats and the galleries. Still he has his uses, and the people up in the Forty Mile Bush swear by him. He has done a great deal to help them, and if they aren't grateful, they ought to be. Why Harkness wants to shove himself forward in a district in which he doesn't live, and in which he has no interest, goodness only knows. Can not the Masterton Conservatives get a local man to represent them; if not, they must be hard up. Anyhow Harkness won't get in, at least not before a one-legged dog can climb to the top of Mount Egmont.

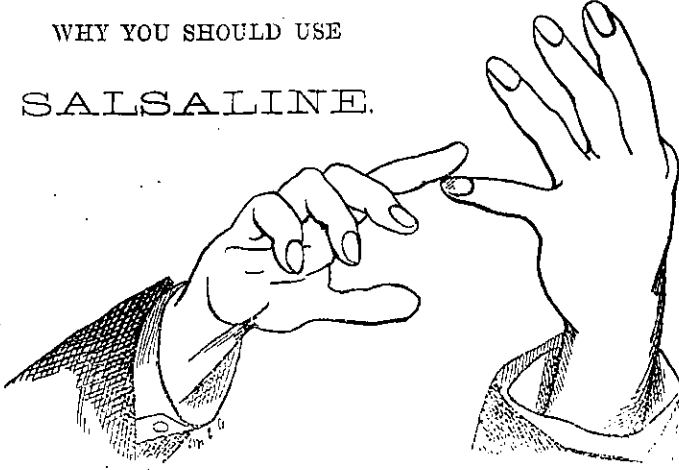
The political attitude of the New Zealand Times at the present juncture may be described as painfully comic, and it will require all the tact and intelligence of its able editor to prevent it becoming actually ridiculous. Throughout the session and for some time past, it has been an avowed Ministerial organ. Every action of the Government has met with cordial support, and even palpable blunders and weaknesses on the part of the present Cabinet, have been made through the columns of this paper to appear as the incidental moves consequent upon a profound policy, carefully thought out for the benefit of the people. The Premier and his colleagues were painted as, individually and collectively, a superior brand of Joshua and Moses combined, who were to lead us to prosperity.

Now the scene has altered somewhat, a new prophet has arisen, or at least he bobs up serenely with a new prophecy, the gist of which is: "I am the Elisha, upon whose shoulders the garment of your Elijah (Ballance) has fallen, and with it a double portion of his powers, choose me as your leader, and the ideal Government of individualism, judiciously mixed with socialism, will be established; make no mistake, I am the man, and there is no connection with the shop across the way." In taking this position Sir Robert Stout is a more deadly opponent to the present Liberal Government than if he were to declare himself a straight-out Oppositionist, and in endorsing his candidature the Times places itself in the position of working in favour of a man who is doing his best to wreck the Government that it has in the past and *still is* supporting. Can a more curiously, nonconsistent state of affairs be imagined?

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ELECTORAL COMPETITION.

£10 10s. IN PRIZES.

WHO WILL BE THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE ?

The proprietors of FAIR PLAY have decided to inaugurate a series of prize competitions on matters of local and colonial interest. There will be no entrance fee or charge for anyone joining in the competition. All that will be necessary will be to cut out the coupon which will appear in each number and forward it to FAIR PLAY Office, 6 Customhouse Quay, Wellington, the word "Competition" to be written on the top left-hand corner of envelope. Two prizes of £5 5s. each will be given in the introductory competition, which will be conducted as follows: First, to the one who nearest to the total number of votes cast in the colony; second, to the competitor who places the three successful candidates for the City of Wellington in their proper order, and gives the nearest approach to the number of votes recorded for the one who heads the poll.

To give competitors an idea as to the possible results the following figures, compiled from the last general elections in 1890, are published:—Total number of names on the electoral rolls, 183,171; total number of votes recorded 150,025; total population of New Zealand at last census, 573,557; total number of names on the roll in Wellington, 8786; total number of votes recorded for the eight candidates, 15,816. The three successful candidates, in their proper order, were as follows:—George Fisher, 2,828; J. Duthie, 2,779; and T. K. Macdonald, 2,482. The granting of the franchise to the women of New Zealand will make a considerable difference in the number of electors, but as no official figures have been published as yet, intending competitors will have to draw their own conclusions from the census returns given above.

Fill the following coupons in, cut them out, and post to FAIR PLAY Office.

Each competitor will have a chance for both prizes.

COUPON 1.

I place the Candidates for the City of Wellington in the following order:

- 1.
2.
3.

Number of votes polled for leading Candidate.....

Name (written legibly).....

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COUPON 2.

I give as the total number of votes recorded in the Colony of New Zealand at the coming elections.....

Name.....

Address.....

ANY COMPETITOR MAY SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS HE WISHES.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

"O'Dea for Wellington." Oh dear!

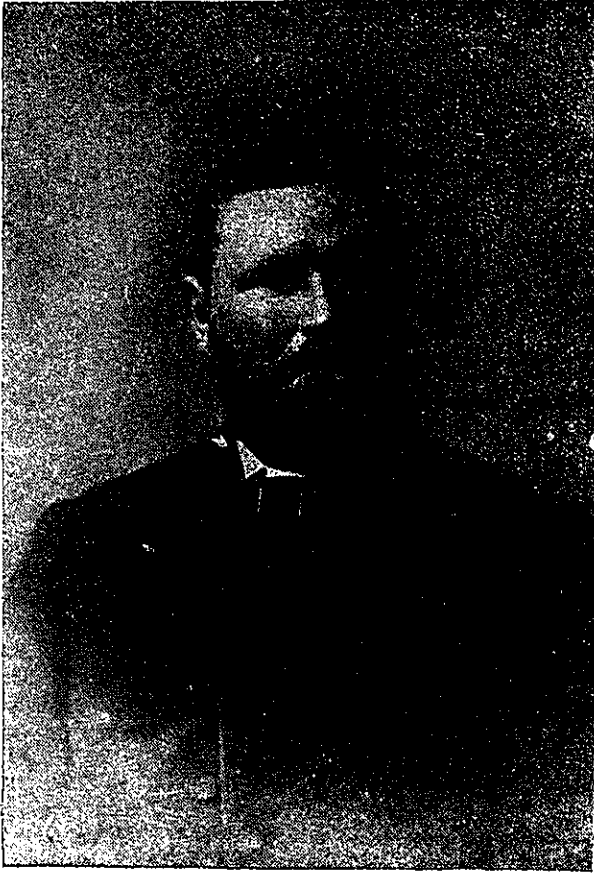
The whirligig of time brings many a strange change. It is an instructive sight this, of the Agnostic Stout, ex-editor of the Freethought Echo, ex-president of the Dunedin Lyceum, where on Sunday evenings scoffings at Christ and Christians were interlarded with orchestral selections, putting up at the house of a Presbyterian parson, and going to church on a Sunday morning with an armful of books, and a sour "dour" face as long as the shorter catechism, and that would do credit to a "Glasgie" elder who "wee drappied" it a little unwisely on a Saturday "nicht," and had to look very virtuous the next morning to make up for it—"Guid save us," say the astonished congregation, "here's Rabbie Stout a comin' tae kirk juist far arl the wurld like an elder!" Is it a case of sudden conversion, or are the women's votes the votes of Christian mothers—who do not like freethought and freethinkers, that the ex-president of the Dunedin Lyceum has in his mind? Wellington people will draw their own conclusions. Meanwhile it's "funny, very very funny."

It is so like Stout to be wanting to foist upon New Zealand some blessed new fangled political fad from Switzerland. Stout is a confirmed victim to what one might call the magazine habit. Let some crank called, say, Brown propose some new panacea in the Nineteenth Century, Stout will go into raptures over it, will talk about it, write about it, and end by imagining it is his own idea. A month or two passes and Jones comes on in The Fortnightly Review, and, metaphorically speaking, of course, knocks the stuffing out of Brown. Stout reads Jone's article, chucks Brown's effusion to Tophet and is presently imbued with the idea that after all Brown's ideas were a little crude.

He forthwith set to work and spreads the new gospel—according to Jones—throughout the land, and finds exceeding comfort in the refrain, even if other people are terribly bored, and then, behold, Robinson "weighs in" with an article in the contemporary in which he simply pulverises both Brown and Jones, and sets up an entirely new set of theories of his own. Sir Robert, who has not an original idea in his head, save that he is the only one statesman in the colony, reads Robinson, throws over Jones and Brown, and talks of Theorist Number Three, as one of the "master minds of the age, ladies and gentlemen."—"As unstable as water thou shalt not excel."—Stout is a walking reflex of other people's ideas, and he can't be faithful to any new theory for more than a year.

Sir Robert Stout argues in his election speeches that every political question in New Zealand, in the future, will have to be answered by a policy which will be something between individualism and socialism, and that the exponents of this school will be the future governing power. Exactly; the theory is a pretty one, and we presume that Sir Robert intends to represent the individualistic interest while his supporters provide the socialistic modicum; a poetical idea and one calculated to attract the ladies. Sir Robert, as the knight with the white plume, jousting in the political tournament while ever and anon, as he vanquishes some doughty opponent, he refreshes himself with huge flagons of watery adulation presented to him by temperance vestals selected from the "socialistic element."

It seems a rather curious inconsistency that Mr. H. D. Bell, who at the last general election was supported by the brewers and licensed victuallers, should come out this year as one of the candidates whom the Prohibitionists have advertised they intend to work for.



No. 1.—The Secretary of the Brewers' Association.

Is Prohibition Advisable?—Where is the Compensation to come from?—Can the Colony afford to lose the Revenue?—One-sided Licensing Committees.—English law and Property Interests.—Is a Publican a Pariah?

During the present elections Prohibition will, undoubtedly, be the burning political question and, apart from the controversy which has raged for some months past throughout the Colony, it has now achieved a more distinct local significance through the candidature of Sir Robert Stout for the City of Wellington. The supporters of Prohibition, many of them intemperate advocates of temperance, have so persistently dinned their arguments into the ears of the people, that almost every fair-minded, intelligent citizen, whatever his opinions may be, wants to hear the other side of the question, and it was with this idea in view that a representative of FAIR PLAY called on Mr H. J. Williams, Secretary of the Brewers' Association, for an expression of his opinion. On entering the office Mr Williams received the visitor with a genial "Well, Mr. FAIR PLAY, so you are starting out with the purpose of giving a hearing to both sides of political and social questions?"

"Yes," was the reply, "FAIR PLAY intends to put matters clearly and dispassionately before the public and let the people draw their own conclusions. Are you a drinking man yourself?" was the first question.

"No," replied Mr. Williams, "I neither drink nor smoke, but I can scarcely take any credit to myself on conscientious principles for my abstinence, as neither agree with me physically and, such being the fact, there is no reason why I should interfere with those differently constituted and with tastes dissimilar to mine."

"With reference to the Prohibition question" queried the interviewer, "what do you think of the proposition to make the retail sale of liquor illegal by Act of Parliament?"

"The scheme to me seems Utopian; human nature naturally frets at restraint, and if such a law were passed it would simply mean changing the trade from the well-regulated houses to the dens and back alleys. If the public want drink they will get it somehow, as has been proved by the experience of the Prohibition law in some of the American States and the Scott law in Canada. The Government instead of rooting out a supposed evil will be creating another misdemeanour. Appetite and habit cannot be eradicated by legislation, but both can be controlled by equitable laws."

"Your reply, Mr. Williams," remarked the interviewer, "refers to the question in its general sense; can you go into the details of the subject with me?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "for it is therein lies the logic of our opposition to Prohibition, which, if it were to become the law of the land, would be a most un-English and unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject. The mere fact of a number of people degrading themselves by drink gives no more right to a voting majority to coerce the minority than it would in the matter of the consumption of meat, or the clothes we wear."

"Quite so, Mr. Williams, but apart from the equity of your reasoning it is an established fact that in constitutionally governed countries majorities must rule."

"Very well, Mr. FAIR PLAY," retorted the subject of our sketch, "but if the present Act is put into force, majorities will not rule; its process, although not immediate in effect, means the gradual extinction of the traffic through a systematic reduction of licenses, brought about by what is in reality the plural voting of Prohibitionists. According to the Act, if there are 10,000 on the electoral roll, a three-fifths majority of the votes actually polled is required for the establishing of Prohibition, so that if 5,000 votes were recorded 8,000 would be required, but, and here comes the objectionable point, if only 2,500 are given for Prohibition that number is added to the moderate party who are in favour of a reduction of licenses, and the result must be a majority, which will mean the cancellation of a number of licenses, and if the law becomes perpetual succeeding elections will see the ultimate abolition of legally and properly conducted publichouses."

"Why, then, are men like Sir Robert Stout and other extremists not satisfied with the Bill brought forward by the Hon. Mr. Seddon?"

"Because, in my opinion, they are not really genuine in their opposition. Prohibition is to them a political party 'cry,' which has gained added strength since woman has received the franchise. It is very effective when an able speaker mounts the platform to address a mixed audience, to picture in glowing well-rounded phrases the misery caused by drink, but as long as he handles the subject generally and evades the questions of revenue, compensation, and the rights of the property-holder, it is mere oratorical assertion and will not stand the test of argument."

"You spoke of compensation, is that not really the vital point of the question?"

"To a certain extent it is, but there are other salient features to be taken into consideration. Apart from the moral right or wrong of the liquor traffic to any reasonable citizen, it seems a monstrous law whereby the finances of the colony can be interfered with to the extent of nearly £1,000,000 annually,

which would be the case if a Prohibition Act were passed. It is true the direct revenue is only half that sum, but it is no exaggeration to say that the disastrous effect upon other interests, directly and indirectly connected with the trade, the many people who would be reduced to absolute beggary, would more than account for the other half. No doubt, the Prohibitionists would question our genuineness in referring to the question except when it affected our personal interests; we also have reason to doubt their genuineness. If the object of the Prohibitionists were really to stamp out the liquor traffic why do they not strike at the root of the thing and prohibit the importation and manufacture of alcoholic beverages? The answer to this query is simple; it would be impossible to form a Government sufficiently strong to carry such a measure, and consequently that attitude of the question is evaded, thereby placing the political exponents of Prohibition in the position of practically benefiting by the revenue from a trade which they publicly deplore. A more inconsistent platform can hardly be imagined."

"Do you object on principle to a reduction of the licenses at present in operation in the Colony?"

"No; not if such action be in accordance with the voice of the people; a moderate reduction would, undoubtedly, elevate the character of the hotels remaining, but those publicans who are obliged to close their houses, not through any disgraceful conduct on their part but through the operation of a new Act of Parliament, should receive substantial compensation, and that is where the shoe pinches."

"What do you suggest as a plan for meeting this point."

"There are several ways which have been already suggested, none of which, however, have met with the approval of the Government. In the first place it is hardly necessary to state that the Consolidated Revenue Fund receives yearly a large income from the sale, importation and manufacture of spirituous and brewed liquors, and it would be only fair for, if not all, at least a large percentage of the compensation fund to come from it. The municipality receives annually a considerable amount for licensing fees; a percentage of that amount might be added to what was taken from the Consolidated Revenue, and the total, in conjunction with contributions from those publicans the value of whose property would be enhanced by the closing of other houses, would form a fund sufficient for all exigencies. To this proposal, however, Government, Municipality, and Prohibitionists object strenuously, and refuse to put forward any alternative."

"That, of course, seems plausible enough, but is there any other plan?"

"Yes; to make all taxable property upon which public houses are built amenable to the decision of the municipality; that an increase on the ordinary rate of taxes be paid, and that from that increase a fund be established from which compensation can be drawn by such hotelkeepers as are obliged to close their doors. This has also been suggested, but has met with no support."

"What is the actual position of the trade at present, leaving out the question of local option or compensation?"

"Even now," was the reply, "publicans hold their licenses on sufferance. According to the present law, the most extreme Prohibitionist may sit on the licensing bench, and his expressions of opinion are 'privileged,' but anyone interested in the trade is debarred from a seat; licensed victuallers are, therefore, practically unrepresented. The trade is consequently always in a state of uncertainty, and this condition of affairs is naturally not conducive to the improvement of the hotels, now existing in the colony. A definite settling of the question would give creditable hotel keepers a surety of permanent tenure, and would naturally bring about an improvement throughout the colony."

"To return to the question of compensation, Mr. Williams,

is there no legal remedy for a publican whose house has always been well conducted, if, through an expression of public opinion his license is cancelled?"

"None whatever, if the measures proposed by the Prohibitionists are carried, and there is the injustice of the thing. The publican may be a native of Wellington, he may have for years contributed to the revenue of the colony, and at an advanced age invested the savings of a lifetime in a public house. According to the proposed law, and even the Premier's present Act, he is treated as an alien and told that his license is only taken on the triennial principle, and may be revoked at the expiration of that term. This seems to be in direct contradiction of English Common Law, which, above all things, is supposed to 'protect' property and property rights. In every case out of the trade a citizen's property is protected by law, but the publican who pays in proportion higher taxes than any ordinary citizen is made a pariah, and no matter how reputable or desirable a citizen he may be, is robbed of the privileges accorded to the biggest land grabber or the most humble selector."

"Can you give me an approximate idea of the money invested in the trade in New Zealand?"

"Approximately yes, but not closely, in the following nine towns:—Dunedin, Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, Oamaru, Invercargill, Timaru, Napier, and Wanganui, there are 312 hotels representing an average vested interest of £2,000. It will be seen that no less a sum than £624,000 is invested in these nine towns alone in the hotel business; add to that the brewers and importers' businesses and we shall find that a larger sum is engaged in this industry than in any other, except land in the colony. With these figures before us it seems madness that a reasonable English-speaking community would sanction a proposal for legalised wrong-doing, which would render all investments insecure, and deal a fatal blow to public good faith. And yet, that is the proposal of the extreme Prohibitionists, who do not pause to think, whatever may be the purity of their motives, that it's accomplishment will have a re-active effect on all sorts of property, and shake to its foundation, if it does not utterly annihilate, the financial credit of the colony."

"In view of these figures, how do you account for the apathy of the general public on the question?"

"That is a perfectly reasonable question, MR. FAIR PLAY, and I can only say in reply that I don't believe the general public realize the gravity of the situation, or believe that it will be possible to pass such iniquitous laws."

In conclusion Mr. Williams said: "you may tell your readers for me, and especially those who belong to the gentler sex, that we only want them to study the subject thoroughly before they give their vote, and then if they exercise their privilege, and in accordance with their honest convictions, based on logical grounds, we shall have no cause for complaint."

Forlorn.

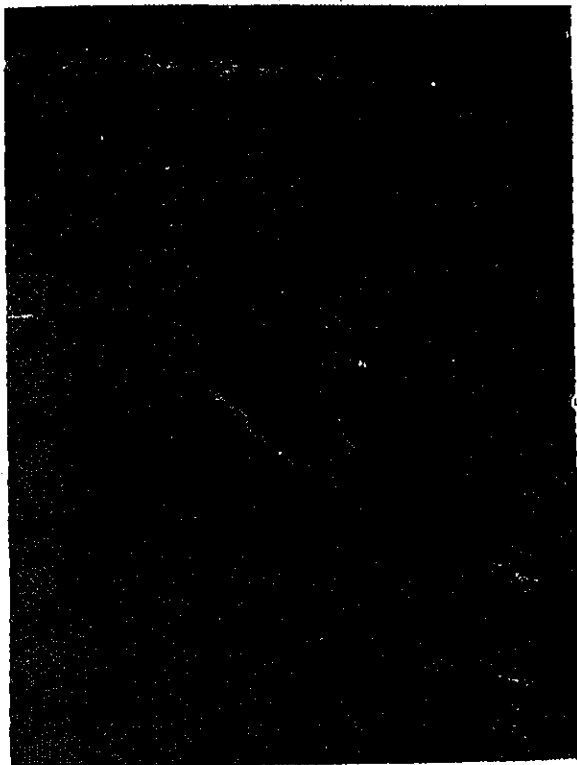
He stood on the curb with a mournful sigh,
And watched the crowd trip gaily by,
Through the portals and up the stair,
Bright with the gas jet's brilliant glare.

And he thought of the time not long ago,
When seated in the foremost row
He had listened with captious ear,
Slow to applaud, and quick to sneer.

The manager used to grasp his hand,
And ask his aid with accents bland
And though the house be packed all round,
A seat for him was always found.

But now he's a chap barred clearly out,
Whom any manager can flout;
A friendless being without a bob,
A dramatic critic out of a job.

Local Industries



The New Zealand Candle Company.

Light is one of the principal elements of civilization, and in dealing with the local industries of New Zealand, it is but natural that those industries which contribute to desirable effects should be accorded a premier place. Candles, although now, to a great extent, in the larger centres of population, superseded by gas and electricity, are still used in enormous quantities throughout New Zealand, and many a pleasant and well-remembered moment, whether it be employed in a hurried good-bye or in perusing the concluding chapter of an absorbing tale, is enjoyed by candle light after the electric light has faded and the gas been cut off at the meter. Few people understand the details connected with the manufacture of candles, and a brief description will in all probability prove of interest. The New Zealand Candle Company has only been in existence for a short time, and has only commenced manufacturing candles during the last fortnight or three weeks. It is situated at Kaiwarra, and is under the management of Mr. W. Lucas, whose picture is published at the head of this article. The Company came into existence mainly through the efforts of Mr. Newton, proprietor of the Kaiwarra Soap Works, of which we will have something to say in a future issue. Mr. Newton, who is at present Secretary, floated the company, and immediately on becoming satisfied that the venture would be a success, communicated with Mr. Lucas, who took an interest in the business, and accepted the management. A fitter man could hardly have been chosen, as he has had an

exceptional experience at "Home" and on the Continent, as well as in Australia, where he was for some time connected with Messrs Kitchen & Co., of Melbourne. On our representative explaining his errand to Mr. Lucas, he was most courteously received by that gentleman, and an offer at once made to conduct him over the premises. The first room visited was a large storage apartment, where the cases are kept previous to shipping and as our representative gazed at them stacked up in dozens and grosses, he mentally reflected that there was enough latent illumination in that one room to stand off any prospective total eclipse that New Zealand might run against in the next twenty years. In reply to a request that the process might be followed from its incipient stage, the visitor was taken to the receiving yard. Here the tallow, which, by the way, is only of the best beef and mutton quality; in order to obviate the necessity of clarifying, is received in large casks, from which it is emptied into a shoot and passed into massive iron boilers; these boilers are heated by means of steam coils, and are capable of holding between one and two tons apiece, and of being emptied every half-hour. After the tallow has been reduced to a liquid state, it passes into another receptacle from which it is forced by means of a mechanical blower through pipes to a distance of 20ft., into the large receiving vats, which hold from three to five tons. The liquid is allowed to rest there for several hours, and is then drawn off into an acidifying vat, where it is treated with chemicals, and remains until the acidification is complete, when it is run into a lower vat, where it is washed by means of an open steam coil until the glycerine is liberated. The liquid is now no more tallow, but what is technically known as stearine, and, after further washing, is pumped into an immense rectangular copper-lined vessel, where it is subjected to a high temperature for some time; it is then run into a gigantic still, where it is distilled by super-heated steam into copper condensers, from which it runs freely into receiving vessels. The liquid is now as clear as water, and can be at once moulded or further treated for grading. If the latter, it is drawn off into shallow pans, allowed to cool, and then subjected to hydraulic pressure, until all traces of oil are pressed out, leaving the cake pure and dry, when it is re-melted and passed on to the moulding-room. The latter room is where the final stage of the process is completed. At the New Zealand Company's works it is a large airy compartment, fitted with some ten or twelve moulding machines. These machines are worked by hand, and each one contains 96 candle moulds, and a corresponding number of spools at the bottom, provided with coils of wick. The moulds are threaded with the wicks, and then the molten stearine is poured into them. It is artificially cooled by the circulation of water, the ends are then planed off, and *presto!* by a quick mechanical action 96 perfect candles are shot into view. Eight dozen can be moulded every twenty minutes by each machine. They are then packed up by a score or so of girls into pound packets, placed in cases, and removed to the store-room. The Company is now manufacturing three brands, one a superfine wax, equal to any imported article.

"Ajax" Travers, the Wellington candidate, who requires neither police nor other assistance, in controlling a disorderly meeting, is making a hard fight for a seat in the House. It was a great hit for popularity, that "chucking" out from Thomas's Hall, of what the daily papers described as a burly disturber. It read well—but considering Mr. Travers' age and physique, FAIR PLAY would suggest that there was just a possibility of the "burly one" having been previously engaged to carry out his part of the performance. Somehow or other, the incident gave one the impression of a careful rehearsal.

Late Sporting.

For the first day's races of the Cup season, in Christchurch the following should about win—

WELCOME STAKES.

Search Light	1
Pom Pom	2
Nixie	3

HURDLES.

Norton	1
Clarence	2
Smuggler	3

CURRAGH STEEPLECHASE.

Waterbury	1
Norton	2
Bell Bird	3

STEWARDS STAKES.

Geraint	1
Vogengang	2
Lady Zetland... ..	3

Latest advices to hand from Christchurch state that Clan Ronald will start for the Cup, and that he is quoted in the betting market at 6 to 1; Response is quoted at 4 to 1; Prime Warden 7 to 1; Dilemma 8 to 1; Stepniak, Workman, and Melnite 10 to 1; and 15 to 20 to 1 to the others.

Dilemma has been doing some good tria gallops lately, is in splendid form, and is showing up as a dangerous competitor. Ich Dien and Ua are evidently outclassed, and will in all probability finish in the ruck.

As an instance of the interest of the New Zealand Amateur Rowing Association, it may be mentioned that, in addition to the large plants possessed by the various clubs for pleasuring, practising, and racing, Mr. George Norton, a local builder, has now on hand for the Blenheim Rowing Club a racing four-oared outrigger, to be delivered during the second week in November, and this club only recently received from him a new "maiden-four" stump outrigger. The Manakau Rowing Club has received a racing wagger-boat for sculling, and he has two more racing wagger-boats to build, one for the Wairewa (Little River) Club, and one for a private individual in Wellington. He is also building a racing "double-sculler and pairs combination-boat" for the "Stars," a "racing-four outrigger" for the Union Club, of Christchurch, a "maiden four stump-outrigger" for the Union Club, Wanganui, and a similar one for the Otago Rowing Club, who are considering the advisability of ordering a "racing-four." All of these new boats will compete at the Championship Meeting. In addition to those already mentioned, Mr. Norton has on hand for the Auckland Rowing Club, two "clinker bat-swings," and has already sent that Club two "practice-scullers."

Owing to the lack of a sufficient number of entries for the bicycle races at the sports on the Prince of Wales Birthday, there will be no cycling. The minimum number of entries was placed at 16, but only seven entered. It is a pity that this feature should have been eliminated, and we regret to say that the real reason is because the entrance fees were not sufficient to cover the whole cost of the proposed prizes.

Owing to the apathy exhibited by many of the yacht owners in the Port Nicholson Yacht Club, the Committee is seriously hampered in arranging for a good opening day. The opening of the season has been fixed for Saturday next, but it may have to be changed, as many of the owners have neglected to put their yachts on the "slips" in time to get them in order by that date. So that if the present arrangements are carried out, the opening of the season will hardly compare favourably with the opening of the rowing season.

The crews from the Wellington, Oriental, and Star Boating Clubs are beginning to get a good deal of life into them. This is principally owing to the fact that a place has been fixed upon for the Amateur Championship Meeting of the Colony, the events of which will be races for "fours," "double-sculs," "pairs," and "sculls." Picton has been chosen, and a better spot could hardly have been pitched upon. For many years both weather and water have been unfortunate for this meeting, but if there is a chance for a successful day Picton certainly offers the best opportunity. The date has not as yet been definitely fixed, but it is probable that Easter Monday will be selected. Since the meeting place has been fixed the people of Marlborough have been straining every nerve to provide proper accommodation for the competitors and their friends, and to arrange for handsome prizes. Mr. John Duncan, the new president of the New Zealand Rowing Association, is well to the front, and a most successful meeting is anticipated.

The rowing championship for several years has rested mostly with the Wellington Rowing Club, but during the last year the bulk of the honours have gone to Southern clubs. At the last meeting the Lyttelton Club won the "fours," the Union Club, of Christchurch, the "pairs" and "double-sculs," and McGrath, of the Otago Club, the "sculls." The club and local races, will commence almost immediately, and the crews are in active training for them. After their conclusion the championship crews will be picked, and there is every reason to believe that the honours will be brought back to the Empire City.

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NEW ZEALAND TOUR.

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Arnes Beaumont is a name more familiar perhaps in Australia than in New Zealand, and Beaumont was an old and well-beloved friend of William Saurin Lyster, who first established opera in Australia. Lyster cared very little about small financial matters, but would always in all his shows have everything of the best. In Beaumont he recognised the only pure tenor of the time, and he took Beaumont, therefore, as the one man to be always placed in the forefront of every operatic battle. Business relationship between them deepened into close friendship, and so a little tragedy occurred which left sad results. Out rabbit-shooting, a mistake occurred—a

charge of shot came too near Mr. Beaumont's head, and the effect was that his sight was partially destroyed. Lyster never forgave himself for the incident, but Beaumont was too fast founded in friendship to conceive of, much less cherish, any malice. Still it was but a marred life ever after, and though the voice remains pure and strong to-day as of old, few people know with what pain and difficulty Arnes Beaumont maintains his dignity as a man, and makes his way in the world.

Mr. W. T. Barker, who comes with the Palmer-Beaumont Company as harpist, will do much perhaps to instruct us why the harp became the instrument all our ancestors loved. The piano of late years has almost driven the harp out of society, but from and after the advent of Mr. Barker in Melbourne it was found that a desire for the harp grew, and now in very many drawing-rooms of the Australian metropolises, the perfect grace of the harp is seen beside the too practical or too cumbersome piano. Mr. Barker inherits his genius from generations of musical ancestors. He 'harps' to us as did the bards of old to their patrons, and really instructs us how much a cunning hand can extract from the simple running strings.

The Company also includes Mr. John Lemmone, favourably known in New Zealand as a member of "Amy Sherwin's Company." Mr. A. H. Gee, the famous baritone, who has met with enthusiastic receptions in the north, and Miss Maggie Stirling, the charming young mezzo-soprano. Mr. Philip Stuart, of Melbourne, is the manager of the Company."

OPERA HOUSE.

LESSEE AND MANAGER: BLAND HOLT.

BLAND HOLT

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"A Million of Money."

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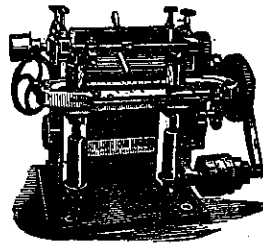
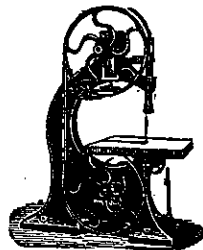
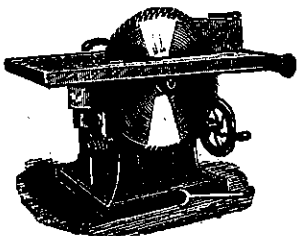
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THE EDITOR will always be glad to receive contributed items, paragraphs, verses, sketches, and short tales on local or colonial topics, social, political, or otherwise.

Communications intended for publication should be written in ink and only on one side of the paper. Anonymous letters are consigned to the waste-paper basket.

Unsuitable contributions will not be returned unless a special request to that effect, and the necessary stamps to cover cost of postage, be sent with them.

THE EDITOR will not enter into any correspondence concerning rejected manuscript.

The subscription to FAIR PLAY is 15s. per annum, or 7s. 6d. half-yearly, post free, payable in advance, and may be forwarded in stamps.

Alterations of standing advertisements must be sent in not later than Tuesday at noon. The latest time for receiving casual advertisements is Wednesday, 5 p.m., P.O. Box 240, Telephone 709.

NOTICE.

Our Travelling Representative, MR. ERNEST MANSFIELD, will visit the WELLINGTON, TARANAKI, and HAWKE'S BAY Districts. MR. MANSFIELD is the only travelling agent authorised to receive moneys on our behalf.

THE FAIR PLAY NEWSPAPER COMPANY, LIMITED.

Fair Play

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1893.

STOUT—& BITTERS.

A SELF constituted demi-god for many years in Dunedin, Sir Robert Stout has now deigned to cast the light of his countenance upon the citizens of Wellington where, according to common rumour, he is in future to permanently reside. Whether it be that the Stout Fetish knows

he is an effete and exploded Mumbo Jumbo with the Southerners, who refuse him any further political bread-fruit in the shape of votes, or whether it is that he is determined to "knock out" all comers in the prize-ring of the local courts and pose as Wellington's own Buzfuz we do not know, but we are confronted with the unassailable, awesome fact that he is amongst us and is a candidate to represent us in Parliament. No doubt he considers he comes, like a certain brand of pens, as "a boon and a blessing to men," but Wellington has blessings enough and to spare already. It has its wind, and its Petherick, it has a "reasonable and colourable imitation" of the electric light, it has tramcars which would be an aesthetic dream of colour to a Hottentot, it has a Destructor, and it has a fine assortment of choice stinks. We do not pine for more blessings; indeed, we fully believe we could manage to drag out a weary, sad existence without even Sir Oracle Stout. He, no doubt, considers he is one of our necessities, our own "long felt want," and, incidentally, he considers that we ought, every man and woman of us, to rush frantically to the poll and vote for him. This latter opinion is not, he will find, very generally held in Wellington. We have got on fairly well without Sir Robert Stout for a good many years, and we can worry along until the millennium and never sicken for him as a representative. Sir Robert, we may state, has got it into his head that his own special providence (that provided for ordinary folks is not good enough for him) has selected him to guide the political destinies of New Zealand, and as a first step towards the fulfilment of his mission he wishes to be returned for the capital of the Colony. We think it would be just as well if he were to start the mission somewhere else, say in Kamtschatka or Timbuctoo. In plain language we don't want Sir Robert Stout in Wellington. We don't believe in him save as a great and glorious gaspipe, a human volcano of verbosity and claptrap—a Talker and not a Doer.

Let us examine the career of this would-be leader of the Liberal Party. Born of "poor but honest parents," as the story-books say, in the far away Shetlands, where they breed small ponies and big men, he came out to Dunedin and became a pupil teacher in a school, of which the head master was Mr. J. H. Shaw, a barrister, one well-known in Wellington by the scarcity of his briefs, and the superfluity of his small "dorgs." Young Stout "taught school" just long enough to add to his natural good opinion of himself a big dose of the dogmatism, traditional in pedagogues, the dogmatism born of being a temporary potentate, with a tawse, be-

fore a class of timid and trembling youngsters; and then he "chucked" the school for the law, which he proceeded to study with the industry which is one of his few good qualities. He burnt the midnight oil over "Chitty on Contracts" and "Addison on Torts," sucking at a chunk of almond-rock or wolfing bulls-eyes the while. He passed his exams. and commenced to practice. Then came "pole-teeks" as they called it in Dunedin in the earlier days and in the House also, with politics, a mania for rushing here, there, and everywhere, talking about the People with a capital P. No one, save Sir George Grey, has talked so much about the people as Sir Robert Stout has done, but Grey has *done* something for the people—Stout only talked about them. In the intervals of gathering in the six and eightpences, and talking of the people, with a capital P, he started a bilious, coloured, flypaper-sized "rag," called "The Echo." In this thing, which in his innermost heart he fondly believed to be a journal, he wrote a good deal about the People, and having become an Agnostic—a man who spells the name of the Almighty with a small "g"—he ladled out a lot of frothy, fusty, folly, which he labelled Freethought. He is still, by theory, supposed to be a freethinker, but in view either of old friendship, economy—or with an eye to the Presbyterian vote—he lives in Wellington with a "meenister," none other than the Rev. Mr. Ogg. Sir Robert, we may here say, is an "old hand" at electioneering and knows the value, apparently, of small points.

After a time he got place and power, also pay—good pay—as a minister of the Crown. We have looked into his political career, and shall look into it a good deal more before the election is over. For the present we find that his only great achievements were his share in handing about a million acres of land belonging to his dear People to a rickety syndicate, that he helped to borrow some millions and helped to spend them in railways that went up into wild regions and got lost and were never heard of again, and also invented a weird and wonderful measure called The Police Offences Act, which, curiously enough, seems mainly directed against the breaking of the "Sawbath," (which, by the way, Sir Robert Stout didn't invent, therefore doesn't believe in,) by such diabolical doings as harnessing horses in sight of a public road, kissing one's mother-in-law within ten yards of a house, or, if not these, some equally demoniacal crimes. That is all: only that and nothing more. All the gushy, greasy eloquence about the People resulted in virtually nothing. Not

one single legislative deed which might lessen the burdens of the people, make their lives happier, brighter, better. Not one word about sweating, not one suggestion for usefal factory legislation, nothing, absolutely nothing, did Robert Stout do for the benefit of those over whose welfare he was everlastingly saying he had so much at heart. Then came the Great Betrayal of those who had placed him in power, his great treachery to the cause of New Zealand Democracy, his acceptance of the K.C.M.G., the Cheap and Muddy Glory, the mark of servility and snobbery, the badge of the successful tufthunter and toady. Robert Stout became Sir Robert Stout, and as a democrat ceased to exist. As a sham democrat, however, he lives, seeking the people's votes to help him once again to that place and power he loves so dearly. He has evolved from his over-fertile brain several schemes for the regeneration of everything and everybody, and he is talking more than ever of the People and the vast benefit to be conferred upon them should they return him and his followers to Parliament. With his more recent parliamentary career, and with the chief planks of his much-talked of new platform; with his advocacy of that insanest of political insanity—prohibition—we shall deal at another time. He is now more than ever a potent factor for widespread political mischief and evil. We have to-day glanced briefly at his past, and next week we shall analyse the views he now sets forward, and give the public some clear idea as to the real motives, aims, and ends of the man who would pose as the "Sir Oracle," the great "I Am" of the colony, without whom nothing can go right, and who alone is fit to be politically trusted and revered.

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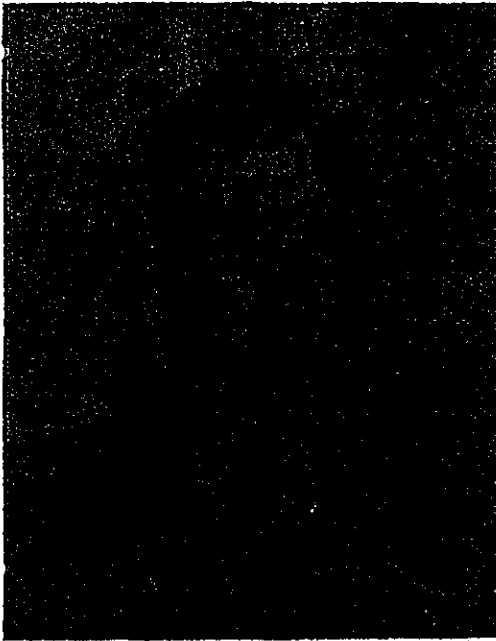
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That Bland Holt is very popular in New Zealand no one will deny who has watched the progress of his season. He commenced with splendid houses, and despite the prediction that his audiences would fall off, they have increased to that degree that the directors are contemplating erecting a swinging-gallery, sustained by iron stanchions from the roof. The idea, if feasible, is a good one and, with the addition of "punkahs," will be both ornamental and comfortable during the coming hot season.

The literary merit of the productions put on by Bland Holt are, in most cases,



BLAND HOLT.

open to severe criticism, but they are so gorgeously mounted and ably interpreted, that the auditor forgets to criticise and is lost in admiration of the *tout ensemble*.

Take for instance "A Million of Money" deprive it of its magnificent scenic effects, and put the play in the hands of an indifferent company, it would simply be "egged" in a back-block barn. But as produced at present, with its gaudy trappings, mechanical effects, and array of clever artists, it hits the public taste as light fits the eye, and, as compared with other productions, is as the blonde-haired snow to the dark-eyed mud.

"The Sailors Knot," when viewed in a coldly critical manner, is a wild conglomeration of anachronistic impossibilities, but when watched from the dress circle it seemed a series of intensely interesting situations and effective tableaux that increased in interest as the action of

the play went on, or until a climax was reached when every single woman in the theatre fell desperately in love with Mr. Baker as Jack Westward, and the majority of the married women contrasted him with their husbands to the latter's disadvantage.

The "Trumpet Call" showed more coherent continuity and, when not dazzled by the *mise en scene*, a general interest was taken in the unfolding of the plots. Miss Edith Blande appeared to exceptional advantage in this piece as a sensationally wicked woman with a tendency towards insanity, which showed itself principally in a fondness for low "doss" houses, and a shrieky kind of laugh which usually preceded a "back fall" or an exit.

The humorous element which runs through the various productions, like a

is cast or light comedy in the next piece, and perhaps in the following one plays something between the two. Antics of this character can only be played with a company that has been picked with the most careful discrimination. Such a company is now under Bland Holt's management.

Lack of space prevents our entering into details as to the merits of the members of the company, but suffice it to say that Bland Holt has succeeded in welding into a company a number of artists (they have their alloy) who would draw friendly audiences, even if his scenery were to get mislaid or burnt up, or something of that kind. We publish in this number pictures of both Mr. and Mrs. Bland Holt. In our next issue we will give our readers a more detailed account of the new piece "Taken from Life," which will be played to-morrow.

Morgan Barnett's reception in Wellington goes far to prove the assertion that Wellington people very often don't know a good thing when they get it. As an interpreter of Chopin, and an all-round pianist he is certainly the best that has been here for years.

Theatrical touring on "spec" in New Zealand seems hardly a paying institution, if one may judge by some of the recent disastrous adventures. The Amy Vaughan Company a short time back went "bung" up country, and a slender gentleman named Claude Hermann, advertised as the colonial double of Henry Irving, failed to impress the Feilding people sufficiently to induce them to part with their shekels, and is at present *en route* to Wellington in the capacity of a long-distance walker.

The following (says the *Musical Times*) is accredited to Dr. Hans Von Bulow:—"I greatly admire a Strauss waltz, and can see no reason why such a work, which is always artistic and is among the best things of its kind, should not be played now and then by a symphony orchestra at a serious concert. It would take the sound of much dullness out of our ears, and act as an olive acts in preparing the palate for a change of dish." If the Wellington Orchestral Society were to put the above into practice, instead of struggling with so much that is classical, they would have the thanks of many of their patrons.

Miss Nellie Stewart's reappearance in Sydney has been greeted with overflowing houses. The people on the other side seem to be just as fond of her and as glad to see her back as they were sorry to say farewell to her when she left for England.

Miss Eloise Juno with a company which includes several old favourites, Frank Cates among the number, will shortly tour New Zealand under the management of Mr. Dick Stewart.

streak of lean through a fat piece of bacon, is provided by Bland and his clever little wife. In the "Sailor's Knot" and the "Trumpet Call" they are both excellent, and in "A Million of Money" as Tom Cricklewood and Hetty Nestledown, respectively, they introduce a leaven of fun that is as appreciable as a mint julep on a hot day.

The productions and the players have been already dealt with by the local daily press, and it would seem almost superfluous for us to, at present, speak further on the subject; still, in fairness to ourselves and the company, we would like to point out one or two things. First, the versatility which Mr. Holt requires from the members of his company. A discriminating auditor will notice that in every successive production there is a complete change in the allotment of parts. The gentleman or lady who plays "heavy" one week

Colonel Boyle is to be congratulated on the success which attended the sixth programme of his recently organised Chamber Concerts, held at the Congregational School-room on Saturday last. The first work on the programme was a sonata of Greig's for violin and piano, by Mr. A. F. Hill and Mr. Tallis Trimnell, who won general admiration by the delicacy of tone and intelligence of phrasing exhibited. Mr. Hill was associated with Mr. Edger (alto) and Miss Williams in Beethoven's Trio No. 7. This work suffered at times through the instrumentalists becoming unsteady in the time, which was a pity, for, otherwise, the performance was good. The best number, undoubtedly, was the *andante*, which was played with much feeling, almost rendering justice to the *maestro*. Mrs. Burns, of Christchurch, sang Kjerulf's "Sing Song" and Tosti's "Ti Rapirei." In the latter she displayed accuracy of tune and regard for expression, seldom noticeable in amateurs. Mr. Day, another new-comer, who possesses a pleasant baritone voice, sang Mascheroni's "Mia Vita" in good style. Mr. R. Parker played Three Mazurkas by Chopin and Schubert's "Clavier Strucke" in E flat. The effect of these solos was marred by the instrument being out of tune. Three glees, sung by members of the Liedertafel under Mr. Parker's direction, evidently lacked rehearsal, and were given in a very loose fashion, without expression, time, or tune. If glees are to be sung at concerts such as this series purport to be, let them be studied and rehearsed thoroughly, for good part singing can only be acquired by careful practice.

Old Dick Stewart seems to have experienced a succession of bad luck lately. He acted as stage-manger for Miss Eloise Juno, who opened at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne lately. The show only lasted for a week and then the theatre had to close its doors.

Myra Kemble's Company will follow Bland Holt's at the Opera House, Wellington.

The Cogill Brothers are still working southwards, but are not meeting with the success that they had in Wellington.

The Palmer-Beaumont Concert Company, a combination, under the pilotage of Mr. Phil Stuart, of Melbourne, will give a series of concerts in the Opera House at the termination of Bland Holt's season. New Zealanders will be pleased to hear Armes Beaumont again, and, as judging from Auckland reports, his voice is still in good condition, colour is given to the rumour that through some occult means he has possessed himself of a few dozen bottles of the elixir of life, and will go on through succeeding centuries singing as melodiously as he has during many past—well, we'll put it decades.

Harry Rickards, who has been very successful at the Tivoli Theatre, has taken a lease of the Alhambra.

It is a question in musical circles why the management of many of the local societies send abroad for their singers? Surely, with the time at command, there are artists in our midst who could take the parts of any composition the societies choose. If not, why choose music above the heads of members? Why not be satisfied with less ambitious themes? Wellington is not less artistic than the other musical centres in the Colony.

Messrs. Williamson and Musgrove's Italian Opera Company are playing to good houses at the Theatre Royal, Adelaide. After leaving there they will play two nights in Ballarat and then go on to Sydney, where they will play a six weeks season at the Lyceum.

Frank Clark, with Whitburn, Shine, and Emerson, are still playing at the Melbourne Opera House to from fair to middling audiences.

A musical era has set in, and Wellington is enjoying a surfeit of cacophony. From the "Sixpenny Pops," now moribund, with their tenor and baritone contests and the often wearisome attempts by amateurish aspirants to musical fame, to the well-balanced and delicately interpreted Kammer Musik or Chamber Concerts is a far cry, but that we must expect and endure. A great majority evidently prefer the class and style of the music as discoursed at those delightfully heterogenous assemblages, which cost but a "tanner" to patronise. "Well, you pays your money and you takes your choice."

The Harmonic Society recently gave a performance of the "Martyr of Antioch" to a large audience, composed of subscribers only; the work being, undoubtedly, a *chef d'œuvre* of delightful melody and musical skill. From the opening bar to the final chord, however, insufficient rehearsal was written in large letters. No effort of either vocalist or



MRS BLAND HOLT.

Arnold and Frank Thornton have been playing at the Bijou Theatre, Melbourne, to rather indifferent audiences. They have decided to divide the company so as to work both Sydney and Melbourne. Thornton will go to Sydney with his own pieces, "Private Secretary," "Sweet Lavender," &c., and Arnold will stay on in Melbourne.

Brough and Boucicault are doing good business at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne; they opened with the Amazons.

Mr. Gunter, who acted as pianist for the Albus when they were here some time back, has, in conjunction with Mr. Arthur Lovell, established a school of music in Palmerston North

instrumentalist could disguise the fact that a great want of combined practice was evident. The Harmonic Society, in itself, was fairly familiar with the music and the *motif* of the composer, but it was easy to detect a want of ease and familiarity in the ranks of the Orchestral Society who assisted.

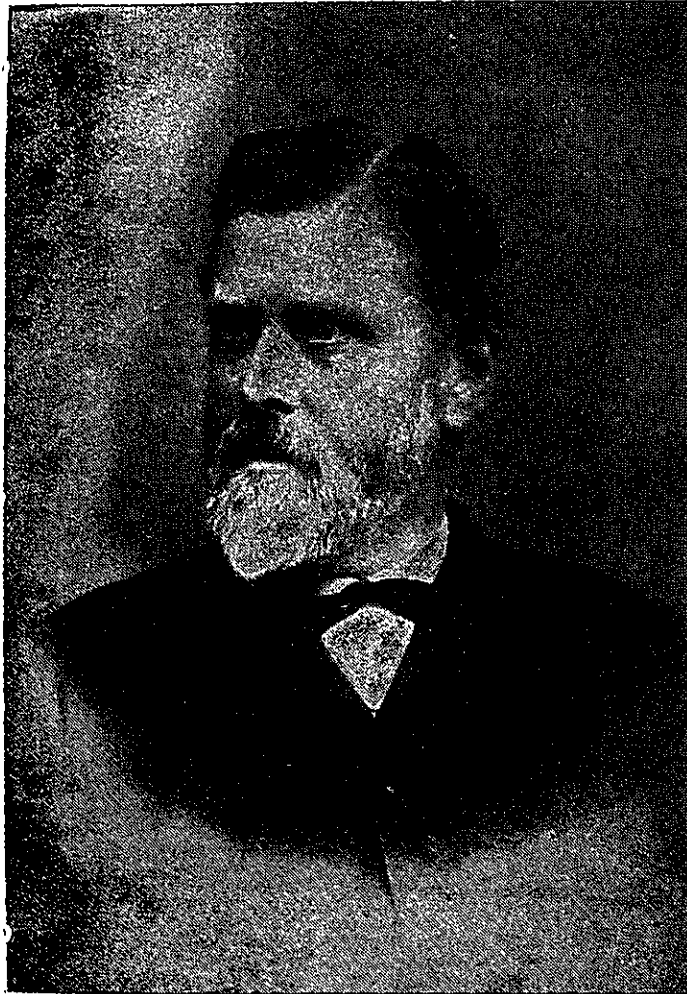
Miss Georgie Smithson, well-known in New Zealand, has been engaged for the pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne.

The Pollard Juvenile Opera Company will appear at the Theatre Royal, Adelaide, during the Christmas holidays. "The Forty Thieves" will be staged.

OUR CANDIDATES. POLITICAL PARS.

Mr. John Duthie.

Mr. John Duthie, whose portrait we give to-day, comes from "the land of the brown heath and shaggy wood, land of the mountain and the flood." If anyone doubts the fact let him listen to John Duthie for a few minutes, and the strong Doric accent of the speaker will tell its own tale. Mr. Duthie came out to the Colony while yet a young man and settled in Wanganui where he built up a fine business, now carried on by Messrs. James Thain and Co. Hardheaded as his own nails, he made money, and what is more, used it to such good purpose that a few years ago he was able to come down to the Empire City and boldly enter into competition with big firms who at first, perhaps, laughed at the presumption of "the man from Wanganui" daring to tackle them on their own ground. They soon found out, however, that this hard-headed, shrewd Scot was no mean match for the best of them, and as years have passed by they have had the very best—or worst they may say—of reasons for wishing he had stopped in Wanganui. Mr. Duthie is a local and a colonial politician as well as being the head of a gigantic commercial enterprise. As Mayor of Wellington he displayed the utmost liberality, for meanness is a complete stranger to him, and on the Harbour Board and in several other public capacities, he has done good service to the city. Always a keen politician he was once a Liberal of the Balance stamp, but finally abjured that faith and became a supporter of Mr. Bryce, and Sir Harry Atkinson. In politics he is as honest as in business, and as popular in the House as he is at the Wellington Club, on the bowling green, or at a social gathering of his employees. He hates humbug and claptrap, and speaks out what is uppermost in his mind, regardless of consequences. As a straightforward, clear-headed, honest business man, as an unselfish and patriotic politician, and above all as a generous-hearted and thoroughly good citizen of the best stamp, Mr. Duthie enjoys a wide popularity which is well deserved and is not likely to depart from him.



MR. JOHN DUTHIE,

We wonder what sort of a comment Henry George would make on Sir Robert Stout's assertion, that "Single Tax means confiscation and robbery."

It is amusing to tackle Dick Seddon about the political position. He laughs, puffs his big cigar—(Dick's cigar bill must be a big item in the year's exes)—tugs at his beard and says, "we shall see what we shall see." At present Dick is as mysterious and impenetrable as to his platform as the Sphinx.

He has some big cards up his sleeve, you can bet your last Colonial Robert, and the man who's trying to undermine him is a long way out in his reckoning if he thinks he has "got him done," as sporting men say.

Is Mr. Thomas Dwan's candidature for Wellington in reality a huge joke? or is it actually to be taken all in seriousness? Mr. Dwan has acquired a reputation

somewhat similar to that of Yorick, as being a man of "infinite jest," but surely Parliament is not a free-for-all tourney in which the combatants tilt under Gilbertian rules to afford a three months burlesque entertainment to the tax-payers.

But taking the matter *au sérieux*, is the Editor a fit candidate in his own and in the public interest for Parliament? We say: decidedly no. He steps down from his position as a fair un-biassed political critic the minute he takes his seat in the House. He must not offend the member for "bak-blox" or he will find a doughty opponent to the very measure, he brings forward. If he becomes an out-and-out party man he finds that most of his literary work will consist of glossing over and defending the blunders of his leaders. If he attempts to pass as an independant both sides will combine to boycott him. If he defends his own position in his own columns, both press and public will

speak of his journal, as a mere twopenny Hansard recording the speeches and attitude of its Editor. But apart from the after effects of a successful election, there are other features in the candidature of Mr Dwan which bring us back to the humorous view of the question. Some of the planks in the platform set forth by him at the rink would give the impression that if elected he intended to legislate in the interests of the millenium. As the New Zealand Parliament is and has been intensely human in its make-up, Mr. Dwan would find himself in a hopeless minority of one, and his vote would scarcely advance our civilization with any marvellous degree of rapidity. On the whole the fourth estate cannot afford either to lose or see the genial Editor manacled, and our advice to Mr. Dwan is to stick to the position of censor and not enter the lists.

SIGNED ARTICLES

In introducing a feature of this character, the promoters of FAIR PLAY desire to show their genuineness of purpose to the public. The columns under this heading are thrown open to the public, and although the Editor may not in all cases agree with the writer, an opportunity is hereby offered for a fair expression of opinion from an outer source, even though it be in direct contradiction to the policy pursued by the journal.

BANKS, BUSINESS, AND SAFETY.

BY T. KENNEDY MACDONALD.

The terrible collapse which has recently fallen upon the business communities of New South Wales and Victoria, contains object lessons of the greatest value to the people of New Zealand. When the circulation of money is abundant we see great commercial activity, industries flourishing, a rise in prices, and what is popularly known as "good times." The merchant finds no difficulty in obtaining an overdraft from his banker or the money discount of his customer's promissory notes. Each year sees his business growing larger and his demands for bank capital growing in equal proportion. It never occurs to him upon what a bed of sand the whole financial fabric rests. Suddenly the money market in London becomes unsettled. It may be the collapse of a great house like Overend, Gurney, and Co., or the Barings, produces a wholesale panic, or the contemplated change of financial policy in connection with the silver question, as in America, suddenly frightens the banking fraternity. The latter desire to strengthen themselves, the cable is set to work, and the whole civilized world is at once acquainted with the fact that bad times are coming.

The colonial banker in his turn puts on the screw; but a month before he was all smiles. He did not wish to have any reserve lying idle. The whole capital of the Bank was to be freely employed; suave and polite he urged his customer to renewed exertion in order to more fully employ the Bank capital. The scene is changed. The overdraft must be paid up. The discount account must be reduced. No new accounts requiring the employment of the bank capital will be opened.

The banker is not so much to blame. His own safety and that of his particular joint stock institution is the first consideration. If necessary he must break a thousand promises, no matter how much misery it may cause, to secure that end. That is the banker's gospel. He is merely the representative of an abominably vicious system of finance. That system believes in securing the largest amount possible of other people's money on deposit at the lowest possible rates of interest, lending it out to others at the highest rates, and trusting to luck to pull through if the deposits are called for.

And how wonderfully luck helps the banker sometimes. Look at the run which set in on the Auckland Savings Bank the other day. Was it going to stop at the Auckland Savings Bank or was it going to extend to the other Banks? The whole of the banks together had only some 2½ millions of coined gold and silver to pay nearly sixteen millions of deposits and notes, of which some six millions were payable at call. But Providence was merciful, Parliament was in session, and the Bank-note Issue Act was rushed through in half an hour and *hey presto* every one pound bank-note was at once as good as a coined golden sovereign.

But what about the unfortunate trader? No accommodating Colonial Treasurer or Parliament steps in to guarantee his little bits of paper. If his customers can't pay the bill they have given for goods purchased in good faith, unless the trader has outside resources from which he can obtain new capital, heaven help him. The very accommodation pressed upon him in the time of the banks plethora of cash, and through which he enlarged his business, has fixed his ruin. Every merchant contracts large liabilities in the purchase of goods. He can only meet those liabilities by the discount of the bills of those to whom he has sold the goods. The moment the banks fail to perform this commercial operation for him disaster ensues.

To-day, in New Zealand, the Banks have failed in their duty to the mercantile public. Granted many exceptional advantages, by special Acts of Parliament, they have ceased to perform efficiently the

duty of dealing properly with the moneys of the community. The general public have advanced to them some 4½ millions without interest, and about 10 millions at interest, and have taken over a million of their notes as equal to coined gold. As a return for this measure of confidence they have lent to the mercantile community some 2½ millions in the discount of promissory notes. In ten years they have reduced the discount accommodation several millions, each year seeing a steady decrease. The effect of this policy has been the contraction of all business operations and the creation of a feeling of depression amongst traders of all classes, which has been most injurious to the best interests of the country.

When the mercantile men of the Colony recognise the value of cash payments and the folly of building up a large business on promises of Bank assistance, which may be withdrawn in an instant; when the general public take a lesson from history, remembering that the citizens of Venice, the greatest trading community in ancient times, never trusted a banker with their moneys but spread them abroad in many ventures by land and sea, they will cease to rely upon financial institutions as depositories for their wealth. They will look for investments amongst their friends and fellow-citizens; they will settle upon the lands of the Colony; they will assist to create industries which in turn will create others and, the one resting upon the other, help to build up a happy and prosperous community whose watchwords will be Faith, Hope, and Progress.

T. Kennedy Macdonald

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At a meeting of the City Rifles on Monday evening, Lieutenant Duthie, of the Wellington Rifles, was unanimously elected to fill the vacant lieutenantcy in the first mentioned corps. It was decided at the meeting to adhere to the uniform used at present, and to have the suits prepared from goods made in the colony.

The vital statistics for the month of October for Wellington are suggestive of a considerable increase in population at the taking of the next census. There have been 97 births, 85 deaths, and 82 marriages.

Wellington has fewer publichouses in proportion to its population than any other town in New Zealand. As near as possible the figures are one hotel to 517 people.

According to the returns of 1892 there were 1481 licenses granted that year, and £80,299 was paid to local bodies for licensing fees. Many of our municipalities could ill afford a loss of this revenue.

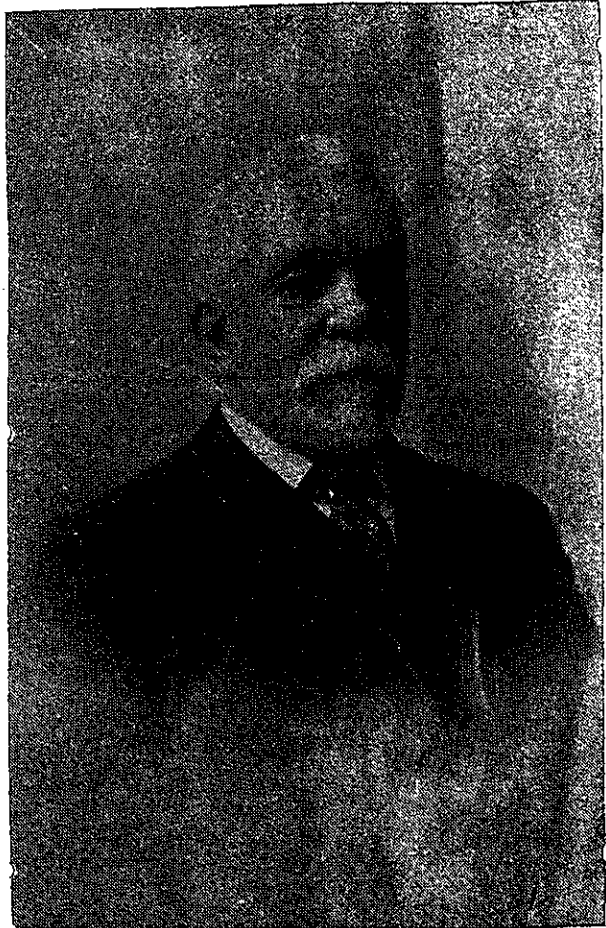
In accordance with the request of several of the inmates of the Ohiro Benevolent Home, an inquiry is to be made into the way in which it is conducted by the master, Mr. McCleary. The Rev. H. Van Staveren, chairman of the Benevolent Trustees, suggested, and the suggestion was approved of, that representatives of the press should be present at the enquiry. The trustees have done a great deal of good in Wellington, and their invitation to the press to be present during the enquiry is quite in harmony with their past policy of letting the people know how their charity is administered.

The first cutter races of the Petone Navals were held last Saturday, and were most satisfactory in every way. The Government boat, "Ellen Ballance," which had been placed at the disposal of Lieutenant-Commander Davy, conveyed a number of visitors and members of the Wellington and Petone Naval Corps to Petone. She left the wharf at 2 o'clock, and her passengers, freed from the heat and dust of the city, thoroughly enjoyed the first instalment of a very pleasant afternoon, in the trip down.

The "Ballance" towed two of the cutters down, and shortly after arrival the different crews put in an appearance and manned the boats. Three crews competed, each cutter bearing a small flag in the bow of red, white or blue silk. The course was from a point about half a mile below the wharf, past it, around a buoy about half a mile above it, and back to the pier. The "Ballance" followed the boats. Before starting the "whites" were the favourites with the "blues" second. After some little delay a good start was made, and then it was shortly seen that the "reds," who had hardly been thought of as winners, were the best crew; they pulled a longer and a stronger stroke, which told in the last stages of the race. They finished nearly ten lengths ahead of the two other boats,

ment that the New South Wales riflemen intend to prevent the Cup coming to New Zealand at all hazards. There was no serious objection raised at last year's meeting, and there should have been none at this year's, as the conditions were similar in every way. Mr. Kirk, who was with the team, has not yet returned from Australia, but when he does, which will be in a day or two, we shall be able to get at the details of the matter, and form a fairer judgment than at present. It is stated that before the match was fired off the Petone team enquired whether any objections against them entering for it would be lodged, and received a negative reply.

Considerable interest is being taken in the rifle shooting matches to be held at



T. TALLIS TRIMNELL. MUS. BAC.

(For Letterpress See Page 19.)

who came in with scarcely a length between them. After the race an adjournment was made to the shed, and refreshments served to the visitors and men. Several brief speeches were made, and the day's outing ended with a very pleasant trip back to the city. Lieutenant Davy is to be complimented on the really fine body of men under his command.

There has been considerable feeling in shooting circles over the disqualification of the Petone rifle team, and there seems to be a good deal of truth in the state-

Greytown on the Prince of Wales' Birthday, and the following team has been selected to represent the City Rifles:— Captain Collins, Colour-Sergt. Davis, Sergt. Madley, Corporals Jackson, Guise, and Harris, Privates Luke, Elliott, Henn, and Dixon. The members of the team will leave town on the evening before the match.

Mr. Walter Haybittle, of Messrs. E. H. Little and Co., was married by the Rev. T. H. Sprott, on Wednesday afternoon at

St. Peter's Church, to Miss Amy Begg, daughter of the late Alexander Begg, of Dunedin. The Misses Mary and May Begg acted as bridesmaids and Messrs. W. H. Haybittle, of Palmerston North, and J. D. Barnett, officiated as groomsmen. The bride looked very charming in a white merveilleux dress and orange blossoms. The happy couple will spend their honeymoon in Nelson, and after a fortnight's absence will return to Wellington, where they will reside permanently.

That a general depression in every branch of business exists in Wellington is an undeniable fact, despite the febrile excitement always attendant upon a general election. We have it on good authority that one well-known local legal firm was lately unable to pay more than half salaries temporarily on account of bad times. When in a town like Wellington lawyers can find no work, either the millennium or a volcanic financial crash must be on the way.

They have a happy way of conducting papers in Wanganui that reflects great credit on the ingenuity of the proprietors. There are two daily papers published in that city, one in the morning and the other in the evening. The morning paper (*The Chronicle*) is a conservative organ, and favours the Opposition, while the evening paper (*The Herald*) is a liberal, and a strong supporter of the Government. Both, as a rule, refer in their leading columns to one another as "Our misguided Contemporary." Some few days or nights ago, just as the *Chronicle* was about to go to press, a most serious accident happened; the last *forme*, containing the leader, which embodied a severe attack on the *Herald* and its policy, and several bitter partisan "pars," was dropped while being carried to the machine, and the whole contents "pyed." The poor "sub" tore his hair in agony, and frantic with despair, sounded the fire alarm, and dispatched three messengers for the manager. That gentleman appeared on the scene shortly afterwards, and having relieved his feelings by a few curt but lurid sentences, remarked that the paper would have to come out at all hazards. It only took him two or three minutes to make make up his mind, then a messenger was despatched to the opposition paper, explaining the catastrophe, and asking for the loan of their *forme*. The Napoleonic manager knocked out the *Herald* "leader," filled the space with a "stereo" article on the "Eastern Question," substituted for a six-line "par" satirising the *Chronicle*, an apology for the inferior appearance of the paper, owing to its having been obliged to rely on the professional courtesy of its contemporary, and went home contented. It is incidents of this character that show to the world that no matter what happens, the average New Zealand journalist has no intention of being "left."

The late Mr. Samuel Powell.

Mr. Samuel Powell (New Zealand's premier starter) died Sunday, October 22, aged 43 years. We publish his picture in this issue. Mr. Powell was a Victorian by birth, and first landed in Dunedin in 1862, when quite a lad. From there he went to Nelson, and entered the service of Mr. Henry Redwood. He then commenced training on his own account in Christchurch, but owing to his health he sought a needed change, and purchased Flemington Lodge, Wanganui, which place has ever since been his home. A cordial welcome was always extended to his many visitors at his picturesque residence on the Wanganui River. He had a splendid training track on his grounds, and oftentimes the "sports" assembled there to witness the trial of some of Mr. Joseph Paul's horses, with whose preparation the deceased was entrusted. He trained Speculation, the winner of the Wanganui Cup in 1885, amongst many other successes. Nearly all of the principal Clubs in the Colony secured the services of Mr. Powell as starter, and success so invariably crowned his efforts, that the appellation of "premier starter" was always coupled with his name. The late Mr. Powell had the rare quality of enforcing obedience to his flag and commanding respect at the same time, as every jockey could testify whilst he lived, and this was proved at his funeral, which took place in Wanganui on the 24th October, attended by fully 400 persons of every grade of society. The deceased gentleman was a good all round sportsman and athlete. The day previous to his death there was witnessed the best meeting ever held by the Wanganui Gun Club, whose present efficiency the late sportsman did so much to bring about. On the Thursday and Friday previous to his death he officiated as starter for the Wanganui Jockey Club, but on the last day he complained of being unwell. In his domestic relations he was a man of kindly heart and disposition, and his friends were many, all over the Colony. He leaves a widow and eight children to mourn the loss of a loving husband and father, and towards them universal sympathy has been expressed. Mr. Powell was apparently in the best of health on Sunday morning, and told his wife that he felt better than he had done for a long time. He was taken very ill the same afternoon, and as his wife was attending him he looked up to her and said, "It's past four o'clock," and expired. He leaves a gap in sporting circles that will be hard to fill, and a void in a widow's heart that time alone will soothe.

Mr. Tallis Trimnell.

We publish in this issue a picture of Mr. Tallis Trimnell, one of our popular local musicians. Mr. Trimnell is an adopted citizen of New Zealand, who comes originally from England. As a boy he developed a strong taste for music, and received primarily that tuition in sacred and classical music by means of which the Church has given to the world many a welcome artist. Some years ago he came to New Zealand from Chesterfield, and settled in Auckland, where, for a long time, he officiated as organist at the Cathedral. About four years ago he removed to Wellington, where he has since resided, and is now acting as organist at St. Peter's. Apart from his ability as a composer of sacred music, and as an exceptionally fine organist, Mr. Trimnell is an accomplished pianist, and perhaps one of the best local interpreters of Chopin we possess. He has a large following of pupils, and has made himself deservedly popular in Wellington through his efforts to educate the people up to an appreciation of really good music. Mr. Trimnell was mainly instrumental in bringing about the series of "Chamber Concerts," which have met with the unqualified approval of the music-loving public of Wellington.

FAIR PLAYERS

SHOULD ENDEAVOUR
TO GET THE

FAIR PLAY

Electoral

Prizes.

MELISSA'S TOUR.

By GRANT ALLEN.

L



I glanced over her shoulder and followed her pen as she wrote.

Lucy looked across the table at me with a face of blank horror. "Oh, Vernon," she cried, "what are we ever to do? And an American at that! This is just too ghastly!"

I laid down my coffee cup and glanced back at her in surprise. "Why, what's up?" I exclaimed, scanning the envelope closely. "A letter from Oxford, surely, Mrs. Wade, of Christ Church—I thought I knew the hand. And she's not an American."

"Well, look for yourself!" Lucy cried, and tossed the note to me, pouting. I took it, and read. I'm aware that I have the misfortune to be only a man, but it really didn't strike me as quite so terrible.

"DEAR MRS. HANCOCK—George has just heard that your husband and you are going for a trip to New York this summer. Could you manage to do us a very great kindness? I hope you won't mind it. We have an American friend—a Miss Easterbrook, of Kansas City—niece of Professor Asa P. Easterbrook, the well known Yale geologist, who very much wishes to find an escort across the Atlantic. If you would be so good as to take charge of her and deliver her safely to Dr. Horace Easterbrook, of Hoboken, on your arrival in the states, you would do a good turn to her and at the same time confer an eternal favor on yours very truly,
EMILY WADE."

Lucy folded her hands in melodramatic despair. "Kansas City!" she exclaimed

with a shudder of horror. "And Asa P. Easterbrook! A geologist, indeed! That horrid Mrs. Wade! She just did it on purpose!"

"It seems to me," I put in regarding the letter closely, "she did it merely because she was asked to find a chaperon for the girl, and she wrote the very shortest possible note, in a perfunctory way, to the very first acquaintance she chanced to hear of who was going to America."

"Vernon!" my wife exclaimed, with a very decided air, "you men are such simpletons! You credit everybody always with the best and purest motives. But you're utterly wrong. I can see through that woman. The hateful, hateful wretch! She did it to spite me! Oh, my poor, poor boy; my dear, guileless Bernard?"

Bernard, I may mention, is our eldest son, aged just twenty-four, and a Cambridge graduate. He's a tutor at King's, and though he's a dear, good fellow and a splendid longstop I couldn't myself conscientiously say I regard guilelessness as quite his most marked characteristic.

"What are you doing?" I asked as Lucy sat down with a resolutely determined air at her writing table in the corner.

"Doing?" my wife replied, with some asperity in her tone. "Why, answering that hateful, detestable woman!"

I glanced over her shoulder and followed her pen as she wrote:

"MY DEAR MRS. WADE—It was indeed a delight to us to see your neat little handwriting again. Nothing would give us greater pleasure, I'm sure, than to take charge of your friend, who, I'm confident, we shall find a most charming companion. Bernard will be with us, so she won't feel it dull, I trust. We hope to have a very delightful trip, and your happy thought in providing us with a traveling companion will add, no doubt, to all our enjoyment—especially Bernard's. We both join in very kindest regards to Mr. Wade and yourself, and I am ever yours most cordially,
"LUCY B. HANCOCK."

My wife fastened down the envelope with a very crushing air. "There, that ought to do for her," she said, glancing up at me triumphantly. "I should think she could see from that, if she's not as blind as an owl, I've observed her atrocious designs upon Bernard and mean to checkmate them. If, after such a letter, she has the cheek to send us her Yankee girl to chaperon, I shall consider her lost to all sense of shame and all notions of decency. But she won't, of course. She'll withdraw her unobtrusively." And Lucy flung the peccant sheet that had roused all this wrath on to the back of the fireplace with offended dignity.

She was wrong however. By next evening's post a second letter arrived, more discomposing, if possible, to her nerves than the first one.

"Mrs. Lucy B. Hancock, London:

"DEAR MADAM—I learn from my friend Mrs. Wade, of Oxford college, that you are going to be kind enough to take charge

of me across the ocean. I thank you for your courtesy and will gladly accept your friendly offer. If you will let me know by what steamer you start I will register my passage right away in Liverpool. Also, if you will be good enough to tell me from what depot you leave London, and by what train, I will go along with you in the cars. I'm unused to travel alone. Respectfully,

"MELISSA P. EASTERBROOK."

Lucy gazed at it in despair. "A creature like that!" she cried, all horror-struck. "Oh, my poor, dear Bernard! The ocean, she says! Go along with you in the cars! Melissa P. Easterbrook!"

"Perhaps," I said tentatively, "she may be better than her name. And at any rate, Bernard's not bound to marry her!"

Lucy darted at me profound volumes of mute feminine contempt. "The girl's pretty," she said at last, after a long, deep pause, during which I had been made to realize to the full my own utter moral and intellectual nothingness. "You may be sure she's pretty. Mrs. Wade wouldn't have foisted her upon us if she wasn't pretty, but unspeakable. It's a vile plot on her part to destroy my peace of mind. You won't believe it, Vernon; but I know that woman. And what does the girl mean by signing herself 'Respectfully,' I wonder?"

"It's the American way," I ventured gently to interpose.

"So I gather," my wife answered, with a profound accent of contempt. To her anything that isn't done in the purest English way stands, ipso facto, self condemned immediately.

A day or two later a second letter arrived from Miss Easterbrook, in reply to one of Lucy's suggesting a rendezvous. I confess it drew up in my mind a somewhat painful picture. I began to believe my wife's fears were in some ways well grounded.

"Mrs. Lucy B. Hancock, London," (as before).

"DEAR MADAM—I thank you for yours and will meet you on the day and hour you mention at St. Pancras depot. You will know me when you see me, because I shall wear a dove colored dress, with bonnet to match, and a pair of gray spectacles. Respectfully,

"MELISSA P. EASTERBROOK."

I laid it down and sighed. "A New England schoolmarm!" I exclaimed with a groan. "It sounds rather terrible. A dove colored dress and a pair of gray spectacles! I fancy I can picture her to myself—a tall and bony person of a certain age, with corkscrew curls, who reads improving books and has views of her own about the fulfillment of prophecy."

But as my spirits went down, so Lucy's went up, like the old man and woman in the cottage weather glass. "That looks more promising," she said. "The spectacles are good. Perhaps after all dear Bernard may escape. I don't think he's at all the sort of person to be taken with a dove colored bonnet."

For some days after Bernard came

home from Cambridge we chaffed a good deal among ourselves about Miss Melissa Easterbrook. Bernard took quite my view about the spectacles and dress. He even drew on an envelope a fancy portrait of Miss Easterbrook, as he said himself, "from documentary evidence." It represented a typical schoolmarm of the most virulent order, and was calculated to strike terror into the receptive mind of ingenuous youth on simple inspection.

At last the day came when we were to go to Liverpool. We arrived at St. Pancras in very good time, and looked about on the platform for a tall and hardfaced person of transatlantic aspect, arrayed in a dove colored dress and a pair of gray spectacles. But we looked in vain; nobody about seemed to answer to the description. At last Bernard turned to my wife with a curious smile: "I think I've spotted her mother," he said, waving his hand vaguely to the right. "That lady over yonder—by the door of the refreshment room. Don't you see? That must be Melissa." For we knew her only as Melissa already among ourselves; it had been raised to the mild rank of a family witticism.

I looked in the direction he suggested and paused for certainty. There, irresolute by the door and gazing about her timidly with inquiring eyes, stood the prettiest, tiniest, most shrinking little western girl you ever saw in your life—attired, as she said, in a dove colored dress, with bonnet to match, and a pair of gray spectacles. But oh, what a dove colored dress! Walter Crane might have designed it—one of those perfect traveling costumes of which the American girl seems to possess a monopoly; and the spectacles—well, the spectacles, though undoubtedly real, added just a touch of piquancy to an otherwise almost painfully timid and retiring little figure. The moment I set eyes on Melissa Easterbrook, I will candidly admit, I was her captive at once; and even Lucy, as she looked at her, relaxed her face involuntarily into a sympathetic smile. As a rule, Lucy might pose as a perfect model of the British matron in her ampler and maturer years—"calmly terrible," as an American observer once described the genus; but at sight of Melissa she melted without a struggle. "Poor, wee little thing, how pretty she is!" she exclaimed with a start. You will readily admit that was a great deal, from Lucy.

Melissa came forward tentatively, a dainty blush half rising on her rather pale and delicate little cheek. "Mrs. Hancock?" she said in an inquiring tone, with just the faintest suspicion of an American accent in her musical, small voice. Lucy took her hand cordially. "I was sure it was you, ma'am," Melissa went on with pretty confidence, looking up into her face, "because Mrs. Wade told me you'd be as kind to me as a mother, and the moment I saw you I just said to myself, 'That must be Mrs. Hancock, she's so sweetly motherly.' How good of you to burden yourself with a stranger like me! I hope indeed I

won't be too much trouble."

That was the beginning. I may as well say, first as last, we were all of us taken by storm "right away" by Melissa. Lucy herself struck her flag unconditionally before a single shot was fired, and Bernard and I, hard hit at all points, surrendered at discretion. She was the most charming little girl the human mind can conceive. Our cold English language falls, in its roughness, to describe her. She was petite, mignonne, graceful, fairylike, yet with a touch of Yankee quaintness and a delicious espièglerie that made her absolutely unique in my experience of women. We had utterly lost our hearts to her before ever we reached Liverpool; and, strange to say, I believe the one of us whose heart was most completely gone was, if only you'll believe it, that calmly terrible Lucy.

Melissa's most winning characteristic, however, as it seemed to me, was her perfect frankness. As we whirled along on our way across England she told us everything about herself, her family, her friends, her neighbors and the population of Kansas City in general. Not obtrusively or egotistically—of egotism Melissa would be wholly incapable—but in a certain timid, confiding, half childlike way, as of the lost little girl, that was absolutely captivating. "Oh, no, ma'am," she said, in answer to one of Lucy's earliest questions, "I didn't come over alone. I think I'd be afraid to. I came with a whole squad of us who were doing Europe. A prominent lady in Kansas City took charge of the whole lot. And I got as far as Rome with them, through Germany and Switzerland, and then my money wouldn't run to it any further; so I had to go back. Traveling comes high in Europe, what with hotels and fees and having to pay to get your baggage checked. And that's how I came to want an escort."

Bernard smiled good naturedly. "Then you had only a fixed sum," he asked, "to make your European tour with?"

"That is so, sir," Melissa answered, looking up at him quizzically through those pretty gray spectacles. "I'd put away quite a little sum of my own to make this trip upon. It was my only chance of seeing Europe and improving myself a little. I knew when I started I couldn't go all the round trip with the rest of my party, but I thought I'd set out with them anyway and go ahead as long as my funds held out, and then when I was through I'd turn about and come home again."

"But you put away the money yourself?" Lucy asked, with a little start of admiring surprise.

"Yes, ma'am," Melissa answered sagely. "I know it. I saved it."

"From your allowance?" Lucy suggested from the restricted horizon of her English point of view.

Melissa laughed a merry little laugh of amusement. "Oh, no," she said: "from my salary."

"From your salary?" Bernard put in, looking down at her with an inquiring glance.

"Yes, sir; that's it," Melissa answered, all unabashed. "You see, for four years I was a clerk in the postoffice." She pronounced it "clurk," but that's a detail.

"Oh, indeed!" Bernard echoed. He was burning to know how, I could see, but politeness forbade him to press Melissa on so delicate a point any farther.

Melissa, however, herself supplied at once the missing information. "My father was postmaster in our city," she said simply, "under the last administration—President Blanco's, you know—and he made me one of his clerks of course when he'd gotten the place, and as long as the fun went on I saved all my salary for a tour in Europe."

"And at the end of four years?" Lucy said.

"Our party went out," Melissa put in confidentially. "So when the trouble began my father was dismissed, and I had just enough left to take me as far as Rome, as I told you."

I was obliged to explain parenthetically, to allay Lucy's wonderment, that in America the whole personnel of every local government office changes almost completely with each incoming president.

"That's so, sir," Melissa assented, with a wise little nod. "And as I didn't think it likely our folks would get in again in a hurry—the country's had enough of us—I just thought I'd make the best of my money when I'd got it."

"And you used it all up in giving yourself a holiday in Europe?" Lucy exclaimed, half reproachfully. To her economic British mind such an expenditure of capital seemed horribly wasteful.

"Yes, ma'am," Melissa answered, all unconscious of the faint disapproval implied in Lucy's tone. "You see, I'd never been anywhere much away from Kansas City before; and I thought this was a special opportunity to go abroad and visit the picture galleries and cathedrals of Europe, and enlarge my mind and get a little culture. To us a glimpse of Europe's an intellectual necessary."

"Oh, then, you regarded your visit as largely educational?" Bernard put in with increasing interest. Though he's a fellow and tutor of King's, I will readily admit that Bernard's personal tastes lie rather in the direction of rowing and football than of general culture; but still, the American girl's point of view decidedly attracted him by its novelty in a woman.

[To conclude next week.]

* COOK AND OAKLEY, *

TAILORS,

—→ HBBT MKERS, & C., ←

LAMBTON QUAY, NORTH,

WELLINGTON.

Near Government House.

SPORTS GAMES & PASTIMES

Mr. Thomas Ellison.

In choosing from the athletic world an initial illustration for our athletic column, we could hardly have pitched upon a better subject than Mr. Thomas Ellison. As a bicyclist, oarsman, cricketer, and, more than all, captain of the football team whose victories in New South Wales and Queensland placed our footballers in the premier position in Australasia, he is well and favourably known throughout New Zealand. Mr. Ellison is evidently a firm believer in the adage *Mens Sana in corpore Sano*; and although he works his brain steadily in the pursuit of his profession as a lawyer, the major portion of his leisure is devoted to physical exercise, so that he is almost always in a condition that in sporting parlance would be termed "fit." Strong muscles, a healthy appetite, and a clear head are marvellous aids to physical and mental happiness, and the subject of our illustration should certainly enjoy his fair share, if it is to be experienced in New Zealand.

In rowing matters, the members of the Star Rowing Club are, perhaps, more enthusiastic than usual. This is probably due to the ventilating of grievances at the last annual meeting. Having cleared the air and put the two "sides" of the Club on a good footing again, it would be as well to remind the few remaining grumblers that now they have got new blood on the Committee, it would be as well to let matters rest for awhile and encourage the new officers to carry out their duties in a way calculated to bring the Club to the front in whatever it undertakes.

It is announced that the same senior crew that represented the Star Rowing Club last year will do so this year. It is to be hoped that this is not the case, as it

means leaving better men on the skids. Such men as M'Lean, Strange, Pownall, and O'Morra must not be lost sight of. The first and last named are rowing well, and Strange, who has done good work for one of the Southern Clubs, is certainly shaping well here.

In future issues our readers will find these columns containing straight opinions of the rowing men of the City of Welling-

ton, so that they had better "sit up" when they see a critical-looking oarsman pattering about the harbour in a little cedar dingy. It is our intention to pick out the duffers and stir up the "coaches" a bit. We may overlook some points, but we will see enough to expose some of the weak spots in the passing crews. It is to be hoped that our criticisms will

be taken in good part, as our only desire is to help all to attain the legitimate goal of becoming competent scientific oarsmen.

The New Zealand Cup will be run next Tuesday, and the field will probably number about 17 starters. Response is carrying a lot of stable money, and Mr. O'Brien (the owner) has any amount of faith in the mare. Boulanger has a strong following, and is being heavily backed. Notwithstanding the present attitude of the betting market, and the various commissions about, our avourite is Prime Warden, and, barring accidents, the "Cup" should result as follows:—

Prime Warden	1
Response	2
Boulanger... ..	3

Amongst the dark horses who may prove troublesome are Pegasus and Hippomenes, and the former will be well up in the van at the finish.

A rumour has reached Wellington from Christchurch that Clan Ronald will not go to the starting post. Whether this be true or not, the future will show, but we do not think even if he starts he has a very rosy chance.

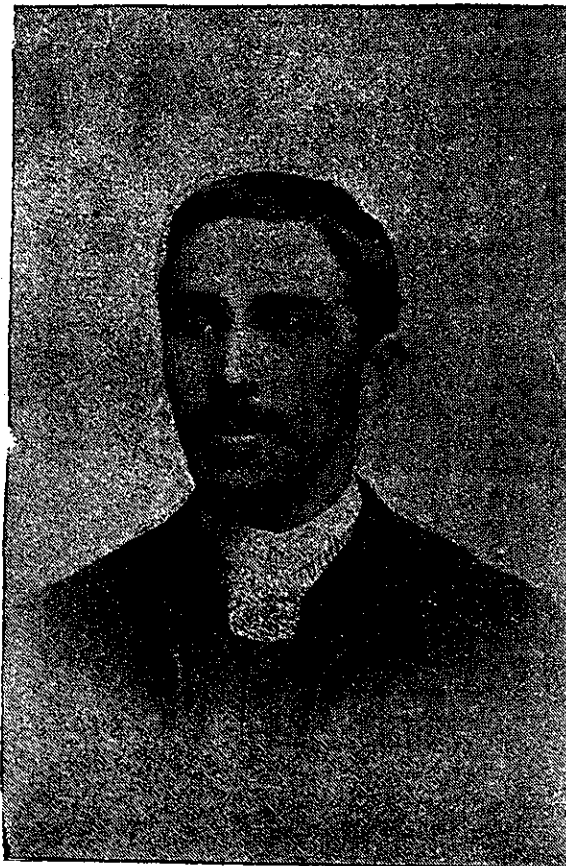
The Melbourne Cup, which is run on the same day as the New Zealand Cup is not exciting as much interest in New Zealand this year as it has done in former times

There is every evidence however of a big field starting in the great Fleming-event in Melbourne, and judging from the news received here the race should result as follows:—

Loyalty	1
Portsea	2
The Admiral	3

Sainfoin, The Jeweller, and Malvolio are liable to be troublesome though, and may upset the pot.

One of the most important events that have taken place in Wellington athletics lately, has been the formation of the local



MR. T. R. ELLISON.

Harriers Club for the promotion of long distance and cross-country running. For this Club—which, it will be admitted, is much needed if we are to have good distance men to represent us against the rest of the Colony—we have to thank Messrs. Morpeth, Nicholls, and Oswin. All the preliminary work has been done, and the Club is now in full working order carrying out its fixtures. These fixtures consist of runs of various kinds every Tuesday night, an occasional handicap and some paper-chases on Saturday afternoons. They are drawn up and printed on cards, one of which is sent to every member. The membership of the new Club is rapidly increasing, and there are almost seventy on the books already. Amongst these are to be found a goodly number of the old Beagle Club. Some of our readers will probably remember that Club. It was started by a young Englishman named Liddle, who came here some years ago, but it was never properly constituted, and when Liddle and others, who were enthusiasts, left the place, the club broke up.

A Harrier Club has been recently formed in Nelson by Mr. Levien, formerly of the Randwick Harriers, Sydney. It is to be hoped that now the example set by the capital City has been followed all the distance runners in the other towns will bestir themselves and form Harrier Clubs so that we may have some good competitions, for competition is the soul of running.

The Amateur Club has got its programme out for the December meeting. It is time the boys were getting into form for it; it is to be hoped the Club will have better luck with this meeting than they had with the last. Jupiter Pluvius was very rough on 'em on that occasion.

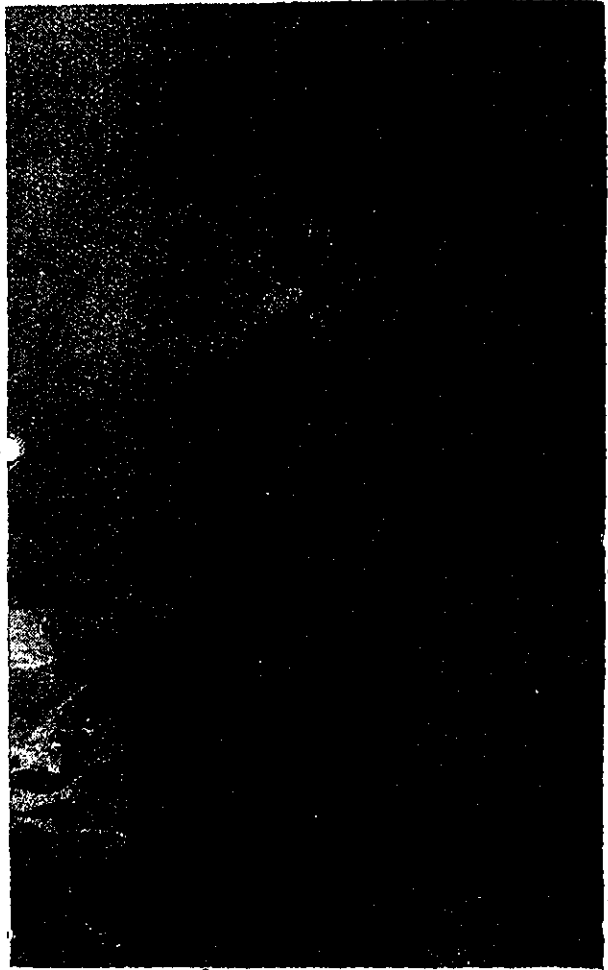
We may expect the team to represent New Zealand at the Australasian Championship Meeting, in Melbourne, to leave very shortly now. The meeting takes place on the Prince of Wales Birthday and the Saturday following. Unfortunately the New Zealand team will not be a very strong one as several of those chosen are not able to go. Gore cannot get away, neither can Beere, and now comes the news that Gurr has injured himself training and will be unable to run, so altogether our show does not seem a rosy one, especially when we consider that both Victoria and New South Wales have very good teams. It is worthy of note, however, that though they have such good

men as Dalrymple, Macpherson, Blake, McCrae, and others in the running line on the "other side"—men who hold records of 9.4-5th secs. for the 100yds., 21.2-5th secs. for the 220yds., 1min. 59secs. for the half-mile, 4min. 25secs. for the mile, and 63min. for 10 miles cross-country—yet they have no good jumpers, vaulters, or hurdlers, so that if we can send a tip-top lot in this class to Melbourne, New Zealand might yet take the Inter-colonial banner.

animal has skipped away from your control with no chance of recapture.

Stephniak, despite the rumours with reference to his having gone off, still holds his own in the forefront of the betting.

It is just possible that The Workman may make a strong showing in the New Zealand Cup; at any rate he is being consistently backed.



THE LATE Mr. SAMUEL POWELL
(PREMIER STARTER OF NEW ZEALAND).

For Letterpress see Page 19.

The disqualification Tim Swiveller, for the Caulfield Cup, turned the jubilate of the average Melbourne bookmaker into a heartfelt *miscere*. It is undoubtedly annoying after you have, in fancy, "skinned the lamb" and actually made arrangements to dispose of the various portions of his anatomy to find that, through some unforeseen accident the

As an instance of the interest taken in rowing matters at present, there are 88 clubs belonging to the New Zealand Amateur Rowing Association, and it is confidently expected that there will be a larger representation at the coming championship races than has ever been seen before

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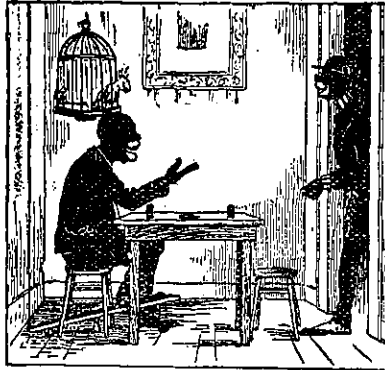
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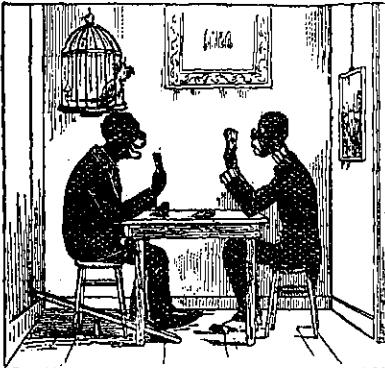
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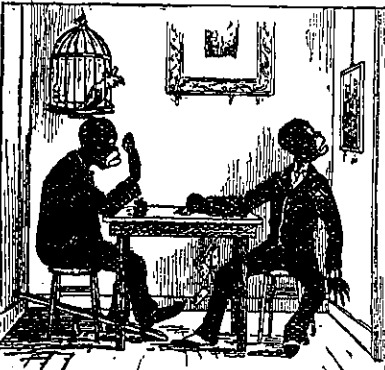
Too Much Parrot.



"Walk right in, Mr. Johnsing. Am all
 ready fo' de game."



"Yo' doan' seem to have de right kyards
 at de right time, does yer?"
 Parrot—Get on ter de mirror behind yer.



"Fo' de Lawd's sake! Ef dat ain't scan-
 lous!"



Parrot—Honesty am de best policy. See?
 —Truth.

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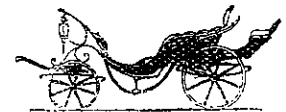
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