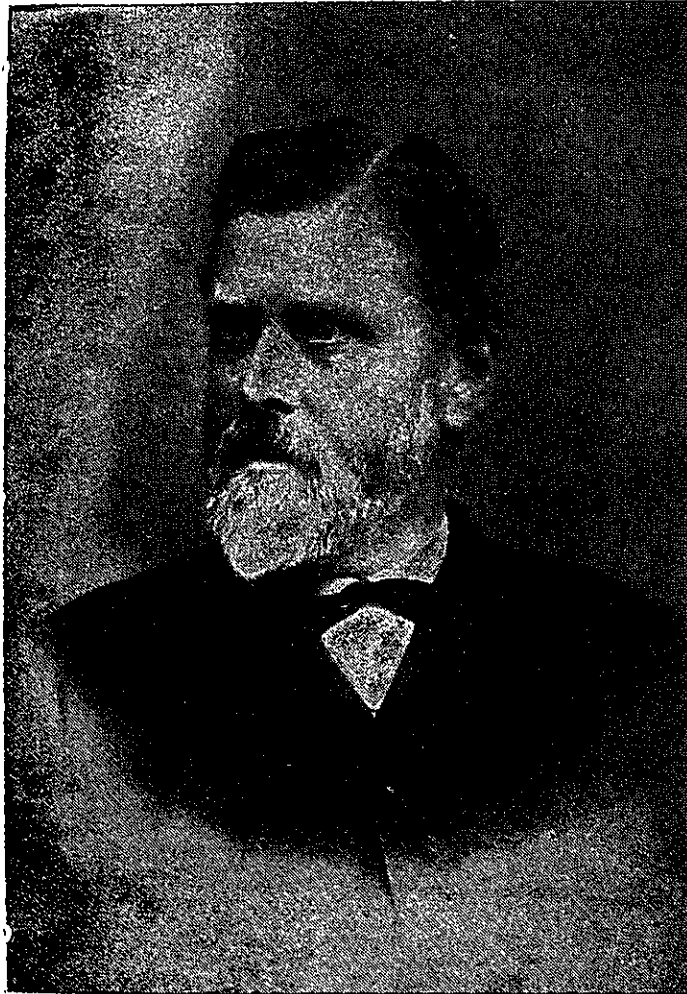


OUR CANDIDATES. POLITICAL PARS.

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 unbiased 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.