

Fair Play

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL FOR SENSIBLE MEN AND WOMEN

VOL. I. No. 9.

WELLINGTON, DECEMBER 30, 1893.

Registered as a
Newspaper.

PRICE 3d.

STRAIGHT TALK

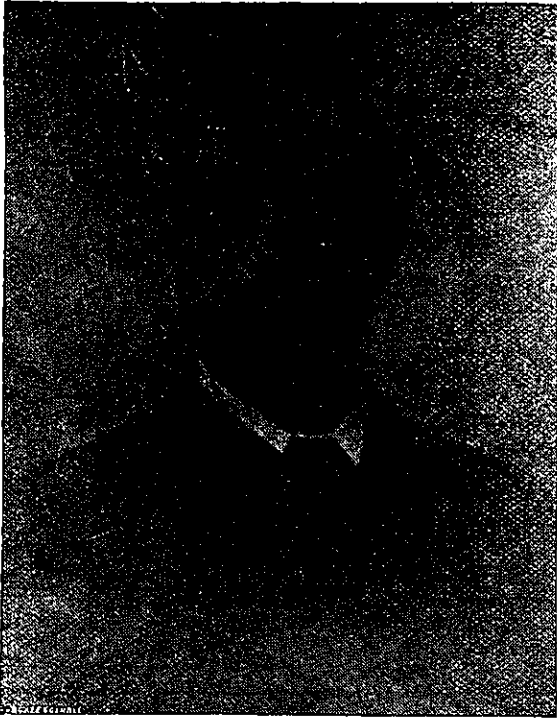
Christmas Day has come and gone, and no doubt we all feel refreshed by the brief holiday season. In all Christian countries in the world, Christmas is looked upon as a time when, for a little while, we can enjoy an immunity from cares and troubles of every shape and nature and during the period when every one's feelings soften towards his neighbour, although it be spent in a humble or luxurious manner the result is much the same. We get into a retrospective mood and see more clearly the mistakes we have made in the past, and the general glow of the Christmas season acts as a fertile soil on which to plant the seed of good resolutions for the rapidly approaching New Year. FAIR PLAY wished its readers a happy holiday season, and hopes that its wishes have been fulfilled. It also hopes that the New Year will bring in its train an access of prosperity that will make good the name New Zealand has gained as being the most prosperous and happily governed colony in the Australasian group.

The Christmas season which fortunately intervenes between the general elections and the opening of Parliament will, we hope, have brushed away the cobwebs of political discussion and the barriers of party bitterness, so that with the New Year we can inaugurate an era of profitable legislation that will be of benefit to the state and redound to the credit of the legislators we have chosen to represent us in the councils of the colony. There is much to be done, and much is expected from our new Parliament. The new element which has been introduced into politics, in the shape of the women's vote has brought about many strange changes, and the present Parliament must be looked at very much in the light of a gigantic experiment. That that experiment may prove for the best advantage of the public we most devoutly hope, but it must be born in mind that the people of Australia will be watching our every movement, and at no time in the past has the Parliament of this colony had so great a responsibility placed upon its shoulders. Many great reforms

are needed, and it is to be hoped that instead of wrangling on minor details our representatives will join their efforts to advance the interests of the State, and not waste valuable time in quarrelling as to who shall hold the tiller ropes. We do not suggest what should be done, we simply stand in the position of critic. Whatever movement is right for the best interest of the community will receive our unqualified support, no matter from whence it comes, and that which is purely for personal aggrandisement or appears to a dispassionate mind to be a waste of the public time, will meet with our heartiest condemnation. To our readers, to the public and the colony, we wish a most prosperous and Happy New Year, and when we exchange greetings again at the commencement of 1895, we hope that it will be a greeting of old friends mutually improved in condition and better knowing one another's worth.

Christmas Day in Wellington was spent in a quiet manner, but everybody seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. The city was crowded with visitors from the country and all the hotels were filled to overflowing. One particular feature of the day we are pleased to make a note of and that is, notwithstanding the fact that the hotels were open all day and evidently did a roaring trade, there was a singular lack of drunkenness in the streets and scarce any quarrelling. Everyone seemed imbued with the Christmas sentiment and anxious to be on the best of terms with his neighbour.

There must be something in the atmosphere of the city of Lille, in France, very conducive to longevity and the reproduction of the species, if the following item of news is any criterion to go by:—"At Lille, France, recently seven golden weddings were celebrated in one day. The living children and grandchildren of the couples number nearly 400." A few more couples like the above and the assertion that the population of France is steadily decreasing would have to be withdrawn.



Mr. Thomas Rose.

Mr. Thomas Rose is a native of Westmorland, England, where he was born on the 21st December, 1848. He joined the Post Office service as clerk at Penrith, Cumberland, in the year 1864, and two years later he was transferred to the Liverpool Post Office, and was appointed by the Civil Service Commission a permanent officer of the Imperial Postal Service. He worked through all the departments of the Liverpool office, and during the three years prior to his leaving for New Zealand was attached to the administrative branch of the Post and Telegraph service there, and acted as surveying officer of the Post and Telegraph office in the Liverpool district for a time. He was stationed at Limerick in the office of the Post Office Surveyor for the South of Ireland, his services having been lent by the Postmaster of Liverpool. When, in 1873, applications were invited by the Secretary of the General Post Office, London, for the position of Inspector of Post Offices for New Zealand, Mr. Rose, at the request of the Postmaster at Liverpool, became a candidate for the post. Sir John (then Hon. Mr.) Hall afterwards visited Liverpool, and, eventually, conferred the appointment upon Mr. Rose, the salary being £400 a year and travelling allowance. Mr. Rose arrived in New Zealand in March, 1874, and at once entered upon his duties as Inspector, in which position he has continued until now. Mr. Rose is an able officer, and popular both with his colleagues and subordinates.

The following from our Auckland contemporary, the *Observer*, is pretty rough and was evidently penned while the editor was smarting from his unsuccessful efforts to collect a debt from some defeated candidate whose purse was as "stony" as his heart:—"Our experience of candidates for Parliament is that so far from buying the support or influence of any paper, the majority of them are unable to pay even the modest accounts they incur for printing and advertising. Evidently, the experience of the daily papers is much the same as ours, for one at least of them would give no credit to the candidates at the

recent election for their advertisements. A striking commentary this on the hundred and one stories in existence about candidates buying the support of the newspapers. Buy? Why, the candidates find a great difficulty to pay their way." Thank heaven things are not so bad in Wellington. True it is just as impossible to buy the support of the papers here as elsewhere, but our candidates are usually sufficiently solvent to part up for their expenses.

In electioneering, what wins? Not riches, for Mr. A. E. G. Rhodes was beaten. Not the rarest of charity and good nature, for Mr. Swan was beaten. Not statesmanship and culture, for Mr. Rolleston was beaten. Not ripe parliamentary experience and effective debating power, for George Fisher was beaten. Not keen incisiveness, for Mr. G. F. Richardson was beaten. Not rugged manliness, for Mr. Blake was beaten. Not a consistent eye to public expenditure in his own district, for Mr. O'Connor was beaten. Not an uncompromising opponent of corrupt public expenditure anywhere, for Colonel Trimble was beaten. Not a valuable but raking critic, for Scobie M'Kenzie was beaten. Not a common-sense and almost silent member, for Mr. Larnach was beaten. Not a man of nice perceptions, for Mr. Geo. M'Intyre was beaten. Not banter and good humour, for Dick Reeves was beaten. Not enterprise in stock-raising and agriculture, for Mr. Boag was beaten. Not House of Commons knowledge, for Mr. W. S. Allen was beaten. Not scholarly attainment, for Mr. Wason was beaten. Not newspaper experience, for Mr. Carson was beaten. Not engineering experience, for Mr. E. G. Wright was beaten. Not a bush district pioneer, for Mr. Snelson was beaten.

But who wins? These. The rasping, raging, raucous, Hogg; the ever elegant E. M. Smith; Archy Medes Meredith, the schoolmaster, ye gods!; Carnell, the photographer, one more genius of the "haspirate horder;" G. W. Russell, "Windbag Russell;" Hall, of Waipawa, ditto to Carnell and He Hem Smith; Charley Mills, of Pelorus, the well-meaning; dismal Jimmy Saunders; J. Kelly, of one idea or no idea; the oleaginous Joyce who never told a lie; M'Intosh, poor old M'Intosh, who wouldn't hurt a fly unless he fell, then he'd break a railway arch; Buick, "the orator of the colony," single speech Buick, and he took twelve months to learn it off; A. D. Willis oh, poor harmless little Willis; and another little oh! for poor little Tanner; but Pirani, when let loose, will be worth his weight in wild cats. We beseech you, Mr. Hogg, to look to your laurels, for between you and Mr. Pirani it will be what the gentlemen of the P.R. call "a very tight go."

And this is "Our Democracy," for which Sir Robert Stout and all the other political big-bugs have been pining for years. Well, there you have it, and we shall go on having the same old toast—"Gentlemen, it is now my pleasing duty to submit to you the toast, 'The Parliament of New Zealand!'" Since the granting of the Constitution in 1856 it has been the proud boast of this fine young colony that in her Parliament she has emulated all the finest characteristics of the first assemblages of the world. The members of our Parliament have ever sustained its great prestige. Its orderly and decorous proceedings, the culture and learning of its members, have been well maintained from the days when Domett, Fitzherbert, Fitzgerald, Featherston, and Fox first entered its walls, and I doubt not will continue to be ably maintained so long as the British empire endures, that empire upon which the sun, &c. Gentlemen, I propose 'The Parliament of New Zealand,' which I think you will agree with me is quite equal in all respects to any of its predecessors." (Loud Applause). Now then, Hogg, and Carnell, and He Hem, and Pirani, come up here and respond.

The Free-Selector's Daughter.

[AN AUSTRALIAN SONG.]

I met her on the Lachlan side,
A darling girl I thought her;
And ere I went I swore I'd kiss
The Free-Selector's Daughter.

I milked her father's cows a month,
I brought the wood and water;
I mended all the broken fence
Before I kissed the daughter.

I backed her dad in politics,
I did just what I "oughter,"
And what you'll have to do to kiss
A free-selector's daughter.

I listened to her mother's yarns,
And wished that they were shorter:
But these are things you'll have to do
Before you get the daughter.

I broke my pipe and burnt my "twist,"
And washed my mouth with water;
I had to shave before I kissed
That free-selector's daughter.

Then, rising in the frosty morn,
I brought the cows for Mary,
And when I'd milked a bucket full
I took it to the dairy.

I poured the milk into a dish,
Whilst Mary held the strainer;
I summoned heart to speak my wish,
And, oh! her blush grew plainer.

I told her I must leave the place,
I said that I would miss her;
At first she turned away her face,
And then she let me kiss her.

I put the bucket on the ground,
And in my arms I caught her—
I give my life to hold again
The Free-Selector's Daughter.

HENRY LAWSON.

[Selectors, under a certain Australian Land Act, were called Free-Selectors.]

We had something to say last week about the Australian Anarchists who are parading in the guise of "The Active Service Brigade." Our friend Desmond, Arthur Desmond, who, three years ago, attempted to establish a Labour paper in Wellington, has been haranguing a meeting of the loafers and "dead beats" of Sydney. He declared that Sir George Dibbs had received £3500 personally from bank shareholders to secure the passing of the New South Wales Bank Notes Bill, and the meeting passed a resolution calling upon Parliament to impeach Sir George Dibbs for high treason against the rights, liberties, and property of the people, and expressing the opinion that he should be "placed upon his trial and indicted as a public robber." The public will take the hysterical utterances of these street-corner orators for what they are worth.

For reckless and foolhardy feats and a species of wagering that smacks of congenital idiocy commend us to the average German student when he is fairly on the job and has been

challenged to do something that is a little out of the common. The following, which we clip from an exchange, is a specimen:—"An exceedingly senseless wager has recently been made in Munich. In an inn at Schwanberg a student made a bet that he would eat six silk ties, cut up in small pieces and seasoned with oil and vinegar. One of the conditions of the wager was that the species of salad must be consumed within the space of six minutes. The young man won his bet. The arbitrators who assisted, watch in hand, at this curious and senseless performance, certified that the repast only occupied five minutes and thirty-five seconds, and while eating the ties the student drank no less than ten litres of beer." A contemporary in commenting on the above wager says:—"To what preposterous and dangerous folly will not beer easily lend itself." In reply we would suggest that in all probability if it hadn't been for the beer our necktie-eating friend would have been saddled with an acute attack of indigestion that might have ended fatally, wherefore we remark "blessed are those who can appreciate in moderation the gifts that Providence has strewn in our pathway."

It appears that the police have had another attack of virtue, and the result has been a raid on some of the bookmakers and totalisator shops. The incoherent irregularity with which these raids are made is extremely puzzling to the ordinary citizen, who is unable to fathom the idiosyncrasies of police management. For weeks during the racing season they have remained unmolested, and then all of a sudden, for no apparent reason, the saturnine detective and the festive policeman swoop down on them and confiscate their books and wealth, &c., and take down their names on lists, and threaten them with prosecutions and other divers terrors. After this ceremony is over, the representatives of the law ostentatiously parade away, and the "bookie," after going out for a drink, lays in a new lot of stationery, and opens up business again. The whole thing seems a dreary farce, intended to procure a paragraph or so in the daily papers, explaining how Constable Y or Detective X had a suspicion that gambling was going on in a certain place, and how, finally, his suspicions were confirmed after a lengthy investigation, and after waiting until the hour of midnight or thereabouts, he, in company with several other officers, secured an entrance and confiscated the books and other implements of the culprits. Why the necessity of obtaining clues and making lengthy investigations? Why the necessity of postponing the raid until the bewitching hour of midnight or thereabouts? and why, above above all things, the consequent drivel in the daily papers about the clever capture made by Detective X or Constable Y?

All this theatrical fanfaronade is as useless as it is irritating and absurd. Everybody knows where the "bookies" places are; they are advertised on theatre programmes and in the newspapers, and when the time for the annual raid comes round, why not send the Police Court office boy to the shops that are on the black list, and politely ask the proprietors to come down and pay their license fee in the shape of the usual fine. It would be much more sensible, and would save a lot of annoyance to all parties concerned. There is another thing, with reference to the recent raid, that we don't quite understand. If it is illegal to make a book, isn't one bookmaker just as culpable as another? and if such be the case why should one be passed over and another prosecuted? Is it an introduction of chance into public management, or what? We speak from a purely dispassionate point of view, as we neither backed the winner nor went down on a "stiff'un" during the last races, but we are filled with a large comprehensive curiosity, and we would like to know the reason of all these things.



Mr. William Gray

We publish in this issue a portrait of Mr. William Gray chief of the Postal Department, and on the retirement of Dr Lemon on the 1st of January chief of the Telegraphs as well. Mr Gray was born in Aberdeen in 1844, and arrived with his parents in New Plymouth, N.Z., in October, 1852. He there joined the *Taranaki News* office in 1858, and completed his indentures, after which he served in the *Nelson Examiner* office, where he remained until 1863. He entered the Government service on the 1st February, 1864, as junior clerk in the chief post office, Dunedin; he was appointed chief clerk in the dead letter office, General Post Office, Wellington, in the following year, and mail agent in the Panama line in 1866, and continued in that position until the termination of the service in 1868. He filled similar positions between this colony and Melbourne until the San Francisco service was inaugurated in 1870. Then he became a clerk in the Secretary's branch of the General Post Office, and on the 20th May, 1872, was appointed chief clerk of the General Post Office. He remained in this position until May 1st, 1874, when he was promoted to the position of Secretary of the Postal Department, and in January, 1881, on the amalgamation of the two departments, was made secretary of the Post and Telegraphs. Mr. Gray, who has many friends in Wellington, is of a genial disposition, and is a very popular chief with the men under him.

The right of the property owner to have his property guarded is undoubtedly a great principle, but according to the present system of litigation he very often profits at the expense of the innocent trespasser. By all of which we mean to refer to the recent suit between Mr. Miller, monumental mason, and FAIR PLAY. It is rather peculiar that the first legal action in which FAIR PLAY should become involved should be with a builder of gravestones, and that he recognising the utter hopelessness of his ever being able, at least during his own life,

to assist professionally at our obsequies should seek redress in a court of law for alleged damages done to a species of property, that we are neither collectively nor individually anxious to become possessed of. It seems that on election night the proprietors of this journal decided to regale the public and its readers (synonymous terms) with a series of dissolving views on current events, and that the operator, although unauthorised, planted himself and his instrument in the yard where our mortuary friend stored his tombstones. As was quite natural, a crowd, composed of lads, who were in a skylarking humour, and men worked to a high pitch of excitement by the election campaign, collected on the Custom House Quay and Willis street, most of them to watch the returns posted up on the *Evening Post's* bulletin board. The crowd, as is well-known, was a dense one, and overflowed on to the premises of our friend, the artistic chiseller of epitaphs, with the result that one or two monuments were slightly defaced by the hands or feet of the Vandal invaders. On this being discovered on the following morning, a suit was at once commenced against the proprietors of this paper, with the result that the Magistrate, although stating that the operator was the real offender, imposed a nominal fine for trespass.

Now if this decision were carried out to its logical conclusion, that is to say if similar decisions were given in all cases, we should like to suggest a few contingencies that might have occurred had the operator, presumably in our employ, been stationed in some other place. Suppose for the sake of illustration he had taken up his stand on the roof of the Bank of New Zealand and that during the excitement, caused by the presence of a large crowd, the cashier sloped with several thousand pounds, could the Bank have virtually sued us for embezzlement under cover of an action for trespass? Or on the other hand supposing the operator had shown from the top of the Club Hotel and, during the ensuing excitement, someone had eloped with the Premier's daughter, could we have been sued for abduction? Or again if the Chinese cook in the vicinity of the building from whence the views were being thrown had, in his hurry, to get out and see the show, upset a kerosene oil lamp and burned down the premises, would we have been legally responsible for the crime of arson? These questions may appear frivolous, but they are certainly analogous when we take into consideration the decision which was given. An action for trespass seems to open up such a large field of conjecture as to what extent the responsibilities of the trespasser may reach to. One of the principal cases cited by the counsel for the plaintiff and one which undoubtedly influenced the decision of the magistrate was that of aeronaut, whose balloon descended in an open field the crowds which were attracted by the novel sight trampled on the crops of the landholder and destroyed them; he at once sued the aeronaut for damages for trespassing and recovered. Now, with a precedent like that in view, a man can't be too careful what he does. It is under such a ruling, unsafe even to fall out of a window for fear in your descent you might smash your neighbours hot-house, and immediately on your recovery be sued for trespassing on his premises. One seems even debarred from the last resource of suicide, for fear that your heirs may be sued for some unintentional damage caused by a policeman while getting clues with respect to the past life of the corpse. FAIR PLAY, after figuring the matter out carefully, has come to the conclusion that when it next gives a free exhibition for the purpose of elevating the masses, it will make arrangements to give it on the Cheviot Estate, by special permission of the Government, and then it can fear nothing worse than an action for treason, with confiscation of the plant and imprisonment of the editor.

The Russian officers and sailors who were made so much of by the excitable Parisians on the occasion of their visit to Paris, must have had a rare old time, from a gustatory point of view, but of all the scores of banquets showered upon the lucky Muscovites that given in the Exhibition building on the Champ de Mars "took the cake." It is enough to drive an ordinary New Zealand *chef* off his head just to read the account of the preparations made for this gorgeous feed. There were 3660 guests, so that a goodly pile of comestibles was necessary. We give a few details for the benefit of our colonial caterers who may like to know how "the thing is done" in "Parry."

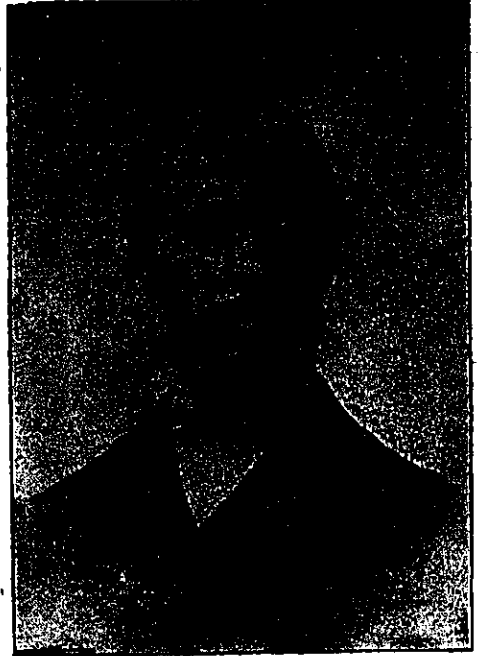
There were 1050 quarts of soup. The *hors d'oeuvre*, a sort of tickle your appetite and start you off, was Russian sardines, of which sixty-two small barrels were opened and the contents consumed. Fish came next—a little item of 1600 pounds of turbot—and turbot is the most costly of fishy luxuries. We will pass briefly over the entrees and the jam—800 pheasants were cut up, and 1000 wood pigeons—and come to the salad, and in France the salad is an important affair. This particular salad was called Salad Danicheff and was made of 175 quarts of green peas, 175 quarts of French beans, 50 cauliflowers, 200lbs. of potatoes, 40 quarts of young haricot beans, 108 bundles of green asparagus, 100lbs. of mushrooms, 100lbs. of truffles and 10000 *scrévisse* (small fresh water crayfish) tails. How is that for high?

We will pass over the sweets, as the names are too formidably Frenchy to be intelligible to a poor New Zealander, and come to the wines. How Isitt will shriek when he reads what is to follow—we commend the little list to the special attention of the godly *Prohibitionist*. There were 16 hogsheads, of 50 gallons each, of Burgundy; 800 bottles of Chateau La Rose; 800 bottles of Perganson, 1884 (don't know this stuff, but 1884 sounds good); 200 bottles of port; 200 ditto of sherry; 200 ditto of Madeira; and, "ministers of grace defend us," what heads the tallow-eaters must have had next day—1,500 bottles of fizz.

Also, there were 1,400 bottles of mineral waters, but we are afraid there was no great run on this sort of tippie. There were liqueres—800 bottles of Burgundy Marc (what's that, Mr. Jack Maginnity), 500 bottles of fine Benedictine, 200 bottles of Kummel, and 90 quarts of "fine champagne"—the very best Cognac. Of course, a French feed wasn't complete without *café noir*, and to make this, 250 pounds of the choicest Arabian coffee was used, the whole lot being prepared in one utensil and at the one time.

This truly Gargantuan spread, which would have driven old Rabelais mad with envy could he have seen it, was served at 130 tables, and no less than 50,000 plates, 800 dishes, and 40,000 glasses were in use. (How about the breakage when the Russians got full of fiz), and the toasts were given? And the toothpicks—we mustn't forget the toothpicks. There were 12,000 of them. "Prodegeous."

And the waiting—that was also a big item. There were 250 waiters, 75 butlers, 150 cellar-men, 80 cooks, and 100 under-strappers to the latter. Truly this is one of the grandest, most royal gorges on record, and if the Russians who were present don't always have a kindly remembrance of their generous French hosts they are the most ungrateful of Tartars.



Mr. J. K. Logan.

The subject of our sketch, Mr. J. K. Logan, will on the 1st of January, succeed Dr. Lemon as Superintendent of Telegraphs. Like Mr. Gray he hailed from the "Land o' Cakes," having been born in Kilbride, Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1844, and was for nearly eight years in the service of the British and Irish Magnetic Telegraph Company as operator and officer in charge at various places in Scotland, including Edinburgh and Glasgow. He came to Dunedin in 1864, when the lines were about to be erected between Dunedin and Invercargill, and Dunedin and Christchurch. He was employed on a construction party to Christchurch, and afterwards erected for the Provincial Government the lines to Milton and to Queenstown. At the end of 1865 he had charge of the Otago Provincial Telegraph system which position he retained until the lines were taken over by the General Government in 1869. Since that date he has had charge of the lines from Waitiki to the Bluff and branches; having constructed or reconstructed every line in the district, during the time he has been there. Mr. Logan's entrance into the Government service was as follows: On his arrival in Dunedin in 1864 he applied to Mr. Alfred Sheath for employment on the Christchurch construction party. His application was entertained, and he worked right through to Christchurch, returning to Dunedin with a repairing party and putting the original wires into the small office which had been erected there the day before the Queen's birthday, 1865. On the day after, Mr. Logan wired to Mr. Sheath over the newly-completed lines, asking for a regular appointment. He was given a temporary position in Dunedin until he was wanted for further construction, and finally was appointed to the general office in Dunedin.

Fair Play

INTERVIEWS.



A Lady Physician.

THE FIRST IN NEW ZEALAND.

HER OPINIONS—SOCIAL & PROFESSIONAL.

Dr. Eliza Frikart, whose portrait we publish above, is the first duly registered and qualified female medical practitioner who has ever practised in the colony, and occupying as she does the unique position of a pioneer, is an object of interest to our readers both scientific and otherwise. It has long been contended by a large portion of the community, both in the colonies and at Home, that since woman has proved herself times without number to be the intellectual equal of man the professions should be thrown open to her, and more particularly the profession of medicine. Women doctors are much better suited to deal with the complaints of women and children; their instinct is finer and their touch more delicate, and if to these natural advantages is added the teaching of the schools and the training of the hospitals, they are much better qualified to attend to their own sex than men. Again, a woman is more apt to readily obtain the confidence of her patient, and naturally a quicker diagnosis of the disease follows than would be the case were the physician a man. It has been argued that a woman would hesitate when it came to the point of applying the knife, but this argument has been proved fallacious by well-established precedents. Dr. Frikart is a practical surgeon as well as a physician, and has conducted safely and with the most happy results many a successful operation that would have taxed the powers of a male specialist. In person she is rather petite, with bright dark eyes, and an incisive manner in conversation. When our representative called upon her, her hours of consultation were over and he was received in a spirit of *cameraderie* that did

much to brush away the barriers of formality, incidental to an occasion of the kind. Previous to entering upon the subject of the doctor's antecedents a game of chess was indulged in, when somewhat to his chagrin, although not to his surprise, our representative was scientifically check-mated in a comparatively few moves, and in reply to a questioning but rather crestfallen glance received the laughing rejoinder of "Oh, Mr. FAIR PLAY you do not seem to like the operation; still it is one in which I have very often been successful."

"I can easily imagine that, doctor," was the reply, "but I shall have my revenge, for I intend to put you under cross-examination for a few moments, if you will permit me to do so."

"Very well, let me hear your questions, but remember I reserve the right of answer."

"Respecting your nationality, doctor, your name has a German sound, but your English is perfect; of what country are you a native?"

"I am a thorough cosmopolitan, Mr. FAIR PLAY, and can honestly say, in the words of Tom Paine, that 'the world is my country, and to do good my religion.' I have lived in many countries both as a student and as a practitioner, but my birth-place was in England."

"What part of England, doctor?"

"I was born in London, and to use an Old Country phrase, 'within the sound of Bow Bells,' so I suppose you would not be far wrong in calling me a Cockney?"

"And when did you first entertain the idea of studying medicine?"

"That is a question more difficult to answer, for from my earliest childhood it seemed but natural that I should adopt the profession of medicine. I come from a medical family, my father and brothers all being physicians, and, indeed, I might say that my toys as a child were a mortar and pestle. My father, Dr. Macdonough, had a large practice in London, and the profession always had a fascination for me."

"Were you educated in London, doctor?"

"Not primarily; it was my father's desire that I should become a linguist, and, in pursuance of this object, I was sent as a girl to France to be educated. I lived in France for nearly ten years and naturally became thoroughly acquainted with the people and the language. As my education progressed I became more thoroughly imbued with the desire to qualify myself as a physician and, on my return to England, made known my intentions."

"Did you first commence as a student in England?"

"No, I matriculated first in Zurich, in Switzerland, and afterwards studied in Berne. The course of study in Switzerland, I may tell you, is very strict, and a student who passes the *Staats Exam* must have worked long and faithfully to be successful."

"The same system of clinics, I presume, is in vogue in Switzerland as in other countries?"

"Yes, but carried somewhat further. As students we naturally were regular attendants at clinics, and after passing a certain period of our studies were accustomed to operate ourselves and have patients to treat in turn, even before receiving our degrees; consequently a practical as well as a theoretical knowledge was acquired during the course of training we went under."

"After receiving your degree in Switzerland you practised there for some time, did you not, doctor?"

"Yes, both as physician and surgeon, and with uniform success."

"On your return to London, did you at once start practice there, doctor?"

"Well, I can hardly say that I did in the sense that you mean. After having registered in England I went to Dublin and studied there for some time in the King's and Queen's College, from which institution I also received double degrees, the two degrees of Licentiate of Physicians and the Licentiate of Midwifery. I had determined to qualify myself in Great Britain as an obstetric specialist and could scarcely have attained my object at a more distinguished institution. On returning to London I was appointed resident physician of the 'Women's Hospital' which position I held for about two years. As you can easily imagine I was enabled

during the course of my practice at that institution to further my studies in the diseases of women and children, and I found the experience of inestimable benefit to me afterwards."

"And on leaving the 'Women's Hospital,' doctor, I believe you practised very extensively in the old country and on the continent?"

"Yes, I have lived in most countries in Europe in the capacity of a physician and have many friends in the profession on the other side."

"Naturally, you are a clever linguist?"

"Well, I suppose I may call myself a good linguist as I speak Spanish, Italian, German and French, equally as well as English, but I can claim no particular credit for that. I have lived in the different countries where those languages were spoken, and often in parts of them where not a word of English could be understood, so it was only natural, especially when acting as a physician, that I should rapidly acquire the language of the country. You must also recollect that a large portion of my studies were made in foreign countries, where my teachers and lecturers did not understand English or if they did never used it in instructing their pupils, so it would be a wonder if I were not a linguist, rather than a matter for surprise, that I am."

"Apropos of treating patients in countries when you had not as yet become familiar with the language, did you not find great difficulty in properly diagnosing a case, when you could not freely question the patient?"

"No, and that brings me to a point that I meant to have explained when speaking of my student days in Switzerland. Often and again we were given cases to diagnose and treat with strict orders not to put a question to the patient. We were obliged to form our conclusions entirely from the visible symptoms, such as temperature, pulse, appearance of tongue, skin, eyes, &c., &c., and this stern training often proved of great advantage to me, in after years. To give you an illustration; at one of the clinics a case would be brought forward and one of the students would be called upon to diagnose it and prescribe for it. He or she would not be allowed to ask a single question, but would be obliged to form a conclusion from such symptoms as manifested themselves while the patient was under examination. It was a splendid training for the observational faculties and resulted in one's acquiring a capability of judging the condition of a patient with marvellous rapidity. As you may have heard, a man or woman who consults a physician almost invariably either exaggerates or holds back many of the particulars that it is most essential to learn, and unless one can diagnose with a degree of certainty from some other source of information than that of the patient's replies, the difficulty in treating the case properly is doubled and very probably trebled."

"Your habit then, doctor, is to go more by your own observation than by the replies you elicit from the patient in forming an opinion of a case?"

"Most certainly, Mr. FAIR PLAY, and I find it always the safer course to take."

At this point of the interview the doctor drew out a dainty little cigarette case and after, as a matter of formality, excusing herself to her guest, placed a scented cigarette between her lips and lighting it remarked, "You are not shocked at seeing a lady smoke, Mr. FAIR PLAY?"

"Not at all, doctor," was the reply, "the habit has become a common one both in America and on the Continent, and at the present time, I believe, is finding great favour in England. Lady Colin Campbell has taken up the cudgels for the privilege of ladies smoking, and, from her point of view, there is certainly much to be said in its favour. I am glad the subject has been broached, as I would like your opinion upon it, not from a social but from a medical point of view. Do you think the habit, if pursued in moderation, inimical to a woman's health or constitution?"

"No, I certainly do not; as a smoker yourself, you know what a soothing influence the narcotic has on you when you are either overworked or troubled: it quiets the nerves which have, perhaps, been overstrained, and conduces to a frame of mind that is both receptive and logical. As a harmless sedative it can scarcely be matched by any drug, and if not used in excess is certainly, to a great extent, beneficial. A woman's nervous system is much more delicate than a man's, and naturally more susceptible to overwork or mental strain; why

then debar her from a harmless indulgence, which, if moderately exercised, can do no harm, and in nine cases out of ten will do good. Don't fancy, for an instant," continued the doctor, smilingly, "that I am an advocate of an indiscriminate copying of man's vices; far from it, I only contend that we, as women, have a perfect right to participate in such pleasures as our husbands and brothers do, provided they are not deleterious to our health, and do not in any way detract from the dignity of our womanhood. No one would be more scandalised than myself were I see a woman walking through the streets with a cigar between her lips, but a cigarette at home is another matter, and is neither *outré*, if one looks at the matter from a sensible point of view, nor inimical to the health."

"I agree with you thoroughly, doctor," replied the interviewer, "and must thank you for an expression of opinion on the subject; but touching the rights of women to smoke, may I go a step further, and ask your opinion of the extension of the franchise to the women of New Zealand?"

"I am thoroughly in favour of it. If you grant that the educated woman is equal in mental capacity to the educated man, why deny one the privileges you accord to the other? The average woman of intelligence has no desire to exhibit herself as a stump orator, but she does claim the right of exercising her judgment, and having a voice in the decision as to who shall make the laws which shall govern the actions of both her and her children. It has been argued that a woman's time is too fully occupied by her domestic duties to enable her to so educate herself politically as to give an intelligent vote. To this I would reply that you are insisting upon a higher educational and observational standard for a woman than you do for a man. How many men who have the right to vote for our representatives in Parliament have made the study of politics that you claim a woman should have made before being entitled to the franchise? How many of them, I might further ask, are there who go to the polls and simply vote as they are directed to, without a thought or care as to what the result may be? If you wish for an educational qualification, before the franchise is extended, I have no fault to find with your argument, but let it apply to both sexes equally. I certainly am in favour of extending the franchise to women, and I see no reason why I should not go a step further and express my opinion that a woman should be eligible to a seat in the House, for surely there are many women whose intelligence is vastly superior to some of our present legislators."

"Your answer has quite convinced me, doctor, that in an argument of this character, a man, unless he were exceptionally gifted, would, in most cases, have the worst side of the question; but, to return to yourself, may I ask if you intend remaining in Wellington for any length of time?"

"Certainly, Mr. FAIR PLAY. My practice in Wellington has grown beyond my anticipations, and I shall, in all probability, remain here for some time. I, of course, may at times visit Auckland and Christchurch to see my patients there, but at present my intention is to make my head-quarters in Wellington."

"Well, doctor, I must thank you for the time you have granted me and the information you have given, which will, I am sure, prove of interest to our readers. You have stood your examination so good-naturedly, that I am afraid I can hardly call it a revenge for my defeat at chess; that I am afraid I must postpone until another time."

"You will always find me ready to give it to you when I can spare the leisure from my work."

"I suppose with your extensive practice you have not much time to devote to Society?"

"Society, Sir? Well, no, I have neither the time nor the inclination. Society, Mr. FAIR PLAY, is only fit for fools and idlers and nothing bores me so much as your vapid society woman or man, with their insane small talk and scandal-mongering."

"Do you find much jealousy from the male members of your profession, doctor?"

"Well (with a smile) the green-eyed monster is not confined to the amorous swain, but unfortunately pervades all ranks and professions, but I am pleased to say I rise superior to it. I live my life as I deem fit, and in doing my humble best to assuage pain and help my fellow creatures, I am content."

It wouldn't be a bad idea if on some Sunday evening a census of attendances at all places of worship throughout the colony were taken with the object of showing the proportion of New Zealanders who observe the Sawbath. The proportion, we fancy, would be found to be higher than it is in most countries. The explanation of this is traceable to a cause beyond our ken. It may be parsons give us a little less dogma; it may be that the churches work on broader lines; or it may be that church life is better organised. We don't for a moment suppose that the church-goers are imbued with deeper religious feeling. The average Colonial who goes to church every Sunday to declare himself a miserable sinner believes in his heart that he is giving Providence the best of the deal, and is grossly exaggerating the case.

There is much useful work for the churches to do. Afternoon teas and lawn tennis on week days, and prayers and sermons on Sundays will not regenerate the masses. We don't assert that all parsons, having partaken of that "exhilarating" beverage, and indulged in those physical and mental athletics, attempt to satisfy their consciences that they have done their duty by the people. Not at all. We have on our "little list" a few earnest workers, who make it their business to understand the circumstances of the people's lives; who in their sermons deal plainly and pointedly with the questions of the day; and have enough consideration for their hearers to spare them an infliction of the "firstly, secondly, thirdly, and lastly, my dear brethren" order; and who generally do what they can to patch up the broken threads of the social fabric. There is plenty of raw material of the best quality to work on, but, alas! the labourers are few.

Hullo! What's this? "Major-General Tulloch, Commandant of the Victorian military forces, says the refusal of the Gladstone Government to strengthen the British Navy is inimical to the interests of Australia, and in the event of war, in the present position, the Navy would be unable to protect the trade routes of colonial commerce." No doubt. Wonder how many thousand millions it would cost to do all this? According to the gospel of Tulloch, if half the population were engaged in the construction of warships and t'other half in manning 'em, we should be in a tolerable state of preparedness. In other words, take care of the Navy; the country will take care of itself.

Seriously though, this question of defence is a matter for earnest consideration. It is of little use the colonies severally tinkering with the defences. What is wanted is a federation of the defences of the colonies. It is absolutely necessary that the colonies should join hands in the matter and formulate a plan by which Australasia may, if ever the dread time comes, be in a position to at least hold its own. New Zealand is, perhaps, in a worse state of unpreparedness than any other of the colonies. She would be an easy snap for our friends, the Roosians. All

the same, it would be too big a contract for New Zealand to undertake single-handed. There must be combined action, and the sooner an intercolonial conference on the subject is held the better.

We have carefully scanned the pages of history only to find that all leaders, be they emperors, kings, or premiers, are written down by one or other of the truthful historians as "prevaricators, dissemblers or liars," or words to that effect. So that we may be excused if we get off a sigh of relief. It is *such* a consolation to discover that this fair country of ours is not responsible for the creation of this undesirable species, but it is just as well to state that we have been led to manufacture this preface in view of the clap-trap about premier succession. Mr. Seddon is reported to have said that it was Mr. Ballance's wish that he, Mr. Seddon, should be his, Mr. Ballance's, successor. The Opposition journals have had a long sustained shriek in a top key, denouncing Richard John as a fabricator, a fibber, a usurper, etc. Indeed, the subject has been written up to such an extent that the moment we give it a thought we are confronted with a blurred vision in which the faces of R. J. S. Ananias, He Hem Smith, and Mephistopheles are faintly discernible. Prithce, give us a rest.

Further reports come to us of the terrible depression at present existing in Melbourne and throughout Victoria. It is stated that it is a common thing for the children of respectable parents to go about the streets of the city and suburbs soliciting food. The unemployed continue to increase, and things appear to be in a desperate state. Mr. Patterson, the Premier of the colony, has a brusque manner of receiving those who apply for work. A few days ago a deputation of the unemployed waited on him, begging that they might be given something to do. All the satisfaction they got was the following characteristic reply—"The Government would not mislead the people. If no work existed the Government *could* not and *would* not make it." Rather cold comfort on an empty stomach.

Mr. Kirk, late of Hawera and at present a *pensionnaire* in the well-conducted establishment of the hospitable Mr. Garvey, is now, no doubt, repenting in (broad-arrow marked) sackcloth and ashes the ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, which led to His Honour the Chief Justice sending him up for "12 months hard." Kirk's case was one of the most impudent of which we have ever heard. Barefaced robbery, of Messrs. Nathan and Co. and the other creditors, was what he desired to carry out, but luckily he had somesmarter men than himself to deal with and, notwithstanding all his cleverness, he failed in his attempt to take a trip to California at other people's expense. We heartily congratulate Messrs. Nathan and Co. upon their prompt action in the matter, and upon having sent this audacious rogue to gaol. The merchants suffer only too much and too frequently through scamps of the Kirk class and, now that an example has been made, we hope that it will have the good effect of striking terror into the hearts of would-be dishonest traders and making them "go straight," whether they like it or not.

A. LAWSON,
94, CUBA STREET,
Wellington.

**SIGNWRITER, PAINTER
PAPERHANGER, &c.**

A large and varied stock of Paperhangings
in stock from 4d. per piece. TELEPHONE
306



Mr. W. W. Collins.

Mr. William Whitehouse Collins, whose portrait we publish above, is one of the new members of Parliament, and represents Christchurch in the House of Representatives. He was born at Harborne, Staffordshire, on September 4th, 1854, and is the grandson of John Collins who, as a Chartist leader, suffered 12 months' imprisonment in Warwick gaol in 1839. His father, Joseph Collins, was a Birmingham manufacturer. Mr. Collins received his education in a private school at Harborne, and afterwards studied in the Midland Institute and at Mason's Science College, Birmingham. Mr. Collins at one time had serious intentions of entering the Ministry, and in preparation for that work drifted into a line of thought which eventually landed him on the freethought platform. He was for some years employed in his father's business, and on his retirement about 1876, became one of the firm of Collins Bros. During Charles Bradlaugh's Parliamentary struggle, Mr. Collins threw himself heartily into the contest for constitutional rights, speaking in all the principal centres in England until the demands on his time compelled him to decide between business pursuits and the platform. From this time forward Mr. Collins had the personal friendship of Charles Bradlaugh. In 1884, after passing the examination in science and philosophy, he was granted a diploma as special lecturer to the National Secular Society. He was a member of the Birmingham Junior Reform Club, and was in immediate contact with some of the men who have made their names famous in English politics. In 1885 he received and accepted an invitation from the Sydney Liberal Association to become its permanent lecturer, and in January, 1886, delivered his first lecture in Sydney. Since then he has lectured in nearly every part of Australasia. While in Sydney Mr.

Collins started a newspaper, *Freedom*, advocating political, social and religious liberty and himself edited it. In January, 1890, he came to New Zealand and lectured throughout the colony, eventually settling down in Christchurch, where he has remained almost continually since, being President and lecturer for the Canterbury Freethought Association. In politics Mr. Collins is an ardent Liberal. In philosophy he is a great admirer and devoted student of Herbert Spencer. He has in science and art received South Kensington distinctions, and was for a time science lecturer to the Technical Board of New South Wales.

Arthur Desmond.

They are stoning Arthur Desmond, and, of course, it's understood
By the people of New Zealand that he isn't any good.
He's a plagiarist they tell us, and a scamp—but after all,
He is fighting pretty plucky with his back against the wall.

When I see a fellow sinner face about and stand his ground,
All alone and undefended, while the crowd is howling round—
And his nearest friends forsake him, just because his case is slim—
Why, I think it's time that someone said a word or two for him!

They are damning Arthur Desmond for the battle that he fought—
For his awful crime in saying what so many people thought.
He was driven from the country—but I like to see fair play—
And to slander absent brothers—why it ain't New Zealand's way.

Once I met with Arthur Desmond "and I took him by the hand,"
But I scarcely think the action spoilt my chance for Promised Land;
And I think of Arthur gazing, with his earnest, thoughtful eyes,
Out beyond the brighter ages that we cannot realise.

He'll be shot or gaoled they tell us (so were others in the van)
Be it prison cell or bullet, he will meet it like a man.
And 'twere best to have been neutral when his stormy path is trod,
And we all are brought together level at the bar of God.

AN AUSTRALIAN EXILE.

[We are not an admirer of Desmond, nor do we agree with the arguments (if they may be called such) that he advances. In publishing the above we are actuated by an appreciation of the sentiment conveyed and the literary merit of the verse. Ed. FAIR PLAY.]

Sairy Snodgins goes to Belmont.



I was so egsited about that affair last week, Mr. Heditor, that I forgot to wish you and Mrs. Heditor and all the little Heditors a Merry Xmas, but hopes as you'll egsuse my seemin' neglect, for it was only seemin' neglect, for I *did* wish you an' everybody else a Merry Xmas, an' after all the New Year is the best time for good wishes, an' I am sure, Mr. Heditor, I wishes you an' yours, and all the FAIR PLAY staff, even to the printer's divil, a happy an' a prosperous New Year, and I hopes that FAIR PLAY may see many, many New Years, each year becomin' more true to its name of FAIR PLAY.

An' now, Mr. Heditor, after this little depression, I thort your readers mite be interested an' p'raps amosed—tho' it was no fun to me—at an account of my adventures on Boxin' Day. After tea on Xmas Day Snodgins says to me, "Sairey," he says, "where would you like to go to-morrow?" he says.

"Where do you perpose we should go, Snodgins?" I says.

"Well, Sairey," he says, "I met your nevvie Tom Jenkins, as is in the Garryson Band, an' he asked me if we was goin' to there pick-nick, as his wife wanted to know if we wou'd jine them," he says, "as is to a bewtiful place called Belmont," he says.

"The very thing, Snodgins," I says. So hof he went to tell them we would jine them, an' to make all the finall arrangements. Next mornin' we was hup by 5 o'clock a.m. as the trane started at 10 o'clock a.m., an' we had all the wittles to get ready, an' beside I do objeck to bein' hurried. So 'aving brake-fasted,

"Now Snodgins," I says "get down the pick-nick hamper," I says, "an' you, Kate Deborah, get some plates, an' cups an' sorcors, knives an' forks, spoons, tabel-napkins, tabel-cloth, an' etc," I says. Then, turnin' to Snodgins, as stud with the open hamper before him, doin' nothin' (men is such helpless creatures, are they not? Ahem! I forgot I was addressin' a man—please excuse the slip an' now, Snodgins, hurry hup, an' put these here crooks at the bottom, so as they wont smash; now the tablecloth an' napkins, an' here's a nice foul an' a tong; now a loaf, an' a jar of butter; now some nice scones, and here's some mince pies, custards, tarts, fruit an' lollies, for the children, bless 'em, I says, as loves children. tho' I as none of my own, an' I hopes they wont be sick, I says. Oh, an' here's a little pot of mustard, wich you must pin in a corner, so as it wont spill, an' here's a pound cake an' some lunch cakes, an'—"

"Heavin's, Sairey," says Snodgins, "how much more are you agoin' to take? Are you agoin' to feed the Band?" he says.

"Don't you interfere, Snodgins, as don't want us to be be starved," I says, "for I hears as the bush does give you a horful appetite, an' specially children."

"You seems to egspect it will anyhow, Sairey," he says, grinnin' like.

"Yes I do," I says, "but if you thinks that's enough—"

"It'll 'ave to be, for the hamper's full," he says.

"We shall 'ave to take a kit then," I says, "for we must take a billy an' a teapot to 'ave a cup of tea—an' here (I knew he would'nt refuse this Mr. Heditor) is a little bottle with a drop of somethink short, in case any of us shall be ill," I says.

"Well, at last we had all redy, an' I goes up stairs to don my holliday happarel, which consisted of a white dress, with frills round the skirt an' body. My husbing always says as white becomes me, tho' I did think I looked a triffe 'wide,' an' a green straw hat with pink roses, yellor gloves, an' shot silk parasol. When I came down Snodgins was redy, an' looked neat in large plad tweed soot, an' straw hat, with a bit of white rag tied round it. I chaffed him about tryin' to look like a colonian, an' callin' Kate Deborah, as was goin' with us, to help to carry the luggage we set out an' reached Wellington station about 9.30, where we was to meet my neece, her husbing an' children. I was so hot an' breathless with warkin' (you see 14 stones is no lite wate to carry, Mr. Heditor) that," I says, "Snodgins, find me a seet, my dear," I says. He went away, but came back diserpinted for there was not a seet vakant.

"Sit on the hamper, Sairey," he says, "as is very strong, while I gets the tickit, an' see if I can see the others," he says.

I sat down, an' he had not been gone many minutes when "Grate Hevens!" I ejackerlates, "where an I goin' to?" an' then to my horror I found the lid of the hamper had given way, an' there was I, with my too feet stickin' up in the air, an' my hands widely cluchin' at space, an' the people laffin' fit to split there sides, an' in this plite Snodgins an' Tom Jenkins found me.

"Why Arnt, what's the matter?" says Tom.

"Matter, indeed? that's takin' a fool' advice," I says, savage. "Come an' get me out," an' then the two of them put fourth all there strength an' with the aid of too of the musicianers, they got me on to my feet. But what a state I was in to be sure. My nice white dress was in such a state I could 'ave cried.

"Never mind, Arntie," says my neece, an' then they began to pick up all the squashed wittles, and made my hart bleed to see my foul covered with jam, the tong all over custard, an' cakes, tea, sugar, lollies, frute bein' stuffed into what was left of the hamper. An' what they couldn't get in, they stuffed inter there pockets. Then the guard came along and bustled us inter the trane, the whisle shreeked an' hof we went.

By the time we got to Belmont, I had quite recovered myself. When we got

out of the trane we put our luggie in a safe place, and then Tom says,

"Come along, all of you, an' I will show you some of the beuties of Belmont," he says. So we crossed the lines an' went along a footpath, but had not perceeded far when a man stops Snodgins an' says "You come from town?"

"Yes," says Snodgins.

"This is not a place for the public," he says; "you must pay me," he says.

"Make the other people pay first, an' then we will," says Snodgins. knowin'.

An' so we went on follerin a windin' path, with bush-covered hills to our left, an' to our right some twenty to fifty feet down, ran a bewtiful stream. "Let us go down here," says Tom, pintin' to a path which led to a pretty green space beside the stream—an' he led an' we foller. When we got down, I stud enraptured—the scene was so luvly.

"Oh, what luvly ferns at the other side of this water," I egsclamed.

"Yes, we will get some before we go, but in the meantime, as you likes this place so much, Uncle Sam'el an' I will go an' get the wittles, Arnt," Tom says.

"Do," I says, as here we shall be, "far from the ragged crowd," I says poetikally.

"When they had gone I says to Ann Jane, "I would like to get some of them ferns," I says.

"Let me get some for you, Arnt Sairey," she says.

"No," I says, "Ann Jane, I must 'ave the pleasure of gettin' them myself, as can easily get over them stones," I says.

"Well, take care," she says, "an' I will foller you as soon as I 'as fassened Mary Ann's pinafore," she says.

So away I goes, an' comin' to the stones begins to pick my way across, but findin' it not so easy, "I wish I hadn't come," I says to myself, "but I shall not give in—Try, try, try again"—an' splash I went into the stream. Of course, woman-like, I screamed an' Ann Jane rushed to my assistance, but she mite as well 'ave tried to move a house as move me. "Get your shoes an' stokin's off children," she screamed, "an' come an' help me." The children, God bless 'em, came an' did there best, but it was no use. There I was clingin' onter the stones till Ann Jane, seemin' a man, called to him, an' Snodgins an' Tom returnin', come to the rescue, and I, like a drowned rat, was dragged fourth from (what mite 'ave been, a watery grave.

Now, what was to be done? I could not stay there like that, with my clothes all wet an' clingin' to my form, an' feet saterated, an' I was too ashamed to go down to one of the few houses, so at last Ann Jane sujested that I shud go inter the bush, take off my boots an' stokin's an' the wettest of my clothes, an' wrap myself hup in a rug, wich they had fortunately brought, while they hung my clothes out to dry. This I consented to, so givin' me a piece of jammed foul and a mince-pie with mustard on it, an' some of the contents of the bottle wich Snodgins

didn't refuse to bring (and a good job he didn't), I made myself as comfortable as I could under the circumstances. After bein' there some time, an' aving no one to speek to, I got drowsy and fell asleep, an' dremt I was lost in the bush, an' that a Mariee-man was tryin' to kiss me, when "Good Hevens, what's that?" an' openin' my eyes, I found a dog rubbin' its nose agens't my face, at which I was very much relieved. After I had recovered from my frite, I began to think it was time some one was comin' to see how I was gettin' on. But the minits went by an' no one came. "Can they 'ave forgot me?" I thinks. An' then I gets alarmed, an' then all sorts of thorts come into my 'ead. "Are they so ashamed of me that they 'ave left me," I thort; "or is Snodgins dancin' to the Garryson Band with some of them girls," or, worse thort still, "'ade they gone 'ome an' left me to be eaten by the Mariees, as could never resist 14 stone," I groned. Then I thort I'd shout, so at the top of my vice I screeched, "Sam'el! Ann Jane!

Tom! Come to me," and then I hears a vice say,
 "Don't go neer her! she's mad."
 "Mad or no mad, I *will* help the poor soul," an' then a man's face peeps in at me, an' a kind vice says,
 "Can I do anythink for you, my poor woman?"
 "Go away," I screeches.
 "Do let me 'elp you out of this place, as you will get cold," he says, an' then he gently, but firmly draggs me out, an' was just goin' to ask me 'nother question, when Snodgins runs hup, brethless.
 "Oh, fergive us, Sairey," he says, "we lost one of the childeren, an' seein' you had fell asleep, I jined in the serch, and at last we found her." Then turnin' to the man he says,
 "This is my wife, sir, as had a mishap, and fell into the stream, an' we had to dry her clothes," he egsplained, for he saw the man thort I was mad.
 "Take me home, Sam'el," I says, "for this 'as been a day of tripulation," I says.

Just then Ann Jane, Tom, and the childeren ame hup; I retired to my bowdwar, an' with the help of Ann Jane, got inter my damp clothes and hurried to the station only to find we had to wate about too hours, as I think is a disgrace to the Railway Company, an' me shiverin' so much that not even the whole of the contents of the little bottle could warm me, so that is how I passed my first Boxin' Day in New Zealand, an' if you gets no letter next week you will know I've got the influenza or neuralgia or somethink worse. In conclusion, Mr. Heditor, let me say that if I dies, I should like the FAIR PLAY staff to accompany to its last home, the mortal remains of

Yours, truly,

Sairey Snodgins

"In Direst Peril,"

BY

DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

THIS DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR'S

NEW TALE

IS NOW

APPEARING IN

NEW ZEALAND EDITION OF

"TIT BITS."

PUBLISHED BY

McKEE AND GAMBLE,

New Zealand Press Agency,

Wellington.

The New Zealand
Press Clippings Bureau,

6 Lambton Quay, Wellington.

PATRONISED BY

The EARL OF ONSLOW,

Late Governor of New Zealand,

And all the LEADING MEN

Of the Colony.

CLIPPINGS ON ANY SUBJECT

From

The entire New Zealand Press

Supplied with PROMPTITUDE.

SEARCHES MADE

In Back Numbers of any Newspapers,

CLIPPINGS

Also Supplied from the

English, French, German, American

PRESS.

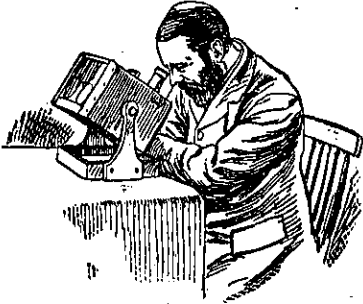
Full Details on Application to—

TRUEBRIDGE, MILLER and REICH,
 PROPRIETORS.

PHOTOGRAPHY IN COLORS.

Nature's Living Tints Faithfully Reproduced by the Camera.

Photography in colors is a dream that has inflamed many besides the mere amateur and the enthusiast. Like several other delusions that will never die, it has been reported a fait accompli over and over again; yet the world still waits for colored photographs and waits in vain, if what it expects are correctly tinted reproductions, taken direct from nature. The best that is



THE HELIOCHROMOSCOPE AND ITS INVENTOR, said to have ever been done in this respect, and it is very wonderful, is the so called "composite heliochromy" of Mr. Frederic Ives of Philadelphia.

In this process three pictures are taken simultaneously on one plate, through colored screens of special construction, by means of which each image is made to represent one of the three fundamental color sensations produced on the eye. These three images are superimposed one on another by a triple optical lantern, or in an instrument of highly ingenious construction called the "heliochromoscope," of Mr. Ives' own invention, by means of which the original object is shown not only in apparent relief, as in the familiar stereoscope, but also in the exact colors and shades of nature.

These pictures, speaking vulgarly, are not colored photographs. The three actual images on each plate are black and white as usual, with a difference merely as regards the distribution of light and shade in each; it is only when they are combined and when the proper conditions are restored that the illusory effects of color are given.

The heliochromoscope is a small square box with an eyepiece, somewhat resembling a camera. In exhibiting specimens, after turning the instrument toward the light, Mr. Ives slipped in front of it what appeared to be an ordinary photographic negative with three pictures on it arranged in trefoil. This, however, he asserted, was not a negative, but a simple positive taken on glass instead of paper. The images were not colored, but merely differed from one another in regard to the arrangement of light and shade.

On putting one's eye to the eyepiece there appeared in full relief an absolutely perfect representation of a dish of fruit; glossy red apples, mottled yellow bananas, and a luscious bunch of green grapes covered with a tempting bloom that made one's mouth water more than all the efforts of Dutch genre painters could ever do. Several similar objects followed; then came photographs of colored pictures, of oil paintings, of Swiss scenery, in all the living colors of nature.

The Hottest Spot on Earth.

The hottest region on the earth's surface is on the southwestern coast of Persia, on the border of the Persian gulf, judging by the following from an exchange:

"For 40 consecutive days in the months of July and August the mercury has been known to stand above 100 degrees in the shade night and day, and to run up as high as 130 degrees in the middle of the afternoon. At Bahrein, in the center of the most torrid part of this most torrid belt, as though it were nature's intention to make the place as unbearable as possible, water from wells is something unknown. Great shafts have been sunk to a depth of 100, 200, 300 and even 500 feet, but always with the same result, no water. This serious drawback notwithstanding, a comparatively numerous population contrives to live there, thanks to copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the gulf more than a mile from the shore.

"The water from these springs is obtained in a most curious and novel manner. 'Machadores,' whose sole occupation is that of furnishing the people of Bahrein with the life giving fluid, repair to that portion of the gulf where the springs are situated and bring away with them hundreds of skin bags full of the water each day. The water of the gulf where the springs burst forth is nearly 200 feet deep, but these 'machadores' (divers) manage to fill their goatskin sacks by diving to the bottom and holding the mouths of the bags over the fountain jets; this, too, without allowing the salt water of the gulf to mix with it. The source of these submarine fountains is thought to be in the hills of Osmond, 400 or 500 miles away. Being situated at the bottom of the gulf, it is a mystery how they were ever discovered, but the fact remains that they have been known since the dawn of history."

A Brief Epitaph.

A facetious story is told of a pauper who, having died in a workhouse, was to be buried in the most economical fashion. The master proposed to inscribe over his tombstone:

THOMAS THORPS,
HIS CORPSE.

The guardians at the next meeting of the board forbade such a profligate expenditure of the rates and ordered the epitaph to be curtailed thus:

THORPS'
CORPSE.

Bees and Birds Court Society.

Bees and birds court the society of man—that is, they seek the locality where fields and gardens abound, for they fare better when human industry extorts from the soil the products upon which they subsist. A Maine bee culturist says it is the rarest thing in the world to find bees away from the settlements or from openings where flowers grow. It is in the small patches of forest they are oftenest found and generally not far from the edge of the woods. It is the same with birds. There are no song birds in the northern Maine wilderness and scarcely anything that can be called bird life. Birds cluster around towns and villages.

OPERA HOUSE.

Under the Direction of
CHARLES HOLLOWAY and ANDREW MONEY.

HOLLOWAY
Dramatic Company.

EVERY EVENING AT 8.

THE SHAMROCK & ROSE
CROWDED HOUSES.

Everybody delighted with the Realistic
Scenes, the Startling Surprises, &
Stirring Situations of this
MODERN DRAMA OF IRISH LIFE.

Monday & Tuesday Ring of Iron
Wed., Thurs. & Fri. My Jack
Saturday The Workman

Box Office at Dresden Piano Warehouse.
Day Tickets at Aldous' and James' Tobacconists.

J. E. PETHERICK,
Business Manager.

SMART'S CRITERION THEATRE,

Opposite New Zealand Hotel,
Under the management of Mr. Walter Price.
EVERY EVENING AT 8.

THE WORLD'S TRIO AND
AMERICAN NOVELTY COMPANY
CONTINUED SUCCESS.

AUDIENCES NIGHTLY INCREASING.

Yielding to numerous suggestions, Mr. Price has pleasure in announcing that he has taken into consideration the prevailing depression, and will for the remainder of the season the tariff of admission as follows:

Front Seats, 2s.; Second, 1s. (entrance Manners St.); Family Circle 6d. (entrance Herbert St.).

2s. 1s. 6d.

The Finest Combination that ever appeared in this city. Worth going a long way to see.—Wide Wellington press.

Entire change of programme to-morrow (Saturday) night.

Secure tickets at Aldous', tobacconist, during the day, and avoid the crush at night. Doors open at 7.15, overture at 8.

Stage Manager.. Mr. Harry Crawford.
Musical Director .. Professor Fischer.

SUNDAY EVENING.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

OUR FIRST GRAND SACRED CONCERT.

WELLINGTON
CALEDONIAN
SOCIETY.

ANNUAL GATHERING

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BASIN RESERVE.

QUOTING COMMENCES 10 A.M.
GENERAL GAMES 12.30 A.M.

JAS. B. SPEED, Sec.

F O R S A L E

In order to close accounts in an Estate the following Properties must be sold:—

Eligible Property, situated in Constable street; price £400.

Do. do., Owen-street; price £400.

Do. do., Mansfield street; price £410.

Do. do., Cardrill-street; price £325.

Do. do., Cardall-street; price £335.

Do. do., Percival and Dixon-streets price £740.

Do. do., Percival-street; price £720.

Eligible Villa Property, situated in Mamara-crescent, with unrivalled view; price £750.

Eligible Shop and Dwelling, situated in Wordsworth-street; price £450.

In all cases liberal terms may be arranged. This is a rare opportunity to acquire good freeholds at low prices.

Apply to

Mr. W. C. WEBB,
Owen-street, Newtown

Or to

THOMPSON & BALDWIN,
Brandon-street.

Fair Play

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1898.

How About that Report?

ONE of the very first subjects which should be taken in hand by the press of the colony during the first months of the new year, and discussed with all possible fullness and freedom, is the question of the defences of the colony. With six months' handling—without gloves—by the press, there will then be some fair reason to hope that the new Parliament will pay special attention to this important matter, and will force the Government, whether it likes the job or not, to put our defences in a proper state of efficiency. The present state of affairs is a disgrace to all concerned, but the largest share of the responsibility undoubtedly lies with the Government. The Premier humbugged the House last session most shamefully over the report sent in by Colonel Fox, a report which was, in its way, one of the most admirably compiled and most valuable state documents ever seen in the colony. But for some reason or other Richard the Fourth does not like Colonel Fox, and what is more he didn't like the report. That being the case, careless alike of the efficiency of the volunteer service and of the colonial defences, regardless of all claims of the duty he owed both to the officer in question and to the House, he mercilessly burked all proper discussion of the report, snubbed the officer, and held over the question of the defences altogether. Perhaps he may have taken this course with the mistaken idea that thereby he would gain the goodwill of the volunteers and their officers, but we fancy it was more to soften the feelings and pander to the personal prejudices of certain members whose finer feelings the outspoken Colonel, scorning all political humbug, and above any base toadying to the powers that be, had rudely offended by telling them some wholesome, if unpleasant, truths. Others have it that the Premier shelved the report because he knew that its adoption would involve the expenditure of a good round sum of money. Now the value of public

money expended, is, in the Seddonian mind, in exact proportion to the number of votes to be got, and Richard the Fourth preferred to keep a few thousand "co-op." men employed in useless and very costly public works in constituencies where the Government candidate was weak, to spending it in putting the defence of the colony in better order. Whatever may have been the cause, the result is the same. The volunteer service is at present in a woefully disorganised and disheartened condition, and the colonial defences are in a state which can only truthfully be described as chaotic. And this is what we are confronted with at a time when the European air is so full of rumours of war, when the British Government have promised to materially increase the strength of the navy, at a time when the Victorian Commandant, Major-General Tulloch, alleges that the colonial commerce is at the mercy of a foreign foe—at a time when more than ever previously, it is necessary that we should be fully prepared for the most serious contingencies. We like Mr. Seddon for many things, and we give him and his Ministry a general support, but we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that the apathy and negligence of the Premier over this question of our defences is well-nigh criminal. Mr. Seddon, like many ill-educated and self-made men, is very narrow at times, full of petty prejudice and of dislike of advice. He has, moreover, of late shown signs of becoming intolerably autocratic, and of aiming at playing the part of Dictator or Chief Boss of the colony. We can tell him plainly that the colonists will not stand this foolish assumption of an infallibility which so ill befits him, and that he may go too far in his bumptious indifference to the opinions of the press and the public. Most certainly his policy of deliberate disregard of defence matters, of snubbing a British officer of high experience, and of shelving a valuable and costly state report, will not receive the commendation of the colonists. We hope, however, to see the matter taken up in real earnest by the daily press of the colony, and to notice the creation and solid growth of a sound public opinion on the subject of our defences, an opinion which Mr. Seddon, who is quite cunning enough to back down when he ever sees which way the wind blows, will not be able—will not dare to disregard. We shall return to the subject of Our Defences in another issue.

Fair Play

A

JOURNAL FOR SENSIBLE MEN & WOMEN

An Unprejudiced New Zealand Weekly.

"FAIR PLAY IS A JEWEL"

PROPRIETORS:
THE FAIR PLAY NEWSPAPER CO. LTD.

PUBLISHERS:
MCKEE AND GAMBLE,
6, CUSTOMHOUSE QUAY, WELLINGTON.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

Cheques, Drafts, etc., and all Business Communications, to be addressed to THE MANAGER. Literary Communications to THE EDITOR.

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.

SPORTS, GAMES & PASTIMES.



Mr. T. W. Wynyard.

Mr. T. W. Wynyard, who is well-known in amateur sporting circles, was born at the North Shore, Auckland, in 1865. He is the youngest son of the late Captain Wynyard and was educated in Auckland. He followed an office life after school and went in for athletics of all kinds when he was about 16 years of age, notably, cricket, football, rowing and running. He was a member of the National football team that visited England and Australia in 1888 and 1889 and was also chosen to represent New Zealand in the last campaign in Australia. As a rower he has done a great deal in New Zealand, winning a number of colonial races, and pulling to victory on several occasions with Sullivan, now champion of England. He came to Wellington about four years ago, but could not find time to row and play cricket at the same time, so kept to cricket and became a member of the Midland Cricket Club. Mr. Wynyard was a member of the Auckland Amateur Athletic Club for many years, and won several prizes including the Club's $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile championship in 1887 afterwards, in 1890, Mr. Wynyard joined the Poneke Football Club, and has been with them from the time of his joining up to the present day; he is now vice-captain, and one of the most enthusiastic players when the football season comes around. In the match between the Auckland and the Nelson team in 1889 the subject of our sketch succeeded in obtaining two 'tries' and a goal, a particularly good record for a single player, although, as he says himself, for awhile he dropped football for cricket; still he must have had a natural adaptation for the former game, for when he first joined

the Ponekes in 1890, he won Dr. Newman's trophy for the best all round play. Mr. Wynyard is a good specimen of the young New Zealander, and is fortunate enough to possess a sound mind in a sound body. The more young men of his style that we breed in this colony the better it will be for the future of the country.

Blackham, one of the Australian cricket team, says that in his opinion the English fast bowlers completely demoralised the Australians, who are too much used to tricky slow bowlers.

One of the incidents of the last Melbourne Cup: When the wife of a well-known owner of racehorses saw hubby's animal beaten even for a place, she straightway tied herself up in a hysterical attack and cleared about $\frac{1}{4}$ -acre space around her in 10 sec. This is about the only instance on record where it could be safely assumed a race was run absolutely on the square.

At the rifle match between the Pahiatua and Woodville rifle clubs, which was shot at Woodville, the former club won by 24 points.

Up to the time of our going to press the results of the Chess Congress in Dunedin were as follow:—Mellor v Cleland, Mellor resigned; Barton v Mouat, Barton won by default; Brown v Lelievre, the game resulted in a draw; Edwards v Barnes, won by Edwards; Hookham v Pleasants, Pleasants resigned.

Mr. T. W. Leslie, the walker, has left for Dunedin to take part in the annual athletic sports which are to be held there. The sports will extend over three days.

The annual meeting of the Feilding Athletic Club was held on Boxing Day. There was only a fair attendance present. Mat Morrissey, Flanagan, and J. H. King, all Australian performers, were present. The two principal events were the Sheffield Handicap (120yds.) and the One Mile, they were won by Lett and Daly respectively, both from Wanganui. A. W. Watts won the 200 yards Championship rather to the surprise of the knowing ones, as both J. H. King and Rogers ran in the race. Morrissey, the Sydney man, won the Quarter hands down. Watts, in addition to the win mentioned, won both the hurdle races. Bullock, of Wellington, won both amateur races.

The Wellington Caledonian Society held a meeting on Wednesday night, to make arrangements for the sports to be held on New Year's Day. The entries for all events are much larger this year than they have been at any previous time, and if the weather is fine a most enjoyable day is anticipated.

Mr. S. Nicholls, who has been for some time living in Greytown, has returned to Wellington. He has signified his intention of playing for the Midland Cricket Club during the remainder of the season.

The athletic sports held at Porirua under the auspices of the Porirua Athletic Club passed off very successfully. The weather was simply perfect, and there

was a fair attendance, about 600 people being on the ground. The principal event—the Porirua Handicap of four distances—resulted in a tie between D. McGill, the Petone footballer, and Bradford, both men scoring 8 points each. They agreed to divide the prize money. The arrangements in connection with the sports were excellent, and both Mr. A. H. Bennie (the secretary) and Mr. G. H. Watson (superintendent of sports) are entitled to warm praise for the way they carried out their duties.

Arrangements have been completed for a rifle match between the junior teams of the City Rifles and the Greytown Rifle Club to come off on the Papawai range on New Year's Day. The Wellington team will meet at the Drilled this (Friday) evening to receive their ammunition and make further arrangements for the match.

At a special meeting of the Canterbury Cricket Association in Christchurch, at which delegates from Otago and Auckland were present, it was resolved, with their entire concurrence, that the Canterbury Association be requested to accept all financial responsibility for, and to undertake the sole control of the approaching match New Zealand v. New South Wales, at Christchurch; and that Mr. A. M. Ollivier be asked to select the New Zealand team.

The annual angling competition in connection with the Canterbury Angler's Society was held at the Selwyn on the 18th instant. There were two competitions, the contestants fishing first with minnows and then with flies. In the former, Mr. G. B. Ritchie was first with ten fish weighing 50lb. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. In the second, Mr. H. McCrostie was first with a total weight of 23lb. 11oz.

During the holidays the Messrs. Jessup, of Wellington, made a long bicycle journey. They left Palmerston at 1:45 p.m. on Saturday, and arrived at Norsewood at 9:25 p.m. The trip was resumed at 8.15 next morning, and their destination, Waipawa, was reached about noon. They left on the return journey at 4:10 the same day, taking the train as far as Woodville, and reached Wellington at 9:10 on Tuesday night. Mr. Herbert rode from Wellington to Waipawa and back *via* the Wairarapa.

The bowling greens in Wellington were well patronised on Boxing Day. Both the Thorndon and Wellington Bowling Club members turned out in full force, and several interesting games were played.

The Interprovincial Tennis Tournament in Auckland is attracting the attention of all lovers of the game throughout the colony. The latest news which is received just as we go to press, is that Mr. S. M. Marshall, of Christchurch, and Miss Spiers, of Auckland, have been successful in defeating Miss Cottrell and Mr. J. Harrold in the Combined Double Handicap. Miss Spiers played particularly well.

The open sailing boats, Ione and Irex,

are to be taken across to the Picton Regatta on Monday.

Mr. A. S. Paterson has been elected Director of Sports for the Caledonian Society's Meeting in the absence of Lieutenant-Colonel Hume.

It will be recollected that the New Zealand Amateur Athletic Association recently refused permission to the Wairarapa Athletic Club to assist the kindred organisation in Wellington in sending a team to the championship meeting in Dunedin next year. It is now stated that the men who have been selected by the Wairarapa Club will become members of the Wellington Club and compete in the latter body's colours.

It has been decided to open a bowling green in the grounds adjoining Parliament House. The site chosen is an excellent one, and the idea worthy of commendation. A little out-of-door exercise and a little less devotion to Bellamy's will be of undoubted benefit to many of our worthy legislators.

The cricket team selected to meet Auckland seems to have met with the approval of the critics, the only one to whom exception has been taken being Ashbolt. Undoubtedly there are several players whose performance during the season have entitled them to priority of selection. On a hard true wicket, such as in all probability we shall have, Ashbolt, as a bowler, will be useless; and then regrets will be expressed that a hard hitting bat such as Williams or Wynward was not included, Lash, also, certainly should not have been relegated to inactivity. However, it is impossible to satisfy everyone, and a Selection Committee that can so arrange matters that adverse criticism is confined to but one of the team is worthy of congratulation.

The games on Saturday were of the order known as "scratch." Wellington fortified by Harris of the Phoenix, and Lusk of Hawke's Bay, meeting the Midland; and the Rivals essaying the duty of inflicting further ignominy upon the unfortunate Phoenix. The Midland made a splendid stand, the veteran Salmon leading the van with a score of 74. Lusk played artistically for 14, but the remainder lacked vigour. Fitzsimmons developed unexpected talent; perhaps the responsibility of going in first had something to do with it. The experiment of changing the order is to be commended; many a batsman who is perpetually compelled to "initiate the tail" becomes disheartened and careless. The same applies to bowling, a few seem to monopolise it all and then one wonders at the paucity of good bowlers. Jones (60) and O'Sullivan (56) were the mainstays of the Rivals; the latter promises to be a crack of the first water.

The Pressmen had a very enjoyable match on Christmas Day, the "Great Liberal Party" asserting a three wickets superiority.

In the Wellington Rowing Club Senior Fours Heise (bow), H. Gamble (2), Pall (3), C. Hooks (stroke), defeated G. S.

Hill (bow), W. Waters (2), J. Patterson (3), W. Simm (stroke), by about two lengths after a good race. Mr. F. M. Marks acted as starter, and Mr. J. E. Gamble as judge. Entries are now being received for the Club Fours in which race the winning crews will receive a special prize of gold medals.

We are glad to hear that Waters is likely to be sufficiently well to stroke the Wellington Club's Senior Four, in which case the crew will probably consist of Waters, Graham, Young, and Simm.

In the Star Boating Club's Junior Pairs C. B. Trimmell, A. H. Barnett, and Widop (cox), easily defeated P. Blundell, S. Allen, and Brown (cox) by some 15 lengths.

The following entries have been received for the Star Boating Club's Senior Sculls, the first heats of which will be rowed after the New Year holidays, viz., G. C. Fache, F. Pownall, K. D. Duncan, W. H. Morrah, C. W. Palmer, E. L. Burnes, C. Pearce, R. W. Wallace, A. G. Hume, A. W. Newton, H. Palmer, and E. W. G. Strange. Newton will probably prove the winner.

We hear the Star Club Match Committee have selected the following crews for the forthcoming regattas, although the same have not yet been officially made public, viz., Senior Fours: R. W. Wallace (stroke), E. W. G. Strange (3), G. F. Johnston (2), W. N. Morrah (bow); Senior Pairs: A. W. Newton (stroke), W. H. Morrah (bow); Senior Double Sculls: A. W. Newton (stroke), A. G. Hume (bow); Junior Fours: C. E. Matthews (stroke), H. J. McLean (3), H. Palmer (2), C. Pearce (bow); Maiden Four: A. Duncan (stroke), G. C. Fache (3), R. Pownall (2), K. D. Duncan (bow). If such is the case I cannot compliment the Committee on their selection, and think the following would prove far better selections, viz., Senior Fours: R. W. Wallace (stroke), E. W. G. Strange (3), G. F. Johnston (2), H. Palmer (bow); Senior Pairs: A. W. Newton (stroke), W. H. Morrah (bow); Senior Double Sculls: A. G. Hume (stroke), E. L. Burnes (bow); Junior Fours: C. E. Matthews (stroke), D. Burnes (3), C. Pearce (2), J. E. Smith (bow); Maiden Fours: A. Duncan (stroke), G. C. Fache (3), H. Shearman (2), R. Pownall (bow). With such a long list to choose from the Committee should not send any member for more than one race, as when men are training with a four they cannot devote sufficient time to the pair-oared or double-sculling event.



The Holloway Company opened on Boxing night at the Opera House with a new Irish drama entitled "The Shamrock and the Rose," by Reynolds. The production is undoubtedly staged in an excellent manner, the mechanical effects being superior to anything previously attempted in Irish drama. The play itself is good in spots; some of the situations being intensely interesting and others falling rather flat. It would be superfluous to give the plot, even if we could spare the space, as all Irish dramas have much of a muchness about them. There is always the same old villain, the same honest Irish boy, who is a species of cross between "Corn," in the "Shaughraun," and "Shaun," in "Arrah-na-Pogue," the ever familiar English lady; our old friend the squire; the informer; and the pretty Irish colleen. Add a few policemen and soldiers, shake together carefully and introduce a song or two and you have the regulation Irish drama. "The Shamrock and the Rose" is in bit above the usual run, still with its gorgeous setting it puts us in mind of an old acquaintance in a new suit of swell clothes.

Amongst those situations which are worthy of particular notice are the final denouement when the villain Stephen Flint is unmasked, the scene of the attempted murder at the derelict mill, with the mechanical change to the Mill race, the scene between Morna Moore, and Stephen Flint, and the death of Mrs. Moore, in the eviction scene. They are all well worked up to and except that we know so well what is coming would be intensely interesting.

Mr. Charles Holloway played Dandy Dunraven, the good-hearted, good-natured, reckless Irish boy. On the first night he hardly seemed to be in his usual form, and on several occasions appeared to have forgotten his lines; on the second night, however, he was more himself, and gave a very creditable performance. His rather indifferent acting on the first night, however, threw the burden of the work on the other members of the company, who, although they responded nobly, gave the impression that they were forcing themselves. On Wednesday and Thursday nights, however, nothing of the kind was noticeable, and everything went smoothly from start to finish.

Mrs. Holloway appeared as Morna Moore; judging from the roles we have seen her in before, the character was hardly one that suited her, and it was only another proof of this clever little lady's versatility that she sustained it so admirably. Miss Linda Raymond played the part of Rose Riverdale, the "English Rose." Although perhaps at times she overdid the part by working a little too hard, she gave a really excellent all-round interpretation. Miss Raymond is a most

The Dresden Piano Coy.

HAVE

Instruments

Practically by every leading makers in the world.

TIME PAYMENT A SPECIALITY.

The Dresden Piano Co.,

WELLINGTON.

M. J. Brooks, Manager.

conscientious actress and is deserving of every credit for the attention that she pays to the details of the character she impersonates. Olly Deering is an old favourite and presents to us in the part of "Mixy Muleahy" that curious but too often natural combination, a coward and a bully, an ignorant drink-besotted scoundrel, who will go to any extremity of crime for money or revenge and then to save his own worthless neck will betray his comrades. It is not the Michael Feeny style of villain, but the low burly ruffian often met with amongst the most degraded class of the Irish peasantry. Mr. Deering's make up is ludicrously grotesque, but it is true to the life, if the specimens we have seen of the Irish "tramps" in the country districts of America are any criterion to go by. His acting was, as it usually is, all that could be desired. Mr. E. G. Coughlan's Arthur Fitzwillington was one of the prominent features of the production, and his impersonation of the Englishman who had come to Ireland for excitement and got it—in chunks—was most laughter-provoking. Coughlan is a clever little fellow and is sure to make a name for himself. The other characters were well sustained and we regret that we are unable to refer to them in detail. On Monday evening "The Shamrock and Rose" will be withdrawn to make way for "The Ring of Iron."

The American Novelty Minstrel Company (late Empire Minstrel Company) is doing good business at the new Criterion Theatre, lately opened in Manners street. The theatre, which has recently been transformed from a hall into a very cosy little place of amusement, has a fair seating capacity and is provided with a stage that is requisite to all the requirements of the present company. The walls are tastefully decorated and the general appearance of the interior is all that could be desired.

The company which is performing at present is a decided improvement on the average travelling minstrel and variety show, and the management undoubtedly deserve success; a consummation we heartily wish them. The entertainment consists of the usual "first part," succeeded by a number of "turns," and closing with a very amusing pantomimic farce.

To enter into details, in the "first part," there are some very good songs, both comic and otherwise, given by Messrs. Moore, Crawford, Stowe, and Naylor, and by the Misses Holbein, Robertson, Delroy, and Lynne. The second part opens with a "turn" by Messrs. Mooney and Crawford. We have seen a number of high kickers, from the Magilens down, but these two gentlemen are certainly artists and deserving of unqualified praise. As grotesque dancers there is room for improvement, and their work might be done a trifle cleaner, but as contortionists and high kickers they will take a lot of beating. Misses Delroy and Lynne were not at all bad in the song and dance, the "Rowdy Dowdy Boys," and met

with evident appreciation from the "gods." We were pleased to note the re-appearance of an old favourite, Mr. Charles Naylor, who seems to have profited by his brief rest, and is singing in really excellent voice. A word of praise is certainly due to Miss Ida Holbein who has a sympathetic contralto voice. She is a pretty little woman, and that is a big point in her favour. Miss Polly Robertson also came in for a large share of applause. The entertainment concluded with a very funny afterpiece, entitled "The Laundry Pantomime."

Snazelle, who is at present in South Africa, has been getting into a row with the press again. Some critic in that far away country slated him, and Snazelle, as usual, retaliated by blackguarding him from the stage. The Tasmanian people were not far wrong when they nicknamed him "Snarling Snazelle."

The Myra Kemble Company, who are now in Auckland, had rather bad luck in Napier, and were obliged to close their doors there. The company gave a benefit for the sufferers from the flood, and drew a fairly good house, but the people who attended the performance for "sweet charity's sake," refused to come again for amusement, and hence the burst-up.

Frank Thornton's proper name is Tubbs. He has a brother in the office of a well-known Hebrew financier in Melbourne. Frank will be recollected by many old theatre goers as the original of the "Private Secretary," a travesty upon which was recently played in Wellington by Mr. George Leitch and the Myra Kemble Company, under the name of the "Librarian." Mr. Leitch is to Frank Thornton, as the dark eyed mud to the blonde haired snow.

Professor Richard, the electrician, who was in Wellington some months back is at present in Charter's Towers, where he is scooping in the shekels of the guileless banana-landers.

George Miln, who advertised himself throughout Australia a few years ago as the "Great American Tragedian," but who was as a matter of fact scarcely known in the "States" is at present playing a piece called the "Royal Divorce," in which he stars as Napoleon, through the provinces in England.

The Heller Bouanza Company did good business at Gisborne on Boxing night. They open in Napier next week.

We publish below our critique on the last concert of the Wellington Orchestral Society, which was, unfortunately, held over on account of pressure on our space.

The Wellington Orchestral Society's second concert of the fourth season was held on Tuesday, 12th instant, at the Opera House, before a large audience. The orchestra consisted of about forty instrumentalists, under the conductorship of Mr. Alfred F. Hill. A change, with not altogether the best of results, was the using of three saxhorns instead of French horns.

The idea, though a good one, is not, in our opinion, the best. We would suggest for the future that if French horns are not available to get a flugel horn, saxhorn, and euphonium; these three instruments would give the required compass, and the tone would be more effective, because the middle register could be used instead of the extreme register of the saxhorn. We should like to deal with this subject at length, because the lack of efficient horn players has always been a drawback to this Society, but as space will not permit, we simply advise some of our young players to study this neglected instrument. We are surprised at the deficiency of the cornet players; we would recommend them to try and improve, and play in tune. That these instruments were not up to their work was manifest in the opening bars of the "Lohengrin Fantasia," and the cornet solo in the "Prayer from Der Freischütz," was painfully exaggerated. We point out these instances as being the most prominent defects in the orchestra. Generally speaking, more rehearsal would have been beneficial to all, and we hope before the next concert the members will recognise the duty they owe their conductor, and make every effort to attend rehearsals, so that all concerned may have fair play.

The concert opened with Goldmark's overture "Im Fruhling." This difficult work was played in capital style, the piano passage for the strings being exceptionally good, though at times the intonation was false. The "Prayer from Der Freischütz" was not so successful, the band being unsteady, more particularly the brass. Rubenstein's ballet music from "Farramors" was most enjoyable, the "First Dance of Bajaderes," and the "Wedding March" going with a dash and vim which has seldom been heard here before. We congratulate the conductor upon this success, which was due to his tact, though the performance was not absolutely perfect, there was displayed a considerable amount of ability, exhibiting great improvement upon the efforts of the Society. The Fantasia "Lohengrin" was just a little too much for the brass and failed in consequence. We do not wish to convey that the item was not enjoyable, but had the brass been able to render their difficult and important part with more efficiency it would have been more satisfactory. "OShone Zeit" arranged for flute solo with orchestral accompaniment, was played by Mr. C. J. Hill with unqualified success, this number was encored, which it justly deserved. Miss Newton was the vocalist and was most successful in her selections. They included two quaint Scotch songs and three of Mr. A. Hills charming songs (two of which had flute obligato), the whole being performed with so much expression as materially to raise this young vocalist in the estimation of her hearers. With reference to the songs by Mr. Hill it would be difficult to say which is the best, they are graceful, original, and quaint, and go to prove the versatility of his gifts. The words were written by Mr. H. Didsbury of this city, and show much promise.

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.

Phrenology Up to Date.

It is now nearly one hundred years since Dr. Gall announced to the world his science of human character, his first series of lectures on the subject being delivered in Berlin in 1796. In the year 1800 he gave a second and more important course in Paris. From the latter date phrenology takes its birth. No child, born of deep thought and careful observation, ever had so unwelcome a reception. The metaphysicians, the doctors, and the learned all round ridiculed, denounced, and utterly condemned the poor thing as the greatest humbug of the age. But, in spite of all opposition, it continued to live, grow, and extend its influence, under the zealous care of its parent and guardians to all civilised lands.

There are even yet some good people who cannot take kindly to phrenology. They believe that the brain acts as a unit rather than as a number of clearly-defined organs, each of which performs a distinct function; that the shape of the brain may not correspond with the form of the skull; that human nature is too complex to be systematised into a science. These are the strongest objections to phrenology, but each of them can be fairly and fully answered:—

1. The Brain a Unit.—If this were the case all people would be naturally alike in their traits, dispositions, and characteristics. But such is not the case. There are no two exactly the same, and they are found to differ just as their organisations differ. At school one boy is clever at figures but dull at grammar, while another has ability for history, geography, &c., but cannot draw. This shows there is a fundamental difference to begin with, and this difference is undoubtedly caused by difference in organisation, independent of education. Observation has demonstrated that certain parts of the brain perform certain functions—the posterior lobe gives the social feelings, the coronal region, the moral sentiments; and the frontal lobe the reasoning faculties. Each of these lobes is divided by phrenologists into a number of organs, each of which represents a distinct trait of character, but is connected in function with the whole of the same group. The organs of secretiveness, caution, continuity, inabitiveness, and friendship are all contiguous in loca-

tion and function. Intuition, benevolence, veneration, spirituality, hope, and ideality are the same. So with each group. This is a natural and orderly arrangement, and is fully borne out by experience and observation.

2. The Brain and shape of the Skull.—In the process of individual evolution the brain is first formed and the skull is shaped according to the configuration of the brain. The brain is primary and the skull only secondary, consequently it is formed for the brain just as the ribs are formed for the heart and lungs, and shaped according to their development.

3. Complexity of Human Nature.—Phrenology systematises and simplifies the human organism by dividing it into three temperaments—the vital, the motive, and the mental temperaments. The vital temperament embraces the heart, lungs, stomach, and all the internal system, which creates or circulates the life force. When large it gives fullness, roundness, and good health to the physical constitution. The motive temperament embraces the framework, bones, muscles, &c., and gives man activity and endurance when large. The mental temperament includes the brain and the nervous system. It gives thought, power, and mental activity.

These three temperaments embrace the entire organisation of man, and any competent phrenologist can perceive their development, combination, and influence on character at a glance. Each temperament shows its development, and consequent influence in the face of every individual. When these temperaments are large they bestow good health, physical endurance, and mental ability. It is always an advantage, therefore, to have them well developed and equally blended. They then give strength and completeness to character. But if one is large and the other small it leads to eccentricity and an unbalanced disposition. In reading character, the expert phrenologist always makes these temperaments the basis of his operations. He also notices the breathing power, digestive power, circulation of the blood, and the organic quality of the person he is reading. All these have great influence on character, ability, and disposition. These added to the map of the head supplied by phrenology form a pretty complete science of character.

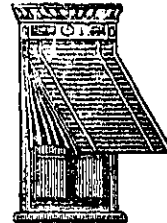
It will now be seen that phrenology up to date is not merely "bumpology," but includes knowledge of anatomy, physiology and physiognomy. In fact, these are the very bases of the science of character reading. The mistake of the early phrenologists was in depending too much upon the brain *per se*. It is now known that a medium brain with good physical endowments will do more useful work than a large brain with weak vital and motive temperaments. What is required in all cases for the completion and perfection of character is well-developed temperaments and organs of the brain. It is the small faculties, not the large ones, which do the mischief. It should be the object of all to fully unfold and perfect every faculty of their being by active work or useful exercise—as all faculties improve by use

and become defective by idleness—then general health, serenity of mind, and continual happiness will be the result.

Phrenology up to date embraces a knowledge of the whole organism—physical, mental, moral and spiritual.

Robert White.

J. ANDREWS,



Wellington Steam revolving Shutter, Venetian and Wire Blind, and Packing case Factory, Upper Willis Street, WELLINGTON. (late Potherick & Co.)

All descriptions of Blinds made and repaired on the shortest notice, also maker of all kinds of Cardboard Boxes, and at Lowest Prices. Material supplied to the trade, and estimates given. Orders may be left at Mr. Lawson's, 94 Cuba Street. Telephone 794.

Brisbane Boarding House,

CORNER OF PERCIVAL & DIXON STREETS, MRS. J. SULLIVAN PROPRIETRESS.

Visitors and the General Public find Home Comfort, Clean Beds, and well-Furnished Rooms.

Hot and Cold Baths.

Special Terms for Permanent Boarders.

Grand view of the harbour.

Five minutes walk from General Post Office.

(ESTABLISHED 1898.)

CIVIL SERVICE

Co-operative Stores,

87 WILLIS STREET 87

Four doors above Manners Street, WELLINGTON.

H. VALLANCE,

(Late of and successor to W. JAMESON AND Co.) WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

GROCER & PROVISION MERCHANT, IMPORTER OF

INDIAN, CHINA, & CEYLON TEAS.

Sole proprietor of the celebrated Book Bonus Teas.

Telephone No. 699

BAY VIEW BOARDING HOUSE.

Plimmer's Steps, (OFF LAMBTON QUAY).

Mrs. E. Blair, Proprietress.

First-Class Accommodation for Travellers and Visitors. Special Terms for Permanent Boarders. Hot and Cold Baths.

TERMS MODERATE.

Note the Address—Plimmer's Steps.

Racing Reflections.

(By "BRONCIO.")

On Friday, the 8th inst., a curious case was heard at the Kyneton (Vic.) Police Court. A coloured man, named Marshall, was charged with occupying a stand and betting at the Kyneton races on the previous Wednesday. At the outset the accused admitted the offence. Sergeant Young stated that bookmakers who are not honestly inclined resort to the system of "balancing," that is, they pretend after a race that they have no money, and only give back to the successful bettors the amounts deposited in their hands when making the wagers. By this means they retain the odds, and work a deliberate swindle on those foolish enough to bet with them. The accused was one of that class. He bet four halfcrowns to one with one Thomas Morley that Soprano would not win the Selling Race. Soprano, however, won, and then Marshall disputed the wager, tore up the betting ticket which he had given to Morley, told the latter he had backed Approval, and absolutely refused to pay over the wager, but gave back his halfcrown to Morley. The accused also tampered with his betting book to make it appear that it was Approval and not Soprano that Morley had backed. The bench sentenced the accused to fourteen days' imprisonment in the Castle-maine gaol, and remarked that those who bet with such men, and thereby encourage lawbreaking, should be proceeded against by the police, and receive the same amount of punishment as the welters.

In dealing with Mr. E. M. Clark's anti-betting bill, which was recently introduced into the New South Wales Assembly, "Reginald," in a Wagga exchange, wrote the following very trite remarks:—"There is a certain clique—in a hopeless minority, be it said—who look upon every racegoer, no matter who he or she may be, as beyond redemption. In opposition to this undoubtedly false impression I may state that some years ago I made the acquaintance of a clergyman—of what creed no matter—whose figure was well known in more than one saddling paddock. That he bet I knew; he made no secret of it, in fact. And one day during a conversation I was cheeky enough to touch upon the subject. He replied, pretty warmly, "Look here, my lad, I, as you well know, never miss a race meeting that I can possibly get to. What is more, I always have a pound or two on my fancy, and though I flatter myself I am as devout in my calling as most others, my conscience never tells me I am doing wrong." "We must admit," he went on to say, "a shady side to the racecourse, but there is no occasion to get that far." He finished up thus, "You asked me for my opinion, and I don't mind telling you that I firmly believe a man can go to any race meeting, bet according to his means, and his conduct would be no worse than if he attended a Sunday School picnic." That is the summing up of a man who thoroughly understood both sides of the

question, and his reasoning is correct without the shadow of a doubt.

The Boxing Day race meetings were multifarious as usual. It would be difficult to estimate how many there were, but it is certain the number exceeds forty, and I shall therefore restrict myself to those in which the most local interest is taken.

At Auckland, we hear, the attendance was the largest ever seen at Ellerslie, and the sport was most interesting. It appears that Loyalty declined the Trial Handicap in which he had the crusher for a three-year-old of 9st. 5lb. In his absence the race was an open one, and after a pretty struggle the prize fell to the smart filly Annabelle, who brought herself into note by winning the Onehunga Cup, Spring Handicap. The Great Northern Foal Stakes was participated in by seven youngsters, and a pretty race resulted in Mr. L. D. Nathan's roan colt Three Star just beating the Hon. J. D. Ormond's Nixie. Three Star, who is appropriately named, being by Castor—Vivandiere, was known to be smart in spite of his colour, and started favourite. Then came the Auckland Cup, which has been the principal sporting topic of the last few weeks, and in connection with which the chances of Rosefeldt, Skirmisher, Brigand, and Dilemma, have been most industriously canvassed. Could we have been assured that Rosefeldt would prove the best of these we must have come to the conclusion that in her we had the winner on our side. But, notwithstanding that this was the case, the New Zealand Cup heroine could only get third to what? To the two greatest outsiders on the machine, Pegasus and Ida. When Major George's The Workman broke down, it was thought the stable was out of the Cup altogether, for the second string Pegasus, though a son of the redoubtable Nelson, was reported in very indifferent fettle and was scarcely mentioned in the quotations. But it is the unexpected which often happens in racing. The telegraph has brought us the news that Pegasus has won and that the great favourite, Skirmisher, is unplaced. What are his Derby prospects now? The dividends which paid £35 and £23 10s., tell us plainly that the stable did not back the colt. I hope some of my readers did. Pegasus is the greatest outsider that has won the Auckland Cup since it fell to the colt's father in 1881.

That most useful horse, Despised, having carried 11st. to victory from a good field in the Hurdles, Mr. D. O'Brien's wonderful colt, Loyalty, comes out for the Railway Handicap and makes mince-ment of those opposed to him while giving lumps of weight to horses of all ages. A Nordenfeldt filly, Norina by name, was too fast for eleven others in the Nursery Handicap. Sepoy, who beat fifteen others, paid the nice dividends of £22 11s. and £12 3s. in the Pony Race, and then a set-to in the finish of the Christmas Handicap between those old opponents, Lottie and Tulloch, in which the former prevailed brought the proceedings to a close.

In the Wairarapa, the Masterton-Opaki Jockey Club scored a record in the attend-

ance and the totalisator investments, and a deuced good day's sport was enjoyed by those present. Mr. T. H. Hill wielded the starter's flag with that success which is always associated with his efforts, and Mr. Waddington, the secretary, was here there and everywhere. In the Hack Hurdles Mr. J. Armstrong's Vivacious, who has improved out of all knowledge lately, had an easy task which was rendered easier by Piki-huia, who looked like making a race of it, running off at the last hurdle but one. Vivacious was a hot favourite and only paid £1 15s. Then in the Waipipi Handicap Messrs. Cave Bros. gave a field of five a taste of the quality of their speedy gelding, Sea Serpent, by Piscatorious—Rumour. Ike Freeth's colt, Revolt, who carried the same weight (8st) was favourite, but he quite extinguished what chance he possessed by bolting from the starting post and doing a steeplechase on his own account in the neighbouring pastures. The capers he cut fairly knocked him out, and although he went to the front for about half a mile, he shut up in the straight, and left Sea Serpent to fight it out with the lightly weighted mare Sedition. The finish, though a pretty one, was all in favour of Sea Serpent upon whom Daly rode a waiting race. The dividend paid was £3 12s. A nice looking Somnus mare is Mr. T. Bay's Minora the winner of the Maiden Hack Race. For this "Mr. Henry's" Meddler was made a hot favourite but he ran very disappointingly, being unplaced. That Piki-huia might have made a race of it with Vivacious was proved by the pace he showed in this race for at one time he looked like winning; and finished second.

The Opaki Stakes brought out a field of six, and as soon as the numbers went up there was a great run upon Mr. Tancred's Senator who had to carry 4 lbs. over weight. Primero 7st. 3lb. (including 3lb. over) Kent 7st. 5lb. (including 3lb. over) and Sedition 7st. 1lb. (including 6lbs. over) were also well backed. The race resolved itself into a struggle for the last two furlongs between Kent and Senator, and the former ultimately won it easy. He is a nice, even-made and compact looking colt showing the quality of his breeding. St. George, Red Rose, and he will be heard of to greater advantage by and by. Later on in the Telegraph Stakes he frightened out Sea Serpent, Silent Friend, and Sedition, and had another easy win, though for half a mile Revenge led in great style. Kent's contribution to his friends in the Opaki Stakes was £3 19s. and in the Flying £1 15s. In the Handicap Hack Race 1½ mile only four started viz. Brookfield (8st. 6lb.), Mako Mako (8st. 4lb.), Delusion (8st. 4lb.), and Vivacious (7st. 7lb.) Brookfield was in better fettle than he has been this season and won a good race without much to spare from Mako Mako. The time, 2min. 17 4-5th secs., was very good for the course. In the Flying Hack, as there was no penalty, Brookfield (8st. 8lb.) looked to have a soft thing, and his owner apparently thought so too for he backed him freely. Daly showed a terrible lack of judgment in the way he rode the race. Instead of making every post a winning post, as he could have done with safety, he kept Brookfield

about fourth until well into the straight. Then he sat down to ride him and, to make a long story short, he managed at the finish to get his mount done by a head, to the consternation of his owner and backers who thought they had a "monte." Voltaire, the winner, is a 3-year-old gelding by Master Agnes from the cast-off mare Polly. He belongs to Mr. W. H. Donald, of Palmerston. The Consolation gave a win to Mr. W. Martin's Primero who, with 8st. 10lb., pretty easily beat three others, of whom Princess of Whales (8st. 2lb.) was next best. The totalisator investments during the afternoon amounted to £2,542, which is a substantial increase on the returns of the Club's last year's Christmas Meeting.

At the Lower Valley Jockey Club's Meeting, at Martinborough, the attendance was smaller and the speculation less brisk than at Opaki. The sensation of the meeting was the unexpected defeat of Mr. Martin's mare, Retina (8st. 13lb.), in the L.V.J.C. Cup two miles. The journey was evidently too long for the mare, and she finished last in a field of three, the winner being Mr. C. R. Bidwill's colt, Arrius, by Master Agnes, who had the light weight of 6st. 7lb. to carry, and carried it well. Mr. K. McKenzie's Viola II (7st. 8lb.) finished second and her owner entered a protest against the winner on the ground that he had gone the wrong side of a post. After hearing very conflicting evidence the stewards confirmed the judge's decision. The Hurdle Handicap fell to Langley the Devil and the Hack Hurdles to Nuts, both being well supported by the public. Arrius won the Martinborough Handicap, and Bangor landed both the Maiden Hack and the Hack Handicap.

At Palmerston North they seem to have had gay old times at the first day of the Club's Summer Meeting. There were over 3,000 present, and over £6,000 was put through the machine. The course was in good condition and there was some excellent racing. The first race, the Telegraph Handicap, resulted in a surprise, as the favourite, Muskeeter, who had been heavily backed had to go down to the improving King John, who paid a dividend of £5 16s. Oaklands, with a light weight, again managed to beat Unity, and Caloola in the Hurdle Race, and then Spraydon very unexpectedly beat Lonely and three others in the Hack Hurdles, paying a dividend of £8 8s. The good thing, Au Revoir (8st. 6lb.) came off in the Cup, but Mr. F. Butler's horse had all his work to do to beat Monte Carlo, who ran him to a head amid great excitement. The time, 2min. 46 2-5ths sec., was nothing great. Krina (7st. 7lb.) was a good third, and the constant Musket, the disappointing King Harry, and the much vaunted Pill were nowhere. Mr. J. Retter's grey mare Magazine a daughter of Torpedo, having asserted her superiority in the Hack Handicap 1½ mile, Mr. J. Paul's Variety came out of her shell in the Grand Stand Handicap 1 mile, beating Gun Cotton, Pomsettia and Muskeeter and rewarding her backers with £7 8s. dividend. The concluding race was the

Ladies Braclat 1½ mile which fell to the favourite, Mr. J. Prosser's Pumanu.

Not much interest would have been taken in the Hawke's Bay Summer Meeting in Wellington had it not been for a very curious and likewise suspicious incident which occurred in connection with the Post Stakes, of 80sovs., which followed the Two-Year-Old Handicap. The race resulted in Pimrose (8st.) being first, and Avis (8st. 7lb.) second. On weighing in, it was found that Pimrose could not draw his weight and he was accordingly disqualified and Avis declared the winner. At first sight this would not appear any extraordinary thing, but when other facts are mentioned then it may appear differently. In Wellington on Tuesday morning telegrams were received by nearly all the local bookmakers asking them to lay starting price against Avis. This was done to the extent of about a hundred and fifty pounds, and the then bookmakers began to "kick," for it was noticeable that Avis was almost the only horse backed. When the news of Pimrose's disqualification was received, with the addition that Avis had been declared the winner, there was naturally an unpleasant feeling among the "bookies" that they had in some way been done. They intend to investigate the matter, and it is not unlikely that some very startling revelations may be made. Free Lance (8st. 10lb.) was on his good behaviour in the Welter Handicap, and after a good race downed Camo (8st. 6lb.) and five other starters. When Vasco (9st. 12lb.) had easily cut down T. Rose (10st. 7lb.) in the Handicap Hurdle Race, a field of six came out for the Summer Handicap, 1½ miles, in which Dreamland (8st. 7lb.) was followed home by Scot Free (7st. 10lb.) and Queen of Trumps (7st. 8lb.). Dr. Read's mare was evidently not favourite for she paid a good dividend of £5 18s. In the Trial Handicap the Hon. J. D. Ormond's Flaneur won from a field of speedy platers, and again a good dividend of over £5 was paid. The Hawke's Bay squire was again to the fore with his chestnut filly Lyrebird (8st.), who snuffed out Tartan (7st. 12lbs.) and ten others. I have already referred to the Post Stakes, but I must not forget to mention that Mr. W. Rathbone's chestnut filly Zanella (7st. 7lb.) proved the fleetest thing in the Christmas Handicap, in which seven started. Zanella's dividend was £2 12s. The weather was very unfavourable, but notwithstanding this the sum of £4077 was put through the machine.

Trotting is taking a firm hold in Wellington, and I have to congratulate my Johnsonville friends on the conspicuous success of their Boxing Day meeting. Pressure on our space precludes any criticism of the meeting this week, but I shall have something to say about it in our next. I must congratulate Mr. G. W. Banks on winning the Trotting Club Handicap with his pony Tuesday, and Mr. T. Waddington on his brace of victories with Invictus, and the splendid "go" made by his pony Chance in the Pony (saddle) race from scratch, viz., 5min. 48 5-6th sec.

The weights for the second day of the Auckland Summer Meeting were declared on Wednesday night. Those that seem to me best treated are:—County Handicap: St. Cloiments (9st.), His Worship (7st. 7lb.), and Annabelle (7st. 8lb.); Midsummer Handicap: Three Star (8st.), Anniversary (7st. 9lb.), and Lady Marion (7st. 11lb.); Auckland Racing Club Handicap: Skirmisher (8st. 5lb.), Thamo (7st. 10lb.), and Ida (7st. 10lb.); New Year Hurdle Race: Belmont (10st. 10lb.), Marechal Neil (10st. 8lb.), and Skittles (9st. 5lb.); Maiden Handicap: Accoin (8st.), and Sumboun (7st.); Glasgow Handicap: Swordbelt (8st. 4lb.), and Quadrant (8st.)

The weights for the Napier Park Races, which were declared on Wednesday, suggest the following as possible winners:—Trial Hurdles: Morag (9st. 4lb.); Midsummer Handicap: Free Lance (7st. 12lb.), or Pimrose (7st. 6lb.); Two-Year-Old Handicap: Tartan (8st.), or Lyrebird (8st. 10lb.); New Year Handicap: Un (7st. 8lb.), Free Lance (7st. 8lb.), and Noyado (6st. 13lb.); Hurdles: Mutiny (12st. 2lb.), or Maid of Lorne (10st. 8lb.); Flying Handicap: Dingo (7st.), or Midus (7st. 12lb.); Settlers Handicap: Whoriko (8st.), or Flaneur (8st.)

YOUR BUSINESS.

May be capable of profitable expansion. Let the public know what you are doing and what you have for sale. Issue an Illustrated Catalogue.

That is one of the best means of developing a business.

McKee and Gamble's speciality is the production of Illustrated Catalogues. They have in operation no fewer than six processes by which illustrations may be turned out in any style, and at a price to suit Customers.

It will Pay You
to get a quotation from
McKee and Gamble,
NEW ZEALAND PRESS AGENCY,
6 CUSTOM HOUSE QUAY,
WELLINGTON.

An Emperor's Decree.

BY EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.

Chapter II—continued.

A wild shout of acclaim shook the air. Standing the guests drank the toast in a way which proved that they loved the prince and were glad of his advancement. Hamassar's face flushed as he heard the mighty cheer and met the glances of affection which fell upon him from all sides. As Ramek saw the fever in the prince's eye and noted the trembling of his jeweled hand he smiled maliciously and seemed to gain a few pounds of flesh.

After the guests were again seated and quiet had been restored Prince Hamassar began, in a trembling voice, his reply to Ramek's speech. He was much affected by conflicting emotions, and at first his words were feebly put.

"It is hard to express the inner feelings of the heart at such a time as this," he said. "The warm words of my friend, the wise and courtly Ramek, and your approval of his praise have filled me with a joy I cannot now display." Here he paused and seemed to feel the disturbing influence caused by the gaze of 400 eyes. The crisis unnerved him, and, seizing a tumbler of wine, he drained it to the lees. It was a fatal step.

"My friends," he began again; "there is nobody so—so beautiful as my beloved betrothed. I am proud—proud of her—hic. No man—" here he braced himself a little—"no man ever won so wonderful—or no wonder so—so wonderful—Well, what I mean to say is that she is won-wonderful. See? Now, I want you to observe that she has the most—hic—beautiful hair and eyes, and her figure—her fig-figure runs up into the millions. See?—hic. Further-furthermore, I am not ug-ugly myself. I tell you—hic—my friends, I have the hand-handsomest nose in the world. See? There is no nose so firm in outline, so del-delicately tapered, so overwhelm-overwhelmingly impressive as mine. See? Now, I say, do you see?—hic."

By this time the palace was in an uproar. It was bad enough that Hamassar was drunk, but the guests realized with horror that in his boastfulness their host had placed his head in peril. The emperor's decree made his speech a capital offense, and so open a defiance of the law could not be overlooked.

Cared for by servants, Hamassar was led away to his sleeping apartments, and the guests dispersed. In groups they sauntered through the grounds, inhaling the cooling breeze which wandered down from the mountains. The moon in all her glory shed a soft radiance over the sleeping city and helped to quiet the excited mood of Hamassar's friends. An hour later the city was wide awake discussing the details of Hamassar's folly, and wondering what would be the outcome of it all.

Ramek, after seeing that Hamassar was safely guarded, hurried to the palace of the emperor, craved admission to his lord, and related to the startled king the story of the night. The emperor could not believe his ears. Hamassar, noted for humility, had boasted in public? It could not be. There must be some mistake. But other guests, near to the king in rank, had followed Ramek to the palace and confirmed his tale.

"Let not the princess know of this till morning," said the broken hearted king to his attendants. "You tell me, Ramek, that Hamassar's house is surrounded by a guard?"

"It is, my king."

"At daylight, then, see to it that he is taken to the prison. And let every guest at this most dreary feast hold himself in readiness to testify before me. Now leave me to my sleep."

But sleep came not to the king, and in the morning his face had aged ten years.

One man, however, looked younger than his wont as the sun came up and threw the gaunt shadow of Ramek across the pavement of the prison yard. He had grown youthful by degrees as he saw Hamassar still dull from the fumes of wine dragged from his bed and hauled through the streets to a cell. His face had grown fuller every moment as he paced the courtyard and reflected on the plight of his ruined rival.

"Surely," he soliloquized, "there is no escape for this drunken braggart. The emperor cannot afford to let his law be trampled on by one so high in place. Well have my plans turned out. Hamassar was an easier victim than I had hoped to find him. I knew not that drugged wine would so quickly turn a wise and modest man into a boastful fool. But enough of this. I must go home and rest."

When Hamassar regained his senses he looked about him in surprise. His head ached, his face was pale and beneath his eyes dark shadows lay. Even his handsome nose was redder than should be the model for the world.

"Where am I?" he exclaimed. In his mind was a confused image of a banquet hall and dancing lights and strains of merry music to which familiar faces seemed to nod in time.

"In prison, sir," a negro said, coming to his couch.

"In prison? What mean you, slave? I, Hamassar, confined in a cell? It cannot be. I dream."

He lay back upon the couch and slept again.

CHAPTER III.

In solemn council the highest court was met. The emperor, looking old and worn, gazed down upon a vast, impatient throng, while near him his weeping daughter sought in vain to find Hamassar through her tears. The audience hall was packed, for Hamassar's case had made great noise, and from the distant corners of the land the people came to hear his fate. Perhaps they all had hopes that if the emperor gave him pardon the harsh

decree would be revoked, and once again their nimble tongues might chatter of themselves. Men from the mountains and men from the plains, quiet villagers and noisy herdsmen, nobles high in rank and beggars from the streets jostled each other in the shadow of the throne. Never before had so large a crowd attended a session of the court.

The Princess Bru was a handsome woman, dark haired, dark eyed and tall. Her face, clean cut, was somewhat proud, but her smile, though sad today, told of a kindly heart. All hearts went out to her as she dried her tears and looked about her nervously. "Poor child," the women said, and the men felt that Prince Hamassar had full excuse for having lost his heart, whatever might yet happen to his head.

Ramek alone of all that vast assemblage felt a savage satisfaction at the plight of the woman he thought he loved. The sorrow in her face testified that Hamassar had her heart, and Ramek rejoiced that he had made her suffer. His evil face wore a bitter smile as he looked about him and saw in the eyes of all naught but love and pity for the girl.

At length Hamassar, closely guarded and with his wrists enchained, was led before the throne. He had grown old in a night. His head he carried proudly and when he made obeisance to the king did so with a princely grace that made the strangers friends to him at once.

There was silence for a time. Then slowly the emperor arose and in a voice of sorrow said:

"Hamassar, erstwhile prince and our prospective son, you are charged with disobedience of our will. Our late decree, 'tis said, your foolish tongue has boldly held as naught. If this be true your head is forfeit to the state."

A great sigh, as though the wind murmured in a forest, arose from the crowd, and the princess, broken hearted, sobbed aloud.

Then one by one the guests at the prince's feast told in subdued tones the story of his fall; how he had boasted of his bride and dubbed his nose unrivaled. As witness after witness wove about the neck of the accused a chain of iron the thin face of Ramek shone with demoniac joy, while the emperor's countenance grew constantly more grave. The maidens surrounding the Princess Bru fanned her constantly, as though in fear that she would faint. Hamassar kept his eyes upon the floor and seemed determined to conquer all emotion.

At length sufficient testimony had been laid before the king to establish the guilt of the accused. The crowd, pressing forward to catch every word, murmured among themselves and there was an echo of pity in their tones. For doubtless most of them knew that wine when taken in excess plays strange pranks with men. And to them all it seemed as though Hamassar's words had not been greatly out of place, for the beauty of the princess dazzled them all and they had to acknowledge that Hamassar's nose was a work of art.

Such lenient thoughts as these entered not the emperor's head. He sat buried in contemplation for a while after the last witness had stepped aside.

"Hamassar," said the king, "the evidence in all its details lies before me. What have you to say before I tell your doom?"

"Most gracious lord," in firm and manly voice the prince replied, "the honesty of these, my friends, I cannot well impeach, for what they say they say unwillingly. But in very truth I remember nothing of the boastful words they charge me with. Your clemency I ask not, but let me say that never in my conscious thoughts have I had wish to disobey your very wise decree."

The fearless manner of the prince impressed the throng, and a murmur of applause caused a smile to cross the face of the Princess Bru. For a moment even the emperor looked less stern. But it was only for a moment. His brow again darkened and he communed in silence with himself.

There was not a sound in the hall. Every one knew that life or death hung upon the next words of the king, and Ramek gazed eagerly at the stern face upon which all eyes were turned.

"Your words, Hamassar," said the emperor at length, "are doubtless true, but they alter not the sentence that must come. In your own home, before two hundred guests, you break the letter and the spirit of our law. Your crime, if I forgive you, would corrupt the land, and once again the egotist and braggart would meet us at every turn. My word would be but wind to my people, and they would call their king a man of straw. The law must be enforced. I and my child have loved you well, and your sad fate has filled our hearts with gloom. But though a father, I am also a king. I must be firm, although I long to grant you mercy." He paused here, and there were those who thought they heard him sob. "Hamassar, your sentence I pronounce. Before to-morrow's sun has set behind the hills your head must fall. May the deities that love our land be kind to you."

A dread silence followed these fateful words. Hamassar's face was white, but his lips trembled not at all. Suddenly upon the startled air arose a shriek and, rushing forward, the Princess Bru sprang up the stairway to the throne. Throwing her white arms about her father's neck she cried: "Oh, spare him! Spare him! Save him for my sake!"

"Silence, my child," the emperor sternly cried, though his hand touched her shoulder lovingly. "Remember you are the daughter of a king. Guards, remove the prisoner."

"Most gracious lord," exclaimed a white haired man pushing his way through the throng, "permit me a word before the prisoner departs."

"Speak," said the emperor curtly, "but see to it that your words are few and to the point."

Stepping forward until he stood in full view of the crowd, the old man

"That his head is forfeit to the state according to the ruling of our king is true. I heard them and I know. But in our courts the spirit, not the letter, of the law is held to be the highest guidance for our use. Now, let us look at Prince Hamassar's case. The witnesses have shown that in an egotistic way he boasted of his nose. He spoke not of his head, nor claimed that any feature but his nose was worthy of all praise. What follows? The letter of the law demands that he shall lose his head. But this punishment is too severe. The decree was laid down not to oppress our land, but to make our people modest. Therefore I say that its spirit will be carried out in full if Prince Hamassar's nose is severed from his face. Let him lose that of which he bragged, and if, in the future, he shall vaunt the beauty of his ears, or call his hands unrivaled, let further mutilation be his fate. This is strict justice, and mercy and reason here go hand in hand."

A roar of applause resounded through the palace as the old man's clever speech came to a sudden end. The emperor looked pleased and seemed to reflect that a nose is not essential to a son-in-law. The Princess Bru clapped her fair hands delightedly, and even Hamassar seemed to lay aside for a moment his studied and phlegmatic pose.

"Old man, you have spoken well," the emperor said. "Your reasoning is most profound. I hereby revoke the sentence just pronounced and decree that"—

"Most gracious king," broke in Ramek, rushing forward, "grant me a moment before you take another step."

"What means this noise, wise Ramek?" the emperor cried. "You were not won't to be a rattlepate."

"Nor am I making foolish interruption now, my lord; but as a subject sometimes useful to the state, I crave your notice to a word or two."

"Go on, then, and be quick."

"Permit me, then, to say that by his argument my aged friend has spoken brilliantly. He is skillful in the law and his persuasive voice went to my inmost soul. But bear in mind, my king, that this especial case will serve for precedent, and as the late decree is now interpreted so shall its influence for all time be felt. Now, mark you! According to the counselor who just now spoke it is sufficient for the law that he who disobeys it should lose that of which he boasted. Hamassar then forfeits to the state his nose. But we must bear in mind that he also showed in word and manner, I quote from the decree, overweening satisfaction in his betrothed. According, therefore, to our friend's interpretation Hamassar's nose and your own daughter, gracious king, must be cut off. There is no middle course. If the spirit of the law demands the sacrifice of Prince Hamassar's nose it cries out also for the blood of the Princess Bru. I put the matter plainly, for this is a crisis when to mince words would be criminal. I feel that the death of Hamassar would be a na-

tional calamity. I have always loved him well and have rejoiced in his advancement. But the life of one man only is not here at stake. If the law be construed in a loose and careless way there is no telling how cruel its application may yet become. By holding to the letter of this stern decree all danger is avoided, and a precedent here set for many generations yet unborn. Let Hamassar rise to a joyous contemplation of the fact that in his death he will confer upon posterity a great and lasting boon. I thank you much, O king, for granting me this time, and hope that you will understand my heart. I am striving to protect the welfare of our land. If I have erred your own great wisdom will surely set me right."

Ramek ceased, and as his voice in jeering echoes died away a shudder passed over the assemblage. For his words, though harsh, were wise, and all who heard them knew the prince must die. The Princess Bru sobbed painfully and the emperor's face was grave. He found himself in a strange dilemma. He might save the prince by cutting off his nose and beheading the Princess Bru, but, with his daughter dead, Hamassar could not be his son-in-law. On the other hand, if he killed Hamassar of course he could not wed him to his daughter. Whichever way he played the game he lost.

The throng before him, deeply moved, seemed to gaze up at him in pity, and the silence in the hall proved that his subjects felt deeply the misfortune of their king. After a time he spoke.

"This is a weighty matter," he said gloomily, "and not to be decided in a trice. I must ponder it at length. Hamassar, I remand you to prison for a week. At the end of that time your doom shall be announced. Gentlemen, the court adjourns."

To be continued.

How to Peel Peaches Rapidly.

Heat a kettle of lye to the boiling point. Put the peaches in any wire contrivance with a handle, perhaps a corn popper. Dip them an instant in the lye, then in cold water. Wipe each peach with a towel. This will remove the skin. Then put the peaches again in water.

How the Expression "Power Behind the Throne" Originated.

Pitt, earl of Chatham, in his speech of March 2, 1770, said: "A long train of these practices has at length convinced me that there is something behind the throne greater than the king himself." Dr. Samuel Johnson, who reported the proceedings of parliament at that date, states that he wrote this in a garret on Exeter street, London.

How to Mend Rubber Hose.

Cut it apart where the break is and force the severed ends over a pipe 10 or 12 inches long over which they will fit. When the ends of rubber meet wrap tightly with twine.

New Zealand from an Australian's point of View.

(By HENRY LAWSON.)

About the first thing that strikes an Australian on coming to Wellington is the quantity of alluvial soil packed up all round. It would seem as if the Lord had a lot of waste dirt left over when he finished the North Island and stacked it on this end.

Wellington looks like a good place for a workman to be in. Auckland has about it an atmosphere of conservatism not here apparent to the intelligent southern workmen's nose, which has become sharpened to such things in these hungry times.

About the first thing an Australian does in Wellington is to have a beer, then he goes to look for lodgings, falls into the hands of an unprincipled hash-house tout, and gets run into the worse "diggings" in the city; then he has another beer. New Zealand beer is far superior to the stuff we get in Australia. Wellington pubs. have generally two or three openings on to the bar; if you go in the front door you pay 8d. or 4d., if you go in through the side entrance it costs you 6d. for the same drink, and if you go into the private bar you pay 6d., and it costs you about 15s. in the end. If you stay out you get thirsty. Some of these things puzzle Australians.

It is said that there is less drunkenness over here than in Australia, but we think that there's just as much drinking going on, in comparison, and more gambling connected with it. You seldom see the dice-box in Sydney bars. The Sydneyite drinks to get boozed and happy, not to gamble.

Wellington has a good harbour, bold scenery, splendid climate, and perhaps the most Liberal Government and the biggest wooden building in the world. The Government will make the biggest blunder, by-and-bye, and the building would make the biggest fire.

Wellington is also the seat of the National Joke of New Zealand, for New Zealand has a national joke. So has Scotland. The Scotch joke, which is "We are nae foo," has been immortalized by Burns and also by a *Bulletin* poet—"Banjo"—who says:—

"Gude faith, they made the whusky fly
Like hielan' chieftans true,
And when they'd drained the beaker dry,
They sang we are nae foo."

They sang the only Scottish joke which is "We are nae foo."

The National Joke of New Zealand, which has not been immortalized yet, is that you can always tell a Wellingtonian by the way in which he grabs for his hat when going round a corner.

Sometimes you hear it on the boat coming over; the boarding house runners tell it you as soon as you step ashore; men to whom you have letters of introduction will fire it at you as soon as they decently can; chance drinking acquaintances will tell you; perfect strangers will take you aside and try the damned old joke on you; and, if you meet an old friend over

here, you will find him bursting to introduce you to the National Joke of New Zealand.

Another thing that strikes a new chum is the way the footpaths are half-paved. There are flags from the kerb to a line running along the centre of the path, and the rest is gravel. The stranger is told that the Council agreed to pave one half, if the ratepayers did the other. The city fathers fulfilled their part of the contract, but the respected citizens didn't come up to time; they declined to shell out. They walked on the paved half and chuckled.

The harbour and city are in a basin which looks like the bed of an old crater—and it's to be hoped it don't blow up. The hills have the advantage of not reminding an "Othersider," vaguely, yet painfully, of some other hills that he has seen somewhere before. There ought to be more rock cropping out in those hills. There'll be a landslip some day in the vicinity of Wellington—and Auckland too, for that matter—and a good many respected townsmen and their families will be buried before they're ready.

Boys in knickerbockers, and tall strapping girls of fourteen, and intelligent women, and earthquakes are peculiar to Wellington. There have been four earthquakes since a friend of mine has been here, and he says the fun of it is that he didn't feel any one of 'em. But, then, he's a solid citizen in every sense of the word, and it would take a good old-fashioned earthquake to shake him up to any considerable extent.

There are no earthquakes now-a-days like there were when our grandmother was a girl. At least she says not. We only feel the weak dying kicks of the volcanic age, with a last convulsive kick now and again—like the one up at the terraces lately.

But there is always a chance of the earth yawning and swallowing Wellington, together with the biggest wooden building in the world, the women's franchise, the most Liberal Government, the National Bank and the National Joke of New Zealand—and E. M. Smith with his jam tins full of sand and cement. What a chance it would be for that gentleman to study minerology—if he survived.

There is always a likelihood of New Zealand cities being taken into the bowels of the "yearth;" and, therefore, we would suggest more churches, and more people going to them oftener, and more Sunday schools, and less cricket and cigarettes for the boys in knickerbockers, and more prayers said generally and less dice boxes in pubs.

Up on the top of the hills behind the city there is good scenery, a good view, and a pretty little town called Wadestown. A Sydney man tramped up there on a hot day, and struggled through the heat and dust until a thirsty voice from the bottom of his soul cried out aloud for a long shandy. Then he reached Wadestown, and made for the Post and Telegraph Office under the impression that it was a pub. But his companion told

him that the town was called "Prohibition town," and explained that the name was a joke which was kept on hand to relieve the National Joke when the National Joke got tired and wanted a spell—a sort of relief-duty joke in fact. He further explained that the National Joke would die if it didn't have a rest now and again.

But the name of the town wasn't a joke, and the Sydney man was so disgusted that he packed up his traps and took the next boat back to Sydney. He should have gone out to Kaiwarra first.

The Botanical Gardens, Wellington, are a relief after the painfully artificial gardens of Sydney. There's an Australian emu up there somewhere, but we couldn't find him. We would like to have had a yarn with him—for the sake of Auld Lang Syne. But perhaps he's dead.

They say that an Australian wrote recently to one of your local papers complaining about the way in which the emu was lodged and fed. He said that he objected to a native of his country being treated like that. A blackfellow, a kangaroo, or an emu can always find a big place in the heart of the Australian abroad.

But there is a fountain in Wellington with a little trough on each side for the dogs to drink at, and a town that's good to dogs can't be such a bad, hard-hearted place, after all. Over in Sydney the dogs have to take their chance for a drink, and are sometimes driven by thirst to sneak in behind bars and lap up the droppings from beer engines. This demoralizes 'em.

We might as well state, for the benefit of outsiders, that Wellington is mostly built of wood, because of the earthquakes—or rather the fear of them. But a good many brick buildings are going up round now, (the *Times* Office for instance) and things are getting nicely ready for a big sensation when the next volcanic kick comes. We wouldn't advise New Zealand papers to build their offices of brick—because they are the most unprincipled pirates on the face of the earth.

This reminds us that the last big earthquake here happened when Wellington was born. It raised the settlement four feet and the hair of the population as high as it would go. They got on board the only ship in the harbour, intending to go away, but there came a big tidal wave which washed the ship up on the beach and wrecked her. So the people had to stop. They "batched" together in the wreck for a while, or until someone said they might as well go home. So it might appear that Wellington owed its origin to a tidal wave.

The Wellington Museum is interesting and the Maori carvings less startling to the modest stranger than those in Auckland. But there are a lot of things outside the Wellington Museum that ought to be in; and—and, well we don't believe in that big fossil egg. We've studied the bones of the extinct New Zealand fowl, guessed her size, and compared it with the size of the egg, but we couldn't swallow it. There

is a cast of a foreign egg in the same museum, and it makes us wild to think that anyone (except an Australian) had the cheek to lay such a big lie in New Zealand.

In conclusion, Oh, men of Wellington! Your literary men are good sorts and just about as sinful as their brothers in any part of the world; your artists are promising, ambitious young fellows, and I'm sorry to hear that their ideas and style are paralyzed, or stolen to such an extent by men like Hopkins and Phil May; your scenery is a relief, after Australia; your climate good; your leading men are liberal, broad minded men, and your action with regard to your women has immortalized the land and will, perhaps, revolutionise the world—only you don't seem to know it. And now, if you only put the Upper House and a few other things into the National Museum, and cease to blow about the big wooden humpy, and abolish the National Joke—and provided you don't get taken into the bowels of the earth by a 'quake—you stand a grand chance to lead the nations.



The last "Australian Summary" to hand is a catalogue of suicides, murders, and tragedies.

Mr. Charles Algernon Swinburne, the poet, is *en route* to Australia. Algy left London by the Orubu on December 1.

Last month the Melbourne Customs authorities condemned 5,400lbs. of Indian tea as unfit for consumption.

The Colonial Bank has been hard hit by the failure of Messrs. Adolph Joske, Best, and Co., of Melbourne, wine and spirit merchants. The Bank will probably drop £90,000.

The partnership between Mr. Evan Prosser and Mr. E. Taylor, of Brisbane, has just been dissolved. Mr. Prosser resides at "Porthamel," Darling Point, Sydney, and is a very successful commercial man. He was a partner in the well-known firm of wholesale druggists, Messrs. G. Prosser and Company, of O'Connell-street, from which firm he retired some time ago. Mr. Prosser still holds a large interest in the same particular branch of business in New Zealand, and only a week ago dissolved with Mr. E. Taylor, of Brisbane, where the business has been long established, and will now be carried on in Mr. Prosser's interests only.—*Melbourne Table Talk*.

The *Manawatu Daily Standard* is responsible for the following:—"There is a

Cricket Club in Picton, composed entirely of ladies, and it is enjoying a flourishing existence. A *Blenheim paper* thus refers to one of the Club's matches:—Sides were picked and a good game played, but the outfielders were placed at a disadvantage, having periodically to wade the creek in order to recover the ball, which some too vigorous batsman had thoughtfully sent to the other side. Report credits the ladies with some good catches."

"A man never looks to see if there is a woman under the bed." *American exchange*: No, not as a rule, he generally—but there, never mind.

The intelligent comp. was more than usually to-the-point when he asserted (as he did recently in an English newspaper) that "the ship-owners of Hell have refused the demands of the strikers."

Sarah Francisco, a South Australian, beats the record for numerous convictions. She has been convicted 154 times and has spent her Christmas in gaol for the last 11 years. Sarah's pet sin appears to be drunkenness, and she would evidently require the attention of a whole inebriate asylum to her own cheek.

A contemporary in speaking of Vincent Pyke, the recently returned M.H.R., say that "the people who know Pyke are divided into two classes; those who would gladly lend him every cent they have in the world, and those who would go a long way to see him hanged." It is to be hoped that the latter are in a minority.

Mashonaland, the territory which the British South African Company has burgled, is now called Rhodesia, after Cecil Rhodes, the South African land pirate. We would suggest that after Matabeleland has been plundered and cemented to the "ga-lorjous British Empire" with blood and powder it should be called "Maxima Christiana" in recollection of the grotesque combination of Christian Missionaries and Maxim guns by which it was acquired. God save the Queen.

It is a curious coincidence that the letters V.R., which rear up and stare us in the face all over the colonies, stand for something else besides *Victoria Regina*, viz., *Vive la Republique*. Can this be looked upon as anything in the shape of a prophecy?

There seems to be a bit of a misunderstanding between the trustees of the proposed Convalescent Home and the City Council. It is to be hoped that the matter will be amicably settled, and some equitable arrangement made, as we certainly are in need of an institution of the character of the one proposed.

Thus the *Sydney Bulletin*, "Dr. Renwick's chances of getting a knighthood are now said to be almost nil. So many Australian knights have done objectionable things of late that in future the Order is to be distributed with extreme caution." Poor Renwick, we feel for him in his disappointment, for years he

has striven with a great strive for the privilege of attaching the coveted letters, K.C.M.G., to the hind part of his name. He has toiled and intrigued and now it seems that it all over to no purpose.

Mr. Bridge,
DENTIST,
102, Willis Street,
WELLINGTON
SECOND HOUSE ABOVE MANNERS STREET

Artificial Teeth inserted with or without the extraction of stumps.

The Quality of the Teeth supplied by Mr. Bridge is now well-known in Wellington and district, as proved by the numerous letters received from grateful patients.

The Painless Extraction
of Teeth is made a speciality, and the most nervous persons may submit to this operation without fear.

Teeth Stopped Absolutely without Pain, so that decayed teeth are rendered sound and useful.

ALL CHARGES STRICTLY MODERATE.

Those persons unable to pay the whole cost at once, may pay by deposit and instalments.

FOR
High-Class * * *
* * * Tailoring
TRY
H. J. CRIBB,
RIDGWAY ST., WANGANUI.
FIT GUARANTEED.
ALL MATERIALS WELL SHRUNK.
Clients are notified that our cutting department is under the personal supervision of Mr. G. H. Clapham.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL
MOLESWORTH STREET, WELLINGTON.
Proprietor JOHN NANKIVILL.
Every accommodation and convenience for the continental and Travelling Public.
BEST BRANDS OF WINES & SPIRITS.
SUITES OF ROOMS FOR FAMILIES.
FIRST-CLASS TABLE KEPT.

SPILLER'S PATENT EMMERICH PIANOS,
ARE THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
IN THE COLONIES.

No. 1., MANNERS STREET, WELLINGTON
J. LUSH & CO
Hatters and Mercers,
69 WILLIS-ST., WELLINGTON

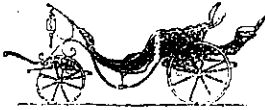
MATHER & CO.,

AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF

Country Stores *

AND

Leading Businesses,

No. 14, FEATHERSTON ST.,
WELLINGTON.We have a large connection amongst
buyers of country businesses.**CRITERION CARRIAGE
WORKS,**RIDGWAY STREET, WANGANUI
W. HICKS,*Practical Coach Builder,*Has commenced business in the above commodious
and newly-erected premises, and having secured the
services of a most efficient staff of workmen, is pre-
pared to build to order every description of

English and American Carriages.

REPAIRS IN ALL ITS BRANCHES
On the shortest possible notice, and at most reason-
able prices.

Building and general iron work done at Lowest Rates.

VEHICLES BOUGHT, SOLD, OR EXCHANGED

W. H. would respectfully solicit a share of nobly
patronage.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

CUSTOM HOUSE HOTEL.

Nixon Street, Wanganui.

JOHN BRENNAN ... PROPRIETOR.

EVERY Accommodation can be obtained at this
this convenient Hotel. Private families, travel-
lers, and the general public will find this well-known
Hotel furnishes every comfort and convenience.

First-class Stabling Accommodation.

WINES AND SPIRITS OF THE CHOICEST BRANDS ONLY

First-class Table kept.

Kaiwhaka Tobacco Stores
WANGANUI.**R. H. WITT - Proprietor**A 1 Tobacco of all descriptions.
Cigars of the Finest Brands in the
Market.THE
Cheapest Shop in Town
FOR
MEDICINES & DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES

IS

Dr. NEIL'S BOTANIC DISPENSARY.NEW ADDRESS: 108, LAMBTON QUAY.
G. M. HARDIE, MANAGER.**A "HOW" FOR MEN'S CLOTHES.****Pointers For Brushing and Folding Coats
and Trousers.**He always looked neat and tidy, al-
though an active business man. The
ubiquitous reporter ventured to ask him
how he did it."I brush them every night," said he,
"but whisk brooms simply ruin clothes.""You should have a good bristle brush,
not too stiff. Then brush as often and
as much as you like, and your clothes will
look the better and wear the better for it."I have passed through the period of
limited means with which to purchase
clothing, and therefore know what econ-
omy in this sense means. Yet I always
managed to dress well. I brushed my
clothes every night, hung up the coat on
two pegs instead of one, folded the trou-
sers in three, the vest in two, and laid the
trousers on the chair and the vest on the
trousers."I do pretty much the same at present.
When I take off a pair of trousers, I
stretch them a bit with my hands after
folding them once with the crease in
front, and then lay them out full length
on the shelf, or perhaps I fold them in
three and lay them on the chair. I turn
the coats inside out when I lay them
away—not the sleeves, of course. I let
them hang straight inside and fold the
coat once."Coats that I wear frequently I keep
hanging on a wire frame. I do the same
with the dress suit coat, though the trou-
sers of the dress suit I lay out full length,
with the crease in front."A man can, by taking a little care of
his clothes, dress well, though he is not
in independent circumstances financially.
But, after all, the great thing is in wear-
ing clean linen and having the shoes pol-
ished. The finest clothing in the world
won't make a man look well if his collar
or cuffs are soiled."On the other hand, if the linen is clean
and fresh, if the clothes are well brushed
and if there is a flower in the button-
hole one always looks presentable. I
don't have my clothes pressed by the
tailor, not often at least. I think it is
the dude that does that most, or perhaps
the man who only has two suits and
wants to appear something that he is not.
Such a man will be found sending his
clothes to the pressers every other day."Whenever a garment gets spotted I
have it cleaned. Then of course it gets
a good pressing, but that is often enough
for the iron."**How to Wash Lace.**Cover a bottle with fine white flannel,
and tack the lace smoothly and evenly
upon it, fastening down every little
point. Shake the bottle in lukewarm
water and suds until the lace is clean,
and rinse in the same way in clear water.
Put it in the sun to dry and dip it in
starch. Then wrap cambric about it and
put it again in the open air to dry.
When quite dry, untack the lace. It will
need no ironing.**THE METROPOLE
TEMPERANCE HOTEL**

AND

Dining Rooms,
125, LAMBTON QUAY,
WELLINGTON.THIS HOTEL is now ready for the recep-
tion of visitors and boarders, and,
being the only Temperance Hotel in Wel-
lington, should command your attention.TARIFF: VISITORS, 5s. PER DAY, 25s. PER WEEK.
Permanent Board as per arrangement.LUNCH FROM 12 TO 2 D. A. ROSS,
DAILY, 1s. Proprietor.**T. MYERS,**CARVER, GILDER & PICTURE-
FRAME MAKER.OIL PAINTINGS CLEANED, LINED AND
RESTORED.CHEAPEST HOUSE IN TOWN FOR EVERY DE-
SCRIPTION OF PICTURE & SHOW CARD FRAMES.LAMBTON QUAY, WELLINGTON.
(OPPOSITE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS.)**THE ARO MUSIC WAREHOUSE.**

ESTABLISHED 1886.

BEST VARIETY OF SHEET AND BOOK MUSIC
IN WELLINGTON.

PIANOS TUNED.

The Australian Music Book. All numbers in Stock.

EDWIN J. KING,

(Opposite Opera House.)

53 Manners St., Wellington.

60 CUBA STREET 60

T. J. THOMPSON,
The Best Value Ironmonger,

ALWAYS HAS

LARGE STOCKS

OF

Builders' and Furnishing

IRONMONGERY,

AT

Lowest Prices.

60 CUBA STREET 60

Printed and published for the Proprietors, the FAIR
PLAY Newspaper Company, Limited, by McKEE
& GAMBLE, at their offices, 6, Custom House
Quay, Wellington, New Zealand.

Saturday, December 30 1898.