

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 "hardupphishness" 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-goodies 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