

BROOKE'S MONKEY BRAND SOAP WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

Fair Play

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL FOR SENSIBLE MEN AND WOMEN

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STRAIGHT TALK

Judging from the offences returns for Wellington for the year 1893 the Empire City is hardly as free from crime and fraud as its inhabitants might desire it to be. During the past year 1727 persons have been either apprehended or summoned which means an increase of 473 on the previous year. This looks as though Wellington was going ahead in more senses than one, and that with its alleged increase of prosperity and population, there was also either a development or influx of criminals. Of this number 78 males and 5 females were committed for trial, and convictions were recorded against 53 males and 2 females. This number may seem small, but there were 1169 males and 284 females convicted in the lower court, and many of them for serious offences, for it must be taken into consideration that magistrates in New Zealand have, in many cases, more extended power than in the other colonies. The list of crimes upon which these people were convicted ranges pretty well all over the calendar, about the only ones that are not included being bigamy, manslaughter, and rape. There is no very great inducement for a man to commit bigamy in Wellington during the present time; as a rule he finds it takes up all his time to keep himself and one woman. An increase of 473 criminals in one year, however, in a city with a population of a trifle under 40,000 gives the impression that something must be radically wrong, either in our laws or our mode of punishment. The above conclusion naturally forces itself upon us, unless we admit that criminals are being driven from other cities in the colonies to find a refuge in Wellington. If the latter be the case *Fair Play* would suggest that all suspicious characters should be quarantined until particulars could be obtained from the places they had just left; if the report was satisfactory they could be discharged with a clean bill; if not a heavy poll-tax might be inflicted, and the new comer obliged to report himself

at the police station once a week for six months. In case of his inability to pay the tax he might either be sent back, or placed at some Government work (not necessarily with other prisoners) until he had worked out his tax. If a similar system to the one we have briefly sketched out were adopted by every big city the local police would soon become acquainted with the dangerous characters, would be more able to cope with them, and pauper and criminal immigration would be effectually discouraged.

We regret to chronicle the death of Trooper Vogel, a son of Sir Julius Vogel, who was with Captain Wilson's detachment in Matabeleland. Definite news has now been received that the detachment was completely annihilated by the Matabeles who, after the flight of Lobengula, again faced the whites and came off victorious. Our opinions on the Matabele war have been freely expressed in previous issues, and we have no reason for changing them. We can only express our sorrow that this young man, who had a life full of promise before him, should have been sacrificed in so bad a cause. He was a soldier, however, and was obliged to follow where his officers led him. Our sympathy goes out to the lonely father in London who, after a life devoted to the interests of this colony, now finds misfortunes crowding fast on him in his old age.

A query appears in *Christchurch Truth* asking the editor whether the Honourable William Jukes Steward, M.H.R., and Speaker of the House of Representatives, had ever refused a knighthood, to which a reply is given that he was never asked. We think we can give a somewhat more definite explanation. The Honourable "Jukes" aspires to be a poet, and his sensitive and delicate nature would in all probability shrink from the paltry bauble of knighthood; no, his ambition aims higher. Conscious that there is latent in himself, the combined powers of Byron, Browning, and Walt Whitman, he looks trustfully forward to the time when the laurel shall rest upon his brow, and he shall be hailed as the modern Homer, the bard of New Zealand.



Mrs. R. J. Seddon.

We publish in this issue a portrait of Mrs. R. J. Seddon the wife of the Premier. Mrs. Seddon, before her marriage, was a Miss Louisa Jane Spotswood, and united her fortunes with our present King Dick the IV, on January 18th, 1868. Their Silver Wedding was celebrated last Saturday. It has always been recognised, both in politics and in private life, that the man who has forced himself to the front, and has overridden all obstacles to reach the goal he has aimed at, has been a man who has had the guiding and refining influence of an intelligent woman. The Hon. Richard John Seddon is undoubtedly no exception to this universal rule, and although we must compliment him on his vigorous work and policy, we also feel constrained to say a word for the plucky little lady who has stood by him, in his days of depression as well as in his moments of triumph.

The Educational Institute will meet next year at Invercargill, although a strong effort was made to get Wanganui chosen as the place of assembly. Mr. Grundy, the well-known Wellington pedagogue, was re-elected secretary, and Mr. C. Watson, of the Te Aro School, headed the poll for the election of the executive.

"Phiz," a would-be funny writer for Christchurch *Lies*, chaffs some volunteer officers over the faults in orthography displayed in their examination papers. "Phiz" is very indignant on the subject of bad spelling, on which, seeing that he himself spells original as "original," he is evidently an authority.

The *Grey River Argus* gushes over Lord Onslow as follows:—"The Earl of Onslow before leaving this colony impressed upon all with whom he was brought into anything like familiar contact that he was a thoughtful, observant and capable person, much more so in each particular than is usually credited to his class." It is doubtful whether the Greymouth gusher ever saw her Ladyship, but as for as Wellington knew the Onslows they were the meanest gubernatorial crowd that ever struck the Empire City. The Glasgows, good natured, homely souls, with no "side" about them, but brimful of honest common sense and practical charity, are worth a million of the Onslow family.

Auckland Observer says that when Myra Kemble played "The Profligate" there, there was a good deal of staring at a certain local lady who sat in the dress circle. *Observer* hints also that Pinero might have borrowed the plot from real life "and Auckland real life at that."

A huge load has been lifted off from our previously sorrowful heart. Mr. Ironsand Smith, the redoubtable He Hem was so it was currently reported, to proceed 'Ome to Merry Hingland where he would, of course, be simply rushed by the Rothschilds Baron Hirsh, Colonel North, and the rest of the money bags with money wherewith to float a gigantic company for the working of that marvellous production of Taranaki—the "Hironsand." When we heard the report our heart welled over with woe, for what would Parliament be without "He Hem?" what would life in the Press Gallery be but for the white-waistcoated little man's "quips and cranks, and quiddities?" what would the copy hunting satirical journalist do without him? But now there comes relief of mind, extinction of sorrow, and joy unutterable. The only Smith is not again 'Ome at all, but talks now of forming a company with a capital of £60,000 to buy out the Onehunga works. If "He Hem" can raise £60,000 or even half that, he ought to have no difficulty in making the purchase, for the Onehunga works have never been anything approaching a gold mine. However, chaff apart, "He Hem" is an energetic little chap and has done a lot to boom Taranaki, and we must wish him success, for he deserves it by his indomitable pluck and increasing industry of effort.

One of the Wellington bookmakers is having a fine new residence built for him. The "backers" who provided the money to build that house with, have nearly all got mortgages on their houses—some of them haven't a house at all. That's an example of the beautiful difference between a "bookie" and a "backer."

The South African remittance man, Dowsett, who succumbed at Napier the other day, was about to shave when he committed the rash act which cost him his life. Moral for anyone a little depressed or soft on the top story—Grow a beard and don't have a razor in the house.

Forewarned is forearmed. Land and Income Tax is due in one sum on Wednesday, January 21st. In anticipation of the ruthless demand of the tax gatherer, the FAIR PLAY staff have, for some Sundays past, been using the domestic and economical brass button for collection purposes, instead of the usual threepenny bit of the riotously rich.

The Championship Rifle Gathering is to be held this year at Hillsborough, near Christchurch. The date of the meeting is Thursday, March 1st, latest day for entries February 22nd. We hope that Wellington will be well represented.

A big crowd of city people journeyed up the Wellington and Manawatu line last Sunday. Plimmerton was the most favoured place, but not a few patronised Paikakariki. A local journalist, who is somewhat "full of habit" went on the beach, but found it so hot that he cleared off after a few minutes. He has told his friends that he feared, had he stopped very long on the beach, a heap of bones and a big patch of grease in the sands would have been all that remained of him. He also said as a decent imitation of Hades, Paikakariki beach on a blazing hot day takes some rubbing out. The beach on Sunday and Monday was certainly most intolerable.

Byles, M.P., who wants to see international arbitration and has a fond hope that the European Powers will disarm, is editor of the *Bradford Observer* and he is a local preacher at times, and was a great friend of the late Edward Miall, M.P., who for years was a shining light in the Peace and Liberation Societies. Byles can write a splendid report on the wool market, but his opinions *re* disarmament are those of a crank. An amiable well-meaning crank, but a crank for all that.

A parson, named Ellis, who was recently living at Palmerston North, has evidently a remarkably good opinion of himself. He was addressing a meeting of Bible Christians down at Christchurch last week and, in referring to a rumour that he was to be a candidate for Parliament at the last general election, said "If we had known what we know now, Fred Pirani would have been returned for Otaki and I would have been returned for Palmerston." Rubbish. Fred Pirani was not such a fool as to leave Palmerston and fight against Wilson, who has a strong hold on Otaki, and as for the parson person he would never get in for Palmerston, not if he lived to be as old as the late lamented Methusalah.

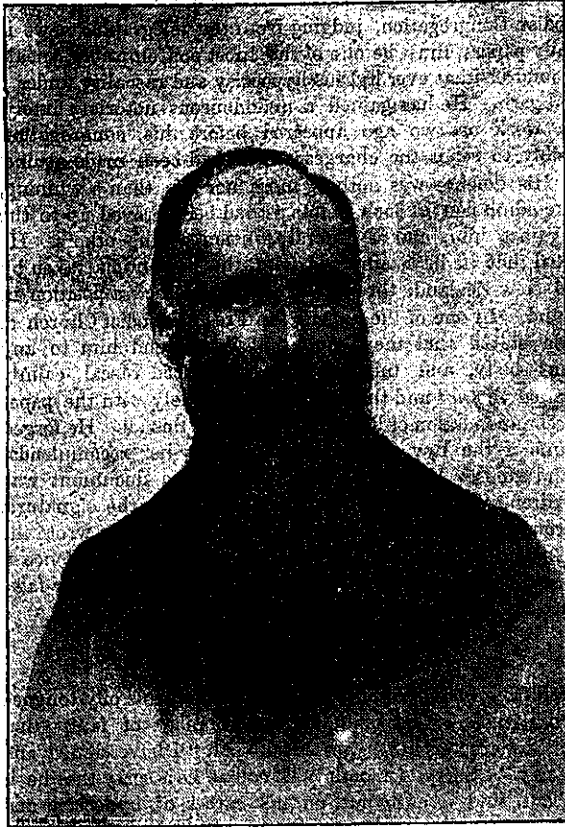
The best thing that has appeared in the leading columns of the *New Zealand Times* for some weeks was an article in Monday's issue, having reference to the late Mrs. Thackeray and the personal life of the great novelist. It contained some fine thoughts put into beautiful language, and was a credit to the writer, whoever he may be. Granny is often abused by her contemporaries, but occasionally she turns out a bit of work which merits the warmest commendation. The article which we refer to would have done credit to the most influential London daily.

Tay Pay O'Connor's paper, the London Sun, although a staunchly Radical organ, as a rule makes a great feature of tittle-tattling "pars" about the Royal Family. *Tay Pay's* latest is that Princess Beatrice, who married the pauper but handsome Battenburg, adores music hall songs of the "cooster" type. She plays selections from Mrs. Henry 'Awk ns for the musical edification of the royal household, and the eldest Battenburg "kiddy" is permitted to chortle that chaste and intelligent ditty "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road!"

The Rev. J. B. Johnson, late pastor of the Ballarat Free Methodist Congregation, judging from the telegraphic news in the daily papers, must be one of the most contemptible, sneaking scoundrels that ever hid his hypocrisy and rascality under a clerical garb. He has gained a malodourous notoriety lately and a week or two ago appeared before his congregation ostensibly to rebut the charges which had been made against him. His defence was nothing more nor less than a whining, cur-like admission of such points as had been proved up to the hilt against him, and a general evasion of the others. He admitted that he had tampered with the credentials taken by him to New Zealand, through which he obtained a position in Auckland. In one of the papers, the Free Methodist Church of Victoria stated that they could not recommend him to any religious body, and this ingenious surplised rascal calmly obliterated the *not* and then bobbed up serenely with the paper as a recommendation of his piety. Nor was this all. He forged the name of the Rev. Mr. Harrison to a further recommendation, and excuses himself by saying that "the document was typewritten, in which style he intended to print the signature, but through some accident he overlooked it, and so he wrote the name in." Faugh! what would be thought of such a defence if put forward by an ordinary criminal on trial for forgery or false pretences? It would damn him at the start.

In referring to his past life as a clergyman, this oily-tongued modern edition of Pecksniff, plus a number of faults the Dickens's character never possessed, said, "I have sinned and I am sorry." Sorry, forsooth! Of course he is sorry that he is found out, and a curb put on his career of hypocrisy and iniquity. Mr. Johnson not only gives this lame and tardy apology for evil doing, but has the unparalleled impudence to plead in extenuation that the celebrities of Scripture had also sinned and been forgiven. "Did not Noah get drunk?" says this specimen of 19th century nastiness. "Did not Abraham deceive?" "Did not Jacob rob his brother?" "Did not David commit adultery?" "Had not Peter sworn and lied?" Just fancy a clergyman quoting such events as precedents for his own evil doing. He ought to have gone a little further and mentioned the fact of Judas hanging himself. It certainly would have been most applicable to his case. Such men as Johnson should be put behind the bars and treated as any ordinary criminal would be who had forged a signature or mutilated a document. But, and here comes the most peculiar part of the story, after hearing his defence (?) *fully a third of the congregation voted in favour of a resolution that his explanation was satisfactory*; and the meeting closed with the Doxology. Surely comment would be superfluous. A third of the people are willing to take back to their arms this clerical pig admittedly reeking from his filthy wallow, and as a closing episode of the proceedings all unite in "Praising God from whom all blessings flow." We have the greatest respect for any man's honest religious opinions and a reverence for all religions, but for such disgraceful travesties, and the exponents of such travesties, we have a deep-rooted, thorough-paced, whole-souled withering contempt that language fails to give utterance to.

Christchurch *Lies* continues to virulently abuse W. P. Reeves. The *Lies* editor was last but one on the poll at the recent elections, W. P. was at the top of the poll. So much for the popular estimation of the *Lies* man. *Inde ira et lacrima*, as Juvenal says, or in plain English, hence this rage and weeping. Poor Ivo



Mr. W. F. Barraud.

Mr. W. F. Barraud and Mr. Beswick, both gentlemen enthusiastic on the subject of amateur photography, were the original starters of the Camera Club, now a flourishing Wellington institution, of which Mr. Barraud is President. In October of 1892, a meeting was called by Messrs. Barraud and Beswick for the purpose of forming the Club. It was decided that both amateurs and professionals should be eligible as members. The proposition met with favour, and now the club numbers many members. The object of the Club is to encourage the study and practice of artistic and scientific photography by meetings or otherwise. Monthly meetings are held, at which subjects for competition are given out. Each monthly win counts one, and at the end of the year the competitor, who has the greatest number of wins, is presented with a prize. Last year Mr. Barraud and Mr. Taylor tied for the winner. Mr. Barraud was presented with a duplicate album of the winning prints. The rule of the Club is that all winning prints are to remain its property, they are kept in albums, and can always be seen on application to the proper authorities. Last year the winners were chosen by a ballot of all the members; this year judges will be appointed. Mr. Hulke was the first president of the club. The subjects for competition already fixed upon for 1894 are as follows:—January 12—Flower Studies; February 9—Steam and Woodland; March 9—Clouds; April 13—Shipping; May 11—Native Trees; June 8—Copies; July 13—Enlargements; August 10—Home Portraiture; September 14—Animal Life; October 12—Lantern Slides. Mr. Barraud is a native of Wellington, and was educated here and at Home. He was engaged in the study of chemistry for a long time, but has now retired from active business and is devoting his spare time to photography.

The German Emperor has come in for a fair amount of adverse criticism in his time on account of his arbitrary rule. William is one of the old-fashioned believers in the divinity of Kings, and whenever he gives an order, or utters an ordinary sentence as King, he fancies it is divinely inspired. As a rule we have not been in perfect accord with William's style of doing things, but his latest idea will have our heartiest support. The cable tells us that he has issued an order that sermons in churches shall not exceed 10 minutes in duration.

Charles Dudley Warner, the American, is credited with telling the following story of the American Civil War time, at his own expense:—He was editor of a daily paper at Hartford, and was doing his best to arouse the patriotism of his readers. One day a type setter came in from the composing room and planted himself before the editor. "Well, Mr. Warner," he said, "I have determined to enlist." With mingled sensations of pride and responsibility the editor replied that he was glad to see that the man felt the call of duty. "Oh, it isn't that," answered the compositor, "but I'd rather be shot than try to set any more of your copy." We know a few writers in New Zealand whose screed would be liable to arouse similar emotions.

Mr. Henry Labouchere, the Radical, M.P., and editor of the *London Truth*, suggests that if England wants a breed of hereditary legislators, it should set about it in a scientific way by taking a number of the most intelligent young men in the country and marrying them to Girton girls, who have taken high honours at Cambridge. The idea would not be a bad one in this country; we are open to marry some particularly nice and intelligent New Zealand girl in the interest of progress, and aid to elevate the intellectual status of the colony.

More good luck for New Zealand. The American tariff bill provides that the duty shall be removed from wool on March 1st, and reduced on woollen goods on July 1st. Our export of wool to the States will soon be quadrupled in quantity if the bill becomes law.

A Palmerston North parson preached his Christmas sermon from the following text:—"And the people sat down to eat and drink, and rose up to play." Most New Zealanders don't rise up much after their Christmas gorge. A good sleep is more in favour.

Donal' Fraser, who tried to oust J. G. Wilson for the Otaki seat but failed, talks about running a paper in his own interest should he again contest the seat. Take our advice Donal' dear and don't. You'll find the "saxpences" going out at a perfectly terrible rate and in nine cases out of ten it does a candidate more harm than good to have a rag of his own externally cracking him up and running down the other fellow. Also, we might ask, what's the matter with the *Manawatu Standard*, and the Shannon paper as Liberal journals? There are far too many papers already between Wellington and Wanganui without another being started. Keep your "saxpences" in your pocket, friend Donal'. If you just bide a wee', you may beat J.G., but having your own particular rag to run you, won't help you one iota.

There's a cry for a "free breakfast table" springing up at Home. Occasionally the same cry is heard here, but if the duties were taken off tea and sugar the middleman—the trader—and not the customer would get the chief benefit.

The O'Regan, M.H.R., Single taxer and young New Zealand orator, has one fault. He can't trip the fantastic and worships not at what the West Coast papers love to call "the Shrine of Terpsichore." But as "mimber" he has to attend the local hops, and as a recent experience proved, he has his uses there. There was a dance at Cape Foulwind recently at which the O'Regan was present. He sat down as a beautiful six foot specimen of a male wall flower and was cogitating in his mind as to the probabilities of the House listening to a four hour oration on the Single Tax, or else pondering over the length of time which would elapse before "supper" was called when one of the electors, a "faymale" and therefore all the more to be propitiated, slipped up with a fine sample of eighteen months old West Coast babyhood and asked the O'Regan "well yez moind the baby Mister O'Regan while meeself's waltzin' wid Barney Hogan." The Single Tax student took the kiddy amidst much laughter, and, after, we hope, a careful adjustment of certain nether garments of the infant—with a view to certain physical contingencies well-known to fathers and families—"nussed" the "kid" like a true hero and patriot until the waltz wid Barney Hogan was over and the fond mother reclaimed her offspring. That little incident will get O'Regan a lot of votes next time there is an election at Cape Foulwind.

Apropos to the women's franchise, an industrious Hawke's Bay man has dug out the fact that the Bible after all does speak of "lady" and "ladies." In Isaiah reference is made to a lady, in Judges, "wise ladies" are mentioned, in Esther, there is mention made of the "ladies of Persia," and in the second Epistle of John, the elect lady is spoken of. Of course it is a pity that the "lady voter" is not mentioned in Holy Writ, but then there were no elections in those days. But let no one say that it is snobbish to use "lady" instead of "woman." All women readers of FAIR PLAY at least must be ladies.

The Primitive Methodists held their annual "korero" a New Plymouth the other day, and celebrated the 50th Anniversary of Primitive Methodism in New Zealand. One of the first members of the denomination to labour in Maoriland was the Rev. J. Ward, whose son, the Rev. Charles Ward, is well-known in Wellington. Another brother is Mr. Robert Ward, formerly R.M. at Wanganui, and now a Native Land Court Judge, and a third member of the family is Mr. F. Ward, the well-known Australian journalist, for many years editor of the *Sydney Daily Telegraph*.

A "time limit" for speechifying is badly needed in our New Zealand Parliament. In a capital letter to the *Post* on the evils of Party Government, Mr. G. A. Schoch has pointed out that the last Parliament talked no less than 9,556 pages of *Hansard*, and last session it cost £400 to correct members' speeches. There ought to be less of the jaw nuisance next session now that Fish, Fisher, and others are out of the show, but some of the new ones are bound to be as Dizzy said of Gladstone "intoxicated with the exuberance of their own verbosity." Decidedly, there ought to be a time limit.

The cable man has a funny idea of the sort of news we New Zealanders take interest in when he beplasters the dailies with long wires as to what Mrs. Knorr, the baby murderess, has or has not said, as to how she has been "bearing up," under the news of the Cabinet's refusal to grant a reprieve, and so on. Such cablegrams pander to the same contemptible taste which makes the lower-class cockney gloat over a page of gory woodcuts in

the "*Lusterated Perlice Noos*." The woman was guilty, was a selfish, mean, unsexed creature, who was a wholesale murderer at "thirty-bob a head." Let her swing and have her neck broken and be done with her wretched life for ever, but for the sake of all that is decent why inflict these sensational cablegrams upon us!

The editor of a Southern daily paper, a man who has occupied some very responsible positions under the state in his time, a highly intellectual man, was fined the other day for drunkenness and riotous behaviour. This same gentleman, when editing a North Island daily, used to come to his office very frequently in a very fine and large state of "three star" begotten bliss, and lie down amongst the "pied" type in the composing-room until roused out by the foreman to write his leader. Poor fellow, he must have broken out again. Dipsomania—nothing less.

There have been some nice goings on at Napier over the disgraceful way in which the Flood Relief Committee (most of whom belong to the Tory landgrabbing and Seddon balmy party) have shown their political bias. It is notorious that several of the small settlers round Olive, who suffered severe losses through the floods, have received hardly anything in the way of relief, presumably for the reason that they did not vote for Captain Russell at the last election, whilst other settlers well known to be supporters of the Tory Party have received far more than they ought to have.

Nor is that all. There is worse to come. Let the *Napier News* tell the tale:—"The Flood Relief Committee have acted a very shabby part by the men who rose from their beds at 8 o'clock in the morning, hauled the boats from the water, conveyed them to the railway station, accompanied them to Waitangi, manned them, and worked them till after 7 o'clock at night—in that time rescuing many precious lives. The answer the men got to an application for payment for the valuable services rendered by them was impertinent as well as heartless. It was to this effect: 'Apply to your Liberal Government. They are so Liberal, that they will, of course pay you.'"

Such conduct can only be characterised as being un-English, unfair, and utterly discreditable. The truth is that in their blind rage over the fact that a Liberal was elected for Napier, the local Tories have completely lost their heads. They have, however, done everything in their power to make another Liberal victory a perfect certainty at the next election.

One hears from time to time of "sundry cures for drunkenness." That eccentric personage—half bogus prophet, half quack—Mr. W. T. Stead, recently claimed to have discovered a man who had a distinct "cure for drunkenness," but as the discoverer pretends it is made from a mysterious herb found in the forests of South America—pretty vague that—it sounds as if it were another quack nostrum. We notice that Dr. Richardson, the great English medical expert on sanitary matters, and a very shrewd observer of the various forms of dipsomania, has been expressing an opinion on "drink cures." It is brief and to the point. All the so-called "drink cures" are impostures. There is no cure for inebriety but total abstinence. People who read, and are inclined to believe in the advertisements of silver, gold, and other, so-called "drink cures," are recommended to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest Dr. Richardson's dictum as above.



Lieut.-Col. F. J. Fox.

Colonel Fox, whose portrait we publish above, is probably one of the best commandants that have ever been sent out to New Zealand by the Imperial Government. He is a man who has had a stern military training in the "old country," and thoroughly understands the work which has been placed under his control. His record in England has been such as to gain the encomiums of his superior officers, and it is on the recommendation of no less a person than General Wolseley that he was appointed to take command of the Defence Forces in this colony. In appearance Colonel Fox is rather small, and scrupulously neat, with iron grey hair and moustache. His erect carriage and rather abrupt manner are strongly suggestive of military training, and few, no matter in what guise he appeared, would mistake him for a soldier; in fact the average critic might go a step further and say that there was just a *soupcion* of the martinet in his general style. With a view of making our readers a little more intimately acquainted with this gentleman, and giving some particulars with reference to his past career, a representative of this paper called upon him at his residence in Abel Smith street one day during this week with a view to having a brief chat on military matters in general, and the Colonel himself in particular. The subject of our sketch was at dinner when our representative arrived, and as he only had a short time at his disposal, invited his visitor to come in and put his questions, while he was finishing his meal, thus with a military economy of time combining the two functions of satisfying the cravings of the appetite, and supplying the interviewer with such information as he felt disposed to disclose.

"Now, what can I do for you, MR. FAIR PLAY?" was the

Colonel's first remark, as he helped himself to a portion of the curried fowl which had been placed before him.

"Well, Colonel," was the reply, "to commence in the orthodox style I suppose I must ask you something of your past career, and service in the Army before you came to New Zealand. In the first place, then, may I inquire if you are a native of England?"

"No," said the subject of our sketch as he touched the bell for the next course, "I was born in County Longford, Ireland, but was educated in England. I was destined for a military career as a young man and was sent to Woolwich to finish my military education."

"When did you join the army, Colonel?"

"In 1876, and I achieved my captaincy in 1884. The branch to which I attached myself was the Royal Artillery, so you can easily understand that my training in attack and defence has been a pretty thorough one."

"To what particular corps were you attached?"

"That is a question to which a definite answer can hardly be given. In the Imperial Army the Royal Artillery is in time of peace really one big regiment without any particular gradation or splitting up into battalions. Of course, in case of war, batteries are attached to different brigades, divisions, and corps, but an officer in the Royal Artillery is not exactly like an officer in a regiment; he is an officer in that branch of the service and is drilled in defence work, and general work that is distinct from the duties of a regimental officer."

"In coming to New Zealand as an Imperial officer, to take command of our forces here, Colonel, do you retain your grade in the English Army?"

"Certainly, and I still remain in the line of promotion Home. As a matter of fact," said the Colonel, pushing aside his plate and giving his full attention to the interviewer, "I was promoted to my majority after arriving in New Zealand."

"Then your title of Colonel here is in reality a courtesy one?"

"No, although I hold the rank of Major in the English Army, in New Zealand I am by virtue of my office a Lieut-Colonel."

"As Commandant here are you not virtually supreme?"

"Theoretically and in matters of detail yes, but practically I am merely the servant of the Colonial Government."

"You have had some little disagreement with the Government on defence matters, have you not?"

"That is a question, MR. FAIR PLAY, which I must decline to discuss. If I am not mistaken the object of your questions is to gain information touching my past military career and my military position here, and not to enter into the question of politics; the latter subject is one upon which I decline to express any opinion, and which, as a servant of the Government, it would be bad form for me to discuss."

"Quite so, Colonel, excuse me if my questions are indiscreet, but to go back a little, when did you come to New Zealand?"

"I arrived in New Zealand in May of 1892, and my appointment was made out on the recommendation of General Wolseley."

"And how did you find things on your arrival?"

"Well, many improvements were wanted, and undoubtedly a large outlay of money was required to put the colony even theoretically in a proper state of defence, but it takes time to do these things. I hope, eventually, to get matters into a state that, with the aid of the squadron, will enable us to make a fair showing with any of the Australasian colonies."

"Apropos of the squadron, don't you think that the

colonies should have a little more authority over the movements of the Australian fleet of war vessels than they have at the present time?"

"No, I certainly do not; it would only result in confusion in the end. If the Governors of the different Colonies had the right to dictate to the Admiral in command of the fleet in case trouble should break out, each one might say, we want your vessels opposite our ports, and the natural consequence would be a loss of authority and a lack of organisation that would result disastrously."

"I grant you that, but if the Imperial military officers who are sent out here are amenable to our Colonial Governments does it not seem fair that when we pay more than half the cost of sustaining the Naval Squadron that we should have a say as to its doings? What I mean is, that in case of any trouble should not the combined opinion of the different Governors in Council have its weight as against orders direct from the Imperial Government?"

"You are taking a stand now, Mr. FAIR PLAY, that is untenable. If you had a Federal Government and one supreme head, your argument might be admissible, but in the present state of affairs it would be impossible to give a series of orders based on the combined action of the various Governors, therefore, I say that for the safety of the colonies, as well as for the maintenance of the discipline so necessary in naval matters, the absolute command should rest in the hands of the Admiral, who should only receive his orders from the Old Country. The fleet on the Australian station is an integral part of the Imperial Navy, and as such must be manœuvred in connection with the movements of the other fleets from headquarters."

"Well, to drop the subject of the naval defences of Australasia, and to return to our own colony and its military requirements, suppose there was to be some little hitch between yourself and the Government as to expenditure which you thought necessary, what would the result be?"

"As I explained to you before I am, as Commandant, simply a servant of the Government, and if I after careful consideration, come to the conclusion that certain alterations or improvements should be made, my course would be to include them in my estimates. These would be handed to the Minister and brought before Parliament, where they would be either rejected or passed."

"But, to go a step further, suppose there was one particular item in your estimates which you, as a military man, knew was absolutely necessary and that you insisted on being carried, what action would you take if it were cut out or rejected?"

"If matters came to such a pass, which is highly improbable, I should probably write Home placing my position before the authorities there, and the result would be beyond doubt a reply permitting me to resign."

"The position of a military officer and naval officer in the colonies widely differs then?"

"Naturally, for the reason that one is a local officer, engaged by the local Government, and the other is an acting Imperial officer, responsible only to Imperial authorities, and liable at any time to be exchanged to another station. The former draws his pay from the local Government and the latter from the Imperial Government."

"To refer to your military title in New Zealand, Colonel, is it what may be called a brevet?"

"No, a brevet is an entirely different sort of thing. A brevet is a species of honour conferred on a soldier that may be confirmed later on and the actual rank of his brevet given to him; but it sometimes gives rise to curious complications, as for instance, supposing I were Major in a line regiment of infantry with a brevet of Colonel. As a regimental officer I would rank below my Colonel; but if three regiments were consolidated into a brigade, and my brevet ranked the regular commission of any of the Colonels, the command of the brigade would be given to me. When such contingencies occur, however, con-

tinued Colonel Fox, "the ranking colonel usually gets leave of absence."

"Yes, I should imagine it would be rather awkward for him," was the interviewer's reply. "The brevet then is an honour that, until it is confirmed, gives no actual regimental status, but may in a case of emergency be recognised as a brigade or corps preeminence?"

"Exactly so, but it is only in exceptional cases that a contingency such as I have described may arise."

"Now, Colonel, to speak of the defences of New Zealand as they are at the present moment, I suppose I must refer to your report?"

"Yes, my opinions and recommendations were plainly expressed there after careful consideration, and will give a better idea than I can possibly supply you with in a brief conversation."

"Have you any reason for changing your opinion since you sent in that report, Colonel?"

"No, none in the least, I am satisfied that it was both conscientious and correct."

"Then I may use extracts from it as emanating from yourself at the present time?"

"Certainly; my report is now public property, as it has been officially published."

"In your report under the heading of 'works,' you say that some of the gunpits more recently constructed are excellent specimens, but that the 7 in. R.M.L. and 84 p. r. R.M.L. guns are nearly all on wooden drums and that the woodwork is decaying and needs renovation."

"Yes; that is quite true, but I am reducing as many of these guns as possible in order to save the expense of alteration."

"You also state there are only 65 rounds of shell per gun for the 9-p. r. R.B.L. guns, and a total of but 106 time fuzes and that the complement should be raised to 150 rounds per gun, with the proper proportion of fuzes?"

Yes, I made that recommendation."

"Your opinion of the sub-marine defences, too, I think, was anything but complimentary, to quote from your report:—'The sub-marine mining defences of the chief ports are at the present time valueless. In each there are vital deficiencies which render them incomplete.'"

"That is quite true; but if you will read a little further you will find that new plans have been made, and that they have been approved by me and passed by the senior naval officer on the New Zealand station."

"You speak very well of the non-commissioned officers and gunners of the Permanent Artillery."

"Yes, they are highly trained and capable of doing higher work than their rank denotes. They are well educated, well behaved, intelligent and drawn from a superior class. I have inspected this branch of the service carefully and am thoroughly satisfied with them."

"Taking the different corps throughout the colony, both volunteer and others, what is your general opinion of their efficiency?"

"Well, a great many of them were in good form, but I am sorry to say that there were many who seemed to have lost interest; they were slovenly in their drill and careless in their accoutrements. Of course some can be brought up to the mark, but there were others whom I recommended in my report for disbandment."

"You state in your report that there seems to be a general feeling of doubt throughout the colony as to the actual necessity of keeping up a defence force?"

"Yes, I noticed that, and I think is a regrettable state of feeling. Surely a prosperous colony like New Zealand, with the commerce it owns, should protect its interests to the best of its ability. After a prolonged period of peace, a proper system of defence may seem superfluous, but if war should break out, its necessity may be felt too late."

"Do you intend remaining long in New Zealand, Colonel?"

"My term of service will not be up for about 8 years. Whether I return or not then, is a question I am not at present able to decide; at any rate my presence here so far has been most agreeable, and if I leave at the expiration of my term I shall regret the loss of my many New Zealand friends, and the

Our Public Men.

PHRENOLOGICALLY AND PHYSIOGNOMICALLY DELINEATED.

[By Professor R. White, President of the Phrenological Association.]

(Under this heading we propose in the first instance to give delineations of the characters of the members of the new House of Representatives. The subjects are unknown to the delineator.)

No. 1.—MR. FELIX McGUIRE (Member for Egmont).



The photograph represents Mr. McGuire as having the motive temperament large, with fair vital and mental temperaments, giving him great power of endurance and application. He has pronounced individuality, large firmness, and great decision of character; language is large but discreet. He has a steady, practical

head, the observing faculties being well developed. He has a good memory for external things, but not for events or ideas, the organ of eventuality being rather small. He learns more from personal experience and observation than from reading. He has penetration and force of character. The temporal region of the head being large, giving breadth between the ears, constructive and executive powers are good. He is more original than imitative, more practical than theoretical, and views the serious side of life. He has good planning ability and would make an excellent superintendent of works or business man. He is methodical and critical, cautious and yet decisive. **UTILITY** more than **BEAUTY** would be the test he would apply to things. He is not a metaphysical reasoner, nor cares much for speculative thought. His mind has direct bearing upon the material concerns of mankind. He has an active, energetic organisation, capable of doing much useful work.

No. 2.—CAPTAIN W. R. RUSSELL (Member for Hawke's Bay.)



The likeness of this gentleman shows him to possess the vital, motive, and mental temperaments well blended and large, giving him physical vigour, mental activity, and natural refinement. He has good organic quality, intensity of organisation, and fineness of texture. He is very susceptible to external influences, but possesses a disciplined mind; **SELF-RESPECT**, **SELF-KNOWLEDGE** and **SELF-CONTROL** are leading traits of his character. He was born to

COMMAND rather than OBEY. He would feel it severely if he had to "knuckle under" to others. He has keen and accurate powers of perception, and he is a close observer of men and things. "Order is Heaven's first law" with him. He must have method in all he does and system in all he superintends. He is a disciplinarian, but he is as just as he is particular. His nose is indicative of strong determination and great individuality. The temporal and coronal regions of his head are broad and high, giving force and stability to his character. He has great respect for law and properly constituted authority, and veneration for religion and sacred things. As a young man he would be fond of sports. The organs of ideality, conscientiousness, and ambition are large, imparting a perception of the beautiful, love of right and a desire to exercise power. He has a superior organisation and he knows it.

No. 3.—MR. GEORGE HUTCHISON, (Member for Patea.)



Mr. Hutchison, according to this photograph, has a good mental temperament, but is rather wanting in the vital temperament, rendering it necessary he should conserve his health. He has a high head, giving considerable sentiment and moral feeling. Taste for the artistic and beautiful in nature is large. He has an active and

progressive mind, eager to acquire facts and ideas. He has a good all round memory. Language is not large, but quick and to the point. Powers of comparison and reasoning are good, making him critical and quick to detect any defects in things and in arguments. He has admirable tact and business capacity. His brain is clear, and has a fine frontal development. The organs of constructiveness, ideality, and cautiousness are large, imparting planning ability, general neatness, and a disposition to look carefully at results before commencing any important undertaking. He has fair powers of perception, enabling him to judge, value, and remember external objects. He has good blending of the **USEFUL** and the **SENTIMENTAL**, the **THEORETICAL** and the **PRACTICAL** of **THOUGHT**, and of **FEELING**. He possesses good all-round capacity with great activity. "He will be on the job" and attend to it.

We are seriously thinking of turning extremely virtuous, and never touching a card again. The reason is, not that we are afraid of holding bad hands, but that we fear the demon microbes, that ever present enemy to modern life. This wretched pest of the 19th century has, it appears, pushed himself into a new field, and now threatens the card player. A French doctor, one Dr. Rappin, announces that on one square centimetre of a single playing card he has discovered no less than two thousand one hundred and sixty bacteria. *Staphylococcus pyogenes aureus* is said to be the principal offender. It is hard that this depraved microscopical concern should stand between us and our quiet rubber. The parsons are often fond of talking of the evil that lurks in the devil's picture books, but they never imagined such a strangely named and strangely made fiend as the sinister *staphylococcus*—and the rest of it. We are afraid, however, that a good many of us will risk the chances of meeting this "merry microbe," and that card playing will be as popular as ever in New Zealand.



The Lion Tamer.

The subject of our sketch (we refer to the man and not the tiger) met with rather a nasty accident, while in Christchurch, which fortunately did not result fatally, although it might easily have done so. While going through the operation of putting his head in the mouth of his playful four-footed friend, the latter, who seems fond of a practical joke occasionally, closed his jaws slightly and inflicted a wound on Cox's neck. The wound was not a very serious one, but it incapacitated him from appearing in Wellington during the first four nights of the show. He appeared in the lions den on Wednesday night, but did not give any exhibition with the tiger as the authorities objected. The two figures in the illustration which appears above this article are both worthy of description. *Place aux dames* with our usual courtesey to the fair sex, we give precedence to the ladies. Scinda is a handsome female tiger of the Royal Bengal type, and is perhaps one of the best trained specimens of her type in captivity. She has been well kept and her sleek coat, graceful movements, and large sleepy eyes make her the pet beauty of the menagerie. She is a young animal and as we explained above humourously inclined, but as a rule she is gentle enough and quite amenable to reason. Mr. Cox is a young man, about 25 years of age, and seems to have a natural aptitude for dealing with wild animals. He is rather slight, of ordinary stature, and is possessed of indomitable pluck. He has been with Mr. Fillis for some years now and has worked with the elephants, the tiger and the lions. He has had some hair breath escapes in the course of his career, but has fortunately up to the present time sustained no serious injuries. His theory of treatment is a cool head, nerves of iron, and absolute firmness, tempered with kindness to the animals under his charge. When performing with the lions or the tiger, he is almost constantly with them throughout the day, personally attending to their feeding, &c., and familiarizing them with his presence. According to his experience one has to be constantly on guard with any of the members of the feline tribe, as their tempers are apt at times to be

woefully uncertain. Pasha, the big lion, who is now confined in a separate cage, gave Mr. Cox, as well as his previous trainers, a great deal of trouble. He is a comparatively young lion, about eight years old, and was born in captivity, but he seems possessed of all the inherent ferocity of an untamed animal, combined with devilish cunning and treachery. He attacked Mr. Cox on two occasions, and latterly has shown such symptoms of leonine "cussedness" that it has been deemed wise to refrain from performing with him, and he has been put in a separate cage in order that he may not corrupt the morals of the other lions. There is a story in connection with one of the animals in the menagerie, a handsome black panther that is worth publishing. Mr. Fillis and his company were at the time travelling in India, and a performance was given before the Rajah of Mysore, who informed Mr. Fillis that he had a menagerie himself, but that none of his attendants dared enter their cages. In particular he possessed a very fierce, well grown, black panther, and, said he with a smile, "if you can get him out of his cage you shall have him." The challenge was accepted, and Messrs. Fillis and Cox soon concerted means to enter the cage, and presently stood before the astonished Rajah with the panther bound and a prisoner.

The usual periodical ruction has broken out again in the New South Wales Legislative Assembly, and this time it appears to have been a little more disgraceful than usual. The last one which culminated in a regular "mill" on the floor of the House between Paddy Crick, (Ministerialist,) and Jack Haynes, (Oppositionist,) was bad enough, but when a Minister of the Crown permits himself to hurl "cuss" words at his opponent, and requires two or three strong men to hold him back, so that gore shan't be shed, it looks as though things had reached a climax. At its best the Lower House in New South Wales is nothing more nor less than a legislative bear garden, every member of which is only too "willing" to settle a dispute *vi et armis*. It only needs a spark in a heated debate to turn that dignified legislative body into a howling Pandemonium, with each member trying to get either the first blow in, or a decisive wrestling hold on his political opponent. The writer has sat night after night in the press gallery of the Parliament of New South Wales, and has on more than one occasion witnessed scenes that would have disgraced the tap-room of a semi-respectable pot house. He has seen Ministers of the Crown helped into the Chamber at the end of a long debate, and on the eve of a division, to hold the floor for 15 or 20 minutes while the "whip" could garner in a few more votes, when they were hardly able to speak coherently, on account of too much indulgence in the smoking room. He has seen one of the members for Newcastle so much under the influence of liquor that he defied the Speaker and attempted to dance a Highland fling on the floor of the House, with the result that he was finally forcibly removed by the Sergeant at Arms. In fact many instances of disorder could be given that if they had occurred in an ordinary hall would have been followed by the prompt interference of the police; but the latest episode although it ended without bloodshed seems to us to be more disgraceful than any previous one. For a Minister of the Crown to be accused in open Parliament of drunkenness while addressing the Speaker, and to retaliate by threatening to "wring the d—d scoundrel's neck," who accused him, and only being prevented from attempting to do so by actual force, speaks volumes. Surely there should be some remedy for this blackguardism the indecency of which is aggravated by its exhibition in such a place.

Racing Reflections.

(By "BRONHO.")

Only a round dozen after all have accepted in the Wellington Cup. Of the early fanciers that have passed out the most notable are Hippomenes, Ua, and Lady Zetland. The last named was favourite the day before the declaration of the acceptances and her withdrawal was a great surprise. It was also fully expected that Mr. Ormond would have paid up at least two of his four, and North Atlantic was the least thought of, as likely to be the Hawke's Bay squire's representative. Captain Russell's elected is St. Katherine, who is nicely handicapped with 8st. 5lb. She is as game as a pebble, and as she has been lying low ever since the New Zealand Cup meeting where she went a bit wrong, she is receiving strong support from the punters. Pegasus and Prime Warden, who are the only foreigners on the spot as I write, look in splendid fettle, and the only question with many is which is the correct "P." Clairvaux (8st. 7lb) is the favourite, at 4 to 1, but he is not my fancy after his running with Rangipuhi in Dunedin. If he can win it is a gift. Mr. Miramar's horse has been scratched for he was equally well in. Rosefeldt will, I think, get a place, but 8st. 8lb. is more than she likes in a fast run race. Musket, game though he is, I do not fancy in the company, and it is a mystery to me why he should be called on to concede 9lbs to a horse like Vogengang. Revolution is now doing good work and may run preeminently, but I think one or two will be too fast for the son of Treason. Mr. F. Martin's Retina, last year's winner, is said to be in better fettle than she was a twelve-month ago. She ran very strongly at the Wairarapa Racing Club meeting and might win the big race at the Hutt a second time. If she wins her owner will have won the trophy which accompanies the money prize. Last year it had not arrived when the race was run, and by mutual arrangement Mr. Martin took cash instead of the Cup. If he were to win it a second time it would be a strange coincidence. King Harry (6st, 10lb) is an improving horse and Peters has him very fit, but he is not quite good enough in my opinion for the job here set him, and I much prefer the featherweight Kent who, if a bit better than he was at the Wairarapa meeting will make the best of them "shift" to keep with him. The winner will, I anticipate, come from four, viz., Prime Warden, Pegasus, St. Katherine and Vogengang. To place them in order I shall tip the result of the Wanganui Cup, of 1894, thus:—

- Prime Warden or Retina 1
 - St. Katherine 2
- Fair fields will come to the post in the mirror races on the first day. The Anniversary Handicap has ten left in, and there are some speedy ones among them. If Rinda (7st. 9lb) is well she will about get home, but Johnny Faa (8st. 4lb) and Vogengang (7st. 10lb) are both dangerous.

The Hurdle Handicap looks like a good thing for Clarence (11st. 11lb). If he goes down it will probably be to The Dromedary (10st.). The Nursery Handicap will be a very interesting race, and it is hard to say what will win. Mr. H. Redwood's Epilogue is, I hear, a beautiful colt and his victory would be very popular. I shall take him and King Wai as my selections, the latter for choice. The Welter Handicap looks fairly open, and when a race looks so it is the safest plan to take the top weight. In this case, therefore, I will go for Dreamland (10st. 10lb) with Violence (9st. 10lb) as my second string. The Telegraph Handicap should see a good finish between the four topweights, and Rebellon, although well loaded with 9st. 5lb, might get home. In the Hack Flat I have most liking for Mr. Rathbone's Sylvanus (7st. 5lb). If he is beaten it might be by Voltaire (7st. 4lb) or Sweet Dream (7st. 10lb). The Hack Hurdles should go to Nivacious (11st 7lb) with Tenby (9st. 10lb) second.

The Wellington Trotting Club Summer Meeting will be held at Miramar on Tuesday next and if fine weather favours the Club, the gathering should be a success. The horses nominated are the best that have yet been entered for Wellington meetings, and if Specification, Fair Boy, Rarus, Nitreb, Brown Duchess, Tonga, and Black Oats, all put in an appearance, Wellingtonians will have an opportunity of seeing trotting "up-to-date." The acceptances are due to-day (Friday) so that it is impossible, as I write, to make definite selections with so many entered for two or three races. For the principal race, the Wellington Trotting Club Handicap, nearly a dozen acceptances will probably be received and should the great gun, Rarus, put in an appearance he will be a thorn in the side of the others. In his absence commend me to Tuesday and Peppermint, with the proviso that if the weather is wet the race may go to Billy Buttons, who is a "whale" in mud.

In the Maiden, Lady Ethel, Jenny Lind, and St. Elmo, should supply the winner, and in the Miramar Park Handicap, Nitreb (20sec.) might score in the absence of Specification. In the Pony races, May, Tonga, and Tuesday, are said to be best treated by the handicapper. The Electric Handicap looks a good thing for Buttercup (20sec.) and next to Mr. Waddington's smart pony I like the chances of Brown Duchess (10sec.) and Chance (20sec.) The Selling I shall decline to deal with.

The following good story is told by the special reporter of the *Wanganui Chronicle* in connection with the Warrangate J.C. Hack Meeting.—The first event proved a boll-over, a rank outsider turning up trumps, and rewarding his lucky investors with the handsome dividend of £44 17s. One individual on being asked to make up a ticket on the Hurdles sported his "half-sov." for the first time and his unknown friend presently returned him £22 8s. 6d., as the result of his lucky investment, and suggested that he should speculate a "sov." on Piarsere for the next event who again turned up trumps to the tune of £9 18s. The man was

mystified and said that this was the first race meeting he had ever been to and considered it a much better game than hard "graft."

The annual carnival of the Warrangate Jockey Club, which was held at Fordell on the 11th inst., was as usual a model meeting. Mr. G. Morse, the secretary, is one of the most energetic secretaries in the district, and not only is he energetic, but he has such a keen appreciation of the beautiful, that it may be truthfully said of him as it was said of some great swell among the ancients *whil tetiget quod non ornavit*, (he has touched nothing that he has not beautified.) Mr. Morse's applications to horse-owners for entries, nomination papers and "correct cards" are all not only tastefully but elegantly got up. And he does not confine the exercise of his talents to the production of these necessary adjuncts of a secretary's paraphernalia, but he is "all there" on the day of action, and every duty of a secretary is well attended to. The club has prospered under his secretariat, and the meeting held last week was only a fair sample of its very successful re-unions. The other officers are infected with his enthusiasm, and on Thursday last the general arrangements were all that could be desired. Mr. G. J. Chapman's starting was excellent, Mr. James McGregor was thoroughly efficient as clerk of the scales, and Mr. A. J. Parsons, although he had some terribly close pushes to decide, acquitted himself well as judge. Mr. Ernest Morse, as assistant secretary, also rendered good service. The racing was most interesting. In the Hurdles the outsider, Narrate, 9st., paid the handsome dividend of £44 17s., and in the Flying Tramore, 7st. 9lb., gave back £9 18s. for every pound invested. In the Trial Stakes The Artist, 6st. 4 lbs., gave backers of favourites a turn, paying £2 11s. in a field of eight. Then came the Cup which was appropriated by one of the rising backs of the season, viz., Gothen, a three-year old colt by Ascot, Sunshine, dam of Waterbury. As this colt had been unplaced in the Flying the stewards wanted "to know you know" how the owner explained the inconsistency, but no further action was taken. In the Maiden Hurdles Romeo, 10st., had no difficulty in beating Strike, 10st. 7 lbs., and three others, paying £2 6s. dividend. Then in the Electric Handicap the speedy Marama carried his 10st. 7 lbs. to victory over four furlongs, beating a field of eleven with the greatest ease, and paying £3 17s. The Ladies' Bracelet fell to Cingalee, £4 9s., and then the Final Handicap, in which Swift beat Namore by the shortest of heads, and paid £10 18s. dividend, wound up the proceedings. About £2000 was passed through the totalisator by Mr. F. Hill.

A fine exhibition of Star cycles may be seen at the stores of Adams, Curtis, and Company, in Willis street. These cycles are fitted with the latest up-to-date inventions, including instantaneous change gears, spokeless wheels, patent oil baths, &c., &c.—Adv't.

Opinions of the Press

WHAT OUR CONTEMPORARIES SAY.

FAIR PLAY: A UNIVERSAL FAVOURITE.

IT DARES TO SPEAK THE TRUTH.

FAIR PLAY is a most creditable production.—*Bruce Herald*.

A well-illustrated and well-printed Wellington weekly.—*Western Star*.

Very readable—an ably written contemporary.—*Reefton Guardian*.

FAIR PLAY is very smartly written, and contains many excellent portraits of Wellington celebrities, and the praiseworthy way in which it is published reflects the highest credit on its promoters. It should undoubtedly have a very successful run.—*Palmerston Standard*.

FAIR PLAY will prove a valuable acquisition to the ranks of New Zealand journalism.—*Feilding Star*.

FAIR PLAY is well printed and enlivened by many photo-electrotype portraits and views. The price is very reasonable. We congratulate the publishers, and wish them every success.—*Manawatu Herald*.

FAIR PLAY is a respectable addition to the current literature of New Zealand.—*Napier News*.

FAIR PLAY is the title of the latest addition to the list of journalistic productions in the colony.—*Wellington Evening Press*.

FAIR PLAY is decidedly a creditable production from either a literary or mechanical point of view. A feature of the publication is the number of excellent photographs of public men and women it contains.—*Petone Chronicle*.

FAIR PLAY is smartly written, outspoken, and racy, and its illustrations do it credit. There is an excellent opening in the colony for just such a journal as FAIR PLAY, and from what we know of those who have the control of the publication we are confident it will fill the bill exactly.—*Pahiatua Herald*.

It is a new journal aspiring to high class work and comes out on capital paper, with excellent and numerous illustrations, and good type and printing—quite a superior production in these respects.—*Patea County Press*.

It embraces all topics, and should receive large support from all parts of New Zealand. The get-up is all that could be desired, and the reading portion is very interesting and forcibly put. The success of FAIR PLAY is a certainty.—*Blenheim Star*.

It is nicely got up and contains 24 closely printed quarto pages of good reading matter. The journal will be published weekly.—We wish the venture every success.—*Waimate Witness*.

Well got up, nicely printed, abundance of bright pars and good illustrations, all combine to make it a really interesting publication. Sport and the drama find space in its columns, and we should say FAIR PLAY will have a

successful career.—*Marlborough Daily Times*.

Its compilation, arrangement, and general appearance are excellent. It is nicely set up and well printed on good paper, and in appearance is not a whit behind similar periodicals issued from good houses in London. There are some capital reproductions of photographs of prominent people, and the letterpress travels all round the compass and gathers items for everyone, paying particular attention to sporting and athletics. We wish the new journal a successful and useful career.—*Wairarapa Standard*.

The letterpress reflects credit on the promoters.—*Dunedin Star*.

The paper is sure to be a success.—*Tararaki Herald*.

The journal is exceedingly well compiled, and contains, in addition to the twenty-four pages of reading matter, many excellently produced illustrations of persons of local and colonial fame. It is published at the low price of three-pence, and is sure to "catch on" in the colony.—*Marlborough Express*.

It is well printed, and the illustrations are good.—*Nelson Evening Mail*.

It is a superior production both in style and get up, has extensive illustrations and crisp well-written matter. The "long felt want" to be supplied by the new journal is "a free, fair criticism of public life and public morals." Its tone, though vigorous, is free from coarseness. *Unshackled journals are few and their existence is therefore welcome.*—*Otago Workman*.

The printing and other mechanical work in connection with the get up of the publication is excellent all through; it contains some excellent portraits and the paper is good and the type clear.—*Wairoa Bell*.

It is a very readable production and if true to its name will be welcomed by its readers.—*Egmont Settler*.

The letterpress is clean and sharp, the composition is racy and to the point, and the paper, we have no doubt, will find numerous readers. We wish it every success.—*Western Star*.

The journal is well printed on good paper and a convenient size for reading at home or abroad—we never could see the use of large sheets, which are inconvenient to read and handle.—*Oxford Observer*.

It is exceedingly well put out, and in a very attractive form. The letterpress is good, the literary matter of a first-class order, and the subjects dealt with interesting and ably treated. FAIR PLAY is, further, capitally illustrated, and should prove a pronounced success.—*Kaikoura Star*.

FAIR PLAY is well printed, on good paper, and contains twenty-three pages of interesting reading matter, judiciously illustrated. We wish it a successful career.—*Tuapeka Times*.

There is nothing of the namby-pamby style about the "straight talk" column of FAIR PLAY.—*Waipawa Mail*.

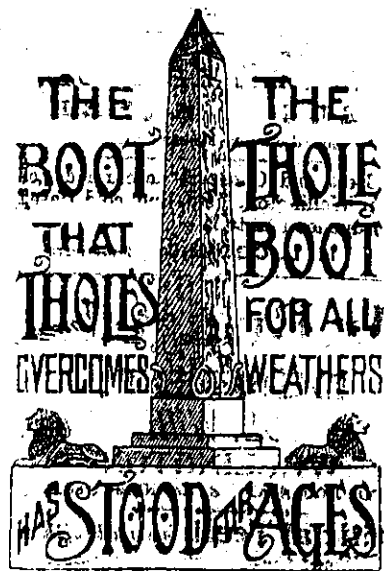
FAIR PLAY is a very well got up

and bright weekly paper, published in Wellington, somewhat on the lines of the *Bulletin*. It is improving every week, and promises to be a welcome addition to the New Zealand Press.—*Dunedin Times*.

The new journal is well got up and should quickly establish itself in the good graces of the public. It contains plenty of news, and portraits of the celebrities of the day.—*Waipawa Mail*.

It is a plain outspoken journal and is absolutely independent of any party or clique, and says it will speak its mind and publish its honest convictions without regard to public or prohibitionist, conservative or liberal. This is a paper that should have been started in Wellington long ago as the other papers there are simply disgraceful, being first on one side and then on the other.—*Buller Miner*.

It is well printed on good paper, the type being of modern cut; there is a large and well varied amount of original matter; there is a chattiness about the articles that gives a zest to the literary appetite of the reader; and the illustrations which adorn its pages are works of art. We give it credit for its straight-out style of expressing its opinions.—*Southern Standard*.



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Fair Play

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1894.

The Russian Bogey Man.

The giant gooseberry season is over; on one has seen a sea serpent lately; the Stout Election Petition is hung

up for a while and the Cheap Money Scheme has been written about until writers and readers alike are heartily sick of the subject. The editors of the dailies are consequently at their wits' end for topics and more especially for sensations. Wherefore, the "Even' Post" has thought fit to resurrect that wretched old "bogey man," the tallow-eating Muscovite, who *pace* the "Post" editor, is only too ready and willing to swoop down upon this devoted country, lay violent hands upon our wealth—when he can find it—smash down our gorgeous edifices—when he can find them—and generally play Sheol and break things.

The "Muscovite Bogey Man" is an old acquaintance of the readers of the "Post." In the good old days when Rous Marten, the celebrated "Great Unwashed," flung about the "Post" editorial ink, and settled to his own satisfaction, if not to that of anyone else, the European problem, on an average about once a week, the Russian cruiser and its attendant horrors for this devoted land, used to crop up with dismal regularity in the "Post's" editorial columns. Years have passed away, and the gigantic brain of Marten has found employment in London, but the terrible Russian spectre, whose hideous apparition he so loved to conjure up in bygone days, has been left as a legacy to Mr. Marten's successor, and is now again being trotted out for the edification of "Post" readers.

Put briefly the "Post" is shaking its venerable head and agitating its venerable and somewhat shaky mind over the possibilities of a foreign invasion—Russian for choice—of New Zealand and the awful consequences thereof. The subject is only lugged out as a peg upon which to hang an attack upon that jovial monarch, Richard the IV, and to do the "Post" editor justice, we don't believe for one moment that he doesn't know that all his would-be sensation mongering is but the veriest bankum and balderdash. But Richard the IV, must be pitched into, that is, at present, the chief object in life of the "Post," to whom the result of the late elections came as a very "nasty knock," a deep and dire disappointment, almost a personal calamity.

And so, to provide a pretext for another attack upon Richard, of Kumara, the "Post" waxes indignant

about the state of our defences, and waxes drearily and dismally prophetic as to the awful fate which would befall this devoted land of ours were war to break out between Great Britain and Russia. It offers no suggestions as to what should be done, for to be practical is about the last thing our estimable contemporary ever dreams of, but it merely hammers away at Mr. Seddon and the Government because they don't do something! What the mysterious "something" is that the "Post" would like to have done is a mystery beyond human ken, but perhaps, in a few days, the worthy editor, who is pleased to consider himself a perambulating encyclopædia, possessing a knowledge which is well nigh superhuman on any and every subject, may deign to take the public into his confidence and propound some weirdly wonderful new defence scheme of his own. At present, however, he simply wails and howls alternately about the wickedness of the Government in not doing "something," the said something remaining, as we said above, a dark and awful mystery.

Now, we may frankly state our belief that the defences of New Zealand are not such as would prevent the landing of a foreign foe; not only are they totally and ridiculously inadequate and ineffective, but they have always been so. But for this state of things, and for the continuance of it, the present Government is not more to be fairly blamed than is the "Man in the Moon." We have had English expert after English expert, and each one condemned that particular scheme which his predecessor had recommended. The latest expert has followed the precedents, laid down apparently by some inscrutable law of providence, specially for the guidance of defence experts. Nearly everything that has been done is bad, and that only which he deigns to approve is good. It's the old old story.

We cannot, therefore, blame the Premier for pausing ere he commits the country to another large outlay on defence on the lines laid down by Colonel Fox, and we openly admit that our own opinion is that not one farthing more should be spent upon the so-called forts. We hold that all that is needed is a good supply of Maxim guns, with which it might be found possible to resist the landing of an armed force, but to spend thousands of pounds upon forts, which a cruiser

possessing long range guns, need never come near at all, is the height of imbecility and a downright and most shameful piece of wanton extravagance.

If the "Post" and other papers would go thoroughly into the question of the volunteers, and impress upon the Government the necessity for the weeding out and disbandment of useless corps, if they would insist upon efficient "up-to-date" weapons being procured—with a special supply of the deadly Maxim—we should be with them; but to nag away at the Government because they don't rush in and squander the scores of thousands of pounds upon permanent defences, which would never be of the slightest use, is, to our mind, the quintessence of folly.

Should war break out between England and Russia, it is not in the least likely that the enemy's cruisers would come here at all. They would endeavour to play the Alabama's game, and prey upon the ocean-going merchant vessels, with their rich cargoes. If they did venture round these coasts then they would, or ought to be, watched and followed, and fought by the British cruisers, for the maintenance of some of which, at any rate, New Zealand pays her due share. But did a foreign cruiser happen to break through the sea line of defence, and make a descent upon a New Zealand port, all the forts we have got, or are ever likely to get, would never stop her bombarding the place, and to multiply and strengthen the forts is just so much stupid waste of good money.

Increased aid might, and we think ought to be, given to such of the volunteers as choose to make themselves thoroughly efficient, but a third of the existing companies might be disbanded to-morrow with no loss to anybody, save to the gold laced dandies who play at officers, and know as much real military work as we do about Chinese Metaphysics. To act upon the Fox report, so far as it concerns the procuring of better weapons, and the increased efficiency of some of these volunteer companies is one thing, and a thing which the Premier ought to see to without delay, but to enter upon any elaborate and expensive new scheme of so-called "General and Permanent Defence" is precisely what we trust Mr. Seddon will not do, all the howls and wails of the "Post" notwithstanding.

SPORTS, GAMES AND PASTIMES.



R. V. BLACKLOCK.

We publish above a picture of Mr. Robert V. Blacklock, a good all-round athlete, and at present Captain of the Wellington Representative Cricket Team. Mr. Blacklock was born in Melbourne, Victoria, but came to New Zealand, where he was educated in 1876. He was always fond of athletic exercises, and went in for football, cricket, yachting, &c., as a very young man. He was for a long time a member of the Ponake Football Club, and used to play as three quarter and full back. While a member of this club he succeeded in getting his arm and two ribs broken, which added to a natural leaning, induced him to devote his attention more closely to cricket. He is a member of the Midland Cricket Club, and has been Captain of its team for 18 years. Some years ago he joined the Representative Team, and has captained it for 8 seasons. He has a splendid record as a batsman, and plays as an outfielder. In the match against Canterbury he made 84 not out. Against Auckland he made 50 and 51 in one match. In other matches he has made 74 and 50. His highest score is 99, when he went in first and carried out his bat. Mr. Blacklock is a member of the Port Nicholson Yacht Club, and is employed in the Government Life Insurance Offices.

ATHLETIC.

The team picked to battle at the Amateur Carnival in Dunedin, is exceptionally strong. If all the men succeed in obtain-

ing leave of absence, the possession of the next championship banner seems destined to be located in Wellington. Batger is in training and has lost none of his pristine brilliancy, his most formidable opponent, Dave Matson, is through business engagements unable to devote sufficient time to training, and may not possibly be a starter in consequence.

Hempton would not require to be at his best to expose the mediocrity of the opposition in the sprints.

Harley is by no means an unworthy "rep." for his distances. He will be the equal in fitness with any of them. His condition and pertinacity may pull him through.

McCormack has a mortgage over the weight-putting events.

The greatest "go" of the meeting will be, however, the mile run. With three such clinkers as Rees, Clark, and Morpeth, there should be an epidemic of the fabled "bare-footed pilgrimages." Morpeth is undoubtedly a splendid judge of pace, which cannot be said of the other two; Rees, especially being lacking. In his memorable struggle with Clark on Lancaster Park, the season before last, Rees won in 4min. 32 3/5th sec. We have seen him do a trial of 4min. 30 3/4th sec., and believe him capable of winning by the narrowest margin. Morpeth will have a better show in the three miles. Taking the team all round we do not think we were ever better represented.

The facilities for training here are in-

adequate. Bicyclists and running men complain of the "late hours" kept by certain cricket clubs using the southern portion of the Basin Reserve. Of course, the cricketers are entitled to priority of consideration, as the ground is supported by their contributions. On the other hand the pedestrians pay nothing and are therefore entitled to nothing. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* But it would be a graceful act if the cricketers were to fall in with the wishes of their "kindred sporters," about which they prate at "smokes," even if it involved the sacrifice of a nightly half-hour's net practice.

Wellington is to be well represented at the Manawatu Amateur Athletic Club's meeting next Monday. The following athletes from the city have entered:—One Mile Walk—G. B. Nicholls. One Mile Running—A. M. Stuart, C. D. Morpeth. Two Mile Running Handicap—C. D. Morpeth, G. B. Nicholls, 100 yds. Handicap—W. King, J. H. Hempton, W. King, L. W. Harley. 220 yds. Handicap—J. H. Hempton, W. King, L. W. Harley. 440 yds. Handicap—D. M'Kay, W. King, L. W. Harley, A. M. Stuart. Half-mile Handicap—C. D. Morpeth, A. M. Stuart, D. M'Kay, H. W. Pownall, H. Palmer, G. Nicholls.

AQUATIC.

The final heat of the Wellington Rowing Club's Senior Fours was rowed last week over the northerly course, and produced a splendid race from start to finish. The crews consisted of H. Gamble, bow, R. A. Heise, 2; C. Poll, 3; C. Hooke, stroke, H. Usmar, cox., and J. P. Murphy, bow, J. E. Gamble, 2, J. W. Nicholson, 3, F. B. Young, stroke, D. Plunkett, cox. Hooke got a slight lead at the start, and being hard pressed all the way won by a quarter of a length. Mr. A. W. Smith acted as starter, and Mr. S. Waters as judge.

The race for first-class yachts at Monday's Regatta should be very interesting. The Maritana, Waiwetu, Isca, Xanthe, and Rona are certain starters, and there is a likelihood that the Mascotte and Pastime from Lyttelton, will also be competitors. In the second class race, the Mapu, Mahina, Iris, and Pet will start.

The Committee of the Wellington Rowing Club met last week; the captain (Mr. A. S. Paterson) presiding. The report of the sub-committee of the New Zealand Amateur Rowing Association with regard to the election of a Council and appointment of local officers was approved, and Messrs Patterson, Dix, and Burns were elected delegates to support the proposals at a special meeting of the Association to be held on the 31st inst. It was resolved to hold the annual swimming sports about the end of the present month, and the necessary arrangements were entrusted to a committee consisting of Messrs A. S. Paterson, M. F. Marks, J. E. Gamble, A. M. Burns, G. S. Mquat, J. W. Nicholson, S. Waters, J. P. Murphy, G. Lauchlan, W. M. Wilson, S. Dix, J. Fleming, A. W. Smith, T. Shields, G. White, W. Ross, G. A. Tattle, and F. Ross. It was decided to send crews to take part in the Senior Fours. Paice

Double Sculls, and Single Sculls events at the Christchurch Regatta on the 22nd February. The Club will be represented in the four events by Messrs W. Simm, C. Hooke, J. B. Young, and P. Grahame—the same crew (with the exception of Grahame, who replaces S. Waters) that represented the club in the senior events last season. We should certainly have liked to have seen Bridson and Waters in the crew, but failing this we think it the strongest crew that could be got, and that they will render a good account of themselves.

In the Star Boating Club's Senior Sculls G. C. Fache easily defeated C. W. Palmer by about 100 yards. R. W. Wallace defeated E. W. G. Strange somewhat easily by two lengths. A. G. Hume defeated A. W. Newton easily by three or four lengths. G. C. Fache defeated E. L. Burnes, after a close race, by a length, the latter lost the race by bad steering. A. G. Hume easily defeated W. H. Morrah by five or six lengths, the latter also steering badly. R. D. Duncan defeated H. Palmer after a good race by a length, the latter steering the wrong side of the finishing boat. R. W. Wallace defeated F. Pownall by a quarter of a length which would have been considerably more had not an Oriental Boating Club sculler got in his road and collided with him. R. D. Duncan defeated G. E. Fache by a quarter of a length owing to the latter going in the left arm.

K. D. Duncan next meets R. W. Wallace and the winner meets A. G. Hume in the final.

In the S.B.C. Junior Pairs A. Duncan and S. Stafford defeated C. B. Trimmell and A. H. Barnett easily by three lengths. H. Shearman and H. A. Deighton easily defeated R. H. Pope and S. P. Hawthorne, but as the latter's stretcher gave way during the race, the committee decided to row it again, when Shearman and Deighton won easily by about six lengths. The final heat produced a great race between Shearman and Deighton and Duncan and Stafford when the former won after a close and exciting race by two feet. There was never more than a few feet between the boats at any part of the race.

The Match Committee of the Star Boating Club has selected the following crews, subject to alteration in case any of the men selected find themselves unable to get away, to represent the club at the Christchurch regatta, to be held on the 22nd February:—Maiden Double Sculls—T. R. Herd, G. C. Fache (stroke). Senior Fours—W. H. Morrah, G. F. Johnston, E. W. G. Strange, R. W. Wallace (stroke). Junior Double Sculls—W. Wiggins, R. Pownall (stroke). Senior Double Sculls—J. G. Duncan, A. G. Hume (stroke). Maiden Fours—T. R. Herd, Shearman, G. C. Fache, A. D. S. Duncan (stroke). Juvenile Plate Fours—R. Pownall, W. Wiggins, Shearman, A. D. S. Duncan (stroke). Senior Pairs—W. B. Morrah, J. G. Duncan (stroke). Sculls—A. G. Hume. We were evidently correct in making known the crews in our issue of 9th December. A. W. Newton has been replaced by J. G.

Duncan, presumably on account of his unglorious display in the Senior Double Sculls with such a good man behind him as J. Eman Smith, and again in the Senior Sculls, but in both instances we think this was simply due to lack of condition and that he has not lost any of his form. The change we do not approve of, and we certainly consider a gross injustice has been done to the members of the club in placing Duncan before such men as F. Pownall, C. Pearce, E. L. Burnes, H. Wiggins, J. E. Smith, C. J. Cooper and others, simply because he is Duncan. Such favouritism is bad in the extreme, and we do not wonder at there being a feeling of dissatisfaction amongst the rowing members, and a so-called "opposition." The committee and powers that be have simply themselves to blame when they allow their personal feelings to influence them in such matters. Duncan has done very little rowing for some time past, and is sadly out of condition. He certainly was a good man but has yet to show that he still is.

We must repeat what we said before that it is a great mistake to send men for more than one event, as they cannot devote sufficient time nor fit themselves for a rowing and sculling event on the same day, and we trust our local clubs will bear this in mind when selecting crews for the Championship Regatta at Easter, otherwise we shall not have as many championships coming to the Empire City as we should like. It cannot be on the score of expense, as the steamer fares now are so exceptionally low. We are well aware that McKay, Sullivan, Rose, and Bridson, of the W.R.C., used to go for fours, pairs, double sculls, and sculls between them on the same day, but these were four exceptionally good men who went in for good honest training, and were not afraid of hard work, and we only wish we had a few more such men amongst us at the present time.

In the Oriental Boating Club's Senior Pairs, W. Gleeson (bow) and G. Read (stroke) defeated A. McAnally (bow) and E. Read (stroke) by two lengths, and in the final heat J. Burke (bow) and J. Driscoll (stroke) defeated W. Gleeson (bow) and G. Read (stroke) easily by four lengths.

Mr. E. Powell, of the Blenheim Rowing Club, has chosen the following crews to go into training for the Championship Regatta, to be held at Picton during Easter:

Senior Batswing Fours: G. Seymour (stroke), A. Seymour, and E. Shaw. Outrigger Fours: F. Dodson (stroke), H. Mills, W. Draper, and C. Oribb; F. Hale (stroke), J. McKinley, T. McKinley, and E. Conolly; Bennet (stroke), McLaine, Rowe, and A. Carey; McCormack (stroke), Shaw, A. Carter, and J. Morrison. A final selection in the outrigger fours will be made later on, from which it will be seen that McCormack, who was recently rowing No. 8 of the Wellington R.C. Maiden Four, has been chosen one of the strokes of the Trial Senior Outrigger Fours.

We greatly regret to learn that Mr. A. G. Hume, who has been chosen to represent the S.B.C. at the Christchurch Regatta next month, met with a very painful accident last week, which will neces-

sitate a cessation in his training for a few days. He slipped whilst working in the foundry and fell over a canister, inflicting a nasty cut on the nose and cheek.

It has been decided to hold the Wellington Rowing Regatta on Wednesday, 29th March, two days after the championship meeting at Picton. The total prize money will amount to about £100, the principal event being the Senior Outrigger Fours, over a distance of one mile and a half, prizes £20 and £5. Owing to press of business, Mr. S. Waters, senr., has resigned the position of hon. treasurer to the regatta committee, and Mr. R. Renner fills the vacancy.

CRICKET.

The Auckland match, although disastrous to our selected, was full of pleasurable incident. To our lamentably weak batting must be attributed defeat. Many critics have relieved themselves of opinions adverse to the handling of the team by Blacklock, and consider bad judgment on his part a main factor of the non-success. To that way of thinking we cannot subscribe. Of course, several glaring errors could be adduced, but in such a touch-and-go encounter it is difficult to lay down with exactitude the correct course of procedure to pursue. Holdship should not have batted a second time on the first day after his heavy fatiguing exertions, and Dryden should not have been interfered with when, at the critical juncture, he was bowling well; but the real fact of the matter is that as defeat was never contemplated a certain amount of carelessness was generated, and when really wanted our justifiably expected batting strength, by a freak of fortune, failed to reveal itself.

The Gore boundary-catch has, of course, been the bone of contention during the week. The point is, we believe, unique in cricket annals, and has also opened up quite a crop of cognate novelties amongst the little diverse groups who are ever wont to foregather and discuss these matters. On reflection we believe Mr. Knapp's decision just and rational. The ball, undoubtedly, did fall over the boundary after rebounding from Gore's hands, therefore it became dead before he reached it a second time.

The other novelty, hereinbefore referred to, concerns the rebounding of balls off umpires. There is no rule here of dead ball as there is in football. So would a catch made off an umpire be deemed out? Interpretation of the rules, as at present constituted, would answer in the affirmative, but we hardly think it fair and equitable that it should be so. Perhaps our cricket legislators will bear these matters in mind when opportunity arises for reform. We were beginning to think that our game had grown superior to the necessity for alteration but apparently there is room for more light in the direction indicated. Gore and Holdship have strengthened their chances considerably for the honour of places in the New Zealand "rep." team.

Fine hot weather on Saturday was responsible for some tall scoring. The Wellington's alleged tail batted well. In fact, one begins to think that by a process

familiar to Darwinites the "tail" of a cricket team has become as extinct as the Dodo or "Sydenham" Taylor, for in recent matches we have seen it not.

The Midlanders have made a gigantic start and would have done even better if Lash, who is batting really well, had not had the misfortune to be run out.

Wynyard once more demonstrated that the opinion we have frequently expressed respecting him had solid foundation; and we shall hear yet more of him.

Harris showed a return to his old form, and received a perfect ovation from the spectators. He is a difficult man to evict after a few minutes tenancy has been vouchsafed him.

The small boy question received attention at the "smoke" given to the Aucklanders; their presence and demonstrative ability at the match were not looked upon as undiluted blessings. At the same time one cannot help being impressed with the ultimate advantages to cricket of extending to the impecunious small boy the freedom of the grounds. The position they hold corresponds to that held by the pittites of the theatre; they lead the applause with spontaneous heartiness and are the keenest critics of the game; its principles and delights are thus early inculcated; the fruits will be manifest in the near future. The truest sign of the solid popularity of the game is shown by the deep interest taken by them, for boys soon desert that which is unworthy of support.

In the same way is to be commended the wisdom of admitting ladies free. Their charming variety of costume and its colour lent a rare gayness to the scene.

BOWLING.

A team selected from the Wellington Bowling Club will leave here on Sunday night for Nelson, where a match will be played with the local club on Anniversary day. The visitors will return to Wellington on Wednesday morning.

The Wellington Bowling Club sent seven rinks to Napier in 1892 at the time of the Eastern Tourament held in that town. The Council having again decided to hold the annual tournament of the North Island in Napier, names of intending competitors are being received. The Napier boys are a hospitable crowd and it is pretty certain that Wellington will be quite as strongly represented this year as on the previous occasion.

In the match between the Wellington and Thorndon Bowling Clubs, played on the former's green last Saturday, the Thorndonites got an awful "slopping." They were soundly beaten in each of the four rinks and the aggregate score of the Wellington players will be for sometime quoted as an "awful example."

Entries for the Port Nicholson Yacht Club closed at the Empire Hotel on Thursday night, at 10 o'clock.

The C class shots of the City Rifles will hold a competition for class trophy and ammunition prizes on Saturday next, at the cadet range; morning squad only. Ammunition on Friday evening.



The farewell tour of the Fillis Circus through New Zealand promises to be a most successful one from a financial point of view, judging by the crowded houses which have greeted every performance since the opening on Friday of last week. The performance given is an exceptionally good one, including as it does feats of equitation, ground and lofty tumbling, trapeze play, balancing acts, and the exhibition of trained wild beasts. From start to finish the attention of the auditor is riveted and as one seemingly impossible feat after another is performed with an unrivalled deftness and neatness, the admiration of the assembled crowd reaches a point of open-mouthed wonder and enthusiasm. As to the details of the programme they are all referred to on page 18, in Mrs. Sairey Snodgins letter. On Wednesday and Thursday evenings Mr. Cox entered the lions den and put his ferocious pets through their paces.

There was a large attendance at the Opera House on Wednesday evening, to listen to the lecture by Archbishop Redwood on his experiences during his late American tour. His Worship the Mayor (Mr. Brandon) occupied the chair, and Sir Patrick Buckley moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer. His Grace gave a running comment on the institutions in the United States and spoke in high terms of the religious liberty enjoyed there. He expressed himself as pleased with his visit to the exhibition at Chicago, but criticised the American press and Government in a humourously satirical manner. He addressed several audiences while in America and endeavoured to make it plain to them that New Zealand was not a savage country and that boiled missionary was not a regular article of diet. As a representative at the Church Congress he occupied a prominent position and at the opening sat to the left of the presiding Cardinal, the Archbishop of Chicago, being on the right. Archbishop Redwood stated that his trip had been a most pleasant one, and that he brought home greetings from the Catholics of America to their co-religionists in the colonies. The lecture was a most interesting one and was warmly received by those present.

The Palmer Beaumont Company did good business in Dunedin last week. They shortly leave for Australia.

The J. J. Kennedy Company are still playing to good houses on the West Coast.

The Lynch family of bellringers are at present playing in Blenheim to very fair houses.

The cantata "The Lion of Judah" was given in Mayo's Hall, Wairoa, last Wednesday with great success.

J. C. Williamson sailed for London last Tuesday in search of novelties for Australasia.

Ned Farley and Colburne-Baber, the latter, a New Zealand production, are resurrecting the Giroffle-Giroffa class of comic opera at the Opera House, Sydney.

The pantomime of "Beauty and the Beast" which is running at the Sydney Lyceum is, judging by the *Bulletin's* critic, mounted in a gorgeous manner. He states that the impression given is "That you have been hit on the head with the Kohinoor, after which you went to supper with a bird of paradise."

L. J. Lohr is expected here next week in advance of Brough and Boucicault. The company have decided not to visit Napier, and will consequently play a longer season in Wellington.

The Minstrel Company which was playing recently at the Criterion Theatre here, opened to a very fair house in Masterton. They return to Wellington shortly.

Gourlay and Walton are still playing at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne. For a wonder they are not producing "Skipped by the Light of the Moon."

Maggie Moore is doing good business in the pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne. The pantomime was constructed by Garnet Walch, one time manager and playwright for Alfred Dampier. Garnet seems to have his hands full in Melbourne at the present time as he is doing a lot of work for *Table Talk*, Maurice Brodsky's paper.

Mr. J. D. Baird, who has been secretary of the Opera House Company, Wellington, since its formation, has sent in his resignation. Mr. Baird was the original promoter of the Company and has become so thoroughly identified with it that his loss will undoubtedly be severely felt. He finds, however, that the duties connected with the position take up so much of his time that he is not able to devote sufficient time to other and more important matters which demand his attention.

Little Dora Mostyn, who wrote an adaptation of Marcus Clarke's "For the term of his Natural Life" for production in Newcastle by the Dan Barry Company some two or three years ago, has become quite a "pet" with the Melbourne public.

It is rumoured that Tom Pollard and his Juvenile Opera Company contemplate another tour through New Zealand during this year, and that Tom is already arranging for dates. The Company was to have performed in Wellington last Christmas, but were unfortunately cut out by the Holloway Company.

Mr. Harry Lynch, business manager for the Lynch Family of Bellringers, arrived in Wellington on Wednesday per the s.s. "Rotorua" from Nelson. The Company will appear in Wellington shortly.

The Williamson and Musgrove Italian Opera Company left for the Old Country by the s.s. "Marseilles" last Saturday.

Alfred Dampier and company are at present doing Shakespeare in Queensland. It is really wonderful how long-suffering the bananalanders are; and the hot weather on too.

Essie Jenyns, the Australian "Juliet," now wife of brewer John Wood, of Newcastle, is returning to Australia by the s.s. "Himalaya." We wonder if Essie will ever take to the boards again?

“Swagging” in New Zealand.

(Written specially for FAIR PLAY.)

By T.J.

To many worthy citizens the term “swagger” is synonymous with “loafer,” “idler,” and “vagabond.” This is a deep rooted dictum, and has enlisted the aid of reiteration to secure the endorsement of truth, it has floated itself on the testimony of those strange beings who designate themselves “tourists,” it has rejoiced in the utterance of “land magnates” and unbiassed “squatocracy,” therefore it must be true. Therefore, continue oh ye gilded saloon proprietors to reject them from your mansions, ye proprietors of so many bedrooms, “exclusive of those required for the use of the family,” ye suave smiling hypocrites, move them on, and keep your own fabricated visage for the edification of complacent “fat men,” yelect licensing committees. These “swaggers” are not for you, they come not within the scope of your observation. But stay, yes, they do sometimes. Sometimes in an out-of-the-way corner appears a brief tale of a way-side death or the treachery of a swollen stream. Thus is there a contact, thus do extremes meet. How many readers allow their imagination to wander to those scenes, to that in particular where, forsaken by hope, they laid him down full in the sight of the most inspiring picturesque scenery of this island, a solitary swaggar. By his side he, who followed in his wake, found the evidence of his exit, a small phial; no word of farewell written, his farewell was burnt. A little pile of blackened ashes suggested a history while it withheld a detail. It revealed that secrecy which prevails at the death of a pauper. He preferred to die alone without ceremony and without the grace of a record. How many think of these nameless endings, unwept, unhonoured, and alone. “Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war.” Does she ever have a brilliant defeat? Circumstances and an insatiable desire of acquiring experience forced me to adopt the customs of “swagging” for about six weeks; in the course of such meanderings I underwent some strange adventures, and arrived at conclusions which may be found interesting and worthy of transient regard. It is a singular fact that very few native born are found in the ranks of swaggers; they seem either, colloquially speaking, to know a trick worth more, or else prefer the comforts incidental to a city life. I am inclined to believe that all nations are represented and all varieties of such. Many use it only as a temporary stop-gap to provide funds for prosecuting research for employment in their own particular line; many follow it in a half-hearted loafing style, but the majority are regular customers seeking even at the uttermost extremity that work which is unobtainable on the outskirts of civilisation. Myself and mate, belonged to the primal category. We started from Taradale,

near Napier, on the 19th April last, and armed with the inevitable blankets, etc., euphemistically termed “bluey,” directed ourselves towards Russell’s Station, Tuna Nui, with the idea of inspecting some manuka scrub, for the cutting of which tenders had been called. Calling at Lowry’s and then Shrimpton’s stations en route we were received in the way usually extended to travellers (by the way, a true “swaggar” invariably alludes to his peregrinations as travelling, and his occupation as traveller) that is to say the life of the “fatted calf” was not jeopardised in the least. At the latter station we were joined by one of the greatest “travellers” surely New Zealand has ever seen, at any rate I should like to hear of any greater, his narrative would be interesting indeed. A fine stalwart fellow, one of the “men of Devon,” something over 40 years of age, inclined to be sandy, and with the most curious impediment in his speech, which gave origin to some ludicrous combinations. Such impediment consisted of the interpolation between the syllables of the little words “in-a.” Now I leave it to you, curious reader, to try the effect of such in the description say of a horse race for Frank, our friend was christened Frank G—y, was very fond of narrating stories of the gay old English turf of 20 odd years back. Excitement choked his utterance at these times, and several seconds elapsed before the result of the race really became known. It did not require much musing to locate the cause of his vicissitude. He had drifted into the vortex of that wild gambling fever of our fathers, and had enjoyed to the full all its concomitant attractions. We were indeed glad of his company, for he knew every track in the province, or I believe in New Zealand for that matter. The reflection occurred to me what an extraordinarily good soldier he would have made, uniting as he did the wonderful skill of the Australian black tracker with that indomitable English pluck—the admiration of the world.

Needless to say we were disappointed over our contract, as were likewise a good many others. The accepted tender, which “happened” to be the lowest (what a farce that fiction of “the lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted” is become) was the munificent sum of 2s. 6d. per acre and as the scrub to be operated upon was far from being light, that “successful tenderer” would have to be a problem as relentless as the sphinx’s, and end probably by “skipping by the light of the moon” to the detriment of the long suffering laborer. Thank goodness the wisdom of our Parliament is becoming alive to the injustice inflicted on these men through the criminal incapacity of contractors. The owners are to be held in future directly responsible for any remissness on the contractor’s part to pay wages. Bravo Democracy! There was nothing before us now but stern tramping. However, it came on wet, very wet, and our departure was deferred for a day. Well we made the most of circumstances, and made a start for Waterhouse’s on the Sunday. The rain storm overtook us, and by the time we reached our destination we were in that

condition, dear to the imagination of irreverent Arabs, when they tell each other with appropriate accompaniment, that they’ll make ‘em so their “own mother won’t know ‘em.” It may be mentioned that at this season of the year this colony is perspired on most considerably. Round a bickering fire in an old shearers’ whare, with the rain pelting down in torrents, and the wind madly howling through the crevices, we listened to as a graphic an account of the civil war of America as ever “our First Century” gave birth to. Frank had done a lot of travelling in America, and in a variety of ways, the most “unusual” being on a cowcatcher, a mode of progression about as novel as the whale-back adventure of our ancient mariner, Captain Jackson Barry. This particular trip extended for forty miles, and was the concluding part of a journey from Frisco to Chicago. Our friend did not come out scatheless, as his cheeks were torn and shredded by the gravel stirred up. The next day my mate and I decided to push on to Kuripapanga, en route for Inland Patea. Frank had long ago determined never to leave Hawke’s Bay, and so we were reluctantly compelled to separate. We were destined to meet many queer characters in our wanderings, but none of the stamp and individuality of Frank G—y. Such a one on the stage would strike a chord of sympathetic humour. Good natured, happy-go-lucky, high-minded, dare devil he was never meant for a narrow prejudiced robbing city life; a very type of the all prevailing Englishmen that has built up our British Empire. Civilisation was not for you; you are its pioneer. Fraud and sham and cant, the embodiment of the second stage, are not for you. Farewell, and may your shadow never grow less.

Work on these stations in winter is not required, many of them carrying about 80,000 sheep, employ about five hands on an average. Such a state of affairs must intensify the conviction that a hundred smaller stations would be more conducive to the Colony’s welfare.

We managed to secure work at Moawhango after a tramp of nearly a hundred miles from Napier. Moawhango is a native settlement, which prohibitionists will be pleased to learn has closed its only pub; to say that drinking has consequently ceased, however, would be a gross perversion of the truth. A tremendous quantity of whisky is imported through the medium of the coach from Huripapanga, and apparently the traffic is conducted in a perfectly legal manner. Orders are sent down, and the whisky is forwarded in response. *Verb. Sap.* A great tangi was in progress during our stay, natives in large numbers being present from Tappo, Gisborne, Wairoa, Rangitikei, Napier, &c. An amusing incident occurred, in connection with the advent of the Taupo contingent. Their arrival had been anxiously looked forward to for days, and when word came to hand that they were actually within “measurable distance,” various suddenly devised schemes of doing the honours were put into motion. One

bold spirit suggested a military salute. That suggestion was carried out, but the consequences had not been foreseen. When the signal was given the whole available battery "fired a volley." Instantly the Taupo contingent misinterpreting the motive of such demonstration, valiantly made a hostile charge, and seemed somewhat intent on gore. It took a lot of palaver to convince them that the intentions had been strictly of a friendly nature; in fact the female members ranged themselves in irregular lines, and blubbered unceasingly for about five hours. Facility in weeping has always been a leading female virtue; it is intensely cultivated amongst the Maoris. There must have been fully 1500 Natives at the gathering. The greatest hospitality was extended to the handful of Europeans present; several enterprising Natives conducted with great success, a shooting gallery and a spiellers "wheel of fortune," with all the patter and "business" complete; another ran a shaving saloon, a candle box and the back of a statwart youth doing duty as the "chair." The operator however was very expert but of surpassing ugliness and creepy ferocity. The haka was danced by about 300 male and female; the vocal part being performed by a perfect Stentor, with limbs throwing into the shade a Dinnie or a Miller. These functions show clearly the transition of the Maori into civilisation. The presence of the old fighting men, the fiery enthusiasm of the ancient dames rouse the dancers at times to a pitch of frenzy and paroxysm of horrible contortion, but then comes the remembrance of the present, and the comic aspect never before of course visible, strikes them, added to which are heard irreverent remarks from Maori outsiders called by footballers "barrack," which is sometimes excruciatingly funny. The Maoris are now in a very interesting stage; very willing to assume the habits and manners of their European neighbours and yet loth to part with their old traditions and customs. These conflicting emotions constantly at work produce at times some queer results. Most of the land round Moawhango belongs to the Natives. I am afraid their extravagance will compel them very shortly to realise extensively; it has already had that effect in a small way. This is a rare district for wild horses, a splendid trade being done with Napier, etc. The crack rough rider is a deaf and dumb Maori known far and wide as "dummy." There are undoubtedly many elevated traits in the character of a Maori but, as a rule, beware of the half-aste. He seems to inherit the worst qualities of his parents and his father is as often as not a very "rough diamond." Cunning and jealousy seem to be their prevailing characteristics. We severed our connection with Moawhango, through dearth of work, with a certain amount of reluctance, and once more, though with lighter hearts, strode forth on the "broad highway." The road between here and Hunterville is the worst, I should imagine, in New Zealand; we were up to our knees in mud and at times could travel no

more than at the rate of 1½ miles per hour. The scenery, however, is sublime, and the route will no doubt be a favourite one for tourists travelling to the Hot Lakes when the roads are improved. Government could with advantage spend a few thousands on this road. We made straight for Wellington by train, discouraging accounts having reached us as to the condition of the labour market at Palmerston, etc., arriving here on the 8th June. We were not long in the ranks of the "unemployed," though the occupation was somewhat precarious, resembling that of the famous coater "up and down round the town, its anything to earn an honest brown." The nature of the labour requirements of New Zealand conduces to heavy congestion of surplus labour in winter time, and there will despite all reformatory changes be always a certain amount of "swagging," but the recognition of the immortal tenet of divine Liberalism that "every man, woman, and child, has a right to live" is daily becoming more apparent, and its fruition will be the emancipation of those who are struggling for a bare pittance. I cannot close without a reference to that band of zealous reformers who have set themselves to cope with the octopus of drink. Had the working men of this colony, through whose hands the bulk of our National debt has filtered, retained that which they dissipated in drink they would indeed be now the "Kings of New Zealand." When I speak of that "band of zealous reformers," I do not allude particularly to those who ostentatiously display their extravagant ideas in the cause of ultra temperance, but I have in my mind those noble hearted men and women, who by the strength of example and the intense power of conviction, are every day in this our favored land changing the ideas of those misguided beings, who are in the habit of considering proficiency in drinking an indication of the assumption of manliness. Prohibition is the doctrine of the Draconians, of the unskilful, therefore the most voluble. Amputation can be avoided and a cure yet effected. Young New Zealand has not yet acquired a just apprehension of the intensity of the situation; the sooner it does so the better. Let us all rally round those who are, firstly, patriotic, for as Tennyson says, "that man's the best cosmopolite who loves his native country best: secondly, who have extensive knowledge of that which the country really does require; and, thirdly, the aptitude and determination to put into effect that knowledge." With these reflections I make my exit, satisfied if I have created a single throb of interest, to be taken in the strange life of "swaggers," and caused those who look down, as from an amphitheatre, upon the struggling masses below, to remember that generous impulses and warm hearts beat there as well as amongst themselves, that the highest embodiment of noble attributes is represented there, concurrent with all that is wretched and miserable and vile in this our peculiar bodily environment. Life is short. Why not endeavour to make it happier. New Zealand

land has a glorious destiny; it awaits willing hands and brains to mould it into shape.

Sairey Snodgins goes to the Circus.



To begin with, let me tell you, Mr. Heditor, as I 'ave a sneekin' regard for cirkus's, an' it gives me a grate deal of pleasure in recallin' my childish impres-huns of them, one of wick was that the horses had sugar-coated backs, an' that the ladies as rode them must be hangels, or else when they jumped threw them burnin' hoops they would 'ave been burnt. Well, I don't meen to say as they fassinates me as much now as they did then, still they does fassinate me, an' when Snodgins came home, an' says, "Sairey, my dear, would you like to go to Fillis's cirkus?" I did not refoose.

So 'avin' had tea, I dressed myself in my white gown, with a yeller sworve jacket (as was goin' in the swell seats, an' wanted to look nice) an' my best violet bonnet, an' Snodgins an' I was soon wendin' our way to the reclaimed land. When we got to were the enormous tent was put hup, I was dasselled by the blaze of life, the shootin' gallery, an' the frute stalls, an' a man was standin' at the entrance shoutin' "2s this way to Fillis's cirkus," all of wick reminded me of Sanger's cirkus an' menagary, as used to delite my childhoods days when it pade a visit to our town.

Well, we accepts the man's invitashun an' warks in, an' was surprised to find ourself face to face with the beasts of the forest, an' a thril of terror ran strate down my backbone when I sees in a cage all by hisself the King of Beests, a lion, an' on his cage was the name "Pasher."

"I hopes as they doesn't bring that hanimal inter the ring, Snodgins," I says.

"Not afraide, Sairey, are you?" he says.

"Oh, no, Snodgins," I says, but I confess to you, Mr. Heditor, as I *didn't* like the look of "Pasher's" eye, as seemed to take a dislike to my sworve jacket. So I moved away from "Pasher" as quick as I could without lettin' Snodgins see as I was afraide, an' after looking at the ponyies, as is the dearest little creeturs in the world, we crossed over to the other side to see the monkeyes, tigers, helephant's, an' &c. After lookin' at the helephant's, as I 'thinks the ridicaleest hanimals as ever I seen, with there long trunks an' flappy ears, there little eyes an' tales to match, wick a man, a blackey-man, asked me to 'ave a ride on, sayin' "No need for you to climb up ontar his back, mem, he will lift you hup hisself with his trunk, mem."

"No, thank you," I says, "I prefers to stand on *teddy farmer*," I says.

We then moved on to the tigers cage, an' Snodgins turns to me an' says: "an' I beleeve, Sairey," he says, "as one

of them tigers bit the face of his trainer, Cox, in Christchurch," he says.

"How dreadful, Snodgins," I says, "how did it happen?" I says.

"He has a fite with the tiger," he says, "an' finishes hup by puttin' his head inter its mouth," he says.

"I almost feel inclined to say serve him rite, as seems to me to be a temptin' of Provender," I says, "an' hopes as he'll not do it to-nite."

"Let's hope not, Sairey, for your sake," he says.

We then moved on to the monkeys cage, as are old friends of mine, as 'ave seen many in Eastern gardens an' New Briteon Winter Gardens, in Cheshire, an' after lookin' at them for a few minits I turned my back on the cage an' says to Snodgins: "My deer," I says, "shall we go into the—"

"Grate Provender, perserve me," I egsclamed, as I felt somethink cluch hold of my best violet bonnet, "what's hat?"

"Only the monkey takin' a fancy to your bonnet, Sairey," Snodgins returns.

"Who's safe, Sairey?" says Snodgins. "Why the trainer, of coorse," I says, "as thort I heerd his hed fall to the ground."

"Poor old girl," he says, "p'raps we had better go home now, Sairey, as you seems a bit hupset, an' they mite bring the lions out," he says, "an' more than that they might bring that blessed tiger out, the hanimal that put its teeth through trainer Cox's cheek in Christchurch, an' nearly bit his hed off?"

"Then come, Snodgins," I says, "for I 'ave suffered with my nerve-strings this blessed nite," I says "as thinks I am gettin' too old for this kind of thing," I says. "Oh, that little girl falling upset you, Sairey. You'll be all rite when you get outside," he says.

So we went out, an' just to the rite where the hanimals is, I saw lyin' on the ground what I thort was a fur cloke, an' I moved away a bit from Snodgins an' stooped to pick it hup, when the fur cloke gets hup, an' Heven perserve me I stood face to face with a big brown bare. I stood petrified. I could not move—I could not speak—till seein' it advance on its hind legs, an' its fore legs open ready to hug me, I gave a fearful screech, an' fell faintin' to the ground, an' remembered no more till I found myself lyin' on my own bed, an' Snodgins standin' by me.

"How do you feel now, Sairey?" he says.

"The bare! where is the bare?" I says, shudderin'.

"Oh, he's all rite, as when we heerd you scream," he says, "me an' one or two others threw him down, dragged you away, an' got you inter a cab, an' here you is safe an' sound, Sairey," he says.

"Yes, thanks to your bravery, Sam'el, my deer," I says, "as mite 'ave been a sorrowin' widderer now," I says.

"All's well as ends well," as Shakespeer says, Sairey, my deer," he says, "so now get to sleep an' forget all about it," he says.

"I will try, Snodgins, but cannot help

Snodgins pulled me onto my chair agen, sayin' "Sairey, don't get so egsited, the child isn't hurt," he says.

"But, oh Snodgins," I says, "lan't it a dreadful way to get a livin'," I says, "as these poor people when they starts there performance never knows whether they will wark home dead or alive," I says, "and the pity of it is that if they don't do somethink outrageous and dangerous they don't seem to be happe-sheated," I says.

"That's so, Sairey," he says, "an' such is the poplar publick taste, but try not to get so egsited, Sairey, you is too ermoshunal, my deer," he says, "but see, here comes the helefants, so try to keep calm, Sairey."

Well, I did try, Mr. Heditor, but when I seen the trainer put his head in one of the helefant's mouth my hart stud still. I put my hand to my eyes—I lissen—I heer somethink fall. Grate Hevens! it is his head—I looks hup egspectin' to see the hedless trunk of a man, but no there stud the man, with his hed on, smilin, "Thank Heaven" I egsclamed, "he's safe."

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"I will try, Snodgins, but cannot help

thinkin' how neer you were made a widderer, an' how all the FAIR PLAY staff mite 'ave been attendin' the funereal of

Yours too-much-pirkused

Sairey Snodgins
WELLINGTON, N.Z.

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THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By ALFRED BALCH.

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CHAPTER II. (continued).

All this while May Jackson was growing up into the most winsome little creature imaginable. She was utterly unlike her brother. She was capricious, exceedingly pretty, as full of coquetry as she could live; whimsical, but just as charming as a sweet, bright, lovable American girl should be, and she loved her grave, stern brother as she loved no human being. From a time beyond which she could remember nothing he had been father and mother and brother all in one. He was never too busy to listen to her wants and wishes, never unwilling to do things for her. He comforted her in her troubles, rejoiced when she was glad. To him she brought all things that interested her, sure of interest and help from him. And this feeling for her was an odd compound of paternal and fraternal love. He had never for one moment forgotten his pledge to his dying mother, nor had it, in truth been difficult to keep, for his love for his sister was a part of Will Jackson's very being. She amused him intensely as she grew up. Her capriciousness was a source of wonder, and she had the charm for him of a constant series of surprises. The two attracted every one that met them, and the love they felt for each other was a very beautiful thing.

In 1858 Will Jackson was 27, and May was a young lady just going into society. The brother had been a partner in the firm for six years, and had built up for himself a business which paid him a handsome income. It was at this time that Miss Carrie Farnham, a connection of Judge Beach, came to Lynn, and Will Jackson met his fate. He fell in love with her as strong men fall in love; he fairly worshiped the ground she walked on. She, too, had not known him very long before she thought she had never seen such a man before. When she went home to Springfield she left the memory of a look from her dark blue eyes for Will Jackson to ponder over, and when, in the following August, he followed her to her home, and as they walked along a lane one evening asked her a question the answer was "Yes."

To his dying day Will Jackson never forgot that lane and the smell of the twilight time. Friends and relatives approved, and the day was set for the wedding. It is probable that May would have alternated between jealousy and gladness were it not that her pretty little head was filled with thoughts of her own just then. The time came for the wedding, and Carrie Farnham went to Boston to do some shopping. I must hurry over this part of the story. There were big headlines in the paper one morning over the story of the railroad wreck, and Will Jackson followed the body of the

girl he loved as the agony of the dead march wailed and sobbed from the great organ!

He went back to his desk and plunged into work to find distraction from his sorrow. He never spoke of the girl to any one, repulsing for the first time in his life his sister May. Except that he was graver than before there was little change in the man. The following year May was married to Charlie Farnham, a younger brother of the girl who was gone, and Will Jackson rejoiced over his sister's happiness. He behaved very generously, he transferred all the property they had together inherited in trust for her and her children. As Mr. Farnham was employed in a bank in Boston May went there to live with her husband, but every week letters from Will and herself crossed each other.

When the gun which was fired on Fort Sumter in 1861 "echoed round the world," Will Jackson was one of the first men in Lynn to volunteer. To such a man the call issued by President Lincoln came as an order from heaven, and when the Second Massachusetts infantry was recruited he at once signed the roll. His choice of a regiment was natural, for one of its officers, Capt. and afterward Lieut. Col. C. R. Mudge, who died at Gettysburg on July 3, 1863, and to whose memory the beautiful church of St. Stephens was afterward built in Lynn, was his greatest personal friend. Through the long weary months of fighting and marching Will Jackson went steadily on, doing his duty as he did most things in this life—with all his might.

CHAPTER III.



Hold the little one for Will to take. He had never seen the child before.

When Gen. Lee invaded Pennsylvania, and the armies of the north gathered hastily together under Gen. Meade to repel the onward march of "the flag with a single star," the Second Massachusetts was in its place prepared to take part in what was to be one of the most momentous and most bloody battles of the civil war. And with his regiment was Will Jackson, a private still, for promotion had been offered to him in vain. The last time when his lieutenant

colonel had urged him to accept, for these two were fast friends as ever, he had said with a laugh, "Old man, after this war is over there will be mighty few privates, and I'm after all the distinction I can get." So the subject was dropped—forever, as it turned out.

It was two days before the line of fire which was to end the lives of so many brave men on each side began, as Reynolds' corps struck Heth's men, that Will Jackson, coming in from sentry duty, found the mail had arrived and recognized the handwriting of his sister. As he read the letter his face grew very stern, and he more than once clenched his fist unconsciously. It was a long letter, full of repetitions and contradictions, but he made out that May had discovered her husband was in the power of a lot of men who were urging him to do something, she knew not exactly what, but which would utterly ruin him. In one sentence she declared that Charlie was innocent of wrong doing, and in the next she implored her brother by all the love he had always shown for her, by his love for his mother, by his love for the girl who was gone, by his love for the baby his sister held in her arms, to save that baby's father. She came to him, she said, when she could go to no one else—he alone could do anything.

As Will Jackson sat there far into the night heedless of military calls a fearful struggle went on within him. He knew as every man in the fast gathering hosts knew that a great battle was pending. His sense of duty to his country, his pride in his own good name, his soldier's instinct alike made the idea of desertion intolerable to him. And yet—it was May's husband and Carrie's brother! As he thought he took out the picture of his dead love and kissed it passionately. If he waited for the battle he might be killed, and then—May was right, there was no one else who could do this thing.

But the shame of it! the bitter, intolerable shame! Men would say, and say with apparent reason, that he had deserted coward fashion! He, Will Jackson, through whose veins no drop of coward's blood ever ran! He would be false to his country when it needed him, false to that flag he loved and idolized as he loved and idolized the memory of his mother! He would be false to the oath he swore before God and man to fight for the Union until the end; he, who had never consciously broken his lightest word, would do this thing. It was too much to ask, too much to demand of him, and burying his head in his hands he prayed the cup might pass from him.

"Carrie's brother, May's husband! May's husband, Carrie's brother!"

It rang through his brain like a dull refrain of torture. Could he refuse to sacrifice himself? It was true he was asked to lay himself on the altar, and with his own hands he was asked to tear out his pride, his loyalty, his honor! But could he refuse? Could he refuse? It was May's husband and Carrie's brother who would go—who would drown before his eyes in the foul waters of crime and

shame unless he jumped in to save! Could he refuse? Could he refuse?

To give his life for the man who had brought this misery on him would, he thought, have been so easy. But to give himself, his honor, his word, his loyalty; it was very, very hard! It was characteristic of the man that he spoke nor thought no word of curse against his brother-in-law. To him the supreme decision he was called on to make was all in all. On the one side were his pledge to his mother (and in the still night he seemed to hear her words again), his love for the sister and his love for his dead; on the other were his honor, his loyalty, his pride, his plighted faith! No wonder when he rose from his seat and walked down the long line of the bivouac he should have staggered as one who has taken strong drink. For when the morning roll call rang out Private William Jackson was absent. A hurried search and a yet more hurried court-martial followed, but Gettysburg was but one day off and men had too much to think of to spend time in wonder over the absence of one. His friends mourned for a brief space, but many of them died in the angle or along the thin lines of blue which charged and repelled alternately, and the desertion was forgotten save and except for a brief paragraph in the note book of the adjutant of the regiment.

That May should weep and laugh as she felt the strong arms of her brother around her once more, and with the childlike faith she always had in him should know it was all right now, was but natural. It was natural, too, that she should send for her baby, and with the air of a queen bestowing the most cherished of all decorations hold the little one out for Will to take. He had never seen the child before, and he was conscious as she looked up at him with her dark blue eyes—this little Carrie with the other Carrie's eyes—and laughed at the grave, sorrow worn face that bent over her, of a great wave of love swelling in his heart. God was good to Will Jackson. Already he felt his sacrifice had been accepted. The deep lines which suffering had graven on his countenance with her firmest touch attracted May's attention, but beyond exclaiming, "Why, Will, how old you look!" and supposing it came from "this awful war," she thought little of it. Her brother, as he answered her gently, smiled somewhat bitterly.

He had reached his sister's house about 10 o'clock in the morning, and Charlie Farnham did not come back until dinner, at 6. When he saw his brother-in-law he flushed up rather uneasily, for while he had known nothing of May's letter he instinctively felt something was coming. After dinner he proposed to take Will around to the club, and the latter went gladly enough. In a hotel corridor afterward Will noticed that Charlie was hailed by two or three men who looked decidedly fast. One of them in particular, a Mr. Cochran, Mr. Jackson felt a sudden dislike for. The man

was tall, well dressed, with a blondemustache and a sufficiently pleasant manner, but he had shifty eyes. About half past 9 the two went home, where they saw May for a few moments, and she then bid them good night. As she kissed her brother she whispered, "You promised," and he satisfied her with a look. For all day long May had pleaded with him that he make it easy for Charlie; like many women, she had called in a power of which, when it came, she was genuinely afraid. The two men went into the library, lighted their cigars, and as Charlie walked up and down the room somewhat nervously Will sat at the table absently drawing heads on the blotting pad.

"Charlie," he said at last without looking up, "when your sister Carrie died I thought there was nothing more for me in this life. Then you and May loved each other, and I gave her gladly to you. You two and little Carrie are all I have in the world. I would give my life for either of you, my brother!"

The deep music of the tones ceased as the hand went idly on sketching heads on the blotting pad. Charlie Farnham stood still, his hand pressed on his heart, his face very pale and the cigar burning on the hearth where he had thrown it.

"It sometimes happens in this life," began Will again, "that a man becomes entangled in the nets of scoundrels without intentional wrong on his part. Then it is the place, the duty, the privilege of those who love him to set him free. Is there anything that I have a right to do for you, you who are the brother of my dead love and the husband of my sister?"

The man spoken to paced rapidly back and forward, while the man who spoke did not look up to see the other's shame.

"I deserted from the army"—Charlie started and looked at Will as the latter moistened his dry lips—"because I heard you were in trouble. It was a great sacrifice I made for you, my brother, and now I am here to help you and to save."

CHAPTER IV.



Charlie Farnham broke down.

Charlie Farnham broke down. He flung himself on his knees beside Will and with the latter's arm around him brokenly told his story. He had one evening at the club, when he was with Cochran, written the signature of Mr. Floyd, the president of the bank in

which he was a teller, on a piece of paper. The paper was blank at the time, and he had done this thing more to show he could than anything else. He had no thought of harm, and had forgotten the whole business until a week afterward, when Cochran had shown it to him with a note written above it at sixty days' time, payable to his own order and indorsed on the back to Cochran.

The signature on the back was as much a forgery as was that of Mr. Floyd, but the forgery was very good, and one of Cochran's friends was ready to swear he saw Farnham write the indorsement. Since then they had been making his life a misery to him, demanding that he give them the combination of the safe. He had been so afraid he might yield that he had gone to the cashier and asked him to change the combination, so that now he did not know it. When he told Cochran of the change that individual had become very angry and had ordered him to find out the new series at once or take the consequences.

"Why did you not go to Mr. Floyd and tell him the whole story?" asked Will.

"Because they threatened to have the note discounted in New York, and the bank which cashed it would have held me."

Will Jackson was silent, marveling in his own soul that men could be so weak. "Where is this note?" he asked at last.

"I think Cochran has it in his room. He says it is in New York, but he is such a liar I do not believe him. Oh, Will, can you get me out of this scrape? I swear I will never get into another as long as I live. For May's sake and little Carrie's you will do it, won't you, Will?" "Yes, for Carrie's sake," whispered Will, pressing his arm against the side where the picture rested.

"Where does this man live?" he asked. "He has rooms at 17 Milk street, and you can always find him before 11."

Long and earnestly the two men talked, the one protesting again and again his repentance and his resolve to lead a better life, and the other counseling in kindly fashion. At last they separated, and Charlie, after seeing his brother-in-law to his room, went to his own with a lighter heart than he had known for many a day. May was awake, and before he slept he had told his wife the story; but they were both happy, for was not Will there?

In the mean time Will Jackson threw himself on his bed and lay there thinking. It seemed to him that the cause for the awful trial he had gone through was so pitiful, so mean! He could see the men together, foolish Charlie excited with wine and full of a miserable bravado, while the others sat there and lured him into their net. And then, a little courage, a little open dealing, and he would have been left with his oath to his country unbroken. But he was there to save, and through the silence of the night he seemed to hear a dead girl's voice full of gratitude and love!

To be continued.



The *Woodville Examiner* has recently gone in for ancient history and is reproducing from the archives of Victoria a highly varnished chronicle of the adventures of Ned Kelly, the bushranger.—Chestnut!

The erudition displayed by the *Wairarapa Observer* in a recent leading article anent the political situation in Italy, is worthy of reproduction. The editor in referring to Victor Emmanuel speaks of him as *Il Re galantuomo* and then for the benefit of his readers who were unacquainted with Italian, gives the following translation in parenthesis—"The gentleman King." Where our friend learned Italian we are at a loss to say, but we are morally certain that he could never have studied the biography of Victor Emmanuel to place such an interpretation on the term *galantuomo* as applied to him. Victor Emmanuel was notoriously a libertine; his intrigues not being confined to the ladies of his court, but extending to the *contadini* as well. *Galantuomo* was satirically applied and referred to his numerous amours and liaisons. Again our contemporary refers to the triumvirate of Garibaldi, Cavour and Victor Emmanuel. Why the slight placed upon Mazzini? who was really the brains of the combination. We fear, we gravely fear that the article was evolved from a ladies' boarding school, "Ollendorf" and an out-of-date copy of "Men of Mark."

The expenditure on the Labour Department last year was £4192.

The following story which is told of a London Judge epitomises one's ideal of a summing up that is brief and to the point. It should recommend itself to some of our long-winded arbitrators in New Zealand:—"The case being tried was one against a railway company for the loss of a bag. After a somewhat lengthy hearing, the judge summed up to the jury thus: 'Gentlemen, the plaintiff claims damages for the loss of his bag against the company. They are always losing bags; they lost mine when I was on circuit. Consider your verdict.'"

Our Wairarapa contemporary is not afraid to hit out from the shoulder, as the following quotation from a leading article in a recent issue shows:—"Racing in the Wairarapa is a farce. There is nothing honest or legitimate about it. Instead of being a test of horsemanship and of the stamina of horses, it has become the medium for loafing Spielers and smart adventurers to fleece the unsuspecting public."

Mr. A. J. M'Bredie, of the Railway Engineers Department at Dunedin, has been promoted to be assistant to the engineer-in-chief.

Mr. George Jones, the proprietor of the *Oamaru Mail*, who has been for a trip to England and the continent for the benefit of his health, has returned to Oamaru. He claims that he is much better for his trip.

The petitions for dissolution of marriage in New Zealand in 1888 were 85; in 1889 there were 26; in 1890, 24; in 1891, 31; and in 1892 30, of which 18 were granted.

Mr. Robert McNab, M.H.R. has resigned his commission in the volunteer force as Captain of the "G" Battery, N.Z.A.

The *Feilding Star* is very anxious that the municipality should sink for artesian water and is urging the inhabitants to subscribe towards that purpose.

A story is told about one of the newly elected Mayors in the North of England which is good enough to be true. Entertained at a banquet after his election he, in returning thanks, was anxious to make it known that no party considerations or personal favours should warp his action whilst holding the high office to which he had been called. "In fact, gentlemen," he said, "in my opinion the Mayor of an important borough like this should be, like Caesar's wife, all things to all men."

Mr. George Bell, the proprietor of the *Dunedin Star*, celebrated his 85th birthday a few days ago. Mr. Bell is still a healthy old gentleman and capable of writing an interesting article. His great age goes far to prove the fallacy of the theory that journalists as a rule die young.

Mr. Mark Cohen, editor of the *Dunedin Star*, has consented to stand as a candidate for the Otago Education Board.

Jackson Palmer, the defeated candidate for Waitemate, has brought a petition against the validity of the election of Richard Monk praying that it be set aside. Considerable excitement has been occasioned in the district by the action, as it is stated that the petitioner feels sure of victory. The time has been set for the case to be heard, and both sides are working hard. If the precedent of upsetting elections on the plea of money having been expended is established, hardly one of our legislators will be safe in his seat.

The speculation in political circles now is, if Sir Robert Stout is unseated who will the candidates be who will contest the by-election.

Is the rumour true that Mr. H. D. Bell contributed largely towards the election expenses of Sir Robert Stout?

"In a recent English breach-of-promise case, the defendant, a farmer, explained that he had broken off the match because he wanted the money he had saved for the wedding to buy manure with. It was a choice between love and fertiliser, and he chose the fertiliser. The jury apparently regarded the manure as an additional insult, and the damages

were something awful." This reminds one of Mark Twain's Black Forest romance, where the possession of large boards of manure constituted the millionaire of that country.

A contemporary says that sandwiches are now being made by machinery in England. We were always under the impression that the average railway sandwich was turned out by a lathe.

It is rumored that the Ministry will on the assembling of Parliament propose that Sir Maurice O'Rorke be elected Speaker. Our sympathy goes out for the late poet Speaker who will undoubtedly, like crushed violets, give us his sweetest poetical scent, if defeated.

The *Marlborough Weekly Times* in a recent leading article goes into hysterics over the wickedness of gambling by means of the "totalisator," and with a snug consciousness of rectitude congratulates itself on the fine imposed upon Mr. Patterson, a Wellington bookmaker. Now what does the *Times* want? The millenium has not as yet arrived, and it would be just as easy to put down moderate drinking as gambling. Why then is it not better to regulate the evil, if evil it be, by certain restraining laws? Men will bet as long as the element of chance exists, unless the entire nature of the animal is altered, and legitimate control is much better than the farcical theory of abolition. Let the *Times* study human nature a little more closely from a practical point of view, and it will cease its wailings in favour of a theory that is as impracticable as it is absurd.

A Canterbury farmer was fined £5 and costs for using a cancelled postage stamp. We knew that times were bad in New Zealand, but we didn't think that they had arrived at that stage that the average landholder was obliged to rewash his postage stamps with vinegar in order to write to his friends. This certainly is a case of penny wise and pound foolish with a vengeance, and we hope the lesson will prove a useful one to the transgressor.

"The American Salesman" seems to have been getting himself into trouble again at Greymouth. A row occurred at his entertainment there which became so fierce that he was obliged to return all the money he had taken for his sales. If people will patronise this class of entertainment they must expect to be "taken down," and shouldn't "squeal" when they find they have been made fools of. Everybody knows what the so-called "American Salesman" is and should look out for him.

Mr. W. G. Foster, manager of the Wellington branch of the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company, is at present on a visit to Blenheim.

The Palmerston people propose to borrow a £1000 for urgent drainage works.

The *Evening Post* claims that Sir Westby Perceval is desirous of being relieved of his duties as Agent-General. What? when he has just got a handle to his name. Go to! London will be sweeter to him than ever now.

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By emptying the seltzer as described, you will find your glass soon full of carbonic acid gas disengaged from the sparkling water which, gradually but surely dis-



MYSTERIOUS BUBBLES.

placing the air in the glass, will continue at the bottom in virtue of its greater density, for it is well known that carbonic acid gas is twice as heavy as the atmosphere. Now cover your glass with a saucer to prevent the escape of the gas by diffusion in the air, and we are ready to execute the following experiments with soap bubbles:

With the aid of a straw split in four for about a couple of inches at its end and turned back on the body of the straw at right angles, blow a bubble, which you can now let fall in your beaker B of carbonic acid. Just as soon as the bubble begins to feel the cushion of gas, instead of falling farther, it will rebound into the outer air under the action of the elasticity that countervails its weight, while, on the other hand, another bubble, placed in the empty glass A, will sink to the bottom and remain there.

If you will slowly let your bubble sink upon the cushion of carbonic acid gas, it will rest upon it, and you will shortly witness quite a curious phenomenon. Your bubble will grow and grow in volume most mysteriously, meanwhile augmenting in weight and gradually sinking in the glass, as we see in C, till at last it breaks itself against the sides of the tumbler. The reason of this is because the carbonic acid gas introduces itself into the soap bubble by endosmose, thus enlarging and increasing the weight of the bubble originally full of air. If you can do so conveniently, procure a mixture of soapy water and glycerin for bubbles. If not, a bowl of ordinary soapy water will serve almost as well.

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