



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.