



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.!