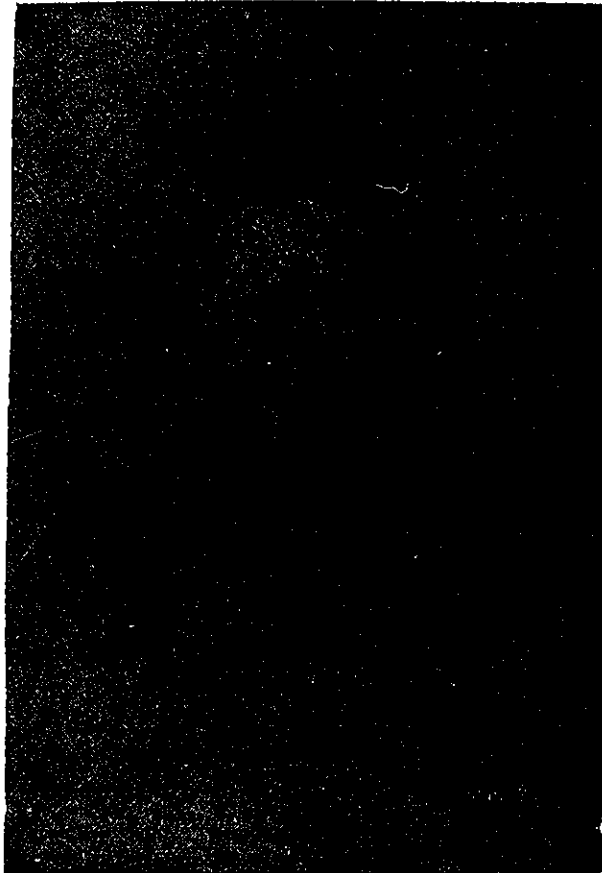


speeches only will be reported free. After that the aspirants for political honours will have to dub up their hard cash if they want decent reports, for the reports will only be inserted as "ads.," and that means three "bob" an inch. Either the candidates will do without the papers or the latter will 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