

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

A rumour has been circulated in Wellington during the last few days, by whom we are not in a position to say—although we can make a pretty shrewd guess—that Mr. Bell had arranged to pay the costs of the recent libel action brought by him against FAIR PLAY—that the proprietors of FAIR PLAY had been *squared* and that Mr. Bell would be mildly attacked in the columns of the journal for a few issues in order that the public might not be made aware of his magnanimity all at once—as it were—but that ultimately the story was to leak out through the columns of the other papers. This version of the affair came to the editor of FAIR PLAY from several quarters, and he wishes to take this opportunity of denying it *in toto* and of crushing the stupid *canard* at the start. No one has contributed one cent towards the maintenance of FAIR PLAY since its inception, except its proprietary, its advertisers, and its readers; and no one has contributed one cent towards defraying the expenses attendant upon the recent action. The supposition that Mr. Bell had come to some arrangement with this journal after the decision by Mr. Justice Richmond is absolutely ridiculous on the face of it, and quick though a rumour be to fly and receive credence, it seems incomprehensible that any sane individual should for a moment entertain the possibility of such a story being true.

In the first place Mr. Bell strove by every means in his power to utterly annihilate the paper, because forsooth in a spirit of fair comment, it spoke in a portion of one issue somewhat disparagingly of him. He brought all the weight of family influence, money and legal talent to help to crush us out of existence, and does it stand to reason to suppose that this man, this hyper-sensitive political parvenu, this would-be autocrat, this exponent of grovel, who takes his opinions and creed ready

made from the decision of the House of Lords, would in any way assist to sharpen the thorn that pierces his side! Does it seem probable that he would furnish the sinews of war to bombard the battlements of spurious Colonial caste that he has hedged himself in with? Rubbish; the suggestion is on its face an absurdity.

Again, Mr. Bell is not a man who would perform an action of that character by stealth. He does not come of a race that possesses such characteristics. No, had such a proposition been possible its accomplishment would have been shouted from the house-tops and blazoned in the papers. The Associated Press would have telegraphed it throughout the Colony, and the people of New Zealand would have been informed in lurid head lines of the "marvellous magnanimity," the "more than generous great heartedness" of Wellington's "Worthiest Citizen." The editor of the *Evening Post* would have gushed, the editor of the *Press* would have grovelled, and the editor of FAIR PLAY would, like Judas Iscariot of old, have had no resource but to hang himself for disgracefully betraying his master—the people, for a few paltry pieces of silver.

FAIR PLAY courts neither death nor dishonour, and had such a proposition been probable or even possible it would have been met with the contemptuous refusal it deserved. There are plenty of needy institutions that would be the better off for a few of Mr. Bell's hoarded hundreds, plenty of starving men and women who come before the Benevolent Trustees daily, who could feed their little ones on the price of his "two whiskies and sodas" a day, and myriads of the unemployed whose hungry eyes would have feasted on the sight of the "dinner given to his canvassers and supporters." FAIR PLAY could accept neither his money nor his patronage, and whoever circulated the rumour referred to gave birth to a deliberate and wilful mis-statement of the truth, and we wish to emphatically and absolutely deny any such rumour or suggestion.



CAPTAIN HUNTER-BLAIR.

The Agricultural Department should not publish stale news. A Miscellaneous Leaflet, No. 1, published by them the other day and written by Mr. Lowe, the dairy expert, who acts for New Zealand in London, contains next to nothing that had not been previously said, and said much better, by the London correspondent who writes for the *Auckland* and *Dunedin Stars*, *Lyttelton Times*, and *New Zealand Times*.

By the way, it is not generally known that Mr. Rathbone, the London correspondent in question, was at one time editor of the *Auckland Observer*. His younger brother now edits the *New Zealand Graphic*.

Ugly figures! What is the reason for the very serious falling off in the exports? For the December quarter the exports are put down at £1,702,005, as against £2,016,675 for the same quarter in 1892. There is a falling off on the whole year of nearly half a million. This sort of thing needs investigation and discussion, and the subject ought to occupy the attention of the daily press. Here in Wellington all that the dailies seem to think of is blackguarding each other, and they're so dense that they can't see the public are full up of their dreary drivel.

We publish in this issue the portraits of Captain Hunter-Blair and his wife. The captain came to New Zealand as *aide-de-camp* to Lord Glasgow about two years ago, and since his residence here has made himself very popular amongst the people with whom he has come in contact. A short time back he married Miss Rhodes, of Christchurch, daughter of the late Mr. Rhodes, a well-known gentleman in Canterbury. Captain Hunter-Blair is a brother of Lady Glasgow, and an officer in the Gordon Highlanders. His recent resignation of the post of *aide-de-camp* to the Governor was with a view of returning to the Old Country and rejoining his regiment. We wish the Captain and his bonnie New Zealand wife *bon voyage* and a happy reception on their arrival.

Poor old Monk, ex-M.H.R. for Waitemata. It's pretty hard lines for him to have been elected and then thrown out on petition. He can thank his son—a perfect sample of the common or garden ass, this latter—for his trouble. Every dead beat and disreputable tomato-nosed old harridan on the gumfields seems to have been looked up by Young Monk, and there can be no doubt but that corruption and bribery went on wholesale. The petition must have cost Jackson Palmer a good bit. Wonder who found the stuff?

But Jackson will not jump straight away into the seat without a contest. Major Harris is to run against him and although we believe that Palmer will win, nevertheless he will have to fight hard for his victory.

One of those awful humbugs, female thought readers, a resident in a southern city, prophesied the other day that in seven months time Sir Robert Stout would be Premier of New Zealand. This prophesy is just a trifle too previous. Stout's show of ousting Seddon is mighty small, unless King Dick puts on too many frills and rides the high horse too frequently with the new Parliament. In political diplomacy, Stout is to Seddon, like a newly caught Hibernian bobby to the head of the Scotland yard detectives. What Richard the Fourth doesn't know in up-to-date New Zealand political diplomacy, is not worth knowing.

The *New Zealand Times*, bless her dear old grandmotherly soul, hasn't dared to take up FAIR PLAY'S challenge about the electric motor. The *Times* announcement—"first paper printed by electricity in the Southern hemisphere, etc. etc."—was a splendid bit of bluff, but it was far too thin. As a matter of fact, the *Times* has not even yet been printed by electricity. Manager Brown is a smart fellow in his way, but there's such a thing as being too smart. We gave all possible publicity to our challenge of £1000, and stated at the time that if the proprietors of the *Times* failed to accept it they would *stand convicted of a deliberate attempt to deceive the public*. They occupy this position to-day. We don't presume to say that this is the first time this journal has deceived the public. Its reader, few though they be, have probably discovered that long ago. We only refer to the present situation, and warn the public to its further utterances with a ton or so of salt.



Mrs CAPTAIN HUNTER-BLAIR.

Christchurch *Lies* is now indulging in periodical wild sneers at the *Press*, with the idea, no doubt, of humbugging the public into the belief that the two papers don't belong to the same people. It's too thin, for fully half the matter in *Lies*—an evening paper—is "lifted" bodily in the type from the morning organ. The great Evison, late "Ivo" of the *Rationalist*, keeps on snarling at the Hon. W. P. Reeves. It is the snarl of a whipped cur and just about as harmless. The estimation in which Evison and Reeves are respectively held by the people of Christchurch was conclusively proved at the last election, when Ivo Evison was bottom but one on the poll out of six candidates, and the man he is always abusing topped it.

Here's a useful tip to get rid of a bore which a Wellington man told us of the other day. When accosted by the button-holing bore tribe on the Quay he shakes hands very warmly with his persecutor, glances round anxiously, and then dropping his voice confidentially remarks, "Say, I must be off; there's an awful bore here that I want to dodge—talks a fellow to death. You understand, old boy." The bore (with a wink): You bet, I understand, old fellow," and departs without the remotest suspicion that he himself was the bore.

"Good Queen Bess" is how we were taught in our youthful days to regard that tyrannical vain woman who had Mary Queen of Scots murdered at Fotheringay, but a Yankee doctor has discovered an alleged secret which proves that the title of "Virgin Queen" should not properly apply to the lady who befriended Raleigh and Leicester. Years ago we remember hearing it asserted by one who claimed the right to know, that among the documents in the English Record Office was to be found the record of the birth of a son of Queen Elizabeth, his father being a certain Ulicke Burke, Prince of Connemera. The story ran that Prince Ulicke, coming over to England to make submission, received apartments in the Tower. Here he was visited at night by a veiled lady, whose face he never saw. He was foolish enough to boast of his *bonne fortune*, and to speak of a ring which he had noticed on her hand. The result was that his snark turned out a boojum, and the Prince of Connemera swiftly and silently vanished away. Now this story

has turned up again under a new form, and comes round to us by way of America. It is softened down to meet modern requirements. The scene is still the Tower of London; but the union is a legitimate one; the favored man is Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; and the son is—Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam! Why the Tower of London should have been fixed on for the ceremony does not seem quite clear; perhaps, as in the days of Martin Chuzzlewit, there are still people in America who look on the Tower of London as the official residence of the English Sovereigns. The discoverer of this State secret is a Dr. Orville W. Owen, of Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A., who is the sole possessor of a cipher, or rather of the key of a cipher, which has revealed to him all this and much more.

There was a big rush to the Gothic on Saturday and Sunday, although, we think, sixpence would have been a sufficient charge. The majority of the fair sex thronged to the much-talked of bridal chambers, and how they did gloat over the luxurious fittings. One sour faced, nut-cracker chinned woman, of about fifty-five—and a bit—sniffed contemptuously at the show and shouted out that "she couldn't see anything wonderful in it, she knew she would never be able to put up with a honeymoon trip on board ship." "Not much show of your having the chance, Molly," said a merry girl who was with her and the stare of frozen anger that the sour-faced virgin gave her companion was terrible to see. Personally when we get married nothing would please us better than to take our very ownest duckie—duckie and the rest of it—for a trip in the Gothic and you bet we'd have a big mortgage on one of those bridal chambers.

That dull and dreary thing which calls itself a newspaper, and which ought to be known as the *Evening Depress*, is sometime unconsciously funny. This was the case one day last week, when it alluded to a marriage taking place at St. Mary of the *Angles* (sic), Boulcott Street. Some one of the staff must have been exhilira—but we refrain.

MY PRINTER.

Who always clamours to be fed
With copy, wrung from aching head,
Who makes me wish that I were dead?
My Printer!

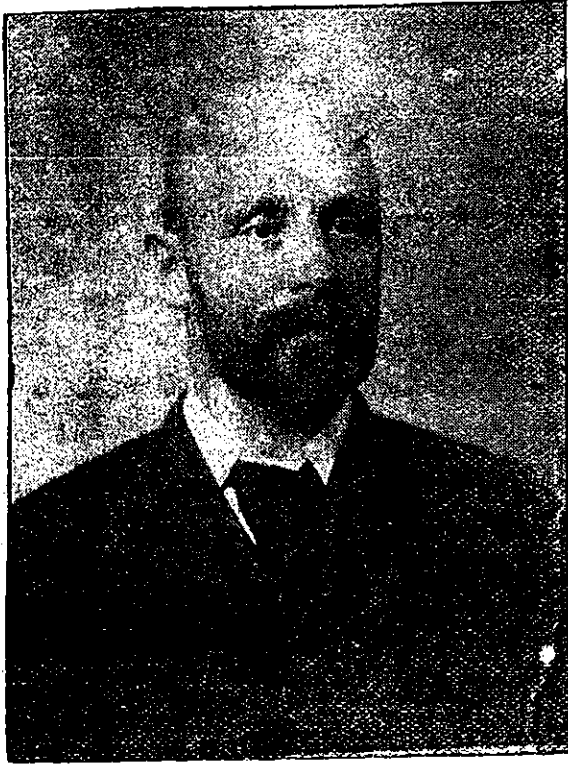
What hero's this, whose every thought
'S to do just what he didn't ought—
Who's always twenty columns short?
My Printer!

My happiest efforts who doth queer,
From simple choice, from malice sheer,
Who worries me the live-long year?
My Printer!

When I write "love," who makes it "low,"
Puts "u" for "a," and "i," for "o,"
And never gives me half a show?
My Printer!

Who wouldn't be a baddish sort,
If he didn't set up "shout" for "short,"
Who often makes the readers snort?
My Printer!

Who has to read my vile handwriting,
Which to peruse is not inviting?
Who swears he'd sooner take on fighting?
My good old comp.!



Mr. John Lee Scott.

Mr. Scott is a member of the firm of Scott Brothers Christchurch, ironfounders, and in 1885 his firm took a contract from the Government to supply them with a certain number of locomotives which were to be made in the colony, but the contractors imported various parts from the Old Country; on this being discovered the Government made a deduction which was afterwards refunded by Parliament as the result of an appeal from the firm. The contract was given to encourage local industry and the price of the locomotives made in this way was £1490 as against £1140 for similar engines of heavier and stronger steel imported from the Old Country. This we believe was Mr. Scott's first connection with the Railway Department over which he now in company with his colleagues presides. He is a strong Prohibitionist and Protectionist and has been for some time President of the Canterbury Industrial Association. He takes a considerable interest in political matters and in 1886 unsuccessfully contested the Sydenham constituency. At the last general election he served on the Election Committee of the Hon. W. P. Reeves.

The worst smack in the eye the perky pernickety *Post* editor has had for sometime was the decision *not* to hold the hospital ball in the new wing of the hospital itself. The *Times* people, who had scored, were chuckling last week, but the great Gillon was very *pouri* over the matter. That pompous would-be dictator of Wellington doesn't like his advice being treated with contempt.

A Melbourne paper says that half the advertising midwives in that busted city, are in reality baby farmers or abortionists. How about Wellington? The doctors could tell some queer stories about one or two ladies' friends here, so we have heard, but for some reason or other, the doctors generally hush up a disagreeable case when they come across one,

We have much pleasure in publishing the following lines from one of our readers. We thank him for the compliment to our endeavours to be fair exponents of the people's rights:—

A SMALL TRIBUTE TO FAIR PLAY.

FAIR PLAY is a jewel of wonderful price;
Upholding true virtue, admonishing vice,
Whether practised in pulpits, in taprooms, or halls,
Or the hustings where many a candidate bawls.

FAIR PLAY gives advice to its friends and its foes—
To the teetotal man with a red or white nose;
And the classes who've grown very fat on the spoil,
From the pockets of many a brave son of toil.

FAIR PLAY never envies the rich or the great,
Nor sneers at the poor, struggling hard with their fate;
But 'tis down on the loafer, the swindler, and fraud,
No matter who else their vile acts may applaud.

Long, long, may it live fair New Zealand to bless,
By pointing out evils requiring redress,
If our statesmen will read, it 'twill teach them the way
To give us in future (our birthright) FAIR PLAY.

JOHN COX, Buller.

We met our worthy sporting contributor "Broncho," the other day and were astonished to find him in tears. "What's up?" we said, "backed all the stiff uns again; been reading the sporting notes in the *Evening Ghost*? what is the matter?" "Matter, cried he, just read this," and he handed us a cutting from an Auckland paper. Commenting upon the fact that the Queen has ordered that in future no bearing reins shall be used on her horses at Windsor, the cutting went on to say: "We sincerely hope that this will be the death blow to a practice which is a stupid conformity with fashion at the cost of extreme cruelty. This Royal pronouncement against the practice will gratify all friends of the lower animals, not only at home but in this colony."

Poor 'Broncho' sobbed afresh as we read it out.—"Lower animals' indeed: just fancy calling a horse, the noblest animal on earth, a "lower animal." And, then meeting Horry Lyon and "Vigilant" of the *Times*, he broke out afresh until they took him into a pub. and consoled his wounded spirit with Three-Star brandy—dose thrice repeated. These sporting writers are easily touched upon the subject of their favourite quadruped.

The Rev. J. J. Lewis, that pocket edition of a parson, who put his perky little nose into the FAIR PLAY libel case, has been lecturing upon "The Road to Ruin" for the special benefit of young men. Well, some of the smug-faced young brothers of Ter-rewth in this city do want specially looking after. Tattle, who bolted to Rio, was "such a good young man." Some of the greatest gamblers and rakes in this city are prominent members of goody-goody and Prohibition Societies.

When a lawyer steals his client's money, it is called "misappropriation," and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the Law Association—a Trades Union of the closest description—tries its hardest to screen the offender. The new parliament ought to see to it that the law as to the lawyers' custody of trust moneys is stricter, and not as it is now, capable of having a five-horse waggon driven through it. But there are too many gentlemen of the long robe—long robe we ought to say, for there to be any reasonable hope of any drastic reform in this matter."

The *Sydney Bulletin* contains in the last issue to hand a leading article on the subject of flogging, and gives as its text a recent utterance of the Governor of Delaware in the United States, referring to its existence there and speaking of it as a salutary deterrent. The *Bulletin*, as all who read it regularly are aware, goes to extremes on the subject of flogging. This particular species of punishment is its special *bete noir*, and in urging its abolition the editor sometimes confounds facts with fiction in his arguments. In the article referred to the *Bulletin* says in effect:—"The little moss grown State of Delaware, which has never furnished one of the great men America has produced is behind all the other States." To this assertion we must take exception, and we are surprised that our contemporary should have made so palpable an error. One of the most able members of the United States' Senate is Bayard of Delaware, who has been dubbed by his admirers the Mirabeau of American politics. Surely the *Bulletin* must have heard of this aristocratic exponent of democracy; if not, we would advise its staff to look up the political history of our Yankee cousins.

A flea once contracted a great affection for a dog, but it is doubtful whether the latter felt even flattered by the attachment; nevertheless, as the flea was so insignificant a weight, and as, moreover, it had been brought up with him from its infancy, the dog felt some compunction about casting it adrift upon an unsympathetic world. So the flea rode on his back wherever he went, and as it could not see out of the forest of fur that encompassed it, not even standing on tip-toe, its knowledge of the world was inconsiderable. But despite this, as the flea grew up it also grew opinionative, and though not badly off, began to grumble, and getting other fleas to join it organised processions and demonstrations. Now no dog could be expected to stand that sort of thing, and the long-suffering beast sharply bade the procession move off. "Not till we have our rights," said the opinionative flea; and with that he raised his battle cry, "The land for the fleas." For the idea had got into his poor muddled head that the dog corporeal was a planet of erratic course, designed especially for the habitation of his kind, and ruled by an arbitrary despot—the dog spiritual—against whom it was only right to rebel. But the dog did not care to be let out in allotments. However, he spoke kindly to the flea. "I have put up with you so long," he said, "that I suppose it is too late to contest your right of occupation. Keep the 'land,' but remember that land confers risk and dangers, as well as advantages"; and thereupon he rolled over on his back and squashed the flea flat, together with all its expectant fellow-demonstrators. The moral of this story lies in its application. Wellington possesses a number of opinionated fleas.

This is the way New Zealand political history is written now-a-days. Editor, Evening "Depress": "Six lines short to fill up a column." Brown: "Just you write a smart paragraph stating that there is to be a deficit of £200,000, that Seddon's ruining the country, and that Bell and Tommy Gale and Hislop are the only men that can save the colony." Brown: "But look here, there is a surplus, and between you and me Seddon's doing—." Editor: "Oh, hosh write the par. I'll get a good start round the country papers, and in a day or two we can make some half-hearted sort of contradiction, saying that if there is a surplus Seddon won't use it properly etc. But don't forget to butter up Bell and Hislop and Tommy Gale. That's what this show's meant for!

Not a million miles away from Wellington is a big boarding house where the boarders are nearly all men, most of whom possess more "side" than sovereigns, and have "chalked it up" to such an extent with the long suffering landlady that they daren't say a word when she fires into them steak like rhinoceros hide, eggs which are fit for election amiabilities, and tucker of an all-round awful character. There was a big sensation, therefore, at the table the other morning when one of the boarders shouted out: "Mary, come here. The steak's positively adamantine. It's as tough to get through as the *Post* leader. Just take it round to Mrs—— with my compliments, and say I've put up with this sort of thing long enough, and I'm d——d—yes, I don't care who hears it, I'm d——d if I'll stand any more of it—dy'e hear?" And then there was an excited nudging of elbows and signalling of forefingers amongst the other boarders, and they all exclaimed in whispered chorus, "By Gad—he's paid up!"

There was a divorce case down at Dunedin the other day, on the wife's petition. She'd proved, through half-a-dozen witnesses, the adultery, but the cruelty wasn't so easy to establish, for all that she could say on this score consisted in the respondent's having, upon one occasion, in a moment of anger, "thrown a common cane-seated chair" at her. Woman are getting too jolly particular in these days. It isn't every man who can afford to keep a set of "best rosewood Chippendale fixins with plush seats, and upholstered in best hair," to chuck at a turbulent better half. Very properly the petition failed.

The Yates "female woman," as Tommy Dwan would say, who now bosses the municipal affairs of poor Onehunga, believes in cheapness, cheapness, always cheapness. The other day the Onehunga Council wanted a clerk, screw offered £110. There were 40 applications, among them being that of some poor creature who offered to do the work for to go a year—£20 a year less than the advertised rate. The Yates person (she is of a Jewish extraction) moved that the cheap creature be appointed and appointed he was. She wished, she said, to save £20 a year to the Borough. Poor thing!

The *Bulletin* is very outspoken on this sweating policy of the only female mayor and J.P. in the British Empire. It says:—"The Duke of Wellington, when British Premier, once made a somewhat similar proposal in the British Parliament re: the salaries of excise and custom house offices, urging that he would get plenty of men willing to discharge the duties at the reduced rates, to which O'Connell replied that, so far as Ireland was concerned, he would guarantee to get plenty of men to do the same work—for nothing. Unfortunately there was no member in the Onehunga Council to urge any such telling argument against Her Worship's action, although some of the more ignorant of them, being males, considered any kind of argument they advanced should have sufficient force to convince a woman against her will. But they were disappointed. The *Bulletin* much regrets the bad start made by the pioneer Mayoress in this championing sneakery and starvation wages. Should a public body, of all employers, set the example of putting up its appointments to Dutch auction? Does Mrs Yates expect the wretch who has helped her to 'save £20 for the ratepayers' to keep a wife? Or does she expect him to resign when he gets married, if he is not already married?"

Our Contemporaries.

Judging from the private letters we have received from various parts of the Colony expressing sympathy for us on account of the decision given in the recent libel case of Bell v. FAIR PLAY, and the articles which have appeared in the different papers, the general feeling of the press of New Zealand is with us. The sycophantic articles which appeared in the Wellington papers stand out in strong contrast to those dispassionately written by men of intelligence and discrimination untrammelled by the influence of the "Wellington oracle." We regret that lack of space precludes our publishing all the kind things that have been said about us. We have selected a few extracts for our readers, and in publishing them wish to return thanks to our *confreeres* for their courteous fairness.

"That doctors differ" has long been accepted as an axiom—before long we will be able to enlarge the already broad interpretation given to the axiom by saying "judges differ." In the libel case Bell v. FAIR PLAY, several witnesses were called who deposed that they understood the offensive sentence to mean that Mr. Bell was intoxicated, or, as we more commonly say, drunk. In the recent libel case tried in this town the counsel for the plaintiff, when about to examine his witnesses as to the inferences they drew from certain expressions, was at once stopped by Mr. Justice Denniston, who said counsel could only examine as to *facts*—the inference as to what the words might mean was for the jury. This ruling of Judge Denniston's seemed good law, and very forcible expressions were made use of in reference to the action of the plaintiff's solicitor, who had apparently called a host of witnesses in order to increase the defendant's costs in the event of even a very small verdict being obtained. The action of the presiding judge in Wellington again places us in a position of doubt. Which judge is right? Surely the law of evidence is so clearly laid down, the authorities upon it so numerous, that it is impossible for a learned judge to make a mistake. But yet one judge or the other must be wrong. Which one is it? Common sense—defined by Allison as uncommon sense—would certainly agree with Judge Denniston. Except in the case of expert evidence there are few—we are not sufficiently versed in law to say there are none—instances in which a witness should be allowed to speak of anything he does not know. Were it otherwise we might have a cloud of witnesses brought especially to say what their views are and the minds of the jurors become more befogged than usual. Take this Wellington case as an illustration. Mr. Bell might call a dozen witnesses to prove that in their opinion the paragraph meant he was drunk, while the defendants could call two dozen who would express their opinion it meant to convey Mr. Bell was intoxicated by success. What are the jurors to do in a case like this? . . . In addition to the unsatisfactory character of a decision arrived at in this way there is another grave objection in the expense. Once we admit a man's opinion as a factor in evidence, we allow the possibility of bringing in all persons who have read the paragraph complained of. Although things would never go to this ridiculous extent, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the admission of such evidence would not only lengthen the hearing to an interminable extent but would also increase the cost so as to make it unbearable to a poor man. The matter is of such grave importance that we hope the Bench will, for the sake of its own reputation, put it right."—*West Coast Times*. [Unfortunately for us the Bench didn't look at it in that way.—ED. FAIR PLAY.]

"It is rather significant that in nearly all the papers we have seen in which a report of the Wellington libel action is published, the heading reads, "Bell *versus* FAIR PLAY." Of course, no one can object to Mr. Bell proceeding against a newspaper if he is personally convinced that he has been in any way wronged, but we take leave to say that, with regard to the action which has just terminated, and as a result of which Mr.

Bell has received £1 damages and costs on the lowest scale, the member has suffered more in public estimation as a politician than has the newspaper against which he took action in its character as a cleverly written journal. No one can really believe for a moment that there was any malice in the comment made by FAIR PLAY. We should be sorry to think that the private character of any man should be at the mercy of any unprincipled scamp who chose to act the part of the ruffian in journalism; but in the case of FAIR PLAY and Mr. Bell we do not believe that any harm was intended, and it would certainly have been more to the credit of the newly-fledged M.H.R. had he taken the reference in good part and laughed with the paper at an incident that, after all, was the product of excitement on the one hand and of not badly meant 'chaff' on the other. It is when a man's private character is assailed, when a low and blackguardly scribbler endeavors to positively injure a private individual by a series of mean and cowardly attacks, that the law should be set in motion and the offender be made to suffer for his dirty work. The item complained of by Mr. Bell was a mere political squib, and should have been allowed to pass. If there is any public spirit in Wellington, the costs incurred by FAIR PLAY should be subscribed by the public. The paper is a smart little production, well written, and deservedly popular; but if every public man is permitted to revenge himself upon the proprietors for every harmless comment, we are afraid that not only FAIR PLAY, but every other political newspaper, will have to hang crape on the front door, hire a couple of "Mutes," place a Stiggins in its editorial chair, make its columns the receptacle for drivel, stick a skull and marrow bones over its leading heading, and sob and groan about everything and everybody."—*Napier Evening News*.

"The verdict in Mr. Bell's action against FAIR PLAY is another instance of the folly of such proceedings. If we take one of the dozen libel actions which have gone into the courts within the past four or five years, there is not one that has done anybody any good except the lawyers. . . . In nine cases out of ten it would seem that the action is prompted by revenge. As a rule newspaper editors do not use their columns vindictively, unless under the grossest provocation, and then they do what every man who is worth the name will—defend themselves against aggressive action. Where a newspaper becomes involved in a libel suit, it is nearly always on some action which it has taken in the public interest. In the case under review, we must say that we consider Mr. Bell's action was quite uncalled for. The cause of the action was of the most trivial character, and such as only a lawyer would think of prosecuting. Indeed, had anyone but Mr. Bell been the plaintiff we should have considered that the action was prompted by other motives than the vindication of character—so trivial does it appear to have been. Such trivial actions should be discouraged in every way."—*Woodville Examiner*.

"We are not amongst those who think more highly of Mr. H. D. Bell on account of the proceedings which he has recently taken against FAIR PLAY. At a time when political feeling ran high FAIR PLAY formed and expressed an opinion as to Mr. Bell's personal habits, which has been proved to be erroneous, but it was rumoured that when FAIR PLAY discovered it had made an error, it was willing both to admit its fault and to correct it. This in our opinion would have been the proper way of terminating an incident which was specially liable to occur during the course of a contested election. Mr. Bell did not care to be a party to a settlement of this kind and evoked the law by instituting a prosecution for libel. No one knows better than a lawyer what an *inhumane weapon a libel prosecution is*, and at what cost it may be made to punish an adversary. We can understand a lawyer using this weapon when urged to do so by, and on behalf of a client, but it is not a chivalrous nor a noble thing for him to use it on his own behalf as a weapon of defence. No one knows better than a lawyer that the libel law as it stands in New Zealand *bears heavily against the press* and that for this reason it ought not to be resorted to except as a last remedy. . . . As a public man Mr. Bell would stand higher if he were somewhat less sensitive to criticism. . . . Men of high character and position rarely bring libel actions, they rather disdain the miserable weapons that meaner mortals use, and Mr. Bell ought to know this."—*Wairarapa Weekly Times*.

"The question at issue was whether FAIR PLAY had accused Mr. Bell of being intoxicated on the election day. The word used was 'exhilarated,' which is perfectly harmless and non-libellous in itself; but Mr. Bell took pains to prove that in this case it meant intoxicated. . . . Newspaper writers who wish to say that a politician was 'exhilarated with something' will now have some idea of the monetary responsibility they incur in doing so. The question of costs is a serious one, and it remains in a very unsatisfactory state of uncertainty. Costs are left pretty much in the discretion of the judges, who resent any attempt of the jury to return a verdict which should decide which of the parties should bear all the costs of action. There is a popular delusion to the effect that no verdict under forty shillings can carry costs. . . . If juries wish to mark their sense of the triviality of an action for libel their proper course is to award the plaintiff the smallest coin of the realm. No judge could with decency then declare that such a verdict carried costs."—*Lyttelton Times*.

"A diversity of opinion exists amongst editors of newspapers as to whether Mr. Bell exercised a wise judgment in taking proceedings against the journal in question."—*Wanganui Chronicle*.

"The case is a curious illustration of the change which has taken place in public opinion. A century ago, it was a matter of course that three-fourths of the candidates should be very decidedly exhilarated after winning an election; and the idea of solemnly denying such an imputation in Court would have been looked upon as ridiculous. Such an improvement in manners is most gratifying. . . . There are offences which, from a moral point of view, are quite as bad as intemperance, but which do not seem to have fallen under the ban of public opinion at present. If you call a man proud and ambitious, he is probably rather pleased than otherwise; you may call him covetous without hurting his feelings very much; that is if you convey the imputation politely by saying that he is canny and cautious, and 'knows what he is about'; but if you insinuate that he ever exceeds the bounds of sobriety, you run the risk of an action for libel. And yet if we look at the history of the world we shall see that, where drunkenness has slain its thousands, pride, ambition, and the love of money have slain their tens of thousands. . . . The lesson which journalists may learn from the recent case is that, though they may say of a man, as Lord Beaconsfield did of Mr. Gladstone, that he is 'inebriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity,' they must not hint that he is exhilarated by anything stronger than soda-water."—*Marton Mercury*.

"It is difficult to resist the conclusion that the Wellington libel action was after all a rather trumpery affair. At the declaration of the poll Mr. Bell probably spoke unadvisedly with his lips, as a much greater man once confessed he had done, when in the excitement of victory he said the Wellington people had brushed aside the froth and scum of something—it is not quite certain what, FAIR PLAY understood the expression to apply to the defeated candidates, and actually for aught we know it might apply to them very well; it would at least have been no great injustice to designate a goodly number of the candidates, Conservative as well as Liberal, as froth and scum. . . . It was, however, perhaps unpolite in Mr. Bell to use the offensive expression, and unpoliteness is very apt to provoke recrimination. When a man says to his fellowman 'You're a so and so,' that fellowman quite naturally replies 'You're another.' . . . In politics particularly do men make fools of themselves. We do not mean that the plaintiff made a fool of himself at the declaration of the poll, Mr. Bell is a superior person and would not be likely to do so, but it is pretty clear that he must have been excited when he blurred out his characterisation of (let us say) the Liberal addresses. What more natural then than that his opponents should take him up as saying that they were the scum and froth he meant? And equally natural was it for one of the journals supporting them to retort that Mr. Bell must have supplemented the excitement by victory from another source. And where was the great harm in saying so? . . . Is it after all such a dreadful thing to say that a successful candidate has, in the crisis of his triumph, taken a glass too much? What measly-mouthed times we live in, to be sure. Sir Robert Stout, indeed, said, with the disgust-

ing bluntness of an unimaginative teetotaler and special pleader, that FAIR PLAY practically charged Mr. Bell with being drunk. Such literal-mindedness, if we may so express it, excites pity rather than contempt. But it is characteristic of teetotalers that they can make no distinctions. Good liquor in their eyes is as much poison as the abominations sold in grog shanties; and with them there is no middle stage between absolute water-drinking sobriety and drunkenness. They have not the slightest idea of what it is to be elevated, which is probably all that FAIR PLAY meant in Mr. Bell's case. . . . In these days, when Prohibition is in the air, it is hardly possible to get a jury to allow, so to speak, for allowable elevation. The Wellington twelve decided that FAIR PLAY had practically said that Mr. Bell was drunk, which we should say is against all reason and common sense. Is there not a certain liberty, not to say licence, permitted in the heat of an election? It is as impossible for colonial patriots to choose a representative, as it is to love, and be wise. Lovers and electors are both in a sense beside themselves, so that it is absurd to interpret their sayings quite literally. But such considerations, self-evident though they be, are apparently beyond the common jury understanding—even beyond the judicial understanding. The twelve good men and true (men may be both and yet be dull) held that FAIR PLAY had raised Mr. Bell as it were, above the legitimate elevation, and accordingly found a verdict for the plaintiff. But the case was, as we have already said, of the most trumpety character. Mr. Bell expressly stated, under examination, that he never thought of bringing it on till he was advised to do so by members of his party. We can only say that he was monstrously ill-advised, even though he did get a verdict. Mr. Bell is a very prominent, if a considerably over-rated man. His character is thus perfectly well known, so that he could have suffered no damage from what we cannot help calling the very innocent libel in the FAIR PLAY article. We do not suppose that even a single teetotaler would have believed that Mr. Bell was drunk when he uttered his 'froth and scum' sentence. There are offences, and we should say the FAIR PLAY statement was one of them, which a man in Mr. Bell's position can afford to ignore. Mr. Bell was of the same opinion himself till his Prohibitionist supporters intervened—one of whom (a clergyman) is by the way an adept in the 'high polite,' defining drunkenness as the 'imbibing of intoxicating drink to excess.' Pity but Mr. Bell had acted on his own judgment.—*Napier Telegraph*.

We have heard New Zealand cracked up over and over again as the colony above all the others in the group, that affords the best opportunity for the man who is willing to work to make a good living, and it has also been claimed that if he had a few pounds to go on with, he was sure to get along. We have claimed since our inception that in Wellington there was a rapidly growing plutocracy whose object was to enslave the toiler, and if possible to block his rising from the station which either misfortune or luck had placed him in. The following anecdote, for the truthfulness of which we can vouch, is an illustration of an argument that money and money alone, rules roost in the little city of Wellington. One of the employees of a big butchering establishment in Wellington who had worked long and faithfully for the firm which employed him, but who looked forward to the time when he could run his own business and vulgarly speaking 'be his own boss' recently sent in his resignation and declared his intention to set up in business for himself. The resignation was accepted and congratulations offered, but note the after play. The minute this enterprising young party attempted to establish a route and sell meat to such customers as he thought would patronize him, he was followed to every house by a salesman for the firm with which he had formerly been connected who offered to sell at any price below his, and even to give away the meat, rather than that he should get the custom. When it is taken into consideration that the house that did this is a wholesale house and that in all probability a large portion of the meat sold would have been bought from them, it seems a gratuitous bit of malice to try and crush out a young tradesman. He has our sympathies and those of most fair-minded people who believe in the principle of fair play and the proverb 'Life and let live.'

Our Public Men.

PHRENOLOGICALLY AND PHYSIOGNOMICALLY DELINEATED.

[By Professor R. White, President of the Wellington 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.)

13.—MR. A. SAUNDERS (member for Selwyn).



This gentleman has a very distinctive organisation. He has a clear, well-marked individuality of his own. You could not mistake him for Jones, Smith, or Robinson. He always will continue to be the same peculiar Mr. Saunders. Each of his features are as distinctive as his character is. His nose stands prominently out from his face, but it is not as long as I would like

to have seen it. Although it terminates somewhat abruptly, it indicates considerable taste and refinement. The eyes are full and well formed, showing good powers of language and philological ability. The ears are far back, showing large frontal and high coronal regions. He is more **INTELLECTUAL** than **BRILLIANT**, more **DEEP** than **QUICK** as a thinker. The religious and moral sentiments are strikingly large, forming the chief traits of character. He would have made a superior preacher and a good temperance lecturer. Judging from the formation of his head, I would say he is a Prohibitionist, though, personally, I know nothing of his views, as I have never read anything of them nor heard him. He has excellent planning ability, and possesses rather a **CONSTRUCTIVE** than an **ICONOCLASTIC** mind. Although he could be critical, he would rather formulate than destroy systems of thought; believes more in the gradual growth of reforms than in sudden revolutions of society. He has a steadfast and reliable disposition, a good social nature, and a steady thoughtful head.

No. 14.—HON. RICHARD SEDDON (member for Westland).



Mr. Seddon has an exceptionally strong organisation, the **Vital** and **Motive** Temperaments being particularly well developed, giving him good health and great powers of endurance. Nature has been exceedingly generous to him in giving him so full and so strong a constitution. **PHYSICAL STAMINA** is the first impression his photo gives to the mind of the character-reader. He has a most characteristic head. So specially developed is it in

certain points that it is **UNIQUE**. The nose is a pronounced Roman type and indicates strong determination and individuality of character. It would be impossible to absorb or assimilate him. He would come out of the human mill as he went in—the same resolute, strong, determined Richard, equal in courage to the hero of Bosworth field. The eyes are full and steady, indicating fair power of speech and a firm mind. The forehead is very prominent above the eyes, showing keen and correct powers of observation. He has a good memory for persons, places, and things. He can go into and deal with details admirably. The literary faculties and poetic sentiments are small. It would be a most difficult task for him to commit to memory Thomson's "Seasons," Pope's "Essay on Man," or Prince's "Vision of the Future." He has fair reasoning ability, but his **FORTE** is **EXECUTIVENESS**. There is no "come again next week," or "call to-morrow," with Mr. Seddon. You get your answer on the **SPOT** and **STRAIGHT OUT**, whether it please or not. He has more real sympathy and true generosity than his words would indicate to those asking any concession or assistance from him. He is not a copyist of any man. He is **ORIGINAL**, **POSITIVE**, **DIRECT**, and **SELF RELIANT**. He is no **IDEALIST** nor **VISIONARY**, but in the fullest sense of the words, he is a **PRACTICAL MAN**, with a keen eye to indisputable facts and actual experience. There is no fear of his leaving political *terra firma*. His organic forces being great, he should attain good longevity, as no doubt his forefathers lived to a ripe old age.

No. 15.—MR. CARNCROSS (member for Taiera.)

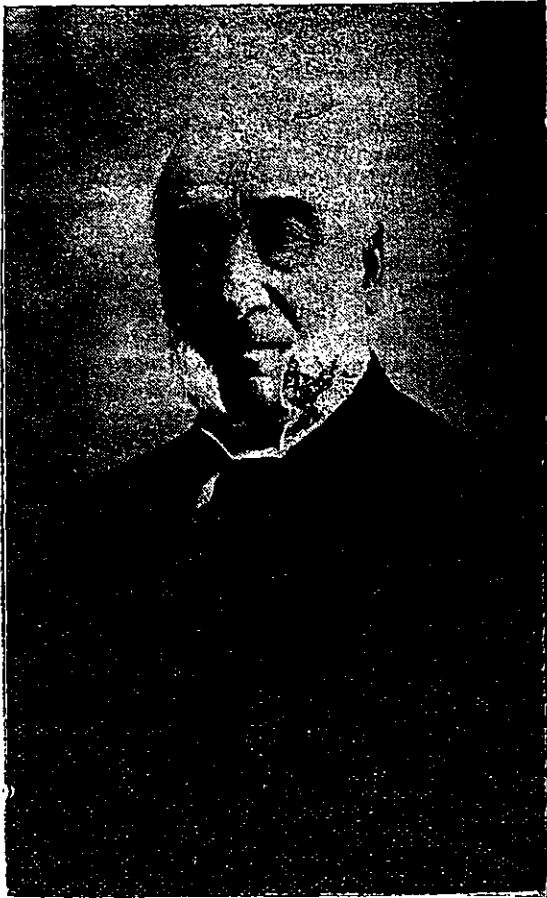


This gentleman has in many respects a superior organisation. He has a good, open countenance and a high head. His leading traits of character are **QUICK INTELLIGENCE**, **NATURAL REFINEMENT**, **HIGH SENTIMENT**, and **great activity**. The nose, eyes, and ears are well formed, denoting strong power of volition, good language, and musical ability. He is fully alive to all that is

passing around him. In business he would be most attentive to details and omit nothing which would conduce to success. He has good observing powers and knows the value of things at a glance. Quickness of thought and action are especially characteristic of him. The critical faculties are large, giving him powers of comparison, of detecting defects, and of weighing evidence. He has a constructive mind and would rather build than destroy. Planning and executive organs are well developed. Ideality, Hope, and Spirituality are large, giving him a love for the beautiful, a disposition to see the best aspect of things, and to naturally perceive the spiritual side of life, and to regulate his mind according to these higher sentiments. He would have made a better minister of religion than member of Parliament. With his organisation he should be able to say with Prince—

"My heaven aspiring spirit seems to climb,
Nearer to God, whose all embracing wing,
Shadows the universe; my feelings chime
In unison with every holy thing,
That thought can give, or mediation bring."

He possesses a fine organisation, and should be a superior, intellectual man.



CAPTAIN JENNINGS.
THE GOTHIC.

The arrival of the big White Star Liner, the Gothic, in New Zealand has caused considerable excitement in local as well as shipping circles. The vessel is the largest that has ever visited the colony, and ever since her arrival she has been the subject of wondering admiration. Her officers, her crew, her appointments have all come in for a share of attention, and ever since she came alongside the wharf, she has been crowded with visitors on such occasions as visitors were admitted. Her appointments can only be described by one word—luxurious—and the universal desire of the average visitor after inspecting her, was “Oh for a trip Home on board the Gothic?” It has been stated that the Gothic is the largest steamship afloat next to the Great Eastern; this is a mistake, as she is quite a long way down on the list of the great floating palaces engaged in the passenger traffic of the world. Her tonnage is 7720, and her length is 490 feet, while the “Teutonic” and “Majestic” of the same line have a tonnage of 10,000, and a length of 582 feet. These two are the largest of the White Star fleet, but they are smaller than some of the vessels on the other great Atlantic lines. The “American Line” now possesses two steamers (the Paris and the New York) running between New York and Liverpool that have a tonnage of over 10,000, while the Cunard Line have two vessels, the Leucania and the

Campagna, with a tonnage of 12,000. Probably the largest passenger steamer afloat is La Touraine which has a tonnage of over 12,000 and belongs to the French Trans-Atlantique Line running between New York and Havre; the companies whose vessels come next in size to those already mentioned are the Hamburg-American Line and the North German-Lloyd. All of their boats come under the 10,000, the average being between 8 and 9,000. The Gothic was built by Harland and Wolff, and is the largest vessel next to the Great Eastern that ever entered the port of London. This latter statement has undoubtedly given rise to the rumour that she was one of the largest vessels afloat. She can accommodate 110 saloon passengers, and over 100 steerage passengers; the apartments of each cabin, from the most expensive to the least, having been arranged with a view to the comfort of the passengers, and affording every possible convenience. Great attention has been paid to the decorations, more especially in the library, which is panelled with linen-fold oak panels and carved figures at intervals. As a carrier the new steamer is the largest in the Australasian trade. In addition to the ordinary coal and cargo space, she has an insulated capacity in the refrigerating chambers capable of stowing some 75,000 carcasses of sheep; special provision has also been made for the conveyance of dairy produce, the export of which has lately become a great feature in New Zealand commerce. The Gothic was to have made a few preliminary trips across the Atlantic before coming to Australasia but her completion was so delayed by strikes and other unforeseen circumstances that her trial trip was confined to a coastal cruise, and her actual maiden voyage is her present one to New Zealand. She was intended for the colonial trade and will run between London and New Zealand, coming out via the Cape of Good Hope and returning around Cape Horn. Her first trip speaks well for her speed, the voyage having been performed in thirty-nine days and nine minutes. From that must be deducted an eight hours detention owing to fog. There is little doubt that had it not been for this detention she would have made the quickest run on record. The Gothic has introduced a system in passenger traffic which, although it has been for some time in vogue with the Atlantic liners, has never been tried before on the great passenger boats plying between here and the Old Country, namely, the division of the travelling public into two classes only, saloon and steerage passengers. On the P. and O. and Orient lines there are 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and steerage passengers, the different grades dining at different tables. On the Gothic this is all done away with, the vessel being conducted on the same principle as a Continental or American hotel. All saloon passengers dine at the same table and enjoy the same privileges, and the scale of prices is fixed according to the location of the state room. This arrangement is more equitable than the old one and gives general satisfaction. A man going “Home” alone can experience every advantage that a trip by the Gothic affords a first-class passenger while he pays a considerable less sum than his more opulent friend on a honeymoon trip, who secures a bridal chamber with its luxurious appointments, and before finishing with the ship we must make particular allusion to the bridal chambers. They are fitted up with all the modern improvements and furnished

so elegantly that hardly a fault can be found. The cabins are spacious and artistically ornamented and apart from their cosy and comfortable appearance as bedrooms make inviting boudoirs and sitting rooms. The promenade on the decks is wide and pleasantly situated and the library and social hall are everything that could be wished in an English country house. One thing we were most pleased to note and that was the quarters provided for the officers. Ocean steamers as a rule are to a very great extent similar to theatres and newspaper offices in this respect, that as long as the Captain or Manager are comfortably situated it makes very little difference how his officers and subordinates are housed. On the Gothic space of course is economised but both officers and men are well looked after in their accommodation. The cabins are exceptionally comfortable, nay, even luxurious, and the quarters of the men are clean and roomy. One particular that opens up large future possibilities on ocean steamers is the introduction on board the Gothic of a printing press and composing room. All the menus, cards of invitation, programmes, &c., necessary while the steamer is at sea are printed on board. We have before us as we write several cards got up in a really artistic manner; as a matter of fact no printing office would be ashamed to turn out work equally as good as that done on board when the ship was in mid ocean. If this idea which is at present only in its infancy, is carried out to its natural logical conclusion we will soon have daily papers published on board every homeward bound steamer and the ocean editor will become as familiar an object as the shore variety of that species. In fact, in future, we may expect to see instead of the stereotyped—"Unfortunately, the leader for this issue has been crowded out on account of lack of space," a sentence in a prominent part of the paper somewhat as follows:—"On account of the hurricane last night the editor is still somewhat indisposed and our views on the political question will be held over until next issue," or "We regret to chronicle the death of one of our comps., who was pitched overboard last night by an irate contributor whose poetry he had mangled considerably in setting it up and we take this opportunity of correcting a slight error which occurred in yesterday's issue.—'He kicked her under the cellar stairs,' should have read 'He kissed her under the silent stars.'" But joking aside the introduction of the printing press as one of the features of an ocean steamer is a splendid idea and its possibilities are limitless.

The officers on board the Gothic are mostly gentlemen who have been in the service of the White Star Line for many years. Captain Jennings, the commander, was born in Dublin, and has been for many years in the service of the Company. He may be almost called the Commodore Captain of the White Star Line. He was one of their captains before steamers were run by them and commanded several of their sailing ships running in the China trade years ago, when the opposition lines used to race one another "home." After that he was for eleven years in the Atlantic trade, and for a long while captained the Adriatic, during the last ten years he has been in command of vessels running between England and the Colonies. His experience as a mariner and commander is as great if not greater than any of the captains in the service of the Company with which he is now connected, as he has piloted their vessels into almost every known commercial port of any prominence in the world. Personally, our visitor, Captain Jennings is an affable and agreeable conversationalist with just sufficient of the autocracy of a sea captain about him to lend a fitting dignity to his ordinary hospitable conduct. During

his stay here he has had very little time that he could call his own, as when he has not been accepting the numerous invitations that have been showered upon him by friends and acquaintances, he has been entertaining visitors on board his splendid vessel. The first officer, Mr. Souden, has been with the Company many years and is deservedly popular both with them and with the passengers, who have had the pleasure of sailing in the vessel upon which he has been engaged. He is a thorough seaman and unites the bluff frank demeanour of an old sea-dog with the pleasant address of a courteous gentleman. The purser, Mr. Augustus Kane, is a New Zealander by birth. He has been with the White Star Company for some years and has served on several of their steamers. On our last visit to the Gothic we were most hospitably received by this gentleman, who furnished us with all information in his power. It will be some time before we forget the pleasant time passed in his cosy little cabin, the walls of which were decorated with photographs presented to him by musical and dramatic celebrities. With his permission we will mention a few that we at once recognised. On one side was a fine large photograph of Patti bearing the legend "with the best wishes of your friend, Mme. Patti Nicolini," while across from it was a frame enclosing the picture of Henry Irving, and several other well-known Old World artists bearing similar inscriptions. Amongst many familiar faces we noticed Florence St. John, Madame Valda, Madame Nordica, Marquis Mayer, Marie Roze, and best of all Sara Bernhardt with a prettily worded greeting "to her friend Augustus Kane." A very pleasant chat followed the inspection of the photographs over what was probably the best cocktail that has been made in a New Zealand port for many years.

The Gothic leaves on Saturday, but will return in about a fortnight and stay here a few days before departing for England.

The *Evening Press* will terminate its existence as managed at present, on the 28th of this month. All the members of the staff have received notice that their engagements will conclude on that date. The *Press* has been hanging on for the last five or six months in an uncertain way, no one knowing whether it would come out next day or not. The proprietary have finally, however, found out, to their cost, that a newspaper cannot be run with the view of booming two or three of its directors, and treating the rest of the inhabitants of a growing metropolis as *canaille*. We regret the demise of the *Press*, as the matter it contained often provided copy for other journals, inasmuch as there was much to criticise and make fun of. We understand that the present proprietary have sold the paper or leased it to the Prohibition party, and that it will be carried on in the interests of teetotalism. We wish it success, but the idea of an evening daily being run on Prohibition lines and edited and written by men who live up to and believe in teetotalism seems to us an anomaly. Of course whatever influence the *Press* even may have had will be lost now that it proposes to come out as a distinctly class paper, and unless its purchasers have plenty of money to invest in a losing concern we fear that the *Press* will soon become a relic of the past. We say, and we say it honestly, that we hope that the *Press* will live as a Prohibitionist paper, and our reason in saying so is in order to controvert an idiotic fad and a colossal folly, it is necessary that that particular idiocy should have full swing and show the public its own weak points. So good luck to the remodelled *Press* and such members of its staff as are willing to sign the pledge to retain their billets. We understand that the sub-editor has already been converted to teetotalism.

Unwelcome Eccentricities of the Sense of Smell.

Hay fever and an analogous affection, attributed to the odor of roses when in bloom and variously known as rose cold, rose catarrh, etc., have been observed in many countries. The sense of smell, like the other faculties, is liable to undergo modification or intensification, so to speak, at times. Every one is aware how painfully acute the senses, especially those of hearing and seeing, become during exhausting illness and in certain nervous conditions. And the faculty of smelling is singularly subject to variation, both in disease and health.

Numerous well authenticated cases have been recorded of individuals, evidently in the enjoyment of good health, who have been suddenly affected by the smell of some flower or animal. Some persons cannot bear the scent of particular flowers, such as, for instance roses, and geraniums, and an anecdote is told of a distinguished general who, although he had gone through many campaigns with great bravery, always turned pale and fainted at the smell of roses suddenly held before him. Others again are visibly disturbed and annoyed by the smell of different animals.

Dr. Carpenter relates the case of a blind gentleman who could always tell by his sense of smell whenever a cat came into the room. Hay fever is more frequently observed in rural districts than in towns, and in the suburbs than in the central parts of large cities, and it is also more common in localities where grass is chiefly grown than those in which wheat crops are principally cultivated or which are situated near to the sea coast.

The Skin Lotion of a Famous Beauty.

All the way from Paris comes this recipe for lait virginal, the matchless tonic and lotion for the skin, to the use of which Ninon de l'Enclos attributed the preservation of her complexion, which was said to have had when its happy possessor was 70 years old the velvety freshness of that of a girl of 16. Here it is: Half an ounce tincture of benzoin, 16 ounces best rosewater, 10 drops attar of roses. Sponge the wet skin with this preparation after the bath. An equal weight of refined linseed oil added to this mixture and rubbed well into the arms and neck twice daily is said to be an excellent remedy for attenuation. The young woman who sends the formula declares that its use has transformed her scrawny neck and bony arms into a gratifying plumpness of outline.

What Nervous Prostration Means.

This is a disease from which women suffer desperately. Put into plain English, diagnosed, as it were, it means a horrible sort of depression, a sensation as if something were going to happen—a physical feeling as if one would sink through the earth. A prominent physician says that half the cases of nervous prostration, dyspepsia and insomnia that come to him for treatment are to be directly traced to an inactive liver.

For a Refreshing Bath.

Put to a cup of sea salt one-half ounce of camphor and one-half ounce of ammonia in a quart bottle; fill the bottle with hot water and let it stand 24 hours; then, when prepared to bathe with a sponge, put a teaspoonful of this mixture, well shaken, into your basin. A surprising quantity of dirt will come from the cleanest skin. The ammonia cleanses, and the camphor and the sea salt impart a tonic effect.

she Was Grateful, but—

She protested that she was not unmindful of his great service to her. She was sorry, moreover, that she could not control her heart's affections.

In brief, she lamented her inability to see her way clear to marry him.

"And yet?"

He seemed scarce able to believe his ears. "—You owe your happiness to me."

Her eyes filled with tears, and with trembling voice she admitted that he spoke truly.

"Who was it?"

He was almost fierce in his desperation.

"—told you?"

She instinctively moved to the farther side of the table.

"—the recipe for the lightning freckle remover?"

She was speechless with fright.

"Who, I say?" he demanded.

"Y-you," faltered the helpless girl.

With a scathing glare he tore from the room, leaving her to mope and mourn over her own ingratitude.

Only at Certain Times.



"Fred only puts on the smoking jacket I bought him when he is sick."

"I didn't know he was ever sick."

"He isn't, except when he tries to smoke."

An Inauspicious Start.

The man, whoever he was, who coined the epithet "pink of propriety" must have known our family physician, Dr. Curtiss. Fastidious and dainty in externals, he is no less so in all that pertains to the real man. More fallible people look on him as a stranger to human mistakes and foibles, and some who respect his skill fear to expose to him their weaknesses of body and soul. Imagine, then, the relish with which a mischance of his is enjoyed.

The other morning, after a particularly hard night, Dr. Curtiss was roused very early by repeated calls from his telephone. Everybody knows the innate maliciousness of telephones, especially at seasons when "Central" is sleepy or has important business on hand. This time the instrument exhibited total depravity, and it was only after a prolonged series of vain efforts that the doctor succeeded in communicating with his patients. When, therefore, he came down to breakfast, his overtaxed nerves were still tingling, but he controlled himself, and sitting down in his place bowed his head to ask the customary blessing. An exclamation of horror from his wife cut short the petition. He had begun the solemn and devout formula with "Hello!"

How to Destroy Ants.

Half a pound of flour of brimstone and four ounces of potash placed over the fire in an iron or earthen pan, until dissolved and united, then beaten into powder and a little of it infused in water. Wherever this is sprinkled the ants will die or leave the place.

How to Wash Colored Muslins.

Always wash colored muslins in a lather of cold water and soap. Never even rinse them in warm water. If green is a prevailing tint in the material to be washed, add a little vinegar to the water. For lilac or lavender tints use a little ammonia and for black a little salt.

How to Make a Kite.

Take two sticks of equal length and cross them so that they will be like the letter X, but with this exception: Have the V at the top smaller than the A at the bottom, so that the sticks will be crossed above the central line. Then take another stick, just two-thirds the length of either of the first sticks. Place this stick horizontally across the other sticks at the point where they cross each other. Bind the four sticks together at this point. Cut notches in all the ends, draw a string around and tie it tightly. Here you have your framework. Then cover this with paper, pasting the fold around the string. Tie strips of equal length from the top of one of the X sticks to the bottom, but not crossing. Then tie your kite string to these in the middle just above the central point, so the kite will have a tendency to go up. A good kite tail is made of pieces of newspaper tied together by a string.

How to Oil a Belt in Machinery.

Take the belt from its pulleys and put it in a warm solution of oil and tallow for a few minutes. Then plunge it into water heated to 100 degs. Fahrenheit and remove at once. The water will temper the leather at the same time that it drives the oil and tallow in.

How to Remove Ink Stains with Cold Water.

Ink stains can be removed if treated promptly while wet. Do not touch the spots, but get a cup, a spoon and some water. Hold the spots over the cup and drop the water on little by little. If this is patiently continued all marks will disappear. To remove a dry ink stain dip the part into hot milk and rub it gently until the spot is gone.

How to Polish Tortoise Shell.

Scrape the shell until it is perfectly smooth and rub it with very fine sandpaper. Repeat the rubbing with a piece of felt, dipped in fine powdered charcoal that has been moistened with water. A third rubbing with rotten stone and a fourth with a piece of some soft wash leather, dampened with sweet oil, complete the work. For the sweet oil substitute subnitrate or bismuth, rubbed in with the hand; it is better than the oil.

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THE EDITOR will not enter into any correspondence concerning rejected manuscript.

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Fair Play

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1894.

The Midland Railway.

The Canterbury people ought to be tossing their caps in the air, shouting themselves into a state of exceeding hoarseness over the very satisfactory bit of news which has come to hand concerning the Midland Railway. A few years ago there would have been high jinks and riotous jollification in the city of the Plains, Cathedral Square, would have witnessed a mass meeting addressed by the stentorian voiced Matson, the great Matson, who declared on a memorable occasion that Canterbury must have the line or bust; there would have been torch-light processions and much drinking of whiskey to celebrate the good news that at last there was something distinctly resembling a chance of the line being completed sometime before Prohibition comes into force, or such like millennium-like period. But "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and the heart of Canterbury has so long been sick on the Midland Railway subject that its enthusiasm now-a-days is apt to be of a very mild stamp, tempered indeed with considerable scepticism as to whether the good news really can be true. The history of the Midland Railway Company is one of mistakes and muddles beyond number, of political jobbery and corruption, of greediness and grab, and of disappointments which seemed to be without end. In the first place the colony ought never to have allowed an English, or any other syndicate, to undertake the construction of the line. If the line were needed, which in itself is still a very problematical matter, it should have been constructed by the colony. For the initial mistake of making a very bad bargain for the colony, Sir Robert Stout and Sir Julius Vogel were primarily responsible, and if the Dunedin Knight lives until he is a

hundred years old he will always have to meet the charge of having parted with an immense area of the land of the colony to a foreign syndicate. Of this fact, Sir George Grey loves to remind him, and should the Auckland Knight find his way down to Wellington next session he is bound to give Sir Robert a very bad quarter of an hour on the old grievance. After the bargain had been made, it was found that good as it was for the Company the latter could not complete it. They had not the cash they represented themselves as having, and the works once begun were carried on in a half-hearted sort of way which bespoke lack of capital, and which if persisted in would have resulted perhaps in the completion of the line somewhere about the year 4000. Then came months, even years, of weary squabbling between the Government and the Company, of negotiations which never came to anything beyond inspired newspaper paragraphs—of as accurate a character as most paragraphs of a like nature—and a shady flow of sneering and unavailing jaw in the House. Finally Richard the Fourth took the matter in hand, in conjunction with a representative of the Company; a new arrangement was drawn up, one which is none too satisfactory for the colony, but better than the old state of do-nothing; and then, for a time, the Midland Railway again dropped out of the public mind. Now, however, we have word from London that the Company have accepted the new terms and that a desperate effort will be made to raise the million and a half necessary for the completion of the line. Let us hope this desperate effort may be successful. Whether the line will ever pay, whether indeed it was ever really wanted, save by the Canterbury people, who thought it meant the expenditure of a large sum of money and consequently a mild "boom" for that province, is a matter upon which there will always be serious difference of opinion. But the line has been started and cannot well be allowed to remain unfinished. Its completion—when once that million and a half is raised—will be a matter of two or three years, but in everything connected with the Midland Railway we believe only in what we see, and we should advise our Canterbury friends to be chary how they indulge in any undue enthusiasm over the matter. Time enough for hat-t rowing, speechifying and the like when the million and a half is definitely raised. Till then, ardent hope, tem-

pered by mild scepticism, will be the attitude of most people on the matter.

WHAT PRICE THE POLICE?

"Every man has his price."

Sir Robert Walpole.

Do the police make fish of one and flesh of another; do they pounce down on one offender against the law with the voracity of a vulture and let another, equally as bad, go scot free; do they, in fact, exhibit a blindness to the illegalities of some people, whilst they are eager to expose and punish the illegalities of others? These are questions which must, we fear, be answered in the affirmative, as far, at least, as Wellington is concerned. We have a particular case in mind as we write. 'Tis that of one Gunn, vendor of alleged medicines, provider of a more or less amusing variety entertainment; also, incidentally, conductor of a so-called lottery and committer of a terrible offence against the idiotic laws of his colony, in the shape of the Gaming and Lotteries Act. This man Gunn had, it appears from the reports published in the daily press of this city, conducted a certain "prize distribution," the prizes being of a trumpery value it is true, but seeing that the tickets for the said distribution only cost what is vulgarly called "a tanner," and that, for this modest expenditure, the purchaser had some two hours of comic singing, step-dancing, and other joys of the multitude "chucked in" free, gratis, and for nothing, we are not prepared to say he did not get fair value for his none too extravagant outlay. The police, however, with an omniscience in the detection of unsuspected evil, which would do credit to a Zulu witch doctor, "smell out"—the term is Matabelian and thoroughly "up to date"—a terrible offence against the majesty of the law, the morality of the individual, and the welfare of the State, and forthwith they pounced down upon the person Gunn, and hauled him off before Mr. Martin upon a charge of having committed a breach of the Gaming and Lotteries Act. The R.M. fined him £25—twenty-five golden sovereigns or notes of a non-"reconstructed" bank, and this sum Mr. Gunn had to pay up. Now we do not say that Mr. Gunn was right in committing a breach of the Gaming and Lotteries Act, nor do we say that Mr. Martin was wrong in inflicting what is, at first sight, an extremely severe, an over-severe, penalty fine; but what we do say, and say most plainly, is that there are other people besides Mr. Gunn who commit breaches of the same Act, much more serious breaches of the Act, much more serious breaches of the Act, breaches calculated, in the opinion of many people, to work widespread evil,

and yet these offenders are allowed to go untouched by the police, unpunished by the law. We will take one offence as an example, that of conducting sweeps or consultations upon horse races. On the last Wellington Cup there were two big sweeps in Wellington, each conducted in connection with a certain class of retail trade, each carried on in the most flagrantly open manner, each well known by the police to be so carried on, and each, we have very good reason to believe, patronised personally by "members of the force," the same virtuous men in blue who pounced down upon Mr. Gunn for his paltry little fault, but are as blind as bats in the day time to the much more serious offence of carrying on sweeps. One of these sweeps was for £500 in 1000 tickets at 10s. each; in the other case we are not aware of the exact amount, but the tickets were, we believe, sold at the cheaper rate of 5s., and the amounts given in prize money were of course correspondingly less. There was very little attempt at concealment as to the existence of these sweeps. Every "man about town" knew of them, casual customers at the shop in connection with which they were held, were actually importuned to buy tickets on them. The police, whose "smelling-out" powers are so wonderful, must have stuffed their ears with cotton-wool if they avoided hearing of them; and finally, as we said before, we have very good reason to believe that members of the police force actually purchase shares on these consultations, which are, we need hardly say, in distinct defiance of the Gaming and Lotteries Act. Here, we think, is a public scandal. One man, a stranger, is very severely punished for a very slight breach of the Act, whilst other men, residents, are allowed to almost openly break the law and not one word is said, no action is taken against them. How much did the police get? That is what FAIR PLAY wants to know. It also wants to know what action the Government are going to take in the matter. We distinctly and plainly charge the police with wilfully neglecting their duty; and we assert that it is entirely opposed to the spirit of British fair play to "jump" after one man for a very paltry offence and let others go free and unscathed who commit the most flagrant violations of the same law. We have said enough to day on this subject to give the public—and the police—and we trust also, the Government—something to talk about. We may return to the subject next week.

F. W. Cottrell and Co., general carriers and forwarding agents. Customhouse work of all kinds promptly and carefully attended to. We not only clear goods, but land them at customers' doors. Good storage accommodation. Furniture carefully removed.—ADVT.

Bicycles.—Mr. S. E. Wright has been appointed agent for the Star Cycles by the makers, Adams, Curties and Co., and will be pleased to see all cyclists and intending riders at his office, Mutual Life Building, Brandon Street.—ADVT.



The Brough and Boucicault season concluded at the Opera House on Tuesday night, with "Caste." Saturday night "Diplomacy" was staged and on Monday there was a revival of "Niobe." We thank the company for a very enjoyable season, taking it all through, but the good average that they had maintained up to the end of last week was very considerably lowered by the performance of "Diplomacy" and "Caste." The first piece put on by the Company (The Village Priest) was an excellent exhibition of the ability of the Company to interpret really high-class drama, and the quick change to "Niobe," a classical parody, gave evidence of their marvellous versatility. "The Idler" an entirely different type of production showed the Company in another phase and each succeeding piece seemed to lend an added lustre to their popularity, until "Diplomacy" and "Caste" were put on and then we were constrained to admit that they were not as perfect as in our heart of hearts we had imagined them to be. We were a little bit shaken and began to feel a critical spirit move in our bosom when Titherage attempted to play the Dean in Dandy Dick, but it subsided when we reflected on the marvellously clever performance of Mrs Brough, but when "Diplomacy" came on, the still small voice of regretful disapproval would be quieted no longer and we were obliged to admit that the performance was distinctly bad. Mr. Brough's Count Orloff was entirely different from any Orloff we have ever seen, and Mr. Ward's young attaché to the Embassy gave one the impression that he would have been more successful in the character of "Claude Melnotte" played in a booth at a country fair. Mr. Titherage too seemed cast wrong some how or other and in the great scene with the Countess Zicka, when her treachery is discovered, distinctly failed to come up to expectations. Miss Romer's Marquise was the one redeeming feature of the production and he. "Oh! Don Alva" never failed to evoke a round of applause or a burst of merriment. Of course the role of Zicka is not a particularly prominent one, but it affords opportunities for clever acting which we regret to say Mrs. Brough did not take full advantage of. Her final exit is a splendid one, when crushed by defeat and tricked into admitting her guilt she goes of heart-sick and humiliated. We recognised this not so much, through Mrs. Brough's acting as by the cleverness of the playwright. The piece was of course well staged and splendidly dressed, but judging the company by its own standard it was not equally well interpreted.

The revival of "Niobe" on Monday night was welcomed by Wellington theatre-goers, and was greeted with a crowded house. It is a great pity that the produc-

tion of this piece could not have closed the season, for the contrast between "Niobe" and "Caste" was as distinct as that between black and white. Mr. Brough's acting in "Niobe" is that of a polished comedian, nothing could be improved upon, and, in our opinion, next to his "Lord Chancellor," it is his best impersonation. Mrs. Brough also leaves nothing to be desired, and the average man in the audience feels disposed to offer Boucicault fabulous millions for his purchase when as "Tomkins" he comes to reclaim the statue.

"Caste" was very evidently put on because it required but few appointments to mount it, and most of the scenery had been taken on board ship preparatory to sailing on the next day. In putting on a "stop-gap" piece to finish a season with it is not always wise to choose a production so well known as "Caste," and especially so if the company is not fully equal to interpreting it in its best style. "Caste" as given by the Brough-Boucicault Company on Tuesday night was far and away behind the rest of their performances and left a bad impression in the minds of many who had previously thought the company perfect in every detail. Clever actor as Mr. Boucicault is, he cannot play "Eccles," his versatility is far reaching but it certainly does not include this character. His "business" was either slurred or forced, and in the scene when he hunts for tobacco to fill his pipe he was decidedly "off." George Anson's performance set the standard for this character throughout the Colonies. It has never as yet been surpassed, and Mr. Boucicault's characterisation lags painfully behind it. Miss Emma Temple's "Polly Eccles" was also, comparatively speaking, a poor performance. This young lady may in time become a clever actress, but she is at present the weakest feature in the company, and it was certainly ill-advised to entrust her with so important a role. Mr. Titherage made only a fair "Captain Hawtrey," although at times his acting was excellent. Mr. and Mrs. Brough as "Sam Gerridge and Esther" respectively, were the best features in the production, and carried the applause and sympathy of the audience from start to finish. We regret the termination of the Brough and Boucicault season, but regret more the fact that they should have finished with "Caste."

The Payne Family have been doing very good business at the Criterion Theatre during the week. We have expressed our opinion of this clever troupe in previous issues and can only add that if anything they seem to have improved since their previous visit to Wellington.

Frank Clark's Alhambra Variety Company under the management of Messrs Allan Hamilton and Joe St. Clair, will open at the Opera House on Monday evening next. The Company includes a number of well-known variety artists and also a carefully selected corps of dancers. The troupe comprises altogether some forty-two or three members and as

every thing that Mr. St. Clair has as yet piloted through New Zealand has been acceptable to the public we may expect a treat on Monday evening.

The recent decision of the Resident Magistrate in the action brought against Gunn, for an infringement of the "Lotteries Act," seems to us to have been unnecessarily severe. It was stretching the law a point to bring him under its provisions as the prizes he gave were really only part of a gigantic system of advertising the medicine he vends. Immediately on receiving notice from the police he closed up his show, and expressed himself as willing to conform with the law in every particular, notwithstanding that he was cited before the Court and fined £25 for doing in a small way what almost every Church bazaar does on a larger scale.

Rumoured that Lawrence Cautley intends revisiting the colonies.

R. S. Smythe, the "much-travelled," who has been seriously ill in London, has so far recovered as to be able to see his friends.

Bland Holt seems to have met with a "frost" in Tasmania, and is leaving that little island, with considerably less money than when he entered it.

Signora Majeroni expects to shortly open a Theatre in Melbourne. We hope that if this talented lady decides to go on tour she will visit New Zealand as many of her old friends and admirers would be pleased to see her again.

Fillis' circus has had a very good season at Auckland. The company proceeds to New South Wales, and after visiting the country towns will go to Queensland.

Another novelty entitled the "Garden of Eden" which had a very successful run in Australia is to be produced at the Criterion Theatre on Saturday next. The entertainment is both interesting and puzzling, and is well worthy of the patronage in New Zealand that it was accorded on the other side.

On Thursday afternoon Captain Jennings, of the Gothic, held an "At Home" on board his vessel. In the neighbourhood of one thousand invitations were sent out, and judging from the crowd present everyone who received a card smuggled a friend in with him. The boat fairly swarmed with visitors, and when the gong announced that refreshments were available the crowd rushed the tables as though they hadn't had anything to eat for a month and their eternal salvation depended on stowing away as much tucker as possible in the shortest space of time. They descended on the tables like a horde of locusts, and those who were unable to fight their way into the saloon invaded the officers cabins and clamoured for food. It has always been said that it is pretty hard to beat a Wellington crowd for voraciousness when invited to a free feed, but the citizens of the Empire City fairly outdid themselves on Thursday last. The Gothic was to have sailed this Saturday, but we understand that she has been obliged to lay over another day to take in provisions.

Our Electric Plant.

As we explained in a previous issue FAIR PLAY has been the first journal in the Southern Hemisphere to print a paper by means of electric power, and Messrs McKee and Gamble are one of the first firm south of the equator to use electricity as a motive power. Its introduction as a substitute for gas or steam marks an epoch in the colonies in mechanical engineering work, and opens up a field of future possibilities that is limitless. The pioneers of a movement like this are certainly worthy of the encouragement such an innovation deserves, and it is to be hoped that our example will be followed by other offices in the near future. The electric motor in FAIR PLAY office is driven by electricity supplied by the New Zealand Electrical Syndicate, and when

merest novice. The dynamo or motor itself is a small compact affair, taking up very little room, and unostentatiously doing the work that a large gas or



THE SWITCH-BOARD.

steam engine would otherwise be required for. It is an alternating current two-horse power motor and in addition to the large Wharfedale machine runs several presses, a dynamo for depositing copper or silver, and a guillotine. The power from the head office is turned on at 10 o'clock in the morning and is available from that time until between one and two o'clock on the following morning. Arrangements are being made and the lines are already laid to light the premises of FAIR PLAY throughout with electricity, as one of the principal advantages of electricity as a motive power is that in addition to its utility for actual work, it can be used for the purpose of furnishing light for the establishment. FAIR PLAY is the first paper in the Southern Hemisphere that has recognised this fact and given a practical demonstration of its recognition. We invite inspection from any who are interested in the progress electricity is making as a motive power and who think as we do that it will eventually take the place of steam or gas in almost every industry whether manufacturing or otherwise.



THE MOTOR.

the power is on can be handled by a boy with perfect ease and safety. By means of a system of shafting the speed is regulated so that the machine on which the paper is printed can run off from twelve to sixteen hundred copies an hour. All dirt, unnecessary noise, &c., is done away with, and everything goes like clock work. The beauty of the contrivance lies in its perfect evenness, the small space necessary for it, and the amount of power available. All the machinist has to do is to step to the switch board, touch a small lever, and everything is at once in motion. We publish in this issue two illustrations, one of the motor and the other of the switch board. The latter is connection by wires with the motor and the head station of the New Zealand Electrical Company. It is furnished with a gauge similar to a steam gauge which records the amount of electricity used, and the amount of power available at the time, the levers are for turning the current on or off and after instructions have been given, it can be worked by the

Appropos of the change of management of the Evening Press, it seems a peculiar coincidence that immediately upon a rumour gaining credence that Mr. Bell had signified his intention of withdrawing from the proprietary of that journal it should be snapped up by the Prohibition Party. One would have thought that Mr. Bell would have remained as one of the proprietors in conjunction with his temperance friends, and it would seem that although theoretically an expounder of Prohibition and willing to make use of the fad for political purposes, when it comes to living up to its tenets or engaging in practical business with its exponents Mr. Bell prefers to draw out. Who is going to edit the revived rag is not known at present, but we have been given to understand that a cast iron set of rules has already been framed and will be hung up in all the offices. One of them reads as follows:—"Any member of the staff who is seen either going in or coming out of a public house will consider an intimation from the management of his act being known equivalent to a dismissal without notice." We have also been informed that the name of the paper is to be changed and that it will be known hereafter as the Evening Teapot. A picture of Sir Robert Stout will be placed in every room in the building, and each member of the staff will be obliged to pledge himself to drink nothing stronger than soda water, unless medically advised, and then the editor will require a certificate signed by some well-known physician for the purpose of filing.

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Sairey Snodgins Discourses on the Fish Question, etc.



You will 'ave to egscuse me not ritin' you a very long letter this week, Mr. Heditor, as 'aven't quite got over the effects of the verdict in "the libel case," *Bell v. FAIR PLAY*. I didn't think as anyone could make such a hass of theresels as to take scerius offense at such a little thing as bein' told as they was *egshilarated*. Well, as I sayed afore, Mr. Heditor, the verdict astounded an' hupset me, an' I could do nothink but think an' tork about it all last week. This led to convershuns with many people, all with vared opinyuns, among wich was a butcher, as had a sweethart, who's uncle happened to be one of the jurymen in the libel case, an' he told me (this is strickly confidensial, Mr. Heditor) as his cousin said as how they, the jury, enquired of the judge what was the lowest damages as would carry costs, so they mite make the damages *too little* to carry costs, an' that they was *done brown* when they heard the judge give the verdict for the plaintiff with costs. 'An so was everyone else done brown, at least everyone as looked at the case in a unprejudiced spirit—egcept the local press, the high an' mitey, *face-d-eim*, out-spoken, huprite, above-board, non-toe-kissin' press, an' since these infallible horgans 'ave been justly chusstised, well you must bow your head in meek submishun. But I do hope, Mr. Heditor, as it won't in ke any difference to my screw. If it does I shall 'ave to go to Mr. Bell or Judge Richmond for the lone of £5 as I am in want of a new dress (black) an' I know as my credit is good for anythink since I became a member of the staff of *FAIR PLAY*. But enuff of Bell v. *FAIR PLAY*. I hopes as he *will* be "fair play" hence-fourth an' forever. Bah! the names ring in my ear-drams, an' tingle, tingle, till I become substracted an' egskane in deer Will Shakespear's (a friend of mine, Mr. Heditor) own words "Begone! get thee to a nun-brewery."

An' now, Mr. Heditor, I must tell you a word or two about a visit I had from Mr. De Brown, husbing of the lady as honered me with her presence at my "At Home" last week. His visit was unexpected, an' was quite took by surprise-like, when Snodgins came home the othor evenin' an' says, "Sairey, my deer," he says, "I 'ave brought Mr. De Brown, as is anxious to make your acquantance," he says, "and then turnin' to Mr. De Brown," he says:

"Mr. De Brown, my wife—Sairey, Mr. De Brown."

"How d'ye do, my deer Mrs. Snodgins? I am truly delited to make your

acquantance, speshully since my wife pade her last visit. She is brimmin' over with prase for you," he says.

"I am ekally pleased to meet you, Mr. De Brown," I says.

An' then we had tea, Mr. De Brown makin' himself very agreeable. After tea Mr. De Brown turned to me, an says, "I heer, Mrs Snodgins, as you are interested very much in our city, an spesully in the bewtifyin' of it," he says.

"Yes, I am," I says, "as 'ave a eye for the bewtiful," I says, "as was 'avin' a convershun on the same subject, with your wife," I says.

"Oh yes, Mrs Snodgins," he says, "that is were I got my infermashun," he says, "an' I must say as I agree with you in most of your ideas," he says, "but why do you think it nessesary to 'ave a fish market," he says?

"Why to take the bisness out of the hands of the few, an' plase it in the hands of the many," I says.

"Why are a mere handful of engaged in this industry, an' these cheefly forriners—Italians, I think, an' who, I 'ave been told, make it hot an' hup hill work for a Uropean if he dares to go on there rounds. While all this is a fact," I says, "an' is the present state of things," I says, "with a fish market things mite be absolutely different. Of course, the Corporashun would bild the market, wich could be part open an' dart closed for wet wether; the expenses of bildin' would be pade back by the stallholders in rent for stalls. Then a fresh fish company should be formed, who would engage a grate many more men than is engaged at present to do the fishin'. This fish should be brought to the wholesale part of the market 'an sold to the shopkeepers, stall-holders, vendors, etc."

"But, my deer lady, there would not be the demand for fish to meet the reply," says Mr. De Brown."

"Oh, yes I think there would in a very short time," I says. "How can people eat fish when it is out of reach by its high price?" I says.

"But it is not so very egspensive," he says.

"I think it very egspensive, as 'ave been used to gettin' bewtiful Scotch eod at 1d. a pownd I says," "and so the poor people here find as they can't afford to give 6d. for fish as would only do one person's meal, when they can get meet enuff to do three persons, an' its my beleef as this is the reason Colonians is so fond of meet, wich is a bad thing for them, when they 'ave too much of it. Introdoocemore fish, an' I beleefe the moral tone of the colony would be much higher. In the old country the poor people do not get enuff meet, hundreds of famiullys only 'avin' meet on Sunday, still I don't think as they is much worse, egcept the men who does a deel of manual labour—these should 'ave meet, but Colonians generally, 'an the children as well, eat too much meet."

"An' you think a fish market would remedy these ills, Mrs. Snodgins?"

"Yes I do, but if you is afraid of the

egspense of bildin' the market, form the company, increase the supply, lessen the price, an the demand will be there all rite. An besides it will be a good thing to ederate the peeples taste in this direcshun. It seems to me to be a scornin' of natur's bounty for the fish to be a swimmin' round these coasts waitin' to be eort, an no one to catch em," I says.

"There is one thing as I shall try to do while I am in the council, Mrs. Snodgins."

"What is that?" I says. "Introdoocemore lady members," he says, "as we want some henthewasstick, henergetic ladies like you to wake them hup a bit."

"All in good time, Mr. De Brown," I says, "an' in the meentime if you go an' do your little best towards these reforms we 'ave conversed about, I shall think our time 'as not been wasted."

Mr. De Brown then took out his watch an seein' it was gettin' late bade us Good bye.

Yours, Fish-markety,

Sairey Snodgins

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F. ASHBOLT.

The subject of our sketch is one of the comparatively few locally-produced cricketers who have come prominently to the front in recent years. At the age of fourteen he became a member of the Wellington Cricket Club, and in his first season rose to senior rank, and was moreover selected to proceed to Auckland as a "rep.," but was ultimately unable to get away. His most noteworthy feats with the ball have been—4 wickets for 11 runs against Rival 1st; 8 wickets for 14, Wellington 2nd against St. Patrick's College; 4 wickets in succession, Wellington 2nd against Phoenix 2nd; and also 4 wickets in succession, Wellington Cricket Club v. Otaki. His first appearance in the arena of Interprovincial matches was during the present season, when, against Auckland, he made a promising debut, capturing 4 wickets for 48 and 2 for 34. His splendid performance against the New South Wales team is fresh in the memory of our readers, and well merited the laudatory remarks made by such a keen judge as their skipper, Mr. Davis. Mr. Ashbolt bowls with a high action, and has a capital leg break. Like all such leg break bowlers his pitch is at times erratic, and tends to a costly superabundance of full pitches. His success is mainly owing to his judicious variation of pace, in which respect he could with advantage be imitated. As a batsman he has so far had the minimum of opportunity, but has unmistakeably shown the possession of great patience and defence. In the last match with the Rivals he made 17 and 18, not out. We wish this young player every success, and are inclined to believe that our wish will be gratified.

CRICKET.

Saturday's play effectually extinguished the Phoenix and gave additional lustre to the Rivals. We understand that another round has been decided on with the proviso that on non-completion the present position of affairs will not be affected. As the chances, weather and otherwise, disfavor completion it appears as though the Midlands are to be the recipients of congratulations. The Star of Benbow shone out brightly through the general gloom that enshrouded the Phoenix. His performance was indeed exceptional. To bowl eighteen maidens in thirty-four overs is in itself a feat, and when to this is joined 8 wickets for thirty-four runs, it is plainly understood that to criticise the performance is to encroach considerably upon one's vocabulary of praise. About this time also Upham and Fitz. must not be forgotten. It is devoutly to be hoped that the former will continue to display a dash of batting vigor, as at present our bowlers are "specialists."

Haldane distinctly justified promotion into the senior ranks.

We are constrained to remind the crack Rival batsman that it would conduce to greater harmony amongst his confreres if he indulged in less cavilling at the decisions of the umpires. It is not a very edifying spectacle to see a fieldsman attempting to coerce or dictate to a gentleman assuming the position of umpire. We trust these remarks will be received in the spirit they're given, and that they will have the effect the gravity of the matter demands.

We note with pleasure the growing popularity of the Sunday walks to Cracker

Bay. Wellington is fortunate in having such an easily accessible retreat for athletic strollers. The members of the parties do not as a rule perhaps number many of those whose names are familiar as "household words" or Temperance lecturers, but appear to be composed of the ardent spirits who follow the game to extract as much enjoyment out of it as possible. On such weekly occasions Midlanders, Rivals, and nondescripts fraternise, swallow tea and ozone and bathe in the briny; and on special occasions, for instance, admire, in addition to the scenery and sandflies, the unique texture or want of texture of the genial Mac's pants, or "any other little thing like that." Finally we commend this locality to entertainment committees who are at a loss to know what to do with visiting teams.

The New South Welshmen found the Otagoans stronger than they expected. Their display does not augur well for anything approaching a close contest against the New Zealand team. Otago has been harshly treated by Mr. Olliver. There was surely no reason for his precipitancy in selecting a man to take the place of Downes before the Otago game was determined. Moreover the man he did select, Palmer, is relatively of small moment when such men as Cross and Kallender are amongst the eligibles. Of course we agree with Mr. Olliver that under no consideration could he include Clarke, the quondam Sydney player, if the New Zealand character of the team is to be preserved, "not even," in his own words, "if he were a Grace." It is to be regretted that so much sarcastic and acrimonious correspondence has been caused through Mr. Olliver's selection. We sincerely trust that the result of the game will be the medium of burying its sting.

Of the batsmen met in New Zealand, the Sydney men are most impressed with the form in the rough shown by Kallender. "Why," says Mr. Davis, "if Kallender were on the other side and received judicious coaching I believe he would turn out to be one of the very best batsmen that ever stepped on a cricket field."

The cricket match between the New South Wales team and one chosen from the North Island will be played on the Basin Reserve on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday next. The visiting team will arrive by the Penguin from the South on Sunday. No doubt the match will prove a very interesting one.

ATHLETIC.

The following are the entries received for the Championship Meeting to be held at Dunedin on Saturday, 17th instant, viz:—

100yds Flat.—H. M. Reeves, L. Broad, E. A. Robinson, Canterbury; J. H. Hempton, P. J. Nathan, Wellington; S. Crawshaw, Dunedin; and G. Strachan, South Canterbury.

250yds Flat.—F. E. N. Gaudin, Auckland; J. H. Hempton, P. J. Nathan,

Wellington; D. Duncan, G. McMillan, S. Crawshaw, Dunedin; L. Broad, H. M. Reeves, E. A. Robinson, Canterbury; and G. Strachan, South Canterbury.

440yds Flat.—A. M. Stuart, N. L. Gurr, Wellington; W. A. Low, G. McMillan, Dunedin; G. Strachan, South Canterbury; H. M. Reeves, J. Fitzpatrick, Canterbury; and T. Roberts, Auckland.

880yds Flat.—A. M. Stuart, N. L. Gurr, Wellington; W. A. Low, Dunedin; G. Strachan, South Canterbury; and J. Fitzpatrick, Canterbury.

One Mile Flat.—C. D. Morpeth, Wellington; J. S. Bain, J. W. Haynes, G. Turton, Dunedin; J. Whelan, South Canterbury; and E. A. Leversedge, Canterbury.

Three-Mile Flat.—C. D. Morpeth, Wellington; W. F. Bennett, J. S. Bain, J. W. Haynes, Dunedin; J. Whelan, South Canterbury; and E. A. Leversedge, Canterbury.

One-Mile Walk.—F. E. White, Creamer, Auckland; A. Bain, junr., A. Findlay, G. Galloway, Dunedin; G. W. C. Smithson and H. Toshach, Canterbury.

Three-Mile Walk.—F. E. White, Creamer, Auckland; A. Bain, junr., A. Findlay, G. Galloway, Dunedin; G. W. C. Smithson, H. Toshach, Canterbury.

120yds. Hurdle Race.—John Moir, Canterbury; T. Roberts, Auckland; H. W. Batger, H. S. Bailey, Wellington.

440yds. Hurdle Race.—H. W. Batger, Wellington; J. T. Prain, Dunedin; T. Roberts, Auckland.

Long Jump.—F. E. N. Gaudin, T. F. Uphill, Auckland; H. W. Batger, Wellington; W. Mendelsuh, South Canterbury.

High Jump.—John Moir, Canterbury; H. L. Kingsley, H. S. Bailey, Wellington; T. F. Uphill, Auckland; W. Mendelsohn, South Canterbury.

Pole Jump.—H. L. Kingsley, Wellington; J. T. Prain, H. Smeaton, Dunedin; T. F. Uphill, Auckland.

Putting the Weight.—J. F. Wachsmann, Canterbury; O. McCormack, Wellington; R. Martin, P. Doull, J. Edwards, Dunedin; T. F. Uphill, Auckland.

Throwing the Hammer.—J. F. Wachsmann, Canterbury; O. McCormack, Wellington; R. Martin, P. Doull, J. Edwards, Dunedin.

Stuart, the Wellington representative is, unfortunately, unable to get leave of absence to attend the meeting, and O. McCormack, the weight putter and hammer throwing representative, has met with an accident which may prevent his competing. The result of the Championships, we anticipate, will be:—100 Yards (flat), J. H. Hempton; 250 Yards (flat), H. M. Reeves; 440 Yards (flat), H. M. Reeves; 880 Yards (flat), N. L. Gurr; 1 Mile (flat), C. D. Morpeth; 2 Mile (flat), C. D. Morpeth; 1 Mile Walk, G. Galloway; 3 Mile Walk, G. Galloway; 120 Yards Hurdles, H. W. Batger; 440 Yards Hurdles, H. W. Batger; Long Jump, H. W. Batger; High Jump, H. S. Bailey; Pole Jump, H. L. Kingsley; Putting the Weight, O. McCormack; Throwing the Hammer, O. McCormack.

AQUATIC.

In the Star Boating Club's Junior Sculls, J. C. Lewis easily defeated R. J. Page by two lengths, T. R. Herd very easily defeated G. C. Hickson by some twenty lengths or so.

A special meeting of the Wanganui Regatta Association was held on the 30th ult., when it was decided to hold the annual regatta on Thursday, March 15th.

The final selection of crews to represent the Blenheim Rowing Club at the Championship regatta are as follows:—Senior and Maiden Outriggers, J. H. Smith (stroke), C. L. Rogers, O. McCormack, F. Hale; Junior Outrigger, H. Bennett (stroke), C. Cribb, W. Draper, H. Mills; Senior Outrigger, G. Seyinour (stroke), F. Seymour, H. Seymour, F. Shaw; Champion Sculls, C. D. Rogers.

The S.B.C. maiden crew for the Christchurch Regatta is K. D. Duncan (stroke), G. C. Fache (3), H. Shearman (2), T. R. Herd (bow).

In the final heat of the Wellington Rowing Club's Junior Pairs, F. Ross (bow), A. McLaren (stroke), and F. Usnar (cox) defeated A. Mallet (bow), E. Nicholson (stroke), and D. Plunkett (cox) by over a length. The winners showed by far the best form and finished much stronger than their opponents. Mr. P. Grahame acted as starter, and Mr. J. W. Nicholson as judge.

In the W.R. Club Pairs, F. Ross (bow), J. S. Swan (2), W. H. Jackson (3), C. Hooke (stroke), and D. Plunkett (cox) defeated B. J. Finucane (bow), E. Nicholson (2), D. McRay (3), A. Seargeant (stroke), and F. Usnar (cox), after a good race by a few feet. Seargeant got away with a slight lead and maintained it for over half the course when Hooke caught him and won by a few feet. No. 3 of the losing crew had an accident to his stretcher otherwise the result might have been reversed. Mr. J. McKee acted as starter, and Mr. A. S. Paterson (captain) as judge.

Grahame is doing good work in his sculling boat and from present appearances will certainly beat Hume, our other local sculling representative, whose racing boat appears too small for him, having been built for a much lighter man.

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Lancet, London, July 2nd, 1892.—A sound, honest Brandy, which on analysis and examination show to be of a fragrance purity, and quality, second to none.

London Times, May 17, 1892.—Pronounced by experts to be palatable, of high quality, and to possess all the genuine characteristics of Fine Cognac.

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LADIES and GENTLEMEN waited on by MRS. IRVINE, 122 Taranaki street, Wellington.

Her Way.

"Miss Skivvens thought she was having fun with me," said Willie Washington complacently, "but she wasn't."

"What's the matter?"
"She said my comment was as penetrating as an augur and thought I would be complimented."

"Yes?"
"But I wasn't. What she meant was that she found me a bore."

Dense Ignorance.

The school trustee of District No. 13, Cornstalk township, closed the door on the young woman's retreating form, walked back to the stove and spat in the coal bucket.

"That makes three gals that's wanted to teach the school," he soliloquized regretfully, "that I've had to refuse becuz they didn't seem to understand none of the principles of grammar."

Accommodating.



Miss Carhart—Our acquaintance has been so short that I feel I ought to know more about you before I can consent to become your wife.

Pelham Parker (stiffly)—Very well. I can refer you to any of the girls I have been engaged to.

A Correction.

"You are the only girl in all the wide world that I have ever loved," he said to the Boston maiden.

"I am delighted to hear you say so," she answered, "but I think you are hardly correct in saying the wide world. Round world would be better. The world is round, slightly flattened at the poles."

The One Exception.

Herald—No two people ever see a thing exactly alike.

Thinkit—Don't they though?
Herdit—No, sir.
Thinkit—Well, did you ever see two men simultaneously reach for a 50-cent piece on the sidewalk?



HIS DREAMS.

The boss claims that, unaided by scientific research, he is perfectly capable of drawing a life-like picture of the presumably extinct moa. He states that every night at twelve o'clock since the decision of Judge Richmond, this interesting bird has perched upon his chest, and



waved in front of his agonised sight a long bill of costs labelled Bell v. FAIR PLAY. We may remark, parenthetically, that the boss has not been well lately, and that the doctor has ordered stimulants.

A clear prophecy of railways is given in Nahum ii—4. :—"The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall jostle one against the other in the broad ways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like lightnings."

Smith: "I hear your friend Robinson has joined the Good Templars. How is he getting on?" Brown: "Oh, I can assure you he is quite intoxicated—." Smith: "Oh, dear, oh dear! I am sorry to hear that—." Brown: "Yes, quite intoxicated with his own sobriety."

Mr. Jones (to his next door neighbour): "Good morning, Mrs. Moriarty: I hear your husband has gone away this morning as a delegate to the Temperance Convention." Mrs. Moriarty (interrupting): "Delicat, did you say, Mister Jones? Begorra, if ye had seen the big plateful av ham and eggs he scoffed fur breakfast before he wint, the divil a bit delicat wud ye's think him."

Typhoid is pretty bad at Onehunga. The old hands of the Borough Council say its a judgment on the ratepayers for having elected a lady Mayor.

"Mr. Bell has joined the Hunt Club." Now we see infinite possibilities in this simple statement and as we have a number of friends members of that institution we feel it our duty as a guardian of public interests to warn the members of that Society to adopt a system of reserve in his presence or that of his friends unless they are prepared to meet the possibility of annoying and expensive litigation. Mr. Bell, for all we know, may be a perfect centaur, or he may be a man who would ride clean on to the hounds; he may be an enthusiast who would take a hedge with water on the other side, or—and it is just as possible—he might trot half a mile to find a gate or a fordable spot. We have never seen Mr. Bell ride and consequently we are not a competent critic, still we are assured that whether he is a rider or not, whether he knows the difference between a horses' withers and his off fore frog or whether he could tell a good hunter sound in wind and limb from a spavin-jointed, knock-kneed, broken-winded hack, there is not the slightest possible doubt that he will think himself "well up" on the whole matter, and the man who comments adversely on his riding or his judgment, will do well to have a long purse and a clever barrister at his command, as he may have to come before one of the Supreme Court Judges and satisfactorily prove that Mr. Bell faked a fence, or waded a brook, and above all things it will be wise not to excuse any of his mistakes by attributing his actions to undue "exhilaration;" that would be particularly dangerous. It is best to remember that anything Mr. Bell does or says is well and wisely done or said—it is a trait that runs in the Bell family. It will always be better to take Mr. Bell's own estimate of himself as the correct one, therefore we have improvised a little chant for the benefit of his acquaintances. Read, learn, and inwardly digest, then cut it out and past it in your hat.

(To be sung with a staccato movement.)

I'm an orator, a rider, and a lawyer,

And everything I do, I do it well,

If I wanted to, I'd make a perfect sawyer

Although I am a howling toffy swell.

I've family and elegance and "boodle,"

And do just what I always want to do;

The man who fights me must be quite a noodle,

To buck against an autocratic Jew.

In Wellington I'm the toad in the puddle,

At opposition I can twirl my thumbs;

And even if I make a beastly muddle,

There's always for my toadies lots of crumbs.

But look out how you criticise my action,

My money bags and interests give me

power,

The papers daren't refuse me satisfaction

And my juries will convict in half an hour.

Chorus.

So in Wellington I'm pretty near a king;

I can trample on the rights of honest men,

At justice I can laugh and have my fling,

If it doesn't suit you, simply "git out" then.

A rather an using incident occurred just outside the Club hotel on Sunday evening about half-past six o'clock, which goes far to prove that whatever King Dick goes in for he does thoroughly, and also evolved the fact that His Majesty has latent sporting instincts, which when once aroused lead him to extremes that make him forget everything but the fun on hand. At the time mentioned Seddon and a political friend were leisurely walking down the Quay, when suddenly three rats ran across the pathway. Up went Dick's umbrella as its owner dashed after the quarry, and after a few seconds rodent number one was dead; a like fate overtook number two in the middle of the roadway; and number three rushed into the hotel pursued by the excited sportsman, who was heartily cheered by the crowd that had gathered. What its ultimate fate was we are unable to chronicle. Whether the Premier's action was guided entirely by a love of sport, or whether it was intended to inculcate some great political lesson, we are at a loss to say; however it is a well-known fact that Seddon has a "down" on political "rats" and on "ratting" in general, and it is just possible that he wished to treat the public to an allegorical expression of his opinions and that the rats had been held in leash and freed on his approach. The last rat perhaps was a trained one and rushed into the hotel so as to afford the Premier an artistic exit. The action that we have recorded only goes further to prove that it is quite possible for a man to be "exhilarated" by other than a surfeit of alcoholic liquors or even a single whiskey and soda. We hope the usual "blank" state of mind didn't follow.

Constable McCormack will compete in the sports at Dunedin. He has been suffering for the last few days with a sprained wrist and swollen hand caused by a bad fall, but he hopes to be all right when called on to sling the hammer for the honour of Wellington.

The Licensed Victualler's Gazette stigmatises the verdict of the jury in the Bell v. FAIR PLAY case as "wrongheaded, perverse, and a disgrace to the colony," and continues that it will remain "as a notable instance of the stupidity of the average jury." Thanks, "them's our sentiments."

Mr. James Lawson, the well known furniture manufacturer and importer, of Sydney, left by the Tasmania for Australia on Saturday evening. Mr. Lawson has been travelling through New Zealand partly on pleasure and partly on business. He states as a result of his trip his opinion is that although New Zealand may be on a sounder financial basis than New South Wales, and perhaps, comparatively speaking, enjoying better times, still trade here is partially paralysed, capitalists hesitate to invest, and such transactions as are carried on are so petty that they are just sufficiently large enough to keep trade alive. He deprecates the conservatism of commerce, and is of opinion that a little more healthy commercial speculation would liven things up.



THE SUB-EDITOR.

We spoke in the last issue of the absent-mindedness of the sub-editor, and expressed a hope that it was only temporary. Alas, the shock of an adverse decision in the case of Bell v. FAIR PLAY has preyed upon his mind to that extent that he has become a physical and moral wreck. With a vain hope of recovery he turned to alcoholic stimulants, and on Monday morning when he arrived at the office his head appeared as above. He is now under treatment.

The Galley Whiskey which has been introduced into New Zealand by means of Messrs Philips and Pyke is rapidly finding favour with consumers of whiskey here. The liquor had a great run in Australia, especially in Victoria and New South Wales. If one calls for Galley Whiskey and really gets it, he can be assured of good spirits, the great difficulty is that so many of the local publicans fill bottles which have contained this and other brands with draught whiskey and sell it over the counter as the genuine stuff.

It wasn't before Martin! "You're a nuisance sir, said the irritable magistrate to the cheeky witness, and if you don't take care I'll commit you!" "Hardly consistent with the decorum of this honourable court, your Worship, to commit a nuisance here," suggested the cheeky witness. "Silence in the Court," shouted the crier, and there fell upon the plate a silence you could have cut with a knife.

Freddy Weston, the genial sub of the *Post*, has gone away to Auckland where he is to wed a sister of Mr. Geddes, of the *Observer*. We wish the pair all future happiness. Holidays are not frequent with pressmen. The average newspaper man only gets one when he marries or is buried.

There was a lovely sight the other day at a certain big building in Wellington where the *creme de la creme* love to congregate and talk about these blasted Radical papers don't-cher-know." One of the company had dined "not wisely but too well," and it was an "exhilarating" sight to witness his attempts to open a grape with the nut crackers! He ought to change his tippie from whiskey and soda to tea!

Those two whiskies and soda which Mr. Bell admitted in his evidence to taking daily, seems to have had an effect on the sub-editor, who, under the influence of a purely Barmecides "exhilaration," when asked for copy responded with the following:—

"I COULD DO WITH A BIT."

(To be sung with dreamy softness.)

I was sitting in the office, with a forty horse-power thirst,

For the weather I may tell you was about as hot as —

And although I tried to work, my aching head seemed like to burst,

And I couldn't help but think of those two daily drinks of Bell.

Spoken.—The gurgle of the whisky, the fizz of the soda, the "Here's Luck!" of the Oracle of Wellington, all rose before me and unconsciously I hummed.—

I could do, could do, could do, could do, could do with a bit,

I could do, could do, could do, could do, could do with a bit,

The dream appeared so nice, that I thought once or twice,

I could do with a little very well.

Rudyard Kipling, we read in a Home paper, is enlarging the house he has built for himself in the States. Well, it's only a case of "that another Storey!"

We are in a position to state that the rumoured transfer of Inspector Pender to another station is without foundation. One of our representatives called on the Inspector and he denied any knowledge of the supposed transfer. He furthermore empowered our representative to state that had such a change been contemplated he would probably have heard of it and he thought it more than improbable.

In reviewing the American racing season of 1893, a writer in the columns of *Baily's Magazine* pays the following high tribute to the son of the expatriated Sir Modred:—"The last horse worthy of special notice is, perhaps, the most remarkable one in the country; I allude to Dr. Hasbrouck, by Sir Modred from Sweetbriar. In this five-year-old we have a truly wonderful sprinter. At five and six furlongs he seems capable of winning under any weight, and has run five furlongs in 57 secs., and six furlongs in 1 min. 12 secs. He has also won races at a mile, but he excels on a shorter course, and I feel very confident that in the Wokingham at Ascot or the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood it would puzzle the best sprinter in England to give him weight."

On November 27th, S. Emmett and W. Haines had a race over the championship course from Putney to Mortlake for £50 a side. Emmett, who hails from Wandsworth, has taken part in many contests—as also has Haines, who comes from Old Windsor, and is better known as the ex-champion professional punter than as a sculler. Neither are more than second-class, and do not appear likely to improve. The race in question was a very

stubborn one to Hammersmith, first one and then the other leading. Off the Soap Works, owing to Haines being out of his water, there was a foul, but Emmett cleared himself and passed under Hammersmith Bridge a length and a half a head, in 8min. 35sec. From there he did as he liked, and won easily by two lengths in the very good time of 23min. 12sec. A strong tide was running up, and the loser started favourite at 18 to 8 on.

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A

Dead Man's Vengeance.

By EDGAR FAWCETT.

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this kind was eagerly and longingly expected. Louis' appearance and deportment were meanwhile dejection itself. He showed no longer a sign of fondness toward Natalie, and Brenda perceived that her sister-in-law labored under visible annoyance or worryment, it was hard to tell precisely which.

"I—I can't believe this," faltered Louis when she had finished. He looked steadily into his sister's face for an instant. "And yet, Brenda, I have always known you to be so truthful!"

"I swear to you," said Brenda, "that I have told you nothing but the absolute truth!"

He caught her hand in his own thin and feverish one. "Oh, forgive me!" came his response. "I have been unjust to you! Perhaps your fears, your doubts were, after all—but no, no!" he suddenly broke off, and then for a moment he covered his face like a man in very great agony. "Ah, my God!" he soon pursued, "if it were possible that she is faithless to me! But, Brenda, not a syllable to her! Promise me this! It may be that she is altogether innocent. And yet she has told me so much—everything, in fact—about her past, and I have never even heard her mention the name of 'Archibald'—yes, I am certain of it. And pray, Brenda, keep silent. Say nothing whatever, leaving all to me, and—and forgiving me, I hope, as I—I do not deserve to be forgiven!"

For answer Brenda impetuously threw both arms around her brother's neck. "Oh, Louis," she cried. "Heaven knows that I've hated to tell you these things! I have no wish to quarrel with your wife. I should so have loved her, Louis, if only—but never mind. You have my promise. And yet if Natalie should attack me I can't be sure just how calmly I shall receive her."

But Natalie made no attack. Whatever soon passed between herself and Louis was spoken behind closed doors.

"She will tell him some falsehood, no doubt," mused Brenda. "and he will believe it and turn once more against me." For two or three days poor Brenda waited some such development, but none came. Louis failed to give her the slightest confidence on the subject of his wife's avowals, though an interview of

Shortly after dinner time one sultry, lifeless evening a servant came to Brenda and told her that Mr. Bond had suddenly been taken very ill. Hurrying to her brother's apartment Brenda found him stretched on a sofa near one of the windows, looking pale as death. His wife sat beside him, chafing one of his hands between her own, and seeming to be overwhelmed by distress.

"It's his heart," she whispered to Brenda. "He has had one or two illnesses like this before. They are usually followed by faintness, just as you see, though this is no more severe than any other that has yet visited him."

"I shall send at once for Dr. Southgate," said Brenda, with decision. She promptly went toward a bell and rang it. Natalie looked at her with an abrupt, challenging stare. "Louis does not need a doctor," she said. "He is better now. Besides," she went on with an obstinacy that bore strange contrast to her former mien of grief, "a rural doctor like that might do him more harm than good. Tomorrow, if he is strong enough, we will go to town and see some physician of authority."

Brenda gave a slight sarcastic smile. "I disagree with you," she said, "and shall send for Dr. Southgate."

Natalie rose haughtily from the chair beside her husband. "You shall not set your will against mine," she said. "You are always delighting in opposite views to my own. Ever since I married Louis you have seen fit to treat me with either concealed or open insult."

Just then Louis opened his dark eyes and Brenda saw, as they fixed themselves on hers, that they burned like diamonds.

"Louis!" she exclaimed, hastening toward him. "do not you sanction my sending for Dr. Southgate?"

"No," he answered. But while Brenda started back in despair at this unwelcome reply he put forth his hand with a slight, unmistakable motion. Brenda at once seized the hand between both her own and sank down at his side.

She perceived the next instant that he was more ill than she had ever seen him. Across Brenda's shoulder he looked at his wife.

"Natalie," he said, in a voice that was husky, and yet contained a ring of command. "I wish to speak a few words with my sister. You yourself can go and tell them that the bell which I heard Brenda ring need not be answered. Do you understand me? I hope that you do."

Those last two brief sentences had not a sign of menace, and yet there was something in their low emphasis that made the color slip from Natalie's cheeks.

"Dear Louis," she broke forth a moment afterward, however in tender, persuasive tones. "you had best not talk with any one this evening! Tomorrow"—

"Do as I desire you," Louis interrupted. His voice was not much above a whisper, but Brenda recoiled from him as she heard it, so unlike his usual self did it seem, so compelling, so commanding, and yet so terribly tranquil.

Natalie went to one of the doors and slowly opened it. She disappeared slowly, too, as if some magnetic form were insisting upon the exit.

Louis' hand trembled a little now in Brenda's hold. But soon it lay there quite still again. He presently spoke, but as if with intentional caution against a possible listener. Brenda, leaning forward so that his breath almost swept her cheeks, was just able to hear each word as it fell from his pale and slightly twitching lips.

"My sister—I have wronged you very much. Yes—I see this—now, when death has laid hold of me and there may be only a few hours left me to live. Brenda—don't start like that—it is nothing, this change we call death. But to die as I am dying is an exquisite comfort. I would not live on, Brenda, for an empire. My part of life is done—utterly done. I have loved that woman, Natalie Leveridge, with an immense passion, an immense constancy. What I forced her to tell me the other evening there is no need of my telling you. You are a mere girl; you could not avenge me. But all has grown clear to me, and I know beyond a doubt that some one else will."

"Some one else? Oh, Louis!"—

"Hush, Brenda. You see how weak I am. My brain seems to swim now. There is a paper here in my breast pocket. Reach up your hand. Take it and hide it as though your own life depended on its jealous concealment. Have you found it, Brenda?"

"Yes, Louis, yes."

"Have you hidden it?"

"Yes—yes."

"Now, remember. When I am laid in my coffin—not until then—get a chance to place it against my heart just as you found it placed a minute ago. Don't let her see you. But Gerald will come; he will come the day of the funeral, even if something should delay him from the funeral itself. And then as soon as you and he shall meet tell him where you put the paper. Will you swear to me, Brenda, that you will carry out this wish of mine?"

"Yes, Louis, I will swear with my whole soul! But"—

"The paper is sealed close, as you will see, and bears no inscription. It is something I wrote yesterday. I have been in fearful suffering for hours past, but I have guarded this even from her. And don't grieve much for me, Brenda. I'm a thousandfold happier at going than staying. To live now would only be one prolonged anguish. Some day I think that Gerald will make everything clear to you. He will find out. Never mind how. He can't tell you yet, even if you ask him. He will simply listen to you when you tell him what you have done."

Perhaps Louis might have gone on speaking in his faint, yet clear heard voice, if the door had not now been suddenly opened and Natalie had not swept into the room.

Brenda at once realized that she had

tried to listen and failed. The girl rose from her brother's couch, still holding his hand and facing the intruder.

Natalie at once spoke, before Brenda had time to do so. "My place is here at my husband's side, and here I shall remain," she said.

"Oh, I know why you came in like that!" now broke from Brenda. "You were afraid to let us be alone together! You were afraid of something he might tell me!"

Natalie bit her lips, and shot such a look at her husband's sister as might have flashed from the eyes of a striking quake.

But at this moment a long, heavy groan burst from Louis. Brenda flung herself once again at his side. His face had now grown bluish, his eyelids were strangely fluttering, and at the verges of his lips had collected a slight wreath of foam.

"Louis!" called Brenda wildly. "Louis! speak to me!" But she had heard the sound of his voice for the last time in life. About two hours later he died, besieged by recurrent spasms of what appeared keen suffering, though old Dr. Southgate, summoned at last, and watching him with deepest attention, declared that, being wholly unconscious, he escaped all pain.

CHAPTER IV.



The kiss that followed was one of betrothal.

The White Sulphur Springs had bored Gerald Ravelow severely for a number of weeks past. He saw in a hundred of the pretty girls that haunted the lawns and piazzas of the hotels a resemblance to Brenda, vague yet irritating. He avoided all chances of being presented to any of these damsels, and soon won, in consequence, the name of woman hater. This put him into a still more unpleasant humor, from which his only refuge was found in taking very long horseback rides among the breezy Virginia hills. Mean-

while his mother's health had improved but slightly, although her malady was fraught with no symptoms of danger. Learning by accident that a New York physician of note chanced to be at a small hotel about ten miles distant, Gerald persuaded his mother to accompany him thither. They retained their former apartments at the hotel, which they now temporarily left, and to which they proposed returning in at least three days from their time of departure.

As matters arranged themselves, however, the new quarters proved charming, the new doctor a very agreeable man and the new project a most unforeseen success. His mother seemed so much brighter and stronger that Gerald determined to give up his apartments at their former hotel and remain for an indefinite space in the spot whither he had drifted. With this purpose he sent for whatever letters that might have arrived at their recent abode, directed either to himself or Mrs. Ravelow. Several letters had arrived and were duly sent. Among them was a telegram from Miss Brenda Bond telling of her brother's death.

Gerald was horribly shocked. For the first time since boyhood his mother saw him weep. He bitterly reproached himself for having seen his friend so seldom of late; he pitied Brenda with a lover's exorbitant power to pity; and finally he told his mother that it would be imperative for him to leave on the next northern train.

"Of course, my son," she acquiesced. "I would not have you remain away from the funeral for worlds—that is, if there is any possible chance of your reaching it in time."

Gerald did his best. But the journey was long and Brenda's telegram had been cruelly delayed. When he arrived at Shadyshore the funeral ceremony had been over about three hours. Brenda, clad in the deepest mourning, met him with a sob and a little cry.

"My poor girl," he said, and took her in his arms. A servant had just glided from the drawing room, leaving them alone. Gerald's lips found their way to hers, and the kiss that followed was one of betrothal, as both silently understood.

"I have so much to tell you," faltered Brenda, looking about her with nervous glances. "But there will always be the thought that she is listening. It is such a lovely afternoon. Let us walk out under the fir trees."

Their walk lasted until nearly dusk. Finally, with a blinding headache caused by grief and excitement, Brenda redirected her steps toward the house. "And you tell me," said Gerald, as he walked ruminatively at her side, "that Dr. Southgate declared your brother died of heart disease?"

"Yes. He wrote that on the certificate; I saw the two words myself."

"But you yourself think"—

"Oh, I think nothing, because I've not a vestige of proof."

Gerald was silent for some little time. He would have liked to tell Brenda the reason her brother had caused her to

place that paper in his coffin, but remembrance of his oath forbade. After once having made the midnight visit to Louis' tomb he would be privileged to speak of it, but before doing so the terms of that curious, whimsical compact precluded all reference to his intended act.

"You, too, seemed mystified by his having bid me to conceal that paper inside his coffin," said Brenda. "You cannot guess, can you, Gerald, what it contains?"

"No, I can not," replied Gerald, glad to answer so directly. "Unless," he went on, "a list of accusations against his wife is to be found there."

"Oh, I have thought of that," said Brenda, "but surely if Louis had wished that you should see the paper he would not have"—

The words died on her lips, for just then, while they were ascending the piazza steps, Natalie came forward from the inner hall. Her mourning did not become her as it did Brenda, and, beside the extreme pallor of her face, there was a certain wildness noticeable in her odd hued eyes.

She dropped her gaze before Gerald's direct one. A significant silence now ensued, which Brenda suddenly broke. She put out her hand to Gerald. "Good-by," she murmured; "I am worn out for today. I must lie down. You will come to-morrow?"

"To-morrow—surely," he said, pressing her hand. She at once glided past her sister-in-law and disappeared into the hall.

Gerald waited a moment for Natalie to speak; then, seeing that she looked both embarrassed and agitated, he said:

"I was very sorry not to have seen the last of poor Louis."

Natalie seemed furtively to gnaw her under lip. Then she threw back her delicate head with a little blending of scorn and sadness. "Oh, if you had but come here a few hours sooner, Mr. Ravelow," she exclaimed, "I believe that even you might have consented to side with me—yes, me, the wife of your friend—against the treatment I have been forced to receive from Brenda."

"What treatment?" asked Gerald. "I have heard that you wished to keep a physician from visiting your husband, even while you knew him to be in the agonies of death."

July.

July was the fifth month in the Roman calendar and was called Quintilis, the fifth. Originally it contained 86 days, but was reduced by Romulus to 81, by Numa to 80, but was restored to 81 by Julius Cæsar, in honor of whom it was named July on account of his having been born during this month. It was also so called from the goddess Juno.

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