



## 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 devil 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 funked 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.