

BROOKE'S MONKEY BRAND SOAP WON'T WASH CLOTHES



# Fair Play

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## STRAIGHT TALK

Mr. W. L. Rees was in town last week from Gisborne, where he is now living. Mr. Rees says he has done with politics for good. He intends, in future, to stick to his profession—he is one of the cleverest special pleaders in the colony—but he will still take a great interest in the settlement of the Native lands of the colony. A good many hard things have been said against Mr. Rees from time to time, but he is a genial, warm-hearted man, whose personal friends are many, and who always speak in the highest terms of his sincerity. He has had too many big ideas, has floated too many big schemes for the regeneration of everything and everybody; but he is a thoroughly honest enthusiast, and he has been a good friend to the Natives.

Years ago Mr. Rees was a Congregational minister on the other side. He afterwards took to the law, and many a good yarn can he tell of Aspinall and other legal "old timers" in Victoria. For years he has been a great personal friend of Sir George Grey, who, it is well-known, has a great regard for him. He has written a very decent novel—"Gilbert Leigh"—and a "Life of Sir George Grey," and in his day has been one of the best cricketers, tennis players, and all round athletes the colony has ever seen. His two sons—Arthur and Lincoln—have also done good work as athletes. Both are lawyers, like their father. Mr. Rees is accompanied by the famous East Coast chief Wi Pere. The pair have been interviewing the Government on Native land matters, into the details of which we do not care to go.

The N.Z. Tablet, Dunedin Catholic organ, liketh not that Knight of the Cheap and Muddy Glory, Sir Robert Republican Prohibition Stout. Commenting upon the gushing address given by Stout at the reception of his political supporters, the Tablet likens Sir Robert to a veritable Pecksniff expanding at Mrs Todgers. "In their plain, unvarnished humbug," says the

Tablet writer, "his words are about the best thing we have ever seen—even from him."

Dunedin, although far ahead of Wellington in matters educational, has no free library, and we are glad to notice that an active agitation for the establishment of such an institution has been started in the Southern city. One of the most enthusiastic advocates for a free library is Mr. Mark Cohen, the energetic and clever editor of the Dunedin Evening Star. Whatever enterprise Mr. Cohen throws himself into generally succeeds, and we have no doubt that the pressman will eventually see his desires accomplished. It certainly is an anachronism that so go-a-head a city as Dunedin should lack an institution which is to be found in Auckland, Wellington and Christchurch.

The Government have made a good appointment in selecting Mr. Lee Smith to represent the colony at the Canadian Reciprocity Convention. Mr. Smith is essentially a shrewd, practical business man, a good public speaker, and a thoroughly straightforward man, which is saying a great deal of one who has mixed so much in politics. He has stood for the House twice but has not been successful. In Dunedin, however, he is very much respected, and he may be trusted to look after our interests at Ottawa in a very intelligent and useful manner.

By the way, talking about Government appointments, when is the North Island to have a turn? At present the fixed determination of the Government appears to be to give anything and everything they have in the way of patronage to the South Island men. It's as bad as it was in Macandrew's days. When Mac was in power, no one had a chance of getting a Government billet who did not hail from down South, and did not speak broad Scotch. Whenever anyone was wanted, even a messenger, Mac would lay his shoulder-of-mutton fist on the Cabinet table and say, "Ah've the verra man for ye, he comes fra Otarger." And he generally got the billet. Is Jock McKenzie emulating the departed Macandrew? It looks like it. There'll be a big squeal from Auckland if this sort of thing goes on much longer.



The late Mr. E. W. Morrah.

Mr. Morrah was a native of Essex, and sixty-four years of age at the time of his death. In 1851 he came out to Melbourne where he entered as a clerk the service of the Bank of Australasia, with which until his death remained identified. His abilities soon won for him promotion to the position of accountant in the Geelong branch. In 1859 he became manager of the branch at Beechworth, and seven years later went to Christchurch to act in a like capacity there. A few years afterwards the position of manager at Ballarat became vacant and Mr. Morrah received the appointment.

In July, 1875, he returned to New Zealand to act as inspector of the various branches of the bank in this Colony. He settled in Wellington, and from that time up till his death continued to make Wellington his place of residence. He served the bank for the long period of 42 years. He had earned his retirement some years ago, but, at the express request of his directors, retained the position.

The late Mr. Morrah leaves a wife and 13 children (nearly all grown up) to mourn his loss. He was on the Commission of the Peace, and was a regular attendant at St. Peter's Church, where he will be greatly missed. He is supposed to have died from failure of the action of the heart.

Messrs. Collars and Cuffs, of the Red Tape and Sealing Wax Department and the Junior Toffs and Snob Club, is like many of his fellows, always "dressed to kill," but he doesn't always pay his tailor as speedily as Mr. Snip would like. Mr.

Collars and Cuffs has, as Mr. Snip says, the "cheek of the d—d himself." "Mr. Snip laid in wait for him the other night at the Opera House, and bailed him up with the roughly spoken enquiry, "I say, when are you going to pay me that bill?" Mr. Collars and Cuffs was not in the least abashed. He calmly lit a cigarette and replied, "Look here, Snip, you put me in mind of a little child." Mr. Snip: "Oh, I do, do I. And why?"

The debtor slowly flicked the ash off the end of his cigarette and replied, "Because a little child can ask questions that the wisest men can't answer." And then he walked away leaving the unfortunate tailor, to use that worthy tradesman's own words, "that there taken aback as I couldn't say a bloomin' word. Cheek—cheek's no word for it; I calls it d—d him-pudence."

An example of child-like faith in sisterly affection occurred at Auckland the other day. A sturdy Hibernian waited upon the local dispensers of charitable aid and asked that his passage money might be paid to New South Wales, where his sister, who, he said, was perfectly devoted to him, would receive him with open arms. A sceptically minded member of the Board then asked why, if that were so, she had not already sent for him. The ready-witted Pat said she did not know where to send. In answer to another inquiry, he stated he had not seen her for nine years. Then a wave of cold hard-heartedness passed over the Board. They evidently concluded that the loving sister, who had not written to her brother for nine years, was hardly likely to rush into his arms and kill the fatted calf for him, and so, to quote the brief, cold newspaper report, "the request was declined."

There's been a deuce of a rumpus at Home in certain circles because a clergyman is introduced into a piece called the "Gaiety Girls," now running at the Prince of Wales' Theatre. The *Standard*, the Conservative Granny of the London press, waxed very virtuous over the injury done to the morals of the community by fun being poked at the "cloth" (the *Standard's* a great "Church" paper) but it has been pointed out that this very virtuous organ admits "assignation" advertisements to its columns, which undoubtedly assist immoral practices. One witty writer says—

To stage a clergyman is most improper,  
The *Standard* says so, and it must be true;  
It's moral influence should put a stopper  
On all that seems cerulean in hue.  
Was ever so much virtue for a copper?  
How much that noble journal cries to do  
To chasten and reform the erring stage—  
For "assignations" see the outside page.

"Yellow Jack" is giving Rio Janiero a turn. The Yankee fleet has gone out to sea in consequence. A wise thing to do. How about the so-called rebel fleet? It may be that "Yellow Jack" may kill the wretched civil war that has been going on so long. Brazil is one of the finest countries on God's earth, but the politicians ought to be crowded on to a big man-of-war, taken out to sea, and made to walk the plank with a parting salute from the ship's company, and from the people of Brazil, of "good riddance to bad rubbish."



Mr. James Garland Woon.

The subject of this sketch is the youngest surviving son of the late Revd. William Woon, Wesleyan Methodist Missionary, and one of the first missionaries to New Zealand and the Friendly Islands. Mr. Woon was born on the 23rd December, 1838, and after spending the first eight years of his childhood in his native place—Mangungu, Hokianga—he accompanied his family to Auckland in January, 1846, to which place they and a large number of settlers were taken in the Government brig "Victoria" by order of Sir George Grey, then Governor of New Zealand, in consequence of the hostilities with "Johnny" Heke, the celebrated Ngapuki rebel chief who commenced the war in the north by cutting down the flagstaff at Kororarika, Bay of Islands. In April, 1846, Mr. Woon accompanied his parents to New Plymouth, (Taranaki), and in May to Taranaki South, where his father was stationed for some years as missionary to the Ngatirnanui tribe. In November, 1847, in company with an elder brother (deceased) he left Wanganui for Auckland to attend school there. Up to 1849 the two boys attended the Auckland Academy, and afterwards matriculated at the Wesleyan College, where the youngest boy remained until 1853, when he left and was apprenticed to one of the largest businesses in Auckland, the head of which, however, died nine months after, thus leaving the youth free. After remaining with friends in Auckland for some time, and picking up enough as clerk in a store to keep him going, he left Auckland under orders from his parents, and rejoined the family in Wanganui in October, 1855. At this time Woon joined the

Civil Service as clerk in the Post Office at Wanganui. In 1856 he was appointed clerk in the Customs Department under the late Captain Charles Sharp, collector at Wanganui, and remained in that position until 1863, when Captain Sharp was appointed President of the Marine Board at Wellington, and recommended the Government of the day to appoint Woon, acting collector at Wanganui, in his place. This recommendation was given effect to, and as Mr. Woon satisfactorily discharged his duties as Collector of Customs, Postmaster, and Sub-Treasurer of the General Government during a very trying time he was confirmed in the appointment and made full collector, etc., in 1865. In June of 1878, Mr. Woon was transferred to Greymouth, West Coast, he being succeeded by Mr. David Lundon, since retired upon pension. Mr. Woon remained in Greymouth as Collector of Customs until September, 1890, when he was transferred to Hokitika, where he remained until March, 1892 when, along with several other Collectors and Officers of Customs, he was retired upon pension. Before leaving Greymouth Mr. Woon was presented by the business people and the leading citizens with a handsome gold watch, locket and chain. For many years during Mr. Woon's residence in Wanganui, where he is best known, he took an active and leading part in musical circles, having been choirmaster of Christ Church (Anglican) for several years, a member of the Philharmonic Society as flautist, secretary, etc., and for two years before he left Wanganui conductor of the Harmonic Society. Before leaving Wanganui in 1878, Mr. Woon was presented by the leading citizens, amateurs, etc., with an illuminated testimonial and a purse of sovereigns in recognition of his services in the cause of music generally. When he left Greymouth in 1890, he was presented by the amateurs there with an illuminated address. During the 12 years that he was in Greymouth he was choirmaster of Trinity (Anglican) Church 10 years, and conductor of the Choral Society two or three years as well. Since Mr. Woon's return to Wanganui in September, 1892, after being compulsorily retired from the Government service by the late Premier, John Ballance, he has entered into business as a customs and commission agent, etc. He still takes a lively interest in musical matters and is at the present time conductor of St. Mary's Catholic Church choir, and a member of the Orchestral Club, etc.

Verily the Yanks are the most enterprising of novelty hunters—and finders. There is to be an exhibition at San Francisco next winter, and an engineering novelty is announced to be one of the attractions which will, it is stated, knock into a cocked hat the Eiffel Tower of Paris, the Ferris Wheel of Chicago, and the "Castle in the Air" (supported by balloon) of the coming Antwerp exhibition. The novelty is to be a "Mammoth Figure of Justice." The figure of justice is to be 150ft. high, and the scale beam in her hand 300ft. long, each pan of the scale will seat 50 people, who will swing to a height of 288 feet.

The framework of the structure is to be of steel, the scale will be moved by machinery, and there will be telephone communication between the pans and the engine room. If we don't have any more libel actions, we may do a Pacific slope of an honest and legitimate kind next winter. 'Fair Play' is specially interested in anything that has to do with justice. Latterly it has had a bitter experience of what it considers gross injustice!



## The Indian Salvationists.

Whatever fault may be found with the tenets and actions of the Salvation Army, two things must be admitted in their favour: they are conscientious and earnest, even to fanaticism, and they do a great deal of good amongst those classes that the average clergyman either cannot reach, or is too fastidious to approach. Their system is to place themselves on a direct equality with the subject of their attentions. There is none of the "I am holier than thou" business; on the contrary it is "brother; come let us reason together." With the merits or demerits of their creed, we have nothing to do, nor is this sketch intended to criticise their somewhat theatrical public display; we have only to deal with the result of their deeds, and its particular bearing on the population of India. In that country there are many missionaries expounding many creeds. As a rule they are well dressed, in receipt of fair salaries, and preach at intervals in indifferent Hindoostanee to such natives as may care to attend their services. The members of the Salvation Army follow a different line. They put themselves in direct touch with the people by adopting their customs, dress and manners. They live among them, and make a point of familiarising themselves with the different languages and dialects of the country. This, of course, has the natural effect that the people will listen respectfully to what they have to say, and the interest naturally aroused by their course of conduct results in the acquiring of many converts to their creed.

We publish above a group of native officers, now visiting New Zealand. The party is five in number, and has recently

finished a year's tour in Australia. The members of the party arrived at the Bluff in December last, and have since held special meetings in the principal southern cities.

Major Musa Bhai, the leader of the party, is a Cinghalese. When some ten years ago he saw the English "Army" officers in India, dressed like natives, conforming to native customs and eating the same food he carefully and critically watched them, and frequented their houses to see if they lived consistently. He became convinced of their devotion and love to the natives by the self sacrificing lives they led, and joined their ranks, becoming an officer in the Salvation Army shortly and afterwards giving up a good situation in so doing. After he had been in the mission work for some time, he was appointed to tour round different countries advocating the cause of India, with the result that many of the European officers volunteered to go to India to the mission work. He is a man of considerable natural talent and speaks English fluently, besides some native languages. His addresses are very much appreciated by high and low. When in Melbourne, many of the M's.L.C. attended his meetings.

Captain Muthia is a Hindoo, from South India, and three years since he joined the army. He has suffered imprisonment for preaching in the open air. He speaks fluently in English and Tamil, his native language, and has been a very useful officer.

Captain Simasekera is a Cinghalese, from the ancient sacred city of Kandy, Ceylon. He is a very smart, intelligent youth, having had the privilege of an early college training. He reads and writes two languages perfectly, and plays several musical instruments. Lieutenant Siya has been a notorious rascal in his day and generation. He is a Ceylonie by birth, aged 45 or so. He was formerly a terrible drunkard, and the ringleader in all the village rows. He bears marks all over his body of wounds received whilst fighting. Three years since he joined the Army. He speaks Tamil, Cinghalese, Portuguese, and fairly good English. Ensign Sadanand is an Irishman, who had been some time in Army work in Great Britain. When he went to India he adopted the dress, and customs of the people, in order when engaged in Indian work to have more influence with the natives.

It is not often a decent looking country settler gets taken up for forgery or any other crime in New Zealand, yet this happened at Napier, when Alexander McCutcheon, a local farmer and milkman, pleaded guilty at the late Supreme Court sittings to several charges of forging bills of exchange, the names illegally made use of being those of his own brother and father-in-law. Curiously enough the forgeries were detected during the investigation of another crime for which he was arrested on an information laid by Dr. Moore. The latter, a few months ago, attended Mrs McCutcheon, and had occasion to place her under chloroform while performing a slight operation. A few days afterwards the doctor received by post a letter from McCutcheon demanding £250, and threatening if he refused to ante up to expose him for some alleged improper conduct towards his wife while under chloroform. The doctor placed the matter in the hands of the police, and at the enquiry which followed one of the forged bills was produced to prove McCutcheon's signature to the letter. The bill also bore what purported to be the signature of McCutcheon's father-in-law, who was present and who promptly repudiated the autograph. The discovery of other forgeries quickly followed. Sentenced to five years imprisonment.

A reform that is urgently needed in New Zealand is an amendment of the present system of voting at municipal elections. At present only the ratepayers have votes. At first sight this seems perfectly just on the old-established principle of representation for taxation but, when you come to analyse the position, it will be seen that a very grave injustice is done to thousands of householders, who are excluded from having a say in the election of their local representatives, simply because their landlords pay the rates, and add the amount on to the rent, reserving the voting right for themselves.

This, we hear, is specially the case in two towns, Napier and Masterton. In the first-named place a wretched, selfish little clique, locally known as the "Corner Party," simply boss the whole town as far as its Local Government is concerned. The members of the clique are largely interested in house property all over Napier, but they keep all the votes, adding, as we pointed out above, the amount of rates on the rent. In Masterton the same thing occurs. The consequence is, in both these and in other towns, that a score or so owners of property simply do as they like, and the public interests suffer. We hope to see the Government deal drastically with the evil next session. "One householder one vote" should be the rule at all municipal elections.

*Post* on Seddon: "Mr. Seddon attempting to deal with figures presents almost as ungrainly a figure as a hippopotamus gambolling on a mountain top." Elegant, isn't it?

Now, for 'Fair Play' on *Post*: "*Evening Post* attempting to discredit Seddon presents a sight for men and gods. It resembles nothing so much as a toothless, broken-legged, mangy cur, trying to chaw up a full-grown, healthy African lion.

By the way, a certain paper keeps on libelling Seddon—are you listening Messieurs, the proprietors—on the subject of his Feilding reference to the late Premier. We should not be a bit surprised if, when the paper in question has gone far enough, Seddon will give it a big start. There are more improbable things than that the late Premier led Seddon to believe he, Dick, was the man, whilst saying much the same thing to Stout. If it can be proved that the late Premier ever led Seddon, or one of Seddon's friends, to believe that he thought Richard of Kumaru should succeed him, then assuredly the present Premier has got a perfectly lovely cause for action against the paper we allude to. Bide-a-wee, we have a pretty good notion that someone will find himself in remarkably hot water before the affair is done with.

The *Bulletin's* financial column is very widely read in Australia, and is generally considered to be very shrewdly and accurately inspired. This being the case, we are sorry to find the following nasty jar against that very important institution, the Bank of New Zealand:—

"Bank of New Zealand shares (£55s paid up) which dropped violently within the last few months, still keep down, and buyers last week were offering 67s 6d. There is no visible reason for this

woeful thud except that the profits last year were some £4000 less than the year before. Also, so far as N.S.W. is concerned, the total deposits show a slight decrease as against those of 12 months ago, which seems to suggest that the B.N.Z. did not gather up any large increase of business during the banking collapse as was generally supposed. Probably, however, the one serious misfortune of the Bank of N.Z. lies in the fact that it has moved its headquarters to London, and become a foreign instead of an Australasian institution, and a representative of the ubiquitous British capitalist. Even its reserve-fund is now kept, not in Maoriland bonds, but in British consols at 2½ per cent., and it is bossed by a British directorate. Maoriland used to be intensely proud of its big bank, but now that it has become only an English bank doing business in Maoriland it has assumed an altogether new aspect."

We must differ very strongly with our contemporary, when it says "the one serious misfortune of the Bank of N.Z. lies in the fact that it has moved its head-quarters to London." It was, in our opinion, the actual salvation of the bank that the step was taken which the *Bulletin* deplors. Had the head-quarters remained at Auckland much longer, and the old local hanky-punky games gone on unchecked the probabilities were that there would have very soon been no Bank of New Zealand at all. The history of the Bank's management by the Auckland ring was one of reckless speculation, shameless bolstering up of rotten enterprises and financial jobbery, and corruption worthy almost of the Australian banking rings.

The removal of the head-quarters to London, the purification of the management which followed, undoubtedly saved the bank from the ruin which was then dogging its steps. The *ulletin* says "Maoriland used to be intensely proud of its big bank." So it was, and it is proud of it now, but its pride is accompanied by a feeling of security which assuredly did not exist in the latter days of the local or colonial control. 'Fair Play' knows what it is talking about when it discusses Bank of New Zealand matters, and it can assure the *Bulletin* that it was a glorious day for the Bank of New Zealand, and for the people of New Zealand when the bank was rescued from the control of a greedy and reckless ring, and its affairs placed under sounder, wiser, and more honest control.

Davy Gain, poor dear innocent, challenged Seddon to go down and spout at the open air meetings held by Davy and his fellow blatherskitters at the Cuba-street corner. There's nothing like a Prohibitionist for check. A book canvasser or an insurance agent can't hold a candle to him for brassy front and unmitigated impudence.

The Liberals in the House of Commons are very wisely maintaining a firm attitude towards the House of Lords. The Peers, as stupid as ever, are sounding their own political death-knell by emasculating the Liberal measures sent up by the popular chamber, and if Gladstone lives to conduct the next election campaign, he will sweep the country—not on Home Rule—but on English social legislation, and England is going to be more Radical than ever—that's our opinion, and we're willing to lay long odds that the constitution of the House of Lords will be very materially amended before another five years have passed by. If the Peers kick too hard, the Upper Chamber may be wiped out altogether. No great loss if it is.



**The Governor of the Gaol.**

Mr. Garvey, whose portrait appears above, is a native of Ireland, and was for some time a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary force. He came to New Zealand in 1875. About a month after his arrival he was appointed clerk to the prison in Canterbury, which position he held for some time. About 1881 he came to the conclusion that there was but little chance for promotion from the position he then held; so with that view he accepted the position of senior warder, which he retained for six months. In 1882 he was transferred to the Mount Cook gaol as chief warder-in-charge, and remained there until 1884, when he was appointed gaoler of Mount Cook prison, and in 1885 he was made governor of the Terrace gaol, with supervision of the prisoners at Mount Cook. Since the Act was passed he has been appointed Probation Officer. In appearance Mr. Garvey is strongly-built, with bright piercing eyes, that seem to sum you up at a glance. To his friends his manner is genial and courteous to a degree, while, with the prisoners, he has the

reputation of being a strict disciplinarian, but never unjust nor cruel. There is a faint touch of the brogue in his speech, and an earnestness of manner in his conversation that his listener is at once impressed with. Mr. Garvey is 42 years of age, and is probably one of the youngest men in the service holding a similar office.

When our representative called upon him he was walking amongst the flowers in the little plat just in front of the gaol. He immediately invited the representative inside with the remark, "You are to do the interviewing to-day, I believe, Mr. 'Fair Play,' as a rule, it is I who question my visitors"

"Yes," was the reply, "we are to a certain extent reversing the usual custom, but I shall not be a very stern inquisitor."

"Supposing, Mr. 'Fair Play,' we take a look about the premises first; you can get a better general idea of the gaol in that way, than by asking me to describe it to you. After we have gone through the gaol we can come back to my office and finish our conversation."

"Yes, that will perhaps be the best way," was the reply, and we followed the Governor out into the corridor. One thing struck the reporter first, that was, the atmosphere of keys, locks and bolts, he seemed to be moving in. Every door including Mr. Garvey's own private office was at once locked on passing through its portals, and even if we were immediately proceeded by a warder, he locked the door behind him and our guide had to unlock it again. The first place we visited was the store room, which was divided into two compartments, one for the storage of prisoner's clothes and effects and the other for the wearing apparel, etc., made, and used in the gaol.

"What is the system pursued with reference to the prisoner's effects on the entrance into the the gaol, Mr. Garvey?" queried the reporter.

"Their effects are put in a packet, labelled, and placed where they can be easily turned up at any time, a list of the articles is entered in a book provided for that purpose, and on the prisoner's term expiring everything is returned to him. His clothes are thoroughly cleaned and packed in a sack, which is stored in this room; you will see piles of these sacks stowed away on the shelves about you."

"But supposing a man comes clothed in rags unfit for wear, how is he treated on discharge?"

"We provide him with a decent suit of clothes, strong boots, socks and underclothing, and a small amount of money."

"But touching the clothing you give out, is it all of the same material?"

"No, not now, although that was formerly the case. With the aid of Colonel Hume, who is always most earnest in his efforts to bring about any needed reform, we had the alteration made. Previously the suits were all of the same texture, and an expirée could at once be recognised as a gaol-bird by his clothing wherever he went, at least for the first few weeks. He wore the prison brand, and as you may well imagine was viewed with general suspicion."

"A very humane alteration, too. I see the general tone of your opinion is that a prison should be a reformatory in the truest sense, and that a practical attention to the meanest detail is an absolute necessity."

"Yes, that has been the system I have worked upon, and I will explain it more fully as we get further on."

"You were speaking of the goods manufactured in the

prison, Mr. Garvey; do the prison-made goods here go into the market?"

"With very few exceptions, no. We make the clothing, boots, etc. here, which are needed for our own use, but these articles are never placed on the market in competition with the trade. In the first place I don't believe in allowing convict labour as a rule to compete with tradesmen, and in the second place we could not compete with the crude materials which are made up here, with the outside market except in one or two minor products. The tin ware that is used in the gaol is made here and for all the gaols of the colony.

"What is your opinion of teaching a trade in prison?"

"It is all very well while the convict is serving his term, but it is seldom of much use to him after he is discharged."

"How is that?"

"Well, the explanation is very simple. The work done here does not give the workman an opportunity of learning the finer branches of any trade. In tailoring or shoemaking for instance, only rough material is made up, and a man who had been working for from 12 months to two years at either of these trades would, upon his discharge, find it was impossible to hold his own with the average free tradesman. But before leaving the storeroom I must show you the 'cat,'" continued our guide as he lifted one of those articles from a shelf where it lay with several others. "This is the regulation weight, length, and general size, as laid down by the law, which is very strict and concise on this subject."

"Do you have much flogging here?"

"No; very little, I am glad to say. As a rule I am not in favour of flogging, except in extreme cases. There are some scoundrels whom it seems impossible to reach in any way except through their hides; but with the ordinary criminal the lash is degrading."

"Can a prisoner be flogged for an offence committed in gaol, provided you secure the consent of two Justices?"

"No, that has been done away with, at least in New Zealand, he is only flogged when a sentence ordering it has been passed by a judge of the Supreme Court at his trial."

We passed from the storeroom into the dispensary, a commodious apartment fitted with chemicals of all sorts, medicines and surgical instruments.

"This room," said Mr. Garvey, "is where we deal out our physic, the doctor calls twice a week, and treats such patients as are ailing during his visit."

"But supposing medicine is wanted during the intervals of the doctor's visit, how do you manage then?"

"We have a smaller dispensing room in which a number of medicines ready for immediate use are kept; of course if the case requiring treatment is a serious one the doctor is at once sent for."

"Do any of the prisoners act in the capacity of dispensers?"

"No, but some years ago in another prison I know of one or two of them getting into the room and acting as voluntary chemists; the mischievous rascals changed the labels on all the bottles, and it was some little time before the trick was discovered. During that time one man suffering from rheumatism took several bottles of cough mixture for it, but," added Mr. Garvey with a smile, "it seemed to do him just as much good."

"Do you have many patients on your sick list?"

"As a rule, very few, except for petty troubles like tooth-ache, a small sprain or something of that sort. At present our hospital is quite empty and I am using it for another purpose, if you will just step this way I will show you the room." Mr. Garvey conducted us to a clean roomy apartment furnished with some eight or ten neatly made up cots, and with a fire place in one corner. "This," he said, "is where we house those who are on the sick list; at present, as I stated before we have none, so I am using it as a dormitory for some of the old fellows who need a little careful treatment; of course admission to this room is only obtained by good conduct and any breach of the rules while here entails removal to the ordinary cell and no chance of reinstatement. At times in very cold weather they get a little fire before turning in; of course this indulgence

is not included in the prison regulations, but as it is not prohibited and the matter is left to my discretion, I adopted it as an experiment, and I find it works very well, and now if you will follow me we will visit the bathrooms, and then the kitchens and chapel." The baths were provided with hot and cold water, and wore like every other portion of the prison models of neatness and cleanliness.

"What is the system of physical treatment when a prisoner enters the gaol," asked the reporter.

"He is weighed, his height measured, and a description of the marks on his body taken, as well as the colour of his eyes, hair, complexion, &c. All these particulars are set down in a book provided for that purpose. He is thoroughly bathed next, and then provided with the regulation costume."

"I suppose you have some pretty tough subjects as far as personal cleanliness is concerned that pass through your hands."

"Yes, I must say we have some of them who give the impression that they have never been washed since the day of their birth. We have had men brought here who were literally eaten up with vermin, the parasites having actually got underneath the skin, and it was only after two or three days continuous washing that we could get them into anything like a cleanly state."

"What is the usual regime pursued with reference to hours, bathing, meals, &c.?"

"The men get a bath every week, and as for their hours and cell accommodations, here is a specimen of the latter," said the Governor conducting us into one of the empty cells near at hand. "You will see that each cell is provided with a hammock, blankets and pillow, a dish, pannikin and tin knife and wooden spoon. Everything here in the shape of furniture is manufactured in the gaol. The light is provided by a small lamp which rests on a small wooden frame. It is filled with just sufficient oil to last a certain time. The men rise at half-past five and are locked up again at half-past six and half-past seven according to the season."

"Are the men allowed reading matter?"

"Yes, each cell is furnished with a bible and hymn book, and if the men are good-conduct men they can procure books from the library."

"What sort of a library have you got? Does it include works of fiction?"

"Yes, but only by standard writers such as Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott; of course we rigidly exclude the yellow-back school of literature."

"What is the system pursued with men unable to read or write?"

"We have a system of education which we pursue in such cases and every facility is afforded to those desirous of learning. They are provided with slates and pencils and also with copy books. Many take advantage of the opportunity and make considerable progress while imprisoned."

"How are the meals served?"

"In the cells, as we find that plan works in every way much better. When I first came here it was the custom for the prisoners to mess at a common table, and the result was anything but satisfactory. Despite the strictest supervision, the table became a depot for vile language, the circulation of bawdy stories, and the maturing of plans for future crimes after the discharge of the criminals. I laid the matter before Col. Hume, and, with his assistance, was enabled to abolish the custom, and have the men's meals served in their cells. Under the old regime, the hardened and abandoned criminal was in constant daily association with the man for whose reformation there was hope; and, as you can easily imagine, the result was anything but encouraging. There has been a distinct improvement in the *moral* of the prison ever since the alteration has been made."

"Is each one of the prisoners confined in a cell by himself?"

"Unfortunately no, as at present we have not sufficient

## 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.)

#### 16.—MR. THOMAS L. BUICK (member for Wairau).



This gentleman has a fine, clear-cut face, the features of which are handsomely formed. From a phynogomical point of view they are nearly perfect in form and expression. The chin indicates attachment to and great regard for the ladies. As long as female franchise obtains in New Zealand, Mr. Buick is quite safe of a seat in the House. The lips and nose show great

taste and natural refinement. The eyes are full and wide open. They do not miss anything worth seeing; and his mind is as rapid as his eyes. There is an eager expectancy in them, showing great power of imagination and love of action. It would be impossible for him to accept the "rest and be thankful doctrine," as his mind is so active and progressive. His face is not so full now as it may be later in life. At present he is too active to grow fat. He has a beautiful round ear, standing well out from the head, as if listening to some distant sounds of melody. No doubt in his quieter moments he can hear

"The music of the spheres."

He possesses a long well-formed neck, indicating longevity. His perceptive powers are good; literary capacity well developed; and he has a good all round memory. He has a bright, active, intelligent mind, and will make a most useful M.H.R.

#### No. 17.—MR. W. C. BUCHANAN (member for Wairarapa).



This gentleman has a strong organisation, the Motive and Mental Temperaments being large, and the Vital fairly well developed. His leading traits of character are **KEEN DISCERNMENT, GREAT DISCRETION, and PENETRATION** of mind. He is a close, careful observer of men and things. He is slow to decide anything of importance, but his judgment is rarely wrong. He

has marked individuality, determination, and perseverance.

Calculation and reasoning abilities are very good. He will go very closely into arguments and details, not omitting anything which is required to strengthen his position. Language is not large, but it is steady and discreet. He is more **DEEP** than **BRILLIANT** as a thinker and speaker, more **PRACTICAL** than **THEORETICAL** in politics, and more **CAUTIOUS** than **SPECULATIVE** in business. He will not be carried away by emotion or impetuosity. Day by day he is the same straight, careful, hard-working Scotchman, giving close attention to all he undertakes. He has an excellent head for superintending works or important business.

#### No. 18.—MR. T. DUNCAN (member for Oamaru).



Naturally this gentleman has good, sound health, and great activity of mind and body. He can endure a great deal. He has a prominent nose giving him a somewhat forward appearance. This is counteracted by the organ of Cautiousness being large or his nose would have run him into trouble pretty often. The eyes are full and wide, indicating a free flow of words.

Power and observation is very good. He would be watchful of the requirements of his district, and attend well to all practical matters. The Literary Faculties are not well developed. He learns more from personal experience than from perusal of books. He is plain and natural in his manners, and dislikes formalism. He has a broad head and features which considerably resemble those of Ralph Waldo Emerson, the great American philosophic thinker and writer. Mr. Duncan is not as well filled up in the literary and critical organs as the transcendental essayist of Providence, U.S., but in many respects he should possess similar traits of character, namely, Originality, Quaintness, and love of nature. The Coronal region is broad, imparting moral and religious rectitude, and consistency of conduct and character in Mr. Duncan. He has a good executive, constructive mind, but it is not smart or particularly bright. He will be a steady, reliable member of the House of Representatives.

Jarman, late bookseller's clerk, was sentenced by Judge Richmond, at Napier, to two years hard labour for stealing £30 worth of stamps from his employer. Some of the stamps were recovered, being in the possession of a Wellington Post Office official, to whom they were sent for sale, and whom it is presumed acted in perfect good faith. The Judge described Jarman's correspondence in reference to the sale of the stamps as very amusing. At the same time he gave him a hard sentence.

Jarman, who was out on bail, and working on a station since his committal by the R.M., appeared in Court with a magnificent and evidently well-cared for moustache, which, seeing that he is quite a little fellow, gave him a somewhat exaggerated appearance. Pity he did not get a shearer to clip it off before coming into Court, as it has to go now anyhow.



## Beer, Bigamy and the Boycott.

In our last issue we referred to a remarkable instance (says the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*, Dunedin) of the practice of the boycott by Mr. David Gain, the Wellington manager of the New Zealand Express Company. Mr. Gain refused to have certain beer, which had been consigned to Wellington from Auckland, carted by the Company, on the score that it was against his principles to have beer carted. It does not lie within our province to comment upon the action of a manager who by such action inflicts a loss upon the Company he represents; no doubt his principals may have something to say on the subject; but we do think that public interest, apart from the Trade which we specially represent, demands the publication of a few facts in connection with the life of this singular individual who poses at once as an earnest Christian, a temperance reformer, a bigamist, and a boycotter.

Mr. Gain, in a pamphlet published in Dunedin in 1891, tells the story of his life from 1872; it is a romance which could easily be enlarged into a three volume novel of the "Zola" type. He stated that when quite a young man he married a woman whose antecedents would not bear investigation, hoping to reform her. Several times she left him to pursue her previous mode of life; he took her back again and again; but finally he left her and came to New Zealand. In 1893 he married again, his first wife being still alive, having, however, first informed his second wife, previous to the ceremony, of his past life, not deceiving her or her family at all, so he says. While living in Dunedin, Mr. Gain appears to have been a very active member of the Baptist Church, to have taken charge of the Band of Hope, and conducted its prayer meetings. He further states, "there has been no temperance meeting since Mr. Glover came to Dunedin in which I have not had a large share of the work and responsibility;" and he is now president of the Wellington Temperance Society.

He states that he was found out through the deserted wife's advertisement in Lloyd's *Weekly News* having come under the notice of the officers of his church, and his name was removed from the church roll.

The whole story is told us with so singular an air of self-appreciation and satisfaction that it is probably unique as an illustration of erratic development. We are not Mr. David Gain's judges; we have no mission to determine where or when he went wrong. Our only object in referring to the story is to point out that as a moralist Mr. Gain is certainly one of those who

"Compound for sins they are inclined to  
By damning those they have no mind to,"

since he can excuse committing bigamy, but cannot cart beer. While we read the annals of this jejune piety, and mark the self-complacent smirk with which he deals with those who were judging him, the whole world of morals seems turned upside down. We can find it in our hearts to explain the curious laxity of moral fibre exhibited when he took the woman back, or when he grudged the cost of a divorce which would have left him a free man. We can half pardon him for finding another woman to share his lonely home. What we cannot understand is that with his crime on his mind he should have proceeded to teach Sunday schools and to lecture prayer meetings, and guide the Band of Hope into the paths of temperance.

Are there many more such men about, who think abstinence the end, as well as the beginning, of all morality, and forgetting all about temperance and chastity while idealising sobriety? The truth is, this class of ascetics are a law unto themselves; they do not abide by the law of the land at all, and this is what makes them such dangerous members of a community. It seems in the modern Good Templar bible that the whole decalogue is made to be broken, so long as the one self-imposed law is obeyed—"YOU SHALL NOT CART BEER."

The following, from a Captain White's account (in *London Globe*), of the Matabele campaign, reads like an extract from King Solomon's Mines, "It was very curious to see the effect of the seven-pounder and Hotchkiss shells upon the Matabele when they were retreating. On the shell bursting among them we could see, through our glasses, the Matabele turn round and fire at the place where the shell had burst, thinking it was some diabolical agency of the white man. From information we received after this fight we learnt that the enemy had intended attacking us at ten o'clock the previous night, but owing to the rocket having been sent up to recall Captain Borrow they were afraid to do so, thinking that we were holding communion with our gods by shouting at the stars and bringing them down.' Poor devils!

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accommodation for them all. As far as possible we adhere to the solitary system, but in several cases we have been obliged to put three together. For obvious reasons it would be inadvisable to put two alone together."

"What is the type of food provided?"

"If you will follow me into the kitchen you can see for yourself as well as I can describe it to you."

The reporter followed Mr. Garvey into a roomy kitchen where every culinary article was polished up enough to serve as a mirror, the bread which was piled up on shelves was fresh and of the best quality, and the meat superior to the average boarding-house article.

"Do the men get meat every day?" was the first question.

"Yes, they are served with three meals daily, and have meat for the midday meal. In the morning and evening respectively they are provided with a nourishing breakfast and supper, and in the middle of the day receive soup, meat and potatoes. Boiled mutton is served out one day and boiled beef the next. Some of the older good-conduct men in the special class have their meat roasted all the men are served with a mug of tea, but without milk."

"Is there any difference made in the routine on Sunday?"

"Very little, there may occasionally be a slight change in the diet, but none worth mentioning. The men go to chapel in the morning and afternoon and have regular hours for exercise."

"What are the nature of the religious services?"

"The Anglican service and the Roman Catholic service are both performed and meetings are at times held by the Salvation Army. With reference to the latter I must say they do a lot of good especially among the female prisoners."

"Have you many of the latter here Mr. Garvey?"

"Quite a number, we have about 160 prisoners here, and at Point Halwell, about 20 per cent of whom are females, of course there are some of this number who are on remand and a few awaiting bail." Mr. Garvey then led the way to the female department which is provided with a specially large exercise yard."

"What are the women mostly employed at Mr. Garvey," asked our representative.

"At the lighter part of tailoring, scampstress work, mending, and in the laundry. As you will see we have a big wash-house, and as you can easily imagine there is plenty of work to be done there."

"Wasn't there formerly a separate entrance to the female prison?"

"Yes, but that has been changed. I only like one entrance to a prison, so I had the other entrance blocked up, and communication made between the two departments."

"When prisoners are allowed visitors what is the system pursued?"

"I have made some little alteration in the old style. Formerly a warder sat between the prisoner and the visitor, and they had to converse across a space of say 3 or 4 feet; now we allow the prisoner to walk right up to the grating, and a warder stands a few feet away during the time allowed for the conversation."

"Now, touching complaints, Mr. Garvey, what is the usual rule?"

"Any prisoner who wishes to see me can do so on applying for the privilege, and every complaint made is thoroughly sifted."

"But are you not bothered very often with complaints that have no real foundation?"

"Seldom more than once," was the significant reply; "the men soon understand that I intend looking into the matter thoroughly, and, after a first attempt, usually leave me alone."

"Apropos of the different grades of criminals, what is your system of treating them?"

"Well, if you will pardon the illustration, if a man like yourself were to come here, we would keep him as much apart from the ordinary criminal class as possible, and his good conduct would in all probability, procure him some little indulgences. But don't mistake me, and think that I have the slightest

leaning towards favouritism; that is a thing to be particularly avoided in governing a gaol. Every man who comes here is to a certain extent, as a criminal, on an equality with his fellow-prisoners, but as there are degrees of crime, there are degrees of treatment of the criminal. My earnest desire is to make this prison a reformatory institution and not a training school for criminals, and to obtain that result I am bending every energy and adopting every means."

"Have there been many hangings here?"

"Only seven since the gaol was built that I know of. The men's bodies are buried just in front of the gaol, where you see the little plat of flowers. We have no regular 'drop' for executions here as in English gaols, but the gallows for New Zealand is kept here and erected or shipped when occasion requires."

"Well, Mr. Garvey, I must thank you for a very entertaining description, which I am sure will be most acceptable to our readers."

"You are quite welcome Mr. 'Fair Play,' and the best luck I can wish you is that you may never come here other than as friendly visitor upon myself."

The *Catholic Times* is dead. We are sorry, for we fear its decease will mean a serious financial loss to Archbishop Redwood, who was in reality the founder of the paper. The *Catholic Times* started badly with an editor from Sydney, whose reign was brief, if not glorious. He was followed by Mr. Ivo Evison, now editor of *Christchurch Truth*. A very grave mistake was made in getting the ex-editor of a freethought paper, the coarse-toned *Rationalist*, and a man who had toured the colony delivering freethought lectures to act as the conductor of a religious paper. Evison wrote some very brilliant stuff for the *Times*, but all through his editorial career, his one object seemed to be to advertise himself and in the later days of his *regime* the foul attacks made by the paper upon the leaders of the democratic party disgusted many who would otherwise have supported the paper. When Evison left, Mr. Kennedy, an intelligent industrious young fellow, who had been on the staff of the *New Zealand Times*, was made manager, and Dr. Grace, so we believe, took charge of the literary department. The doctor in my be a good medical man, we believe he is; but if the leading articles of the last few months have been from his pen, we don't think much of his literary ability. The paper has gradually faded and pined away since Evison left, and we are sorry to hear that the financial "wash-up" will mean a heavy loss for someone. We trust the Archbishop, a fine fellow in every way, will not be very badly hit.

The *Evening Depress* on Thursday last devoted a whole leader—ye Gods what a misnomer—to abusing the Hon. W. P. Reeves because of the rumour that the Minister of Labour is likely to succeed Perceval as Agent-General. As a matter of fact Reeves is one of the few men that could be found to succeed Perceval. A brilliantly educated, remarkably well-informed man, who has got a bigger grip of social legislation than perhaps any politician in this colony. He certainly might have a more amiable manner, but after all his ungenial style is more on the surface than anywhere else, and he can and does do many generous actions—for that 'Fair Play' can vouch. As to the *Evening Depress*, the *Lies Rag* at Christchurch, and a few other snarling spiteful papers, which lose no opportunity of reviling Reeves, we treat them with the most supreme contempt, a contempt which is fully shared by all right-thinking people.

## Sairey and the Women's Club.



One afternoon last week, Mr. Heditor, I was sittin' crocherin' in my best parlor, when the bell rang, an' Kate Deborah pronounced Mrs. Blank (you will remember, Mr. Heditor, as Mrs. Blank was the lady as called the first meetin' to discuss the formin' of a Women's Club). I got hup, an' shuke my visitor cordually by the hand, an' says;

"Welcome, Mrs. Blank, I am rite glad to see you," I says.

"Thank you, Mrs Snodgins," she says, "it does one good to receive a genuine hary welcome such as you give, after bein' a little bit sickened by the Sossity kiss, which may meen a little affecshun or a little hatred," she says.

"Oh, there's none of that about me," I says, "as is a Lankashire lass an' says just what I thinks is rite," I says, but I continue, "to what am I indetted for the pleasure of this visit?" I says.

"Well, to tell you the truth," I says, "to suggest that you, as President of the Women's Club, should call a meetin' to discuss the best method of raisin' funds, fram'in' rules an' etc." she says.

"I 'ave thort of it myself, but thort as I'd wate till everybody was back from there hollidays," I says.

"I think all, or nearly all the ladies as was present at the last meetin', are home," she says.

"Very well, my deer," I says, "we will call a meetin' as soon as possible," I says. "Let me see, to-day is Wednesday, next Friday is my day 'At Home.' Serpose we fix the meetin' for that day?" I says.

"That will do nicely, if it will not inconvenience you," she says.

"Not at all, my deer," I says, "as will be a good chance to make converts of any friends who may call," I says, so after takin' a cup of tea, Mrs Blank left, promis'in' to drop a line to the other ladies, invitin' them to the meetin'.

So on Friday afternoon, I felt in quite a flutter as 3 o'clock drew neer, an' just after the clock struck three the first visitor was pronounced, as proved to be Mrs Matildah Brown, the person as I named "the Hopposishonist."

"Good afternoon, Mrs Snodgins," she says.

"Good afternoon, mem," I says, "I am glad to see you here, mem," I says, "as look as if you was quite reckonled to the Women's Club idea now," I says.

"Yes indeed, I am Mrs Snodgins an' cannot think how I can 'ave been so foolish as to hoptose such a grand idea, but now as I am convinced as it will be a good thing for women, I shall devote all

my henergy to the hatanement of it," she says.

"Well done," I says, "as it takes some moral courage to admit one is in the rong, after takin' the stand you did," I says.

Just then, some more ladies were showed in an' soon the room was crouded, tea was handed round, an' after seein' everybody's wants was seen to I stood hup, but before I could speak a burst of happlause greeted me, at wich I bowed my acknowledgement, an' then began:

"Ladies, I was asked by our friend Mrs Blank, who let me tell you is a very true friend an' will prove herself a corner stone of our Club when we get it (A vice: Yes, an' before we get it) to call a meetin' to consider the best meens of raisin' the funds for buildin' of the Club, the eleckshun of ossifiers an' etc., etc. (Heer, beer). Now, I am not goin' to say very much, for I think as we had better make this a free-an'-easy conversashonal sort of meetin', an' let everyone as is intrested 'ave her say in the matter.

The raisin' of the funds I shall say nothink about till some of our friends, as know more about the matter, 'ave spoke, but I would like to make one or two perposals as to the erckeshun of ossifiers, I says. In the first place then I should like to perpose Mrs Matildah Brown as seckretary, an' Mrs Blank as treasurer, as both ladies is henthouseastic, henergetic, an' weall, I am sure, think we could not do better than elect those ladies, that is if they will accept," I says.

"I should like to second that perposishon Mrs. President," says the straight-backed, woman's rites woman, with the green goggles, "wich I does with the greatest pleasure, an' at the same, time Mrs. President, I should like to compliment you on your keen an' sound judgment, as I know both these ladies well, an' if they will accept the persishons, I am sure they could not be filled by persons more sootable," she says.

"Thank you for the compliment, mem," I says, "wich I think we musn't bindulge much in," I says smilin', "as I 'avn't time," I says, "so now those in favor, please hold hup there hands." Every hand went hup an' then Mrs. Blank got up an' says—

"Mrs. President, ladies, I thank you on behalf of Mrs. Brown an' myself, an' beg to say we accept the persishons you offer us, an' will do our best to further the interests of the Club. I am sure our President will understand that we shall need hassistants, an' so I beg to perpose Miss Eliza Green (the woman's rites woman) and Mrs. Hawkus (the little thin-faced woman) at wich there was a grate clappin' of hands. No need for that perposal to be seconded," Mrs. Blank went on, "as the approval is unionanimus, so I will, with our President's permishon, say a word or too about the Buildin' Fund. I am afrade as we shall not find it all plane salein', but we must 'ave plenty of courage, an' hope to bekon us on, an' I feel sure we shall succeed. In the first place I think we

must look to homo for help, an' those of us as 'ave husbands, brothers, brothers-in-law, uncles, cousins, or grandfathers, must veeidic them inter puttin' there hands inter there pockets an' pullin them out agan with one or more golden kinos between there fingers. (Heer hear.) Then, if there are any ladies as 'ave a house and land big enough she mite give a garden party, and like our Salvashun Army friends, take hup a colleckshun. (Laffer and clappin' of hands.) Then I think as we mite approach the members Parliament, speshully the new ones as wants to keep all rite with the ladies. (A voice—Bell; another, Stout.) Well, any of them, it does not matter much so long as they hand us some bank notes. An' now I think I 'ave opened the way to attainin' our end, 'praps some other ladies would like to make some suggestshuna.

"I don't know as I can offer any suggestshuns, says our now treasurer, except the old ideas of raisin' money by gettin' hup second rate concerts, buzzars, auckshon sales, etc., but I can carry into effect one of our secretary's suggestshuns, and so I herewith invite all members, intandin' members, and there husbands, there sweathearts, brothers, cousins, uncles, and in fact all there relashuns an' friends, as will of course be invited to be as liberal as possible, (laffer,) an' by the way, we mite ask a parson or too, makin' sure we got one as would make a holoquent appeal. (Laffer.) My house and grounds are situated outside the city, an' will accomodate some two or three hundred persons, so ladies, you will honor me by your presenee." (Sits down amid defenin' applause.)

Then a silence for a few minits an' I got up an' sayed, "Is there any other lady wishes to speak?"

"Let us heer what you 'ave got to say, Mrs. President," says Mrs. Hawkus, "as I am sure I can say that all of us intend doin' our little best towards the Bieldin' Fund."

"Well, ladies, I don't know as I 'ave got much to say, except to thank you for the interest you are already takin' in our club that is to be, an' that at no distant date, judgein' by the practical way our treasurer is showin' her interest, an' as we seem so neerly realizin' the funds, I should like to suggest us 'avin a jiminy-nashun, for I thinks if we is to 'ave helthy active minds we must 'ave holthy active bodies, so when we give the arktect a sketch of what we want, I hopes as we shall all be agreed that a "jim" will be a part of the plan. An' now, ladies, I thinks as we may congrateriate ourselves upon 'avin done a good day's work, an' the next meetin' will be called to ascertain how much money we 'ave succeeded in weedlin' our male relashuns an' friends out of.

The meetin' then adjourned, so, Mr. Heditor, please prepare all 'Fair Play' staff, aye, even unto the printer's devel, for the visit, with a plate in her hand, of

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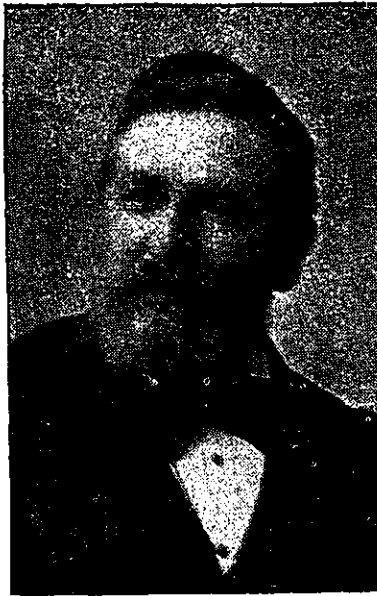
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## Fair Play

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1894.

### "Bad Tucker."

Wellington is one of the most expensive towns to live in that can be found in the Colony. House rent is extravagantly high, and provisions of nearly every kind are far dearer than they are either in Dunedin, Christchurch or Auckland, the latter city being the cheapest place of residence of the four great cities of the colony. We should not, however, feel inclined to grumble at the higher rates charged in Wellington for food, were we certain, which we are far from being at present, that the food which is supplied to us is always of good quality. Unfortunately this is not the case, and it is on this very important subject of what we may colloquially entitle the "bad tucker," which Wellingtonians are compelled to consume, that we intend to say a few outspoken words in this week's "FAIR PLAY." A healthy mind cannot exist in an unhealthy body, and it is difficult to see how the body can fairly be expected to be in a healthy condition when it is fed with meat which frequently is cut from diseased carcasses, milk that has come from diseased cows through the medium of a filthy dairy, fish that has been so long out of the water that it is more than merely unwholesome, and fruit which is unfit for human consumption. This is a strong indictment to bring against the food supply of the Empire City, but there is only too much truth in it. Within our own personal knowledge we have met with householders whose whole families have been taken suddenly and seriously ill after eating certain meat, meat which could only have come from some diseased carcass, a carcass which in the first place never ought to have been sold to the butcher; and secondly and more important, should never have been allowed to go forth to the unsuspecting consumer. It is a well-known fact, and this we assert most plainly, that diseased meat is con-



stantly being sold in this city, and so far as we can ascertain, no steps whatever are being taken to prevent this disgusting and disgraceful state of things. Turn we now to the milk supply of the city. This is far from being up to the proper quality. The tricks and dodges of the milkmen in "faking up" the milk were fully exposed not long ago in one of the city courts, and we have good reason for believing that "the ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," that were then brought to the light of day, are practiced by a goodly number of those who provide milk for Wellington householders. And in this connection, here is a little story. A friend of ours, who has been blessed by providence—and his better half—with a goodly number of youngsters, recently had complaints from his spouse of the poor quality of the milk that was being supplied to the family. Our friend, who is an amateur chemist in his leisure hours, indulged in a series of experiments, by which he discovered that the family milk supply was regularly and systematically adulterated with some foreign whitey compound, which, as far as he could make out, was nothing more nor less than chalk. He also discovered there was an alien colouring matter in the milk. Fortified with the knowledge he had thus acquired of the devious ways of the local dairymen, he "bailed up" the family milk provider on the first opportunity and openly charged him with dishonesty and impudent adulteration. It was beautiful, he says, to observe the pathetic indignation of that worthy tradesman. His milk, he declared, was the pure product of the cow, he "knew nawt about turmeric and chork and all that 'ere stuff," he invoked the Deity to strike him dead if "heweren't tellin' Gawd's terruth," and so on, ad lib. and ad nauseam." Then our friend, who really began to think that after all he had been mistaken in his amateur analyses, said "Well, you just give me a bottle full of to-day's milk and I'll have it analysed by Mr. Paregoric, the chemist down on the Quay." The milkman made a hurried excuse, and rushed off to his cart, and bringing another can to the door filled a bottle with the milk. He was visibly frightened, despite all his bounce, and from that day forth, the quality of the milk supplied to our friend showed a perfectly marvellous im-

provement. But every householder cannot be his own analyst, and complaints are almost daily made to us on the subject, accompanied by requests "to take the matter up." We have not the slightest doubt that one-half of the milk supply of Wellington is shamefully adulterated. Then as to fish: The supply is small and by no means regular, the price often most exorbitant, and the quality far from being what it ought to be. At present the fish supply of the city is in the hands of a selfish, grasping, little ring, the fishermen get but wretched pay for their labour, and the middlemen wax fat upon their toil, whilst the public are vilely served. During the recent hot weather, so we are informed, large quantities of tainted fish came into town and presumably were disposed of to the public. There is no more check upon the selling of bad fish than exists on the vending of diseased meat and adulterated milk. The same remarks apply, but in a less degree, to fruit, large quantities of which, unwholesomely over-ripe, are exposed for sale from time to time, with but very rare action being taken by the proper authorities. It may be said that we have drawn too dark a picture of the state of things which exists in connection with the food supply of the city: That our remarks are far fetched and exaggerated, we can solemnly assure our readers that this is by no means the case, that we have sure and certain information, that nearly every week in the year diseased meat, adulterated milk, bad fish and unwholesome fruit are vended in Wellington. Were we to say all we know on this unpleasant subject, our readers might then put us down as alarmists and dealers in gross exaggeration, but we have purposely understated the case. And the remedy for the state of things to which we have alluded.—What is it, and where is it to come from? Well, we have given the public some information to go upon and the public themselves must move in a matter which concerns every father of a family in Wellington, and which very seriously affects the health of the city. We may, however, point out a few things which are urgently needed. First of all, there should be a rigid inspection at the slaughter-houses of each and every carcase of meat which is destined for the consumption of the public of Wellington.

Whenever and wherever diseased meat is found, it should be at once destroyed and a heavy fine, say £50 at the very least, inflicted upon the person who supplied the meat, evidence of course to be forthcoming that such person was himself aware of the diseased state of the meat he had sold. As to milk, the remedy might for a time be expensive; it would certainly be most effective. Appoint a couple of inspectors and let the milk carts be stopped on their daily rounds, one to-day, another to-morrow, another next week. Never let it be known when they are to be so stopped or where, and let the samples of the milk thus obtained be handed over for the inspection of a competent analyst. The slightest trace of adulteration, either by chalk, turmeric, salicylic acid, or other foreign substance, and the vendor should be fined at least £50, and be forbidden under a further penalty of say, £100, to ply the trade of milkman for six months. Too severe a punishment some may say. Not a bit of it! The purity of the milk upon which so many of our children have mainly to exist, should be a matter of the most serious importance to the community, and no punishment can, so we take it, be too severe for the mean culprits, who, for the sake of the few paltry pounds and extra profit, cozen and cheat the householders into buying what is an adulterated article. As to the fish supply we have written enough on the subject previously. We still hold that a fish market is urgently needed for the city. Pending that institution being established however, stringent steps should be taken by the city authorities to prevent bad fish being sold, and when detected, the offenders should be subject to the most drastic penalties that can be devised. The same remarks apply to unwholesome fruit, of which, however, we do not think there is so much. We have omitted to mention what are known as butchers' "small-goods," sausages, brawn, etc. Many of these comestibles are manufactured out of taintel, if not absolutely bad meat, and a stringent inspection of the manufacture of these articles is also highly necessary. The purity and wholesomeness of our food supply is one of the most important of matters, and yet we fully believe that there is no subject which receives so little attention at the hands of the authorities. We repeat that diseased meat, adulterated milk, bad fish, and unwholesome fruit are regularly vended in this city, and we now call upon the public to insist upon a stringent and effective system of inspection, or the institution of some other means of putting a stop to what is an ever present and most dangerous menace to the health of the community.

## The Dunedin Meeting.

WELLINGTON SCOOPS THE POOL.  
NINE CHAMPIONSHIPS TAKEN.

BATGER, HEMPTON, MORPETH, McCORMACK, BAILEY, AND KING STAY ON TOP.

Mr. H. W. Batger, winner of the 120 and 440 yards Hurdles, is about as well-known an athlete as any in Australasia, so there is not much need for us to recapitulate the number of his successes over the sticks. Suffice it to say he is a world-beater over the 120 yds. hurdles: the only man who was ever able to give him a real go over the distance being G. B. Shaw, who is now in England. Mr. Batger was one of the team of New Zealand athletes who were sent to England three years ago, where he did very well. He has now won the 120 yards hurdles Championship of New



H. W. BATGER.

Zealand four times, and the 440 yards Championship three times. His best time over the 120 yards hurdles is 16 secs., done in England, and 16 1-5 secs. done in New Zealand. The comparatively slow time that Batger did his hurdle races (16 4-5 secs. for the 120 yards and 65 3-5 secs. for the 440 yards) were no doubt due to the soft nature of the grass track, the ground having been sodden the night before. It has also been said that Batger had a slice of luck in winning the 440 yards hurdles, as had Roberts not fallen at the last hurdle he must have won. Against this, however, it must be remembered that Batger got 5 yards bad at the start, and that Roberts was very done indeed when he stumbled at the last hurdle, much more so than Batger, so that it is probable that even if Roberts had not stumbled Batger would have beaten him in the race home.

Mr. J. H. Hempton is as familiar a name to the athletic world of New Zealand as is that of Mr. Batger. His best



O. McCORMACK.

point is the 100 yards, for which distance he has four times been declared the Champion of New Zealand. He has also twice won the 250 yards Championship. He has been on the track for twelve years, and must have won scores of races. He

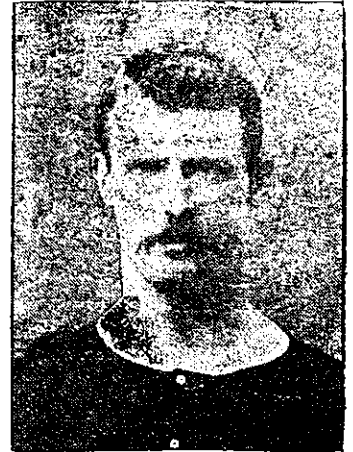


C. D. MORPETH

was also a member of the New Zealand team that went to England. He was manager of the team that has just returned from Dunedin. He has been credited on several occasions with 9 4-5

secs. for the 100 yards, and once in the exhibition year at Dunedin with 9 3-5 secs. But this was not allowed as a record, owing to the strong wind blowing at the back of the runners. The 250 yards was a grand race. Hempton dashed off at a great pace, and got a fine lead by the time 100 yards had been done, but Reeves came up on the outside like a lion, and wearing Jack down beat him in the last ten yards by a foot amid great excitement. This was the only race that the spectators seemed to take an interest in other than those in which the Dunedin men were well up. The cold way in which the visitors wins were received was very marked. Perhaps the weather had something to do with it. That was cold enough in all conscience.

McCormack did very well indeed in the hammer-throwing, winning easily with the fine throw of 94ft. 7in., beating Martin, the next man, by 9ft. Afterwards he had a go at the standard, and succeeded in beating it by three inches, doing 100ft. 3in. In the weight putting



J. H. HEMPTON.

he did not do so well as he had done before, the spongy nature of the ground operating against him. He did one put, however, of over 40ft., but as he went from corner to corner of the 7ft. square the judges would not allow it, declaring that the put must be measured at right angles to the sides of the square, which, of course, shortened down the distance considerably.

Morpeth had an easy time of it in the mile flat. He took the lead after going about 100 yards, and regulating the pace to suit himself won comfortably in the easy time of 4min. 45secs. He obviously saved himself as much as he could for the three miles later on. In this race Haynes rushed off with the lead at a great rate, and the others followed with the exception of Morpeth, who went his own pace till after some four laps had been negotiated, when the others came back to him, and taking the lead he was hotly pursued by Bennett, a lad of 19 years. These two drew away from the others and a hot race resulted in Morpeth leaving

Bennett standing 250 yards from home, and winning with 60 yards to spare in 15 min. 37 secs., the best time that has been put up at a Championship meeting in New Zealand.

The pole jumper, Kingsley, and the high jumper, Bailey, as expected annexed the events they were sent for. The way Kingsley was kept standing about in the cold for nearly two hours while one of the Dunedin men bucked away at the pole jump without trying to get over was, however, a bit rough, and accounted no doubt for Kingsley's inability to put up the record at 10ft. 3in. Bailey got a record for the high jump, doing 5ft. 7½in. He jumps in a very easy manner.

Gurr did not come off at the meeting at all, and exhibited none of the staying power that got him so much renown at the last Championship Meeting in Wellington. The fact is he was not nearly trained enough to run in a Championship Meeting, and might as well have stayed at home as tried to beat Reeves or Low when they were so fit.

The walking races were a treat to see. Bain, Dunedin, the winner of the mile, and Creamer, Auckland, the winner of the Three Mile, both walked with great determination and in fine style. This was the weak point in the Wellington team. They had no walker to represent them at all. Galloway, of Dunedin, did not seem nearly so well as when in Wellington last year. Findlay, too, of Dunedin, walked a game race with Bain and was only beaten by a few yards after doing more than standard time.

Low won the Half Mile and Quarter in splendid style running with great ease and judgment. Quite in contrast to his mistaken but mighty efforts at the last meeting. He fully deserved his wins, for he has worked hard not only at his training but also for the success of the meeting. He was rather lucky in meeting Reeves in the Quarter only half an hour after the latter had done a hard 250, for Reeves is credited with doing a Quarter at Christchurch a few days before the meeting in 50 2-5th sec. The time for the race at the meeting was 52 2-6th sec.

#### LATEST CRICKET.

The New South Welshmen ended their tour as they commenced—with an easy victory. This latter, though a creditable win, chiefly owes its greatness to the vagaries of the umpire. It is at all times unpleasant to criticise an umpire adversely, more so when he is a stranger; but on this occasion it was beyond the tension point of an ordinary full-blooded Englishman. Holdship rightly objected and the offender was replaced. The honours of the North Island team were carried off by non-Wellingtonians. Lusk played brilliantly all through, his running between wickets being excellent. Ike Mills at last showed the visitors that his reputation is founded upon something solid, and his brother in the first innings

in the bowling department was invaluable. The batting of the visitors was uniformly good and their bowling rather better than when they were here before. Notwithstanding their dual success, we hold still that a really representative team could beat them. We should like to see McDonough bat after a few weeks practice here. At present he is far from fit. The amount taken at the gates for the three days was £87. Mr. Davis, the famous umpire seemed like an automaton geared up to ejaculate "out" every time our men were batting.

#### BOWLING.

The Newtown Bowling Club expect to have their green ready for opening on the 1st of March. It will remain open for ten days or a fortnight, to give new players an opportunity for practice, and then a formal opening of the new Club will take place.

Wellington will be strongly represented at the Easter Annual Tournament to be held at Napier during Easter. Wellington, Thorndon and Newtown will send at least ten rinks.

There was something canny about the match, Scotchmen v. The World, played on the Wellington Green last Saturday. The Scotties claimed to win by a few points, but as a matter of fact the World won by nine points. The Scotties added the score of a rink, which started to play after the match was commenced.



MR. AUGUSTUS KANE (Purser S.S. Gothic).

We understand that Mr. McBeth has call a meeting at Otaki to discuss what action should be taken with reference to the men who will shortly be elected to the new Licensing Bench. The meeting will be held some day next week and a large attendance is anticipated.

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.



Frank Clark's Alhambra Company opened to an overflowing audience at the Opera House on Monday night. On Tuesday night the house was again crowded from pit to gallery and many were turned away at the doors. The popularity which the company seems to have gained immediately on its appearance, and especially when following right after the Brough and Boucicault combination, may at first sight seem curious until we recollect that theatre-goers as a rule are fond of radical changes, and a stronger contrast could hardly be drawn than that existing between the two companies mentioned—one refined comedy, the other broad farce, one appealing to the mind, the other almost entirely to the senses. Mess. Hamilton and St. Clair have simply got together a number of pretty faces, shapely limbs and gorgeous costumes, and these set in a framing of artistic scenery to a very great extent present the sum total of the entertainment provided. True, many of the limbs can kick and gyrate admirably, and the pretty faces can smile in a manner calculated to make a bald-headed man's heart beat tumultuously in his bosom, but there is a general sameness throughout the programme, that after a while palls on the taste. The minstrel portion of the entertainment is perhaps a bit above the average, but its elevation is due almost entirely to Mr. Charles Fanning, who is undoubtedly the *pièce de résistance* of the entire combination. If this artist were left out we are inclined to believe that a general gloom would settle like a London fog over the entire performance. To use a simile from Gilbert, he and one or two of the others "lend verisimilitude to an otherwise bold and unconvincing narrative." The dancing as a rule is very good, but the singing is certainly not up to par. The Opera House is a big building to fill, and it requires a fairly strong voice to make itself heard there; this the company does not seem to possess, or if it does the owner of it is being held in reserve. To our mind the management has made the mistake of bringing over too many mediocre artists, and not working their best people hard enough.

To particularise: Frank Clark seems to have very little to do, and what he does do smacks a little too much of ancient history. Why not give us some of the rollicking Irish "turns" he used to put on in Australia? or at least a few of his really excellent specialties. The school boy's recitation is a mediæval affair and does not show Frank to us good an advantage as it should. Fanning is undoubtedly one of, if not the best feature of the entertainment. His double-barrelled

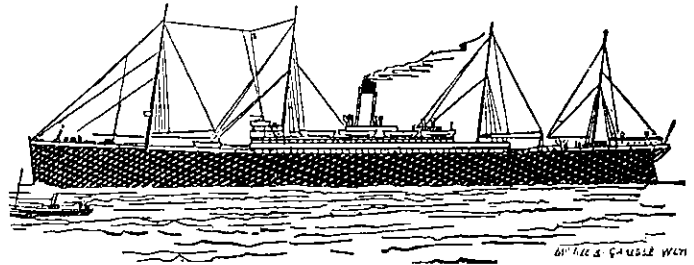
voice always creates amusement, and his facial contortions cause the greatest merriment. He goes through his performance in a workmanlike manner, and has the audience with him from the jump. The *Post* in describing this gentleman states that "he has the natural advantage of possessing a prehensile neck." Just what that means we are at a loss to know, as we have always heard the term applied to monkey's tails; a monkey who was the proud possessor of a prehensile tail being one who could wrap it round the branch of a tree and swing by it. Mr. Fanning's neck is certainly a wonderful one, but we hardly think it is prehensile.

The two Anderson sisters are very clever dancers, the elder one especially being well up in the grotesque dancing line. In the double "tarn" entitled "Flirtation" a very good exhibition of dancing is given, and special praise is due to Miss Wilson, whose business is very graceful and clean-cut. Miss Kate Howard has a very pleasing stage presence and a fair voice, but it is not strong enough for the Opera House. The other members of the company are not bad, but they seem to be intended more for the purpose of looking pretty than doing active work. The mounting is decidedly excellent, and we are pleased to be able to award unstinted praise to the setting of the first part. "Neptune's Retreat" is a pretty idea, and its appearance is always met with a round of applause on the rising of the curtain. The farces which end each act are funny, but they are not very, very funny. A change of programme was advertised for Thursday night, but the criticism upon it was too late for this issue.

The Garden of Eden, a curious illusion by means of mirrors artfully arranged, is attracting crowds of people at the Criterion Theatre, in Manners Street. The original entrance fee was one shilling, but in order that all may see this very clever entertainment without too great a strain on their resources, the management have reduced the price of admission to sixpence.

### The S.S. Gothic.

We publish in this issue an illustration of the s.s. Gothic. It would be superfluous for us to enter into a detailed description of the vessel, as that has been done in a previous issue. Her appointments are commodious, comfortable, and thoroughly *fin-de-siècle*, and the party who intends travelling "Home," and intends to be conveyed there in a luxurious manner, should certainly engage his or her passage on board this floating palace. One feature is particularly noticeable on board the Gothic, and that is the spirit of *camaderie* which seems to exist amongst the officers of the vessel. We regret to state that this is not always the case on ocean going steamers, and its existence on board the Gothic is a compliment to the Captain as well as the



S.S. GOTHIC.

officers individually. The Gothic will be back in Wellington shortly where she will remain for a week or two before making her return trip. In another column we publish the portrait of Mr. Augustus Kane, the purser of the vessel. Mr. Kane has been for some time in the service of the company, and has made himself deservedly popular with both the passengers and his brother officers. It is an old saying at sea that the purser's work commences as soon as his vessel reaches port. For one reason we regret to state that as a rule this saying is only too true, and our reason is that it prevents Mr. Kane from giving the time he otherwise might to his many friends and acquaintances on shore.

### Opinions of the Press.

WHAT OUR CONTEMPORARIES SAY.

FAIR PLAY A UNIVERSAL FAVOURITE.

IT DARES TO SPEAK THE TRUTH.

FAIR PLAY is a most creditable production. — *Bruce Herald*.

A well-illustrated and well-printed Wellington weekly. — *Western Star*.

FAIR PLAY is the title of the latest addition to the list of journalistic productions in the colony. — *Wellington Evening Press*.

FAIR PLAY is very smartly written, and contains many excellent portraits of Wellington celebrities, and the praiseworthy way in which it is published reflects the highest credit on its promoters. It should undoubtedly have a very successful run. — *Palmerston Standard*.

FAIR PLAY will prove a valuable acquisition to the ranks of New Zealand journalism. — *Feilding Star*.

FAIR PLAY is well printed and enlivened by many photo-electrotype portraits and views. The price is very reasonable. We congratulate the publishers, and wish them every success. — *Manawatu Herald*.

It is nicely got up and contains 24 closely printed quarto pages of good reading matter. The journal will be published weekly. — We wish the venture every success. — *Waimate Witness*.

FAIR PLAY is a respectable addition to the current literature of New Zealand. — *Napier News*.

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We have made special arrangements with PROFESSOR ROBERT WHITE to supply written delineations of character, and any of our country readers who would like to have carefully arranged and reliable phrenological readings of the character of themselves, their friends, or relatives, can do so by sending a photo to the MANAGER of FAIR PLAY, Wellington, when the reading will be forwarded to the sender.

This is a feature which has never been introduced in the colonies before and giving, as it does, all the advantages of a personal examination, without its inconveniences, must meet with the approval of our readers.

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## SPORTS, GAMES AND PASTIMES.



MR. N. L. GURR.

Mr. Norman Leslie Gurr is the son of the late Mr. J. Gurr, of Launceston, School Inspector, also Captain of Volunteers. He was born 6th March, 1865, educated at the Adelaide Park-side Educational Institution, South Australia. At an early age he was imbued with a love for athletics, which might be termed hereditary; his father having been a great athlete in his younger days. Before Mr. N. L. Gurr left Australia he had earned for himself the highest of reputations as an amateur athlete, and since his arrival in New Zealand he has taken a most prominent part in athletics generally in different parts of the colony. He first ran in New Zealand in August, 1889, when he won the Wellington Athletic Football Club's half-mile Handicap, by a distance of 60 yards. His record performance occurred in Timaru, when he won four championship races on the same day. At the present time he holds the New Zealand Championship medals for quarter and half-mile, which he won in Wellington in February, 1893. In September, 1893, he was invited by the New Zealand Amateur Athletic Association to represent the colony at the Australian Championship Meeting, but was unable to attend, owing to an accident he met with, while leading in the 100 yards race at the H. B. Amateur Athletic Club's meeting in September, 1893. He is also prominent in musical circles, cricket, football, rowing, cycling and swimming. He has without doubt the choicest collection of trophies in New Zealand. He is District Manager in H. B. and Gisborne for the Mutual Life Association of Australia. The following are some of his performances in the athletic field—1st in  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile at W.A.F.C.'s Sports, 1889. 1st in 100

and 150 yards at W.F.C.'s Sports, Sept., 1890. 1st in 100 yards at W.A.A.C.'s Sports, December, 1890. 1st in 100 yards champion, 1st in  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile handicap, and 1st in 440 yards handicap at South Canterbury Meeting. In December, 1891, he won with ease a four mile cross country race at Wellington, 1st in 200 yards handicap and  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile handicap from scratch at W.A.A.C.'s meeting in October, 1891. 1st in 440 yards handicap from scratch at Wellington Caledonian Sports, Jan., 1892, 1st in  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile championship and 440 yards handicap from scratch at Wellington in April 1892. Secured the following championships at Timaru in May, 1892, viz., 100, 250, 440, and 880 yards, also 1st in 300 yards Club championship. Winner of championships (N.Z.)  $\frac{1}{4}$  and  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile at Wellington in February, 1893. Out of 38 starts he has won 29 races, of from 100 yards to four miles, being second in the other nine events. He was chosen to represent Wellington in the championship meeting held at Dunedin on the 16th inst.

## AQUATIC.

In the Wellington Rowing Club's Fours A. Minogue bow, A. M. Burns 2, E. Nicholson 3, W. M. Wilson stroke, and F. Usmar cox; defeated W. Ross bow, H. Burford 2, I. R. Crawford 3, J. E. Gamble stroke, and D. Plunkett cox, after a close and exciting race by about half a length.

W. Fountain bow, A. W. Smith 2, A. McLaren 3, G. B. Nicholls stroke, W. Plunkett cox; had a very easy victory over S. G. Ross bow, G. S. Hill 2, A. S. Paterson 3, M. F. Marks stroke, and J. Usmar.

A. Minogue bow, A. M. Burns 2, E. Nicholson 3, W. M. Wilson stroke, and D. Plunkett cox; defeated W. Fountain bow, A. W. Smith 2, A. McLaren 3, G. B. Nicholls stroke, and F. Usmar cox, after a close and exciting race by half a length.

B. J. Finucane bow, W. Strange Muir 2, C. Poll 3, R. A. Heise stroke and F. Usmar cox; defeated F. Smith bow, I. N. Barrie 2, T. Shields 3, A. Sargeant stroke, and D. Plunkett cox. by a couple of lengths after rather an easy race.

In the senior final heat B. J. Finucane bow, W. Strange Muir 2, C. Poll 3, R. A. Heise stroke, and F. Usmar cox, met F. Ross bow, J. S. Swan 2, W. H. Jackson 3, C. Hooke stroke, and D. Plunkett cox. and beat them after a splendid contest by two feet.

Owing to a family bereavement W. H. Morrah's place in the S.B.C. Senior Fours has been taken by A. G. Hume, and in the Senior Pairs his place has been taken by R. W. Wallace, in both cases the change is the best that could have been made, and the crews have put in good work prior to going south last Monday. The regatta will be over before this reaches our readers, but we do not anticipate that any of the local

crews will win unless Hume, the Sculls, the Star Maiden Four, and Senior Double Sculls, in which three races they will have the best chance of success. Owing, unfortunately, to some of the W.R.C. men being unable to get leave the Club will not be represented at the Christchurch regatta.

The following are the S.B.C. crews which have gone South to take part in the Christchurch regatta, viz.:—Senior Fours—A. G. Hume, bow, G. F. Johnston No. 9, E. W. G. Strange, No. 3, R. W. Wallace, stroke, T. W. Brown, cox. Senior pairs—J. G. Duncan, bow, R. W. Wallace, stroke. Senior Double Sculls—J. G. Duncan, bow, A. G. Hume, stroke. Senior Sculls—A. G. Hume. Maiden Fours—T. R. Herd, bow, H. Shearman, No. 2, G. C. Fache, No. 3, K. D. Duncan, stroke. Junior Pairs—T. R. Herd, bow, G. C. Fache, stroke.

In the S.B.C. Junior sculls T. R. Herd just managed to beat J. E. Widdop by three-quarters of a length through being in better condition. J. C. Lewis easily defeated R. F. Page, R. Pownall easily defeated W. H. Denton, D. Burnes easily defeated P. G. Didsbury, R. Pownall had an easy victory over J. C. Lewis.

In the Oriental Boating Club's Junior Sculls W. Spencer defeated W. Gleeson somewhat easily by three or four lengths.

The Wanganui Rowing Club have selected the following crews to go into training for the Wanganui Regatta, which is to be held on March 15th:—Seniors—Pownall, Atkins, Ward and Bell; Maidens—Dymock, McLean, Blackmore, and Morton; Juniors—Tasker, Day, St. George, and Wilding; College—Hogg, Ballantyne, Wright, and Duigan; Double Sculls and Pair-oar—Atkins and Pownall.

The Wanganui Regatta Club have adopted the following programme for their regatta:—Maiden Fours, Senior Fours outrigger, Stump Outrigger; Junior Fours Outrigger, Ladies' Plate outrigger, Pair-oar in clinkers, College Race. The Star B.C., Wellington, have signified their intention of sending crews to compete, but the Nelson, Christchurch Union, Napier, and Oriental Clubs have written stating they will be unable to send crews.

## ATHLETIC.

The fifth annual Championship meeting of the New Zealand Amateur Athletic Association took place last Saturday at the Carisbrook Ground, Dunedin. There was an attendance of about 3000. The arrangement and management in every detail was splendid. We must heartily congratulate the Wellington competitors on their success, with the exception of Gurr, whose action in going down in an unfit condition, has been severely condemned in pretty strong language, and justly so to. We heard when he was in town that he was not fit, and the result has justified this by the times of his races and the places he occupied in them. Last,

year the Wellington men were defeated by Canterbury after a very close contest by one, but this year our men have not only had the satisfaction of wiping out their former defeat, but have won the banner by no less than 15 points. Long may our boys hold it.

CRICKET.

The annihilation of the New Zealand team was a rude shock. The question of defeat never entered into calculation, speculation being confined alone to the measure of inevitable victory. Rumours have been floating about extensively to the effect that the visitors have benefited largely from a pecuniary point of view by their win, and that their previous performances were regulated from a mercenary motive. To us this seems unworthy of credence and even of mention, if it were not for the influential and circumstantial nature of the rumours. Glorious uncertainty, as applied to cricket, has become a trite expression, to this meeting of the Greeks I can discover no remark more appropriate; on a good wicket and favourable surroundings and with the eyes of all New Zealand upon them our men made an egregious failure. Alas the pity of it. We are afraid it's memory will be green for many years to come, no matter what we may do to retrieve it.

It is amusing to hear from Canterbury regrets, that such batsmen as Fisher, Cross, Kallender, &c, were not in the team. How different was their song before the match.

Saturday at the Basin was flat, stale, and uninteresting. The country players new to us, Mills and McDonough did not come up to expectations, although the latter, by his steadiness, gave promise of better things. Lusk succumbed first ball. The auxiliaries, indeed, were the only ones who seemed at home with the bowling, Wynward playing with great confidence. The fielding of the Fifteen was extremely creditable, two splendid catches being made by Izard and Kirker. Williams' wicket-keeping is also worthy of remark, not a single extra being debited against him. Benbow and Dryden were as usual on the spot, which, however, seems to have little influence with the Selection Committee.

The Junior Cup match between the Phoenix and Kilbirnie Clubs was productive of great excitement. The victory of the latter place these two teams and the Wellington 2nd. on an equality.

A noticeable feature in this season's cricket is the large increase of country clubs. One needs but to peruse the army of "rustic rags" to become assured of this fact. The establishment of these clubs promotes good fellowship and will as time rolls on, be the means of recruiting our provincial strength. With such a man as Mills to coach them our Hawera friends should in a few years become respected opponents; perhaps then Taranaki will overcome its bashfulness, and enter regularly into interprovincial contests. At the present time country bowlers seem to more often distinguish themselves than the bats-

men, obviously by reason of the undulating and "nutmeg grater" aspect of the ground. A few weeks ago a Karori trundler spread his fame through the Australias; on Saturday another hitherto "unknown" from Johnsonville, is reported to have secured seven wickets for two runs playing against some kindred spirits.

We happened to overhear the remnant of a discussion on cricket terms at the Basin last Saturday. Amongst other words in use by scribes, exception was taken to that employed when a batsman scores three runs, which is forthwith dubbed a "triple." These conversationalists agreed that the word was atrocious, that it savoured too much of the—well most undesirable incident in creation, and that it wasn't a fit word at all. To what lengths will inde prudery further go? Life was too short to linger and hear the remainder of the converse, but one begins to muse on the quaint ebullitions of wisdom that are played off at these casual meetings of deeply observant humanity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Secretary of the New Zealand Football Association has been approached by the Wednesday Clubs affiliated to the Wellington Football Association as to whether, should they found a separate Association, they will be able to enter a team for the next tournament. He has given it as his opinion that this will be possible, but as there is no rule to meet the case, the question will be brought up at the next meeting of the Association.

Mr. J. Baumber, the well-known Wairarapa and Petone "rep." we are credibly informed intends to play the Association game this season, and will join the United Club.

The programme for the Druid's Easter gathering is announced and gives satisfaction to running men. The ancient Grand Handicap system embodying distances from 100yds. up to half a mile, has been modified, the maximum distance being now 300yds. This will undoubtedly stimulate nominations as it is absurd to expect good racing when long and short distance men are bundled up promiscuously. Large entries are also expected for the bicycling events, and altogether the gathering promises to be a big success.

The annual swimming sports of the Star Boating Club were held at the Club's Boathouse on last Saturday afternoon. With perfect weather, a large attendance, including a large proportion of the fair sex, the different events keenly contested, the whole affair was naturally a great success. Jupp's Band played selections during the afternoon. The members of the Club were most attentive to the wants of the large number of visitors during the afternoon. Mr. J. Godber, of Cuba street, supplied afternoon tea, and refreshments in the Club's Social Hall upstairs, where the Club's plate and trophies were on view. Mr. E. Jackson acted as starter, and Messrs

W. H. Field, A. W. Newton, and J. C. Martin acted as judges. Mr. D. Tripe proved a most efficient and courteous secretary. The following are the results of the various events:—

200yds Open Race.—R. C. Renner, 1; G. S. Hill, 2; G. C. Tattle, 3.

Maiden Race.—First heat, R. Pownall 1; W. H. Tripe, 2; A. Duncan, 3. Second heat, A. Young, 1; D. Burnes, 2; E. Hardecastle, 3. Final heat: A. Duncan, 1; H. Tripe, 2; R. Pownall, 3. Won easily by 10 yards.

Long Dive.—L. E. Wiggins, 1; K. Duncan, 2; R. Wallace, 3. The distance dived by the winner was 114ft.

Coxswain's Race.—C. Renner, 1; H. Brown, 2. Won by 20 yards.

Fancy Diving.—A. Smithers, 1; K. W. Duncan, 2; R. Gowdall, 3.

200 yards Handicap.—A. Duncan, 1; W. H. Tripe, 2; A. H. Barnett, 3. Won by 10 yards.

Henders.—S. W. Richardson, 1; A. Duncan, 2; G. F. Johnston, 3.

Senior Race, 440 yards.—A. Duncan, 1; W. J. Blair, 2; H. Abbott, 3. Won by 5 yards.

Obstacle Race.—K. Duncan, 1; J. Widdop, 2; H. Morshhead, 3.

Greasy Pole.—This was won by F. Pownall in his first attempt. None of the other competitors getting near the flag.

Owing to the teams who were to take part in the water polo being tired out, having competed in various races, the committee decided to postpone this event till Wednesday.

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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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We publish the following lines from our old friend "Vox Populi." He is a most ubiquitous personage, and in an experience of nearly twenty five years in various countries we have never yet struck a city where we have not run across him. Sometimes he writes "poemes," at others prose, but as a rule he writes stirring letters on the necessity of an extra lamp-post in his immediate vicinity, or the probability of a whole country going to the "demnition bow wows," unless Mr. Smith is elected librarian. The following effusion is written with the intention of turning Prohibitionists from the error of their ways. We hope they'll turn :-

To THE PROHIBITIONISTS.

Fools! to assert that mortals dare not quaff  
The flowing bowl in seasonable time,  
Your ravings wild but rise a hearty laugh,  
The whole so void of reason and of rhyme.  
Can any Prohibitionist maintain,  
Because some drink too deep all shall abstain?  
Or since the glutton at a groaning feast  
Doth far out gourmandise the brutish beast,  
And overload his stomach at the treat,  
Grim Prohibition shall abolish meat?  
And if the vain ones lavish all in dress,  
Would they condemn mankind to nakedness?  
Oh! stupids, far too prejudiced to see  
The line 'twixt medium and extremity.  
Once at a wedding of the friendless poor,  
Our blessed Saviour chance'd to pass the door,  
And viewed upon the board no cheering draught,  
The coldest water by each guest was quaffed,  
When instantaneous, to inspire their hearts,  
With all the joys the ruby grape imparts,  
The Christ! Redeemer!! blessed Lord Divine!!!  
Transformed that water into generous wine.  
Hear this, you Reclabites, nor dare you scan

The wisdom of your Saviour; in  
the dust  
Confess your folly, own his ways are  
just,  
And act like men of reason, if you can.  
VOX POPULI, Gisborne.

Next to the perpetual cry for "copy" the inquiry most often heard in this office is "can you give me a match?" The continual reiteration of this request has moved the sub-editor to break forth into verse with the following result :-

#### MATCHES.

They're made in millions every day,  
And sold in millions, too,  
Yet million's voices daily say,  
"Have you a match on you?"  
And oh! alas, I grieve to tell,  
For conscience red doth glow,  
A million voices loudly swell  
The atmosphere with No!

The statement which was telegraphed from Wellington to Dunedin that Mr. Pinkerton was to be the next Minister for Labour in place of Mr. Reeves, promoted to the Agent-Generalship, is, we are informed if not absolutely without foundation, at least "entirely too previous." Mr. Pinkerton's appointment to the portfolio of Minister for Labour would not be viewed with satisfaction by the southern Labour members, and we are of opinion that it would meet with considerable opposition in the north.

The late James McKendrick, whose medals were recently sold by the Public Trustee, was a well-known and popular hotel proprietor and lessee in Christchurch about 10 years ago. At that time he was apparently well to do, being for some time "mine host" of Warner's Hotel in the Square, one of the largest and most fashionable houses in the city. The news that he died in poverty at Palmerston North will come as a shock to hundreds of his old friends in Canterbury and elsewhere, many of whom would have been glad to give him a helping hand had they known of his need.

We are in receipt of a South Australian sporting paper called *The Standard*, edited by Mr. A. G. Hales, better known in the Australian world of journalism as "Smiler." The paper is well got up and brightly written. "Smiler" is, without doubt, the best all-round sporting writer in the colonies, and we wish him and his newsy paper the success it deserves. "Smiler" was the journalist who cut such a prominent figure in the Broken Hill strike when the women attacked the pickets and as a mining expert he exposed more swindles in the Barrier than any of his confreres.

Silly paragraph from London *Sketch*! The Hon. R. J. Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, says that during the last three years 6000 settlers have been placed on the unoccupied land of the colony. With three times that number New Zealand may fairly expect to enjoy ample prospect.



BELL AND THE LADIES.

First Enfranchised Fair One: What do you think of the Bell v. 'Fair Play' case?

Second ditto: Well, I *did* think Mr. Bell was a man of the world when I voted for him, but since he has shown himself as sensitive over his reputation as a *debutante* in her first season out; I hardly think he has backbone enough to be of any practical use to us or his party as a legislator. Why, dear, we often get "exhilarated" ourselves.

Rumoured that there will shortly be a raid on a well-known gambling establishment in the city.

Wellington mashers are getting their collars ironed and their suits repressed now that Joe St. Clair has brought over his crowd of ballerinas.

There is considerable talk about town with reference to the New South Wales cricket team, and some injudicious persons have gone so far as to say that their play has not always been—well—er—just as good as it might have been. Remarks have also been made relating to gate money.

On Thursday night of last week a social and dance was given by Mr. J. Kersley at the I.O.G.T. rooms in Adelaide Road. One of the principal features of the evening was the fancy dancing by Miss Zoe Liardet, and the singing by both she and Miss Roberts. A similar entertainment was given on the following (Friday) evening at Brooklyn, when both appeared again.

Mr. A. S. Paterson, secretary of the Decoration Committee of the Hospital Ball, informs us that the D.I.C. have intimated that they will assist in decorating and furnishing the Drillshed for the ball. Mr. James Smith, of Te Aro House, has been kind enough to make a similar offer.

The sub-editor is a little better this week, but the office poet's state of health seems to be hopeless. He passes from one mood to another with an alarming rapidity. At times he is ferociously fierce, and at others sentimentally senile. We caught him in one of his mediocre maudlin states yesterday, when, with tears in his eyes he handed us the following effusion :

*Re MR. BELL.*

He's all right when you know him,  
But you've got to know him " fust,"  
He'll sue you in one minute  
And a whisky stand the next,  
He howls for Prohibition,  
When his mind is quite a blank,  
But he's all right when you know him  
And he's richer than a bank.

"After reading FAIR PLAY on the subject of Mr. H. D. Bell, we felt for Mr. Bell. A worthy citizen, no doubt, but quite unduly sensitive. We fancy it will be a long time before he puts his hand into another beehive. Every fair-minded journalist will agree with us in saying that the provocation given by FAIR PLAY was exceedingly trifling, a matter that no ordinary man would have bothered about." We publish the above clipping from the *Licensed Victualler's Gazette*. We agree with our contemporary in its estimation of Mr. Bell's sensitiveness. It is a characteristic which is an awkward one for a public man to possess, and with a view of assisting Mr. Bell in his future political career, we propose to keep him before the public and endeavour, if possible, to educate him out of this unfortunate attribute. We have placed Mr. Bell on our free list and any complaint that he makes of not receiving his paper regularly will be at once attended to.

On dit that a certain Professor who claims to be able to cure everything from gout to inherited insanity is shortly to be sued by a party in Wellington who finds it impossible to collect an indebtedness to him.

A contemporary says that "He Hem" Smith has invented a patent fuel called "brickquits." We fear our contemporary has not looked into the matter; the "brickquit" was invented some time ago and an attempt was made in Newcastle, N.S.W., to float a company for the purpose of pushing it in Broken Hill in 1891. There was also an attempt made to introduce the article in Victoria at about the same time.

The Duke of Argyle says that he would like to go to the South Pole in the interests of geology. We have no objection in what interests he goes as long as he does go; and if he could only drop in at New Zealand and take a few of our Colonial Knights with him, he would be followed by our best wishes for his welfare and success. "God bless the Duke of Argyle" would then be applied as a common saying to something beyond a relief from the seven year's itch.



HIS WHISKY AND SODA.

Young Tinkell: Pa! Jane wants to know whether you are ready for your whisky and soda?

Tinkel senior: Are there any Prohibitionist visitors about?

Young Tinkell: No, pa.

Tinkel senior: Has anybody from 'Fair Play' endeavoured to conceal themselves on the premises this afternoon?

Young Tinkel: No, pa; everything is safe.

Tinkel senior: Then tell Jane to bring in the whisky, and never mind the soda.

"Drunkness decreasing in Canterbury, according to crime returns. Wife desertion increasing." We may be crude in our ideas, but we prefer the former to the latter crime. Wife desertion is a cowardly and almost always a black-guardly crime; drunkenness is more than often a disease.

What about that cyclone that Captain Edwin promised us a few days ago? We have been making preparations to meet it and have been awaiting patiently for some time, but it hasn't arrived. Either turn it loose on some other country, Captain dear, or let us have it at once and get over the suspense.

A Scotch book on "Sheep, their management and Diseases" says:—"Cancer; when this occurs, dispose of the animal to the butcher at the first favourable opportunity." We fear that the majority of our New Zealand owners have carefully digested this advice, and are not at all loath to act upon it.

"A little hairy-toothed advertisement sheet down South recently took *Truth* to task for publishing in advance the reported death of a religious newspaper. It now publishes the item as a fact, but does not apologise."—*Christchurch Truth*. The paper referred to is of course the *Catholic Times* of Wellington. We were not surprised when we heard the rumour that this journal was about to die, as we were acquainted with its history. It never recovered from its editorship, as a class religious journal by an avowed free-thinker—or perhaps we shouldn't brand the late editor as such, but rather as a man who would write anything provided the "ghost walked regularly."

People wonder at the low salaries paid in New Zealand, but they don't reflect that there are over 4000 Chinamen in the colony.

It has been stated that Pinero writes most of his plays in hotels, if this be true what price testotal literary men?

It is claimed for an improved pattern of the Gatling gun that it can fire 8120 shots per minute. We understand that Mr. Cecil Rhodes, of South Africa, has lost no time in securing the refusal of the first lot manufactured. Poor Matabeles!

"Flats of seven rooms in some parts of London cost from £220 to £300 per annum," and yet in Melbourne you can get an eight-roomed house, with hot and cold water laid on, and an acre or two of garden ground for about two bob a week; and if you think that too high, the chances are the landlord or lady as the case may be, will pay you a half crown a week to live in the house and keep it in repair.

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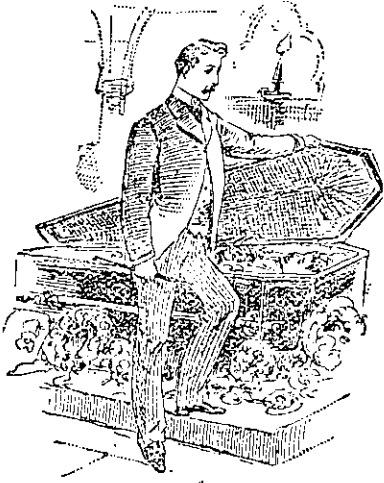


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# A Dead Man's Vengeance.

By EDGAR FAWCETT.

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One stout wrench with his chisel and the coffin was pried apart.

"I did not know it!" she burst out, clenching both her slim hands as they hung at her sides. "I never dreamed he was dying! How should I dream so? He had been ill and ailing—he had had such attacks before, and I wished a New York doctor of reputation to see him instead of some—some mere country ignoramus." Here she sank into one of the bamboo chairs that were scattered about the piazza, and looked at Gerald with a mixture of imperiousness and malice. "I have only this to tell you, Gerald Ravelow," she continued; "you may be as much in love with Brenda Bond as you please, but if my husband has left you an executor of his estate—and I dare say that he has—then I shall demand that a full settlement of it shall be made as speedily as possible, giving me the share to which I am entitled, for I wish to leave this country and escape from all further insolence at the hands of this arrogant sister. Yes, I wish to go back to England!"

"With Archibald?" asked Gerald, making the two sharp words cut her unfinished sentence like the swift stroke of a knife.

She started terribly, and then stared at him. "How do you know? What do you know?" she began to stammer.

He gave a brief, cold laugh. "Oh, I'm a great deal more ignorant than I should like to be," he answered. And then, feeling that to stay and talk with her like this might be to place within her power some hint of a certain secret it was both his duty and his desire jealously to guard for the present, he slightly lifted his hat, murmured "Good evening," and passed at a rapid pace down the piazza steps.

"To-morrow will be time enough for action," he thought, as he hurried across the twilight lit lawns. A dread which he could not dismiss, however, assailed him with regard to Brenda. Was it safe for her to pass another night at Shadlyshore, with the hatred of Natalie vigilant and asserted. But soon Gerald smiled at his own fears. Whatever evil this widow of Louis Bond might already have done it was sure that she would put no future obstacle between herself and the possession of a noble fortune. Policy would be the potent motive to keep her from all immediate mischief.

For the first time in his life Gerald felt beset by a sense of "nerves." He would almost rather have lost a hand than violate his oath to the dead, but this oath had of late entered his memory with an altogether novel series of thrills.

By 11 o'clock that evening he found himself in a most perturbed condition. His own hope, so closely adjoining the larger estate of the Bonds, had been left in charge of an old couple whom his sudden appearance had greatly surprised. After doing what they could for his entertainment these two custodians had retired to bed at Gerald's urgent request. The evening outside was full of soft breezes and scintillant starlight—summer darkness, with just the least autumnal touch to it. To reach the Shadlyshore vault would require a walk of not more than ten or fifteen minutes. Gerald had secured the key, having long ago placed it in a certain drawer, which he had now but to open for the purpose of laying his hands on what they sought. He had supplied himself with two or three candles and a box of matches. All was ready. His heart beat queerly as he began his little journey across lots and by dark clusters of bushy foliage. The ghastly character of his undertaking was not its only drawback. He seemed to see, again and again, before he reached the vault forms dart out upon him with vetoing gestures, accusative eyes. And how could he explain his trespassing presence in case any such arrest should occur?

But, in reality, he gained the vault quite unobserved. It was built of solid granite in the side of a slight hill. He listened for a moment, and then descended the small flight of steps leading inward to a large metal door. Then he inserted his key in the lock. It fitted perfectly, and quite soon afterward he and passed within the interior of the vault, leaving the metal door behind him just enough ajar to admit a certain quantity of air, yet not enough so as to attract the notice of any possible passer.

He now stood in pitchy darkness. A heavy smell as of fresh cut flowers at once oppressed him. He had ceased to feel trepidation; his old magnificent courage and coolness had come back to him. Slowly he struck a match and

lighted one of his tapers. As the flame struggled from intense dimness into comparative brightness the solemn, stone wrought chamber became clearly visible. It contained but three coffins, each laid in a separate niche. One was that of Louis Bond's mother, one that of his father and one was his own. The last lay heaped over with wreaths and crosses. All the niches were large, and in a manner took from the usual grimness of such receptacles by being uncramped and commodious of aspect.

Gerald had brought a small sconce for his candle, and now set both on the edge of the empty niche, just above the casquet of his friend. He waited some time in awed silence. To open the coffin was an act from which he shrank most reluctantly. And yet his sacred oath compelled him to perform this act. There was only the usual lock to be pried asunder, and for this purpose he had brought with him a capable instrument. Presently he banished his repulsion. "How can there be the least desecration," he thought, "when I am only following out Louis' own earnest wishes? Besides the vow he once exacted from me there is a new stimulus in Brenda's account of that hidden paper."

And yet to spend three mortal hours in this dismal vault! He began already to feel that his nerve power, strong and trustworthily as it was, could scarcely endure so drastic an ordeal. Still he must make the effort. Looking at his watch he discovered that only fifteen minutes of the allotted time had already passed. And yet they had seemed far more than an hour.

One stout wrench with his chisel and the coffin was pried apart. He soon looked upon the calm, waxen face of Louis. How like, and yet how completely soulless and irresponsible! What hope of any vital resurrectional sign could possibly be drawn from this pallor and apathy.

He leaned closer above the still features, familiar and yet utterly changed. He forgot the concealed paper of which Brenda had told him, while he parted from the dead man's breast and chin the thick masses of flowers which lay there. But he remembered, and with a piercing force of recollection, what he had bound himself of old to use every mental effort in desiring and yearning after.

Some of the flowers fell over upon the stone flooring of the vault—loose carnations and white roses, with perhaps a few glossy leaves of either. He meant to stoop and pick them up, when suddenly a strange and horrible thing occurred. The light went out, and it seemed to him that as it did so a sharp metallic sound rang through the dead, abrupt darkness.

And then something struck him, with a light, yet distinct, contact, full on the breast. He lifted his hand and caught a stiff square of glazed paper.

"The hidden letter!" flashed through his brain. "He has given it to me him-

self!"

For the first time in all his brave young life Gerald Ravelow knew what it was to be dazed and half mad with terror.

He reeled backward in the dense darkness, clutching the letter. How he found his way out of the vault he never afterward remembered. Everything seemed to him a blank until he found himself on the grounds of his own estate, with well known trees and paths gleaming all about him, and the faint, inscrutable stars glittering down upon him from the mighty conclave of the midnight heaven.

#### CHAPTER V.

Brenda wondered for three or four hours the next morning why Gerald did not keep his promise and appear. Natalie passed her once or twice in the halls with a pale, supercilious face. Repeatedly Brenda went out on the piazza and looked with longing eyes toward Gerald's home, whose roofs were just faintly seen above masses of greenery.

At last, to her surprise, she saw him coming up the lawn from the outer road with a man on either side of him. She slipped into the house again, and watched the approaching figures from one of the drawing room windows.

While she did so Natalie entered the room. "I see Gerald Ravelow coming here," she broke out, "with two men in his company. Who are they?"

"I have no idea," answered Brenda, turning from the window. "Why should I have?"

Natalie gave a slight laugh that was like a sneer made into sound. Just then steps were heard on the piazza. Moved by a sudden impulse, Brenda flung open the blinds of the window near which she had been standing.

"This way, Gerald," she said.

Gerald entered soon afterward alone. But Brenda saw that his two companions waited just outside.

The young man put out his hand toward Brenda while he fixed a hard and cold stare at Natalie.

"I have a paper," he said, "written a day or two before his death by your late husband. In that paper he accuses you of trying to poison him. He detected you, but said nothing. He preferred to die by your hand, since he had loved you so well that to live on would have been a horror. I quote almost his exact words. And there is no doubt about the authenticity of this paper that he left. Brenda, here, received it from him and placed it secretly within his breast after he had been laid in his coffin. I found it there. In it he also states that not long ago he forced from you a certain confession regarding a man named Archibald Clay, and that he has reason to believe you hide at the present time a packet of letters from this man and one or more bottles of poison as well

within a particular cabinet upstairs. I have secured a search warrant and must therefore"—

At the word "search warrant" Natalie darted toward the door. Gerald followed her, after a swift sign through the wide piazza window. He sprang up stairs, knowing the house so well that the cabinet to which his friend's letter had alluded and the apartment in which it stood were both well remembered by him.

But quick as he had been, Natalie reached the cabinet before him. He saw her kneeling at one of its open drawers. The next instant he saw her lift something to her lips. Almost immediately after that she fell heavily backward. There had lain a swifter poison here in the cabinet than that stealthily one which had doubtless wrought her husband's death.

She was quite lifeless when they picked her up. Afterward, when rigid examinations were made as to her previous life, it seemed slight wonder that such a woman should have preferred to end by suicide the final collapse of her evil hopes. She had undoubtedly been the wife of a certain disreputable Englishman called "Capt." Clay, and one of whose aliases was Leveridge, long before her marriage with poor infatuated Louis Bond. From some of the letters from this man found in the cabinet it was only too evident that she had planned Louis' murder with his full knowledge, and that the two expected at some future day to enjoy the wealth which would thus vilely have been secured.

During the following autumn occurred Gerald's marriage with Brenda, greatly to the delight of Mrs. Ravelow, whose health had now regained its usual gentle state of invalidism. Some time before this event Brenda had visited the vault where her brother lay, and had first ordered with her own hand what dismay had been caused by Gerald's weird visit, and afterward quietly obtained aid for the restoration of the injured coffin.

But Gerald could never be induced to accompany her on either of the several little pilgrimages which her task involved. "No, Brenda," he would say, "there are memories connected with that place which will haunt me till I die. No need of making them more vivid than they are sure to be already."

But once Brenda said: "Perhaps you are quite wrong in believing, Gerald, that anything supernatural really occurred that night. In my hurry and agitation, seizing a moment when she was not present, I thrust the paper within poor Louis' breast. It may be that I lodged it insecurely, and that the movement of the coffin afterward displaced it still more. When, as you say, you departed the flowers that lay on the breast of Louis, the paper may have been half concealed by these, while its whiteness corresponded to that of the

flowers themselves, all being seen in a dim light. Hence, when the candle fell!"—

"Folk?" interrupted Gerald. "Why do you state that it fell?"

Brenda smiled ever so faintly. "Because you had set it, in its sconce, at the edge of one of the stone niches. That it should fall would have been nothing remarkable. And when, as it seemed to you, the paper was almost put into your outstretched hand, this may merely have been the natural result of its having slid to the floor like some of the flowers that I found there."

Gerald listened intently, and then shook his head with an unwonted gravity.

"No, Brenda," he said. "Nothing can ever shake my faith that the dead man miraculously made me an agent of his vengeance beyond the grave."

"Perhaps he did," answered Brenda. "I don't deny it. I'm not attempting to explain any deep spiritual truth; I'm only seeking to account for material facts. The last—who knows?—may often be but the blind, obedient servants of the first."

"I dare say that is true," returned Gerald, musingly. But for many years afterward he adhered to his own private opinion, nevertheless.

#### THE END.

#### An Unparalleled Suicide.

It remained for a Yankee boy in Connecticut to devise a method for ending his life, which has in all probability never had a parallel.

Reproved or punished for some trifling offense he went to his father's barn and spent three days in rigging up a guillotine, with which he successfully beheaded himself. Between a pair of grooved uprights he fixed a butcher's cleaver sharpened to a razorlike edge. This he weighted on top with a box of scrap iron and stone weighing 200 pounds. From the top of the uprights to the bottom the distance was five feet, and the cleaver was held in position at the top by a rope reeved through a pulley and held by a wooden level four feet in length.

On the end of this lever he hung a tin pail, in the bottom of which a small hole had first been bored. The pail was filled with water, which slowly dripped through the hole in the bottom. After these arrangements had been completed, the lad placed his neck between the uprights directly in line with the cleaver. When the water in the pail had nearly all escaped the lever flew up, the rope was released and the sharpened blade fell like a flash. The head of the suicide was cut off clear and clear.

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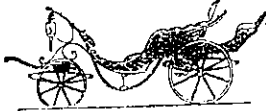
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**Easy Enough.**

In a certain church in Ireland a young priest was detailed to preach. The occasion was his first appearance, and he took for his text, "The Feeding of the Multitude."

He said, "And they fed 10 people with 10,000 loaves of bread and 10,000 fishes."

An old Irishman said, "That's no miracle. Begorra, I could do that myself," which the priest overheard.

The next Sunday the priest announced the same text, but he had it right this time. He said, "And they fed 10,000 people on 10 loaves of bread and 10 fishes."

He waited a second, and then leaned over the pulpit and said, "And could you do that, Mr. Murphy?"

Murphy replied, "And sure, your reverence, I could."

"And how could you do it?" said the priest.

"And sure, your reverence, I could do it with what was left over from last Sunday."

**Past and Present.**



Belle—I can't bear to think of my thirtieth birthday.

Alice—Why, dear, what happened?—

**A Brain Straining Relation.**

George—What are you studying so desperately this time of night?

Jack—A book of nautical terms and the language of flowers.

"Great snakes! Gone crazy?"

"No, I'm in love with the daughter of a sea captain and have to talk to both."—

**His Idea of It.**

An American (after the football game)—Tell me, how did you like it? Isn't it quite up to your bull fights at home?

Spaniard—It is exciting, very, but does it not strike you as unnecessarily brutal?—

**A Trap.**

Mary—I'm sure I hear burglars in the house. Hadn't we better scream murder?

Mrs. Newcook—It won't be necessary. I left three pies on the sideboard.—

**Friendly.**

Mrs. Haughteigh—Why didn't you stop, sir, when you saw me wave my hand?

Street Car Conductor—I thought you were throwing me kisses, mum.—

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