



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."