



others should do unto you," and the P.S. so naive and yet so suggestive. We don't know who James James is, but he certainly had an eye to the main chance.

We have heard of children being apprenticed to many strange trades and callings during our variegated experience, but the oddest that we have yet heard of came under our notice some days ago, and as everybody is interested in racing at the present time, it may prove of interest to our readers. At the hotel, which we in company with a modest young man of theatrical proclivities occasionally visit when we are not stopping at our summer residence (Basin Reserve, fourth turn from the grandstand, fifth tree, second branch), there is stopping a journeyman bookmaker. He started originally as a shearer in New South Wales, from that rose to a publican in New Zealand, and finally vaulted into the enviable position of a "bookmaker," thereby not going out of the shearing line during his entire experience. He was a man possessed of a stentorian voice, probably the result of calling out for tar for the sheep he had cut too close, and bawling the "odds" to those he had not as yet handled. With him was a queer, old-looking, little boy, who reminded us of Dickens' description of Smallweed. We judged him to be about eight years of age, and afterwards found out that that figure was about right. This youth was wont to ogle the barmaids, take his sherry and bitters before meals, and generally conduct himself like a *blase* little old man. We became interested in him and made enquiries, when we learned that he had been *apprenticed to a bookmaker* to learn the trade. We shall probably soon hear of boys being apprenticed to sharks to learn voracity, and to mules to learn resolution.

We have received a little brochure containing some twenty-five pages of blank verse entitled "At the Cross Roads," by J.T.W. The book is published by Mr Arthur Gyles, of Manners street. The writer has chosen for his theme the reflections of a man who sincere in his search for truth, has cast off from the old faiths, and finds himself afloat on a sea of doubts, without compass or guide. In the distance the harbour lights of mental certainty seem to gleam, and the intense longing of the traveller to reach the port is shown in every line of the work. The verse is fairly well handled but there are many discrepancies that mar the smoothness of the rhythm. The subject is an ambitious one and to crowd the yearnings of an intellectually tortured mind and a new school of philosophy into 25 pages of blank verse is rather a heavy contract. With every compliment for the work before us we would advise the writer to choose a less exalted theme, in the future.

## A Critical Moment.

It's only a simple love story,  
Of the way that I gained my wife—  
Three words at a 'critical moment'—  
Yet they made me happy for life.

You smile as you read the beginning,  
Perhaps in a cynical way,  
And the thought, at your call, comes quickly  
That it's always the same old lay.

Yes, it's always the same old story;  
But it's often the brightest gleam  
Of the sunshine across our pathway,  
And our life's best remembered dream.

My health had been poor in the city,  
And the doctor advised a change  
To a place where the air was drier.  
At some distance across the range.

I had a friend up in that country  
(You may know him as 'Golden Fleece')  
Whose temper and luck were both sunny—  
Possessing a charming niece.

He'd asked me to pay him a visit  
Full many a time in the past,  
So I wrote to say I was coming  
To accept his kindness at last.

My journey? It doesn't much matter,  
The details are always the same;  
But to try and describe my welcome,  
It's hopeless to give it a name.

And Bessie! Ah, well, what a picture  
With me it was love at first sight.  
Her cheeks were like lilies and roses,  
Her hair was as black as the night.

No trace of a false affectation  
Proclaimed her a clever coquette:  
Her eyes were as true and as honest  
As ever man looked upon yet.

We soon grew quite fond of each other:  
She'd talk like a sister to me;  
But the love that I bore my darling  
Was more than a brother's could be.

Her companionship was so pleasant  
That I dared not lay bare my heart,  
For fear of the loss of her friendship,  
And a dread that we'd have to part.

And at times when the words were leaving  
To my mouth, I would sternly school  
My heart, for my reason would whisper,  
'Tis the paradise of a fool.'

She was ardently fond of cycling,  
And we'd oft, on a pleasant day,  
Take a spin for miles through the country,  
For it helped while the time away.

On one of these happy excursions,  
The time had passed only too soon.  
We found, as we turned to go homeward,  
That 'twas late in the afternoon.

We both had been silently thinking  
While breasting a pretty stiff ridge,  
And my thoughts went out in a sigh as  
We rattled in sight of the bridge.

We'd hardly set wheel on the planking  
When thundering down from the right  
Came the coach from the river station,  
Quite an hour behind time that night.

Not a minute to sverve to leftward,  
No chance for the driver to slow,  
With hardly the width of our cycle  
On the road that we had to go.

Had the leaders not reared as they saw us,  
And shied as they galloped along,  
Just sufficient to barely graze us,  
Our lives were not worth a song.

'Twas then at that critical moment,  
When death seemed so terribly near,  
I plucked up the courage to whisper,  
'I love you, my own,' in her ear.

That's all that there is of my story,  
For Bessie, with cheeks blushing red,  
Admitted she wasn't offended,  
That night, at whatever I'd said.

W. E. H.

First Canvasser: "I hear yer working 'ard for Stout." Second Do.: "Yes, but I'm afraid I'll 'ave to chuck it up, I'm getting that 'blowed out' with shouting lemonade and gingerbeer for his supporters that I feel like a balloon. My 'ealth won't stand it much longer."

As we have said in previous issues, we have no opinions to express on the advisability or non-advisability of granting the franchise to women. The franchise is now an accomplished fact, and we can only comment on what the result may be. A little incident that happened at the meeting held by Mr. T. Kennedy Macdonald at the Opera House on Friday night however, reminds us of a few of the arguments brought forward when the question was still in abeyance. It was said that the women would not go to the polls if they acquired the privilege they were so anxious to obtain; and it was also stated that women would not attend public political meetings an account of the lack of refinement so often noticeable at such meetings. Good arguments, undoubtedly, for the men of New Zealand are in the habit of looking upon their womenfolk as something a little higher than, and superior to the ordinary run of humanity; still the fact remains that the only disturbance at Mr. Macdonald's meeting on Friday night was caused by a drunken woman, who had to be forcibly removed from the Opera House.

A rather curious answer to an advertisement was handed to us the other day and as it was most unique in its style, we made no apology for publishing it. A lady in Wellington lost a valuable dog and inserted an advertisement in a contemporary. The next day she received a letter addressed as follows:—"About the Fox Terrier Pup—Waverly House Boulcott Street." The contents of the letter were as given below:—

Wellington,  
May 6, 1893.

The person who advertised for the Fox Terrier Pup will find it at 86 Pirie Street. The dog is chained in a hed.

I am, &c.,  
Do unto others as others should do unto you.  
Please leave reward for James James,

Evening Post.

Note the signature, "Do unto others as