

## 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 vareed 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, abone-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 t. Introdoocemore fish, an' I beleeve 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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