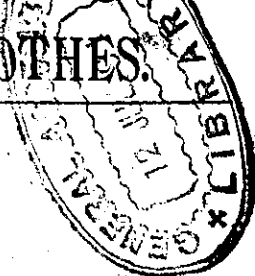


BROOKE'S MONKEY BRAND SOAP WON'T WASH CLOTHES.



Fair Play

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL FOR SENSIBLE MEN AND WOMEN

Vol. I. No. 20.

WELLINGTON, MARCH 17, 1894.

Registered as
Newspaper.

PRICE 3d.

STRAIGHT TALK

Some of our Wellington girls are snobs and no mistake. Here is an example which we heard of the other day:—Young lady, well dressed in a music shop on the Quay; "I want a music case open at both ends." Polite shop assistant: "The best are never made like that. Now I can show you." The young lady aforesaid, rapidly and decidedly: "Oh, I know what I want exactly. I want a case open at both ends and no other sort. I'm not going to be taken for a shop girl, carrying her luncheon to business, not if I know it." Beat that if you can.

* * *

Here is a wise reflection which we commend to the notice of Captain Edwin. It is suggested by the late extraordinary changes in the weather:—"It's a wise prophet that forgets his own predictions."

* * *

Jones and his wife had been to see the great Imperial variety company and Mrs Jones was delivering a sermon to her hapless spouse as they wended their way home over the hill to Kilbirnie. "You won't convince me, Edward, all actresses are women of loose habits." Jones, wearied with argument and peevishly: "Nonsense, lots of them wear tights." He had but little sleep that night.

* * *

The two Wanganui papers, the *Herald* and the *Chronicle*, are at loggerheads again as to who should be held responsible for the waste of money on the river channel works—a dead failure, like every other work ever done in connection with the lower Wanganui. The *Herald* man having talked big about money being chucked away on the channel works, the *Chronicle* editor, the clever but rather viperish Carson, resurrected a leader written in the *Herald* in the old days, said leader warmly supporting the works now denounced as useless. As usual when the *Herald* and *Chronicle* are at loggerheads, the local people look on and laugh at both papers.

Sir George Grey is a good-natured old soul in private life, although in public he is one of the most bitter and vindictive of men. The other day he passed through Napier and took a walk through the beautiful Botanical Gardens in that town. As a result he has presented the manager at the gardens with a couple of ostriches.

* * *

The Waitemate election is to come off almost immediately. Jackson Palmer is no favourite of ours, as he always struck us as a masher nonentity in the House, but cunning lawyer; that he is, he has got on the right side of the gum diggers, and will probably get their vote solid, and therefore give Massey a beating. There is a third candidate, a local butcher, in the field, but his chances are not considered seriously.

The *Marion Mercury* lectures the Government for sacking a lot of men off the co-operative works in that district. The *Marion* paper has been informed that "new comers" and single men have been kept on "whilst married men have been tarno adrift." This is not the right thing at all, Premier Seddon. When you are finishing hobnobbing with the Maoris and chucking the dusky waihenes under the chin you might well spare a few minutes to look into the grievance complained of by the *Marion* people. One bad feature about the case is said to be that the men who have been discharged had subscribed money to start an aided school for the benefit of their children. Now that they are turned adrift the money is wasted. Can it be that the whole affair is due to some blundering on the part of an understrapper? If so, Richard the Fourth should sack the understrapper.

* * *

Mr. Mark Cohen, editor of the *Dunedin Star*, has been elected to a seat on the Otago Education Board. He is a very smart fellow in Mr. Cohen, who commencing life in a comparatively humble sphere has worked himself up to a very good position. He is a specialist in educational matters, and will be a decided acquisition to the Board.

The Postal Delegates had a very good time in Wellington' and the "dining and wining" of them must have cost a good round sum. Of course the country will have to foot the bill, but it ought to dub up without growling, for the conference was a splendid advertisement for the colony, and the resolution re the Pacific cable was well worth all the trouble and expense. Postmaster-General Ward is the right man in the right place.

* * *

At Karnalpi rush, near Coolgardie, water is selling at 5s. per gallon. Prohibitionists must find it very expensive to do a "bust" at Karnalpi.

* * *

Danevirke, Hawke's Bay, is a township where occasionally the sturdy bushman gets a skinful of bad whisky and proceeds to paint the town red. The scenes in Danevirke on an election night are specially famous for their exceedingly sultry character. Sometimes there is a big fight and the pavement is strewn with blood, and hair, spare teeth and other evidences of a Homeric struggle. We are sorry, however, to notice that Danevirkians are introducing an accompaniment to their ordinary pugilistic joys, which ought to be sternly discountenanced, for the other day the local paper recorded a fight in which one of the two combatants had two of his fingers chewed. Stray cases of modified cannibalism of this kind, are occasionally reported in England, the mining districts of the Midlands being generally responsible for this occurrence but we trust this is the first and last time we shall hear of such brutality as finger chewing being recorded in New Zealand. Danevirke must water its whisky more freely and see that the tobacco plug is taken out of its rum cask, for it's fifty to one that the degrading affair we have alluded to was primarily brought about by the vile liquor for which the Hawke's Bay township enjoys such an unenviable notoriety.

* * *

We are glad to hear from a Waikato gentleman now in town that at last something is being done to put the grave yard at Rangiriri (of sad memory in Maori war connection) in decent order. The disreputable uncared for look of the place has long been a reproach and a byword, but according to our informant the appearance of the historic and, to many, sacred spot is being vastly improved, the tender of a local resident having been accepted by the Defence Department to put the place and its surroundings in a complete state of repair.

* * *

One of the most notable men who attended the sittings of the late Postal Conference is Dr. Coekburn, Postmaster-General of South Australia and ex-Premier of that colony. He is a thorough-going democrat, and a great admirer of the progressive Liberal policy, which has been so successful in New Zealand during the last two or three years. He thoroughly believes in a graduated land tax and is a sterling Radical, right down to the ground. A Berkshire man by birth, he emigrated to South Australia in 1875. Although still quite a young man he has filled many high positions in the colony which he has made his home, and although his Premiership did not last long he will re-attain the position before long, and have a longer term of office. The colony was hardly ripe for his ultra democratic policy when he took the reins, but his time will come again.

Tennyson Cole, the "much-married" artist who was here in Wellington last year, and who disgusted so many people by his snobbish ways, has painted a portrait of the late Mr. Ballance, which is now on view at the Crichton Club, a second rate library, artistic, and theatrical club in London. New Zealanders who have seen the picture say it is not a good likeness of the late Premier, but as a work of art it is highly praised. Cole was a bit of a cad but he could paint. His work was, however, tricky and was strongly influenced by the French Water Colour School.

* * *

The illustrated London papers publish a lot of trash in the pictorial line from time to time. A London correspondent tells us that the *Daily Graphic* has recently produced an illustration entitled "Emancipated Women in New Zealand; Incidents of the First Female Franchise Election in the colony." It might just as well have represented any other scene in the world, for there is nothing characteristic about it or any approach to local colour. A man talking to a group of women-kind, with some sort of vehicle in the back ground, and no indication whatever of any election being in progress, does not convey any pointed idea, nor does a smaller sketch which shows five women, one seated and the other four standing, of whom one is nearly hidden under a huge umbrella. Why these illustrations should be headed "Incidents of the First Female Election" no one in or out of Anglo-colonial circles can understand.

* * *

Another London paper, the *Globe*, says that as a consequence of woman suffrage "the whole land is, in point of fact, grimmer, more strenuous." What rubbish! True, the shrieking sisterhood were to the fore in Wellington where they got so "exhilarated" with Bell's beautifully dulcet tones that they went temporarily crazier than ever, but the average New Zealand woman is just the same as she was before the elections, and as to the land being grimmer we don't see any evidences of it. We take our whisky and soda just as we did before.

* * *

Shepherd Allen, who went home with Grey in the Gothic, seems to make a practice of being soothed by a sea trip when he has had a political disappointment. When he was unseated for Te Aroha he skipped away 'Ome for a spell, and now that he failed to beat Frank Lawry, for Parnell, he is doing the same. Why doesn't he stop in England? New Zealand electors don't hanker after him with any violence of enthusiastic feeling.

* * *

What are the odds that Grey will be out again in time for the first session of the new Parliament? Perhaps little Shera may have a chance to stand again for an Auckland seat sooner than he expected.

* * *

Some of the young people attending Napier Cathedral have not been on their good behaviour lately, and Dean Hovell had to admonish them on Sunday last for their unseemly conduct in the "House of God." Napier is not the only place in the colony where unseemly behaviour is seen at church, nor are young people the only offenders. The writer has seen a bank manager ogling another man's wife at church in the other Island; the same manager was kicked out of another man's house after he had dishonored one of the kicker's cheques.



The S.S. Tasmania.

Competition is a good thing in all professions and branches of trade, for in the first place it is a guarantee of greater comfort to the community at large, and in the second it stirs the promoter of any enterprise to renewed exertions to excel his competitors and produce an article or conduct a concern in the most approved manner, and through this, of course, the public benefits. In no line is competition productive of such good results as in the passenger and freight carrying traffic. The minute a big railway company or an ocean steamship line secures a monopoly the public must perforce suffer. Prices become abnormally high, and if complaint is made the natural answer is "you can accept our terms or leave them." This has certainly been the case in New Zealand for many years, as the Union Steamship Company has had a monopoly of the carrying trade. Now it seems only reasonable that the public should be sufficiently long-sighted to encourage competition by some other company, if its promoters were willing to run the risk of losing at first. The project was tried a year ago when the Huddart Parker Company put the Warrimoo and the Miowera on the New Zealand trade. As will be recollected they ran for some time and then were withdrawn on account of lack of support by the New Zealand merchants. The minute the opposition line started to compete for the trade the Union Company cut prices down to the lowest figure, and the public, short-sighted as usual, patronised them. When the Huddart Parker Company withdrew their vessels, as might have been foreseen, up went the prices again. After some little laps

of time, however, the above company decided to return to the attack, and in pursuance of this decision put on the s.s. Tasmania with the idea of running her between the Australian and New Zealand ports for a time as an experiment and if sufficient support were accorded, to gradually put on other steamers and establish a coastal service. The trade has not as yet warranted the putting on of another boat, but it is improving, despite the tactics of cutting prices pursued by the Union Company, and it is only a question of time when more extensive arrangements will be made, for the company has come this time to stay. The Tasmania, a sketch of which we publish above, was originally built for the Australian coastal trade and is a fine big vessel similar in construction to the Corangamite and the Elingamite. Her gross tonnage is 2252, her carrying capacity about 8000 tons and her engines 2500 horse power. She can accommodate 230 passengers, 180 first-class, and 100 in the forward cabin. She has a speed of 14.3 knots per hour and is luxuriously fitted up. She made her first trip to the colonies in August of 1892. At present, she makes the round trip in three weeks, calling at Auckland, Napier, Wellington, Lyttelton and Sydney. She will probably arrive in Wellington on Thursday next.

* * *

The Fire Brigade's carnival at Napier finished last week to the general satisfaction of all who took part in it. The pyro-technic displays on the Parade, and the sports or contests on the Recreation Ground were witnessed by crowds of delighted spectators. Much of the success of the gathering was due to the energy and good management of Mr. Gilbert, secretary, and Mr. Waterwrith, superintendent of the Napier brigade.



Mr. Theodore H. Ritchey.

The subject of our sketch is by birth an Irishman, and was educated at the Royal Military School, Dublin, having been originally intended for the army, but, owing to defective sight, failed to pass the physical examination. He then took to a scholastic career, and coming to the colonies, for some nine years acted as instructor in the High School and Government schools of the colony of New Zealand. Even as a boy Mr. Ritchey was deeply interested in music. He was one of the choristers at the Christchurch Cathedral, Dublin, and shortly after his arrival in New Zealand joined the choir of St. John's in Christchurch. While in Christchurch he was a prominent member of the South Canterbury Liedertafel, and has been an active member of the Wellington Liedertafel since its inception. Mr. Ritchey has been one of the moving spirits in the forthcoming musical festival, for which he is acting as Hon. Secretary. As a musical enthusiast there are probably very few in New Zealand who have devoted so much time and energy to the effort to foster and introduce the best class of music in Wellington. Mr. Ritchey is the chief agent for the A.M.P. Society in Wellington.

* * *

The Pahiatua correspondent of the *Wairarapa Standard* has a paragraph on a recent letter concerning the various attempts made by strangers at the pronunciation of "Pahiatua." He says that some residents call the place "Pa-tu," or "Pa-tua" but adds "events show that there is more truth in these forms than in the uphonious (sic) and perhaps paradisiacal "Pahiatua." "Uphonious" as Polonius would have said is good! The correspondent then proceeds, "For is not *Pa* a fortified place or camp? And is not *Tu* the god of war? Also doesn't Patua

mean to strike? What name could be more expressive of the bellicose and belligerent disposition which, like some foul contagion, is ever at work in a small community?" And then he goes on to quote a local squib, which he entitles "A Maiden's Quarrel," which is no doubt an "uphonious" way of designating a local female scrapping match.

* * *

Huddart Parker and Co. mean business with their Pacific mail service. Four twenty-knot boats, with ample cold storage, are to be put on between Vancouver and Brisbane, calling, we hope, at Wellington. We hear, by the way, that the Tasmania is paying fairly well, and will be kept on. What is wanted is that the company should have a bigger cut in at the coastal service. More opposition may be had for the Union Company but the public will rejoice. N.B.—The public ought to warmly support the Tasmania whenever they can.

* * *

We are continually reading of the demand for land and the difficulty of obtaining it, but there is a hard nut to crack for the carpers against the Lands Department in the fact that at the beginning of this year no less than 1,222,471 acres of land were open for selection in the ten land districts of this colony.

* * *

The family name of Gladstone used to be spelt with a final "s"—Gladstones. The birth register of the English G.O.M. reads thus—"December 29, in Liverpool, the wife of John Gladstones, Esq., of a son." Thus it was written in the year 1809, in which year William Ewart first saw the light of day. It was not until 1835 when the G.O.M. was M.P. for the historical Newark that the father dropped the "s" and Gladstones became Gladstone.

* * *

Only sixty names have been struck off the Wairarua electoral roll since the general election. Evidently very little interest is to be taken over Blenheim way in the coming licensing elections, and this despite all the rantings and ravings of Isitt some months ago in the Marlborough capital,

* * *

The *Taranaki Herald* has got a grievance against the Government. It says: "Government take all the good men from New Plymouth, Ergo—those who are left, including, of course, the *Herald* scribe, are bad men." Poor New Plymouth, it must want a ship load of parsons. We can spare a few from Wellington; little Lewis, for instance, and some others of the teetotal howlers. New Plymouth is welcome to them.

* * *

In New Zealand, at any rate, marriage is hardly a failure. There were 4100 weddings in 1893. How many cases of twins?

* * *

The Glasgows are having a good time up in Auckland, but sn't it time they turned up in Wellington again? What a farce Government by imported governors is to be sure when the representative of Her Gracious Majesty can stop away from the seat of government for months. When is New Zealand going to recognise the folly of paying a high salary to a titled nobody. An elective governor should be one of the foremost planks in the democratic platform of the colony.

There was an amusing scene on a Newtown tram car one morning last week. The car was pretty well jammed up with passengers by the time it had got to Cuba-street, and all the way down that thoroughfare until the quay was almost reached they were in stifled roars of laughter over the troubles of a fellow passenger who was wearing a most palpable wig. The trouble arose this way. A very cheerful looking old gentleman got in near the corner of Abel Smith and Cuba streets, and the car being full he clutched hold of a strap, hung on and surveyed his fellow passengers with a pleasant air of cordiality and good humour. Presently he spotted the man with the wig, a thin man sitting tightly wedged between two stout men. To him the cheerful old gentleman presently broke forth in a most confidential but perfectly audible tone, "That's a pretty good wig you're wearing, mister, but anybody can see that it's a wig——" "Sir!" "I say it's a pretty good wig, as wigs go, and I'm a judge of wigs. I've tried at least a dozen of them. Not on my own head, of course. I never had any occasion to use anything of the kind, But my grandmother——" "Confound your grandmother, sir!" "That's what I always used to say. She was rather hard to get along with. Nobody could please her. When she was about sixty years of age she took a notion into her head that her hair was too thin, and she must have a wig I argued with her, but it didn't do any good, she must have a wig——"

"I should like to know, sir, what difference all this makes——" "What difference? Bless you soul, it made a difference to me of £50. I had to buy her ever so many wigs in trying to suit her, and when you've worn a wig awhile there is no market for it. Wigs ain't returnable, you know. Finally she took a notion she'd be more comfortable if the hair that grew on her head was cut clean off. To humour her I lathered her head all over and shaved it as clean as a billiard ball. She seemed to like the feeling of it, and I had to shave her head regularly. It only made the hair grow faster and thicker. One day I had a fall and broke my right arm. I couldn't shave her head for six weeks, and she wouldn't let anybody else do it. At the end of that time she had a crop of hair as thick and abundant as Paderewski's, only it wasn't so long, you know, and it stuck straight up, as stiff as prize-fighter's. She couldn't wear any of her wigs. The bristles stuck up through them like porcupine's quills. If you would just get some friend with a good razor to——" By this time the car had got almost to the Post corner and with a snort of rage the passenger rushed from the car and darted into the Empire like a hunted animal, doubtless to call eagerly for a big brandy and soda to soothe his angry feelings. Meanwhile, the cheerful old buster who had been so generous with his advice, looked anxiously round the car, as if fearing he was blamed for the other's sudden exit and then said with a charming *naivete*: "Well, he is huffy—that's all the thanks a man gets for trying to do some fellow being a good turn."

* * *

Mrs. Ballance, widow of the late Premier, has left for Sydney, en route for the Old Country. She will visit her late husband's relatives in Ireland, and will afterwards make a lengthy residence in London. Mrs. Ballance is a woman of exceptional force of character, and was everyway a wise and able helpmate to her much regretted husband. We trust she may have a very pleasant trip Home, and that she may benefit by a change of air and scene.

The inside track of the Sydney *Bulletin*, as shown by an article by Tighe Ryan, in the *Review of Reviews*:—"Do not depend on names," said Mr. Archibald once, in advising a young editor; "if the Angel Gabriel came down from heaven and offered me bad stuff, I'd say, 'Take it away! Take it away, old man!'" The *Bulletin's* rule is to treat copy on its merits. The office is open to anyone who has anything to say and can say it well. Like Voltaire, the editor tolerates everything but dullness. As the father confessor of dissatisfied spirits, he receives hints and confidential messages from all quarters. He is the centre of a large and many-coloured circle of Bohemian life. The well-known contributor, "Boiling Billy," is a swagman. His efforts arrive on scraps of dirty paper and in a terrible scrawl, but they are usually satisfactory and need only punctuation. One of the *Bulletin* poets slept for over a year in a vacant house attached to the Exhibition Building Sydney, and did his morning toilet at a neighbouring water hole. He belongs to a good English family, was educated in European Universities, and in his youth was a favourite of the late Professor Freeman. The *Bulletin* pays for everything, hence the multitude of writers. "Scotty the Wrinkler," a name whose writing has become of much interest in the back blocks, once held a commission in the army, and is now a station rouse-about. The editor proclaims that every man has a story to tell and that he wants that story, but he accepts only three per cent of the prose and two per cent of the poetry sent in for publication; the remainder is either dropped silently into his immense waste paper basket, or lashed in the correspondence column by himself and Mr. Edmond. There are only four salaried writers on the paper, including Sappho Smith, and the representative in Melbourne. Literary talent, the *Bulletin* finds, is increasing rapidly in Australasia.

* * *

Talmage, the champion "tub thumper" of America, has thought better of his determination to resign the pastorate of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. There was a terrible do to when the Rev. T. De Witt, for that is his Dutch like front name, announced his intention to resign. An American paper says:—"The announcement was as sudden as it was startling. Dr. Talmage gave no warning of it in his discourse, and when it came the vast audience was as if stunned. There was a death-like stillness through the church while he was speaking, and nearly a minute passed after the Doctor had finished before it was broken. Then subdued murmurs were heard, which were taken up in every pew, and most widespread comment was begun. The closing hymn was sung in melancholy tones, the congregation filed out, and Dr. Talmage left the Tabernacle. The church, despite the fact that it represents the largest congregation in either Brooklyn or New York, has had a hard and rough road to travel, and is now far from a quiet harbour of prosperity. Dr. Talmage has been its guiding star through many a storm. His managing power, tact, and eloquence have drawn thousands to the church. The church is several hundred thousand in debt. Russell Sage is its chief creditor, in the sum of 125,000 dollars. He demanded his money a few days ago, and it is believed that financial troubles led Dr. Talmage to resign, though, for the past few years he has donated his salary to reduce the indebtedness of the church." Talmage for over fifteen years has enjoyed an income of 20,000 dollars a year from his church, and at least as much more from his lectures and his newspaper work. For years he was editor of the *Christian at Work*. He is due to come out to Australia and New Zealand in May under engagement for a lecturing tour to the much-travelled Smythe. How will the Tabernacle folks put up with his absence?



Te Aro House Cricket Club.

We publish above a group of the Te Aro House Cricket Club. This Club was the first in conjunction with Messrs. Kirkcaldie and Stains to start the Wednesday half-holiday cricket matches, in fact the first match was played by teams from the two houses. It has the largest membership of any of the clubs in the Drapers' Association, and is at present on equal terms with Kirkcaldie and Stains and the "Thorndon Opens," in the competition for the Cup presented by Messrs. Downs and Turner. Mr. J. Smith is President of the Club, and has taken a hearty interest in it since its inception. The captain, Mr. W. Simm, is also secretary of the Draper's Cricket Association which manages the Wednesday afternoon matches. Mr. J. G. Smith holds the leading average, both for batting and bowling, and has done some phenomenal performances with the ball. In the match against Thorndon he took eight wickets for three runs.

* * *

The elephantine wit of the *Evening Post* has been again brought into requisition to slate Premier Dick; this time it is in connection with his visit to Rewi, the old Maori chief. In its telegraphic columns the *Post* states that the meeting between the two was most cordial, while in its editorial columns it states that Rewi didn't want to see the Premier, and that during his conversation with him treated him with contempt. The attitude of the *Post* can be described in four words—"Anything to beat Seddon." We believe in party politics, but we also think that King Dick can afford to laugh at a one sided vituperous rag, whose endeavour to be venomous is only hampered by its ignorance of general affairs.

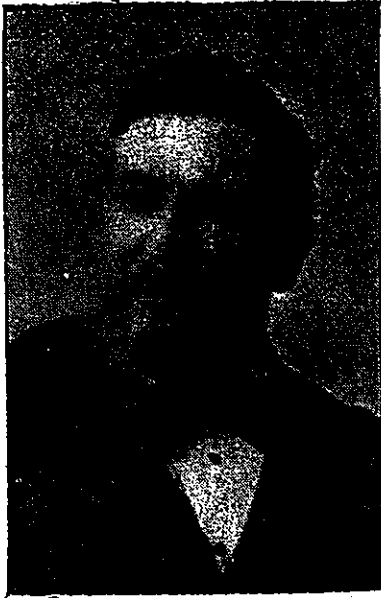
A small, but noisy contingent of the visiting firemen at Napier made a slight mistake one night in the small hours. They had marched along the Parade drowning with vociferous melody the sound of the rolling Pacific, till they reached a cottage at which they knocked loudly demanding immediate admission. Lights were soon produced within and after a little delay the visitors were admitted to find themselves confronted by several men in various states of undress, who had jumped from their beds thinking the house next door was on fire. The visitors had struck a Bachelors Hall, which was not exactly what they expected to find.

* * *

When the list of those who fell at Alma was first published in the Home papers, the names of the late Jas. Mackendrick appeared among the killed, which was caused in this way. When Mac. was climbing the heights, well in front, amid the rattle of Russian bullets, he saw a tempting bunch of grapes, as he thought within reach and on stretching out his hand to seize them, he lost his balance and fell headlong into a ditch. His comrades thought he was shot and the word passed along the regiment that Mackendrick was killed. This was heard and jotted down by some newspaper man on the spot, who included the name in the list of killed afterwards sent to the Home papers. Mac., however, did not receive a scratch and was soon on his feet and formed part of the "thin red line" that routed the Russian Cavalry on the heights of Alma under Sir Colic Campbell.

* * *

A mean cur of a settler at Clive, Hawke's Bay, has scattered arsenic over the blackberries to prevent people from gathering them. This man, who is well to do, got a large amount from the Flood Relief Fund.



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[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.)

No. 25.—HON. W. P. REEVES (member for Christchurch).



This gentleman has a very well-cut, well-defined countenance, and the first impression formed in the mind of the character reader, on viewing it, is that of great energy and intellectual capacity. He has a prominent chin, well formed mouth, and a good Roman nose, indicating warmth of affection, personal taste, and individuality of character. The eyes are well formed and prominent, showing considerable ability as a speaker. He ought to be able to express himself clearly, forcibly, and

copiously, in fact should be a good debater. He has keen and correct powers of observation. The literary faculties are large, giving him a good memory for facts, figures, and ideas. Naturally he has splendid capacity for accumulating knowledge. The reasoning faculties are well developed, making the frontal lobe very broad and fairly high. He is a keen and logical reasoner, and possesses superior mental powers, which are embellished by a good deal of ideality. The leading traits of his character are CLEARNESS OF THOUGHT, FERTILITY OF IMAGINATION, and ACUTE PENETRATION. Strong will power and ambition are characteristic of him. Taken all round, he has a first-class intellectual head, and should have considerable influence in the House of Representatives.

No. 26.—Mr. SAMUEL CARNELL (member for Napier.)



This gentleman has large motive and mental temperaments imparting to him physical energy and cerebral activity. He has a well defined countenance; the chin, nose and eyes are strikingly developed. He has keen and accurate powers of observation, and would go thoroughly into details. He has a military aspect, DISCIPLINE and AUTHORITY are stamped upon his countenance. He has a firm, positive almost aggressive disposition. PRIDE OF CHARACTER and SELF-IMPORTANCE are leading traits.

He never forgets that he is Samuel Carnell, M.H.R. To prevent the possibility of this no doubt he will take a number of photographs and enlargements of himself. He has good tastes,

considerable ideality, and plenty of the gentlemen about him. If he only had £10,000 a year he would be the personification of a New Zealand aristocrat. Naturally he can have but very little sympathy or appreciation for the present democratic Government of this country. His true sphere is in the English Army as a commissioned officer, where the best of his nature and his special ability would have free scope. But in this common-place land he is altogether out of his element. No doubt as a legislator he will be a great supporter of Colonel Fox's report and advocate for extension of our natural defences; otherwise there is very little of the politician in him.

No. 27.—Mr. W. W. TANNER (member for Avon.)



Mr. Tanner has a fair combination of the three temperaments and a well balanced organisation. The perceptive faculties are large enabling him to learn a good deal from observation and personal experience. He has fair powers of judgement and reasoning capacity, but he is wanting in the literary faculties. As a speaker he would display more common sense and good judgment than rhetorical embellishment. He possesses a constructive cast of mind, and an agreeable disposition. He has well developed features, the nose being a prominent Roman one, the eyes fairly large and the face full enough without giving the impression of being "cheeky." STEADINESS and CONSCIENTIOUSNESS are leading traits of his character. He has an open, progressive mind, with good practical ability; the Sentimental, Artistic and refining elements of his nature are not well developed. But he will make the best use of his time and his abilities such as they are. This gentleman will hardly make himself conspicuous as a keen debater or obnoxious as an obstreperous stonewaller of the Government or any party. His natural desire is to run along the lines of the least resistance, but at the same time to perform useful progressive public work. He will be a good practical member of the House of Representatives.

A Dunedin debtor recently wrote to one of his creditors in the following deliciously frank style:—"I am sorry that you have adopted so extreme a tone with me regarding the settlement of my account. I always intended to pay you as soon as I possibly could do so with convenience to myself. But the indecent haste with which you threaten to hand over the account to your solicitor for collection prompts me to send you this answer. I don't care a fig for you or your solicitor, or all the solicitors in the world! Hand over the account and welcome. I hope the solicitor will take it out of you so as to square things a bit. Bide your time man, you'll get your money right enough, but if you rush me I'll keep you waiting all the longer, and all the law in the world will not draw money from me. For why? I have not any. Be wise in your generation, and leave me to settle up when I see fit. Yours very sympathetic."

Extract from an Auckland paper—"His Excellency the Governor has been pleased to send to the Hospital the carcase of a deer recently shot by him at Mototapu." How recently?



The Proposed Maori Club.

The proposition to inaugurate a Maori Club on the lines laid down by the secretary and manager, Mr. John B. Blaine, should meet with universal approbation by the public, and with special assistance from the Natives themselves. There is no doubt but that the Natives coming to Wellington have in the past been mercilessly bled some of the hotels at which they have stopped, and the scheme to give them some general rendezvous, where they can discuss matters both political and social, is certainly an excellent idea. The proposed institution is to be conducted on the following lines. It is to be formed into a company with a capital of £5000 divided into 5000 shares of one pound each, payable as follows:—10s. per share on application and 10s. on allotment. The prospectus explains the object of the institution in brief, clear language, and we cannot do better than quote from it:

"This Company has been formed for the purpose of establishing in the city of Wellington a Club house for the use, and convenience, and benefit of its members and their wives and families, whenever they have occasion to visit Wellington. The members will be exclusively confined to Maoris and their descendants, who may be life, honorary or ordinary members, candidates for admission to be over 18 years of age. The Club is being promoted for the purpose of purchasing a house and land in the city of Wellington, or land on which to build a club house and offices, whereby its members will find on their arrival in the city, a home during their sojourn there, and thereby escape falling into the hands of civil persons. The Club will be conducted by a committee to be elected annually by its members.

OBJECTS.

1. The Club will be a centre or meeting place for the members when in Wellington, where they can meet one another and

discuss questions affecting the interests of the Maori race, unite and promote goodfellowship, and protect the interests of the Natives generally. 2. House. It is proposed to light the Club house with electricity, and have a large dining room, business, reading, billiard and card rooms, and sleeping accommodation for 70 members and their families, also bath rooms with hot and cold water, and all the necessary conveniences and comforts of a first-class home. The reading room will contain all Native and other papers, books, and magazines. 8. It is proposed to supply the members with food and liquors of the best quality at moderate prices. 4. The Club will furnish all sorts of legitimate amusements and recreation for its members, which will consist of billiards, cards, drafts, dominoes, and such other amusements as the committee shall think fit. The annual subscription for each member will be £1."

As will be seen from the above the scheme is a most desirable one, and as might have been expected has met with hearty co-operation and support. A provisional directorate has been formed, consisting of the following gentlemen:—Major Kemp Wanganui; Wi Pere, M.H.R., Gisborne; T. Pratt, M.H.R., Waikakowaiti; Hone Heke, M.H.R., Bay of Islands; H. T. Mahupuku, Martinborough; Mahu Kupu, Wanganui; Wi Hutana, Martinborough; Ropota Te Aa, M.H.R., Otaki; Wi Paruta, Waikanae; Henare Tomoana, Hastings; Wi Paroetane, Omaha, and Mr. T. R. Ellison has been appointed solicitor. The prime mover in the founding of the institution is Mr. John B. Blaine, secretary and manager, whose portrait we publish above. Mr. Blaine was born at Clive, Napier, Hawke's Bay, New Zealand, in 1859, and afterwards, with his family, removed to Wellington. In 1874 he was engaged as coachman to Mr. W. B. Rhodes and later by Messrs Hastwell and McKerrow, as manager of their stables at Greytown until 1881. He then accepted employment as engine driver in a sawmill for Mr. J. Cotter. He was for a time prospecting also as a minor with Mr. McKay, Government geological expert, and has also had considerable experience as Vet. Surgeon. After some time he entered Mr. J. C. McKerrow and Co.'s employment as stock and station agent and when Mr. J. C. McKerrow retired from business he started on his own account as a land and labour agent and continued as such until he sold out to Messrs Mather and Co., Featherston street, Wellington, in 1893. A meeting of Natives and promoters of the club was called a few nights ago, and during the evening Mr. Blaine expressed himself as follows:—"Gentlemen,—I have come before you with an idea, that is to say, that during the time I have been in Wellington I have noticed a great want of the Natives, and that is, a place for their own accommodation, where they could live at comfort and ease as if they were at home, and comforts and benefits to them and their families could be enjoyed whenever they had occasion to visit Wellington. Candidates for admission to be over 18 years of age. Members will find on their arrival in the city a home during their stay, and escape from falling into the hands of evil persons. The Club will be a central meeting place when they come to Wellington, and they can meet one another and discuss questions affecting the interests of the race and promote good fellowship between themselves. The committee will furnish all sorts of amusements in the club for the members and their families. The annual subscription shall be £1."

After the promoter, Mr. J. B. Blaine, addressed the natives a number of them agreed to take shares in the club. One native chief of the Wairarapa, Mr. H. T. Mahupuku, asked for one hundred shares to start with. The club is to be called 'The Maori Club, Wellington, Limited,' with a capital of £5000 divided into 5000 shares of £1 each.

INTERVIEWS.



The Flax Industry.

This industry is probably one of the largest in New Zealand, and the gentleman, whose portrait we publish above, may be aptly termed the "Father" of it. He has also been mainly instrumental in the promoting and furthering of the frozen meat trade in the colony. Mr. John Holmes was born in County Cork, Ireland, where he studied law before he came to New Zealand. He arrived in the colony in 1874, and engaged in a general merchant's business in Dunedin. He resigned his position there to accept an appointment with the New Zealand Loan and Mercantile Agency Company, for whom he undertook special financial duties. The Directors recognising his ability and energy rapidly promoted him, and at the expiration of 18 months he opened, and was made manager of the company's branch at Blenheim, which he conducted with marked success, the present handsome building of the company there being the result of and a monument to his exertions. He finally decided to engage in business on his own account, and on resigning the management of the Blenheim branch was presented by the Directors with a substantial cheque in recognition of his services. To Mr. Holmes, Marlborough owes the direct London frozen meat trade, in fact the initiation of that trade and the exporting of tinned rabbits, both of which have played a prominent part in the prosperity of the district, were brought about by him. He has always taken a lively interest in all that affects the produce of New Zealand and has opened up new channels for its outlet, notably to Rio Janiero, to which port he has consigned large shipments of milling wheat, oats, and other cereals.

His connection with the hemp or flax trade of New Zealand is well known, and requires but little comment, suffice it to say that out of a great number of applications his was specially chosen as grader to the New Zealand Flax Miller's Association. A representative from this paper called on Mr Holmes a few days ago with a view to furnishing it's readers with some particulars regarding the trade. He was courteously received by the subject of our sketch, who expressed himself as willing to furnish any information in his power.

"In the first place, Mr. Holmes," said our reporter, "what should the flax trade of New Zealand be worth annually to the colony?"

"I should say about £400,000, and at times over that, but the prices vary so, it is difficult to give an exact figure."

"About how much passes through Wellington?"

"From fifty to sixty thousand bales of flax pass through the Wellington sheds yearly."

"You were speaking of the varying of the prices; is it simply the usual varying of prices on a staple product; or is the market influenced by other means?"

"Well there are several features that affect the market-value of our flax export. In the first place, it is to a certain extent controlled by the export of other fibres such as manilla and sisal, and in many cases the rope manufacturers prefer to use the fibres mentioned; if at the time the amount of flax in the home market is large, naturally the demand being reduced prices go down. Then there is the competition of flax from other parts of the world, with the result that a glut in the market 'home' means a corresponding loss to the exporter."

"But the flax is bought before it leaves New Zealand, is it not? and surely the supply cannot overrun the demand when such is the case, at least in the London market."

"Ah, there you have touched the weak spot. Flax, up to within a few years ago was sold here to be delivered in London at a certain price. Perhaps during the time that elapsed between the sale and the delivery the market price through the influx of other fibres had depreciated to a considerable extent. Owing to the absence of proper grading, the buyers had a loophole of escape, and in many cases would refuse to accept delivery except at market prices, on the plea that the flax delivered was not up to the standard it should have been. This was, of course, cruel to the exporters, but there was no remedy."

"Could not this difficulty have been obviated by some system of Government grading and marking before the cargo was shipped, so that on its arrival, unless damaged during the voyage, it would have to be accepted by the purchaser?"

"Most certainly, but unfortunately we could not get the Government to take action in the matter by appointing an official grader. The difficulty was, however, to a certain extent surmounted by the flax millers forming themselves into an association, and appointing a man to examine and grade all exports in the trade before shipment. This grading has been accepted by purchasers in the English market almost universally and the result has been most satisfactory."

"But London is not the only market is it? I should have thought, judging from the cable reports of the lynching cases in America, that hemp would be a product much in demand in the United States."

"Oh yes," was the reply with a smile, "we send some to

America, but London is the great distributing depot for the world, and most of it goes there."

"Apropos of the production of flax, Mr. Holmes, what is the amount that can be raised per acre?"

"About thirty tons to the acre."

"And what is the highest price it has reached during comparatively recent times?"

"It has brought as high as £45 per ton, delivered in London, and has gone down to £17 10s, and even £15."

"Has the trade been a steadily increasing one since its inception?"

"Well, I can hardly give a negative or affirmative answer to your question in the way that you put it. When the industry first started it gradually grew to be one of the big features of our exports, then it fell off to comparatively little or nothing. Some little time afterwards it sprung up again during what was known as the 'revival of the flax trade,' and since then it has passed through various stages of depression and prosperity until at present the industry is worth about the amount per annum to the colony that I gave you a few minutes ago."

"You gave evidence as an expert before the 'Flax and Other Industries Committee' in 1890, did you not, Mr. Holmes?"

"Yes, and the expression of my opinion at that time is in accordance with my feeling and views at the present time, and I then said that if the Government were to place a sufficient sum upon the estimates to induce greater interest in the development of the industry by reason of improved machinery, that it would attract a larger number of competitors and the country would gain the benefit of the brains of engineers, and other men, flax dressers (practical and otherwise) in developing some new machinery that would both improve the dressing and reduce the cost."

"At that time I believe the question of inspecting the fibre before shipment was also gone into?"

"Yes; and I said then as I say now, I can hardly conceive that there should be two opinions on so important a question. To my mind it presents various advantages, the chief one being that it would have a deterring effect. The mere appointment alone would have a deterring effect upon all persons who are alleged to be careless in the manufacture of the fibre. And it would also have the effect of securing some absolute certainty to the honest producer, and then it would do away with the question of arbitration cases, which has been frequent in the city of London on flax questions. In Ireland, butter, for instance, is examined by experts and branded, and the butter is sold upon a basis in that way. As an instance, every farmer sends his butter to the butter exchange, and there it is branded with the Government brand. There are two inspectors who examine the butter, and if they have any doubts about it they refer it to another, and so on to the end of the chapter with the whole lot of casks, some thousands of which are examined from time to time. That being the case, there is no uncertainty with regard to the sale of the particular produce, because it is branded, and it goes to the outer world with the Government brand upon it, and insures for the farmer a price according to the value of the market at the time. In that way the producer is enabled to get the standard value of his article without any reference to arbitration, which has unfortunately taken place in the sale of New Zealand hemp."

"In acting as grader for the Flax Millers' Association you have no official standing with the Government, I suppose, Mr. Holmes."

"No, I have no connection with the Government, but simply act as the accredited representative of the association and receive from them 3d. per bale for inspection."

"Oh! one question more, what is the flax exported from New Zealand mostly made into?"

"The larger quantity is used for binding twine and cord, although a fair proportion is used for the manufacture of rope."

"Would not a greater profit accrue to the colony if the

twine were manufactured here than by the export of the raw material?"

"Undoubtedly there would; but as I have explained before, we have not as yet got the machinery to manufacture on a large scale."

"Well, I must thank you for the information you have given me, which I am sure will be of interest to our readers."

"Quite welcome, Mr. FAIR PLAY, and I am always pleased to be of any use in my power to you."

Now that the English House of Lords and their obstructive attitude towards democratic measures are being the subject of much discussion, the following remarks, culled from this year's issue of that excellent publication, the *Financial Reform Almanac*, may prove of special interest:—"It seems to be a common fallacy in some quarters that the Lords merit our profound veneration and gratitude because their ancestors, in the days of King John, gave us Magna Charta. Now there are four good reasons for refusing gratitude to the House of Lords to-day for that undoubtedly great historical document. Firstly, because, though gratitude may be due to a man for doing a certain act, it does not follow that it is due to his descendants, however remote. Secondly, because the Barons of 1215 were practically not the ancestors of the present peerage. Thirdly, because the armour-plated Barons of King John's day, like the gold-plated nobility of our own, were actuated principally, if not entirely, by their own interests, and whatever good came to the nation as a whole was purely reflective and not in the reckoning, and, fourthly, because the evil deeds done by the nobility have more than cancelled whatever good they have secured.

* * *

As to the persistent and consistent way in which they legislate in the interests of "property, property" and nothing else, the *Almanac* may again be quoted:—"The action of the Lords has ever been directed towards the preservation of property. Hence, even to this day, the laws protecting property are far more stringent than those protecting the person, except in the case of murder. In 1810 it was a hanging matter to steal goods of the value of half-a-crown. A Bill was brought in by Lord Holland to increase the value to five shillings, but even a modest measure was rejected by the Gilded Chamber. Lord Wynford said if the Bill passed 'the people of England would no longer sleep safely in their beds.'

* * *

The Manchester ship canal is now in good working order. In one week, that ending January 15, there sailed from Manchester 19 vessels with cargoes of 2460 tons, whilst there were 23 arrivals, the weight of the various cargoes being estimated at about 4000 tons. The arrival of the steamer *Finsbury* in the canal with the first cargo of cotton—4170 bales—to Manchester naturally aroused considerable interest. The *Finsbury* is a vessel of 1909 tons register, and her progress up the canal was slow. In the same week the *Glenisle*, with 5000 bales, was also docked at Manchester.

* * *

The Manchester men are evidently determined to back up the trade of the canal by every means in their power. *Transport* referring to the canal and its traffic says:—"Considerable prominence has been given to a suggestion by a Manchester firm that the leading shippers of Manchester should take concerted action with a view to all their exports going by the canal. The reason for this is that ships cannot be expected to come up to Manchester while there is any uncertainty as to return cargoes. On Tuesday an informal meeting of traders resolved to requisition the Lord Mayor to call a public meeting with a view to stimulating the Company to at once vigorously set about organising a regular service of large ocean-going steamers, the adequate employment of which it was stated could be assured.

HUDDART, PARKER & COMPANY'S LINE OF STEAMSHIPS.



The Magnificent New
S. S. TASMANIA,
2252 tons register, 2500 horse-power,
THOMAS MCGEE, Commander.

Continues making trips exactly every three weeks as follows:—

Leaves
" Auckland, going South, Mon. Mch. 19
" Napier " " Wed. " 21
" Wellington " " Thu. " 22
" Lyttelton " North, Fri. " 23
" Wellington " " Sat. " 24
" Napier " " Sun. " 25
" Auckland " " Tues. " 27
Arrives Sydney, N.S.W. Sun. April 1
Leaves " for Auckland, Napier, Wel-
lington, Lyttelton, on Wednesday, 4th April,
and so on.

RETURN TICKETS FOR SIX MONTHS.
Fares and Freights greatly reduced.
Wellington office—No. 3, Queen's Chambers.
JOHN MURRELL,
Resident Manager.

CRITERION THEATRE.

LAST NIGHTS OF
HAMILTON AND EDWARDS'
VAUDEVILLE SPECIALTY COMPANY
LAST NIGHTS.

Popular Prices—2s., 1s., 6d.
Business Manager—TOM EDWARDS.
AN INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE.

TO THE ELECTORS OF WEL- LINGTON.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—At the suggestion of a number of electors holding moderate views, and who are not prepared to give in their adhesion to the principles of Prohibition on the one hand, or on the other to allow hotels to be conducted as they have been, I have been nominated as a candidate for a seat on the Licensing Bench.

For the population of 35,000, added to the large travelling population that Wellington has, I do not think that if properly conducted, 35 hotels is a too great a number. It is, however, notorious that so far as accommodation goes some of these houses are simply useless, and the manner in which they are conducted justifies the conclusion that they should either completely alter their conduct or be closed.

The electors are called upon to vote as to whether or not there shall be a reduction of licenses. I am in favour of reducing them in accordance with the strength of the vote, that is to say, that if a bare majority carries reduction, I would close two or three houses; but if the majority is an overwhelming one, I will vote for closing the 25 per cent, as provided by the Act.

I am, yours faithfully,

W. G. TUSTIN.

PAT FINN,
THEATRICAL AGENT,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER, &c., &c.
282, NICHOLSON ST., FITZROY,
MELBOURNE.

Theatrical Business of every description transacted
ALL OVER THE WORLD.
Victorian Manager for "FAIR PLAY" a file of which is
on hand for inspection.

Wellington Licensing District.

TRIENNIAL ELECTION.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE WEL- LINGTON LICENSING DISTRICT.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—
Having completed my three years term of office under the Licensing Act, I again offer myself to represent your interests under the new Alcoholic Liquors Sale Control Act, 1893. In 1891 I was elected under the Ratepayers' Roll. The present election will take a much wider field, every person on the Electoral Roll have a right to vote on this great and momentous question.

I am not a Prohibitionist. I believe in personal freedom. Acts of Parliament will not prevent the use of alcoholic beverages. Let us show by all means their evil effects when taken in excess, but let us be reasonable in all matters. I believe in trusting the people.

I am therefore favourable to the Direct Veto. Majorities must rule. But the magnitude of the interests affected should receive most careful consideration. The three-fifths majority provided by the new Act is a wise safeguard, and the Act itself should certainly receive a fair and reasonable trial.

The number of licensed houses in Wellington is not excessive for the population and travelling public, but the accommodation provided is not equal to the requirements. The present licensed hotels should be compelled to provide increased accommodation of a superior kind, or their licenses should be cancelled.

The Alcoholic Liquor Sale Control Act, although not perfect, provides two great improvements. First, an applicant for a license requires to produce a certificate signed by a Resident Magistrate as to his fitness to receive such a license. This important question has often been disregarded.

Second, no woman, whether married or unmarried, shall hold a license unless under very special circumstances. I have always contended that respectable married men living with their wives should be the only persons qualified to hold a license. These two clauses strike at the very root of having hotels conducted honestly and in the true interests of the public.

These opinions will guide you in deciding whether to favour me with your confidence or not. Your expression of that confidence by returning me as a member of so important a Committee will be felt by me as a very high honour.

I am, ladies and gentlemen,

Your very obedient servant,

JOHN H. HEATON.

Thompson street,
16th February, 1894.

Fair Play

SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1894.

Important Notice.

"FAIR PLAY" TO BE ENLARGED
AND ISSUED MONTHLY.

It has been decided to enlarge FAIR PLAY by eight pages, and in future issue it as a monthly magazine.

The number of illustrations will be increased, and their quality very much improved.

The FAIR PLAY Newspaper Company, Limited, has ceased to exist, and the paper in future will be carried on by the present publishers, Messrs. McKee and Gamble, thus bringing about a complete change in the proprietary, management, and editorship of the paper.

FAIR PLAY, as a monthly, will be conducted and edited by Mr. Arthur McKee, who has had a journalistic experience of fifteen years in the Old Country.

New Zealand has long wanted an illustrated monthly magazine, combining literary merit with a *soupcou* of journalistic spice, and in pursuance of this idea, arrangements have been made by the new management for specially contributed articles from the best writers in New Zealand.

The paper will be published at the price of sixpence per month, and the present subscribers to FAIR PLAY will be supplied with a copy of the monthly until their subscriptions have run out.

Subscriptions in future will be 6s 6d per annum, post paid; and 6s per annum, delivered in Wellington.

Topics of the Hour.

THE COMMON-SENSE PLATFORM.

We are glad to notice that some decided action has at length been taken to protect the interests of the ratepayers against the ruin which is sought to be brought about by the Prohibitionist fanatics. It was high time that something were done in this way, and that the hybrid collection of self-advertising cub lawyers and greasy canters and ranters were shown that they do not represent the more intelligent and influential amongst the citizens of Wellington. The importance of the question of prohibition or no prohibition to the Wellington

ratepayers was well set forth by Mr. J. Maginnity at the meeting held at the Foresters' Hall on Monday evening last. Mr. Maginnity pointed out the ratepayers of Wellington—under 4000 in number—had to provide interest on loans amounting to £607,000, and that they had also to make provision for hospital and charitable aid, the Free Library and maintenance of the streets. Thus, as Mr. Maginnity pithily and pointedly put it, the ratepayers had a special interest in the licensing question, for if prohibition were carried they would lose no less than £6000 a year. Eight gentlemen have been nominated for the licensing bench in the interests of the ratepayers, and as they are all moderate minded, unbiassed citizens, we hope they will be elected. They are Messrs. Willeston, Vogel, Oughton, Harcourt, E. W. Mills, John Young, John Heaton and the Rev. H. Van Staveren. Nearly all of them have served in our local bodies, and all are, so we are informed, determined to administer the law with regard to licensed houses with firmness to both the publicans and the public. On the other hand the faddists have put forward a number of men, whose very thinly disguised desire is to wreck the hotel trade of the city, to render it impossible for tourists and travellers to obtain the accommodation they need, to prevent a man from having a glass of beer, and to ruin a large and respectable body of traders, who pay their way and who have just as much right to live as anyone else. The question to be decided at the elections will be Common Sense and Fair Play against Fads, Folly and Injustice, and we expect the citizens of Wellington to give the representatives of the latter party such a distinct smack in the face as may probably knock some of the conceit out of them.

A PILL FOR THE PROHIBITIONISTS.

It is highly probable that even should prohibition, in some few isolated instances—in towns where fools are many and wise men scarce—be carried out at the coming election, it will be impossible to carry out the veto. We are informed, on excellent legal authority, that the proverbial "coach and horses" can be easily driven through the new Act with regard to the prohibition vote clause, and even should the Crank and Cant party be able to snatch a victory here and there, the triumph of the faddists will be short-lived, as it will be very easy to upset the elections. The prohibitionists are destined to discover that with all their bounce and blow they are a very long way off inflicting their vile Yankee notions upon this colony.

THE GREAT "HARANGUE-OUTANG."

He is on the job, to use a vulgar expression, in Wellington this week. He is to jaw at the Opera House and at the Theatre Royal, and actually wanted to

jaw on the Basin Reserve on Sunday, but luckily the Council were wise enough to spare the public of Wellington being insulted by the spectacle of this black-coated denouncer of decent traders mouthing out his miserable malevolence in a public place on the Sabbath. He can jaw as much as he likes, but we do not think Wellington people will be much exercised in mind about his calumnious cant against the hotel trade and those connected with it. The collection plate will be passed round as usual—all for the good of the cause, beloved brethren—and Chaddband, Pecksniff, and Co., will smile their fat smiles of holy gladness over their own superlative virtue and rejoice over the certainty they feel that every one who objects to have his liberty strangled by these white-chokered gentry is bound to go to Sheol. But above the roar and rant of Isitt and Co., let this fact be remembered by the ratepayers—*Prohibition means £6000 lost to the revenue of the city.* Let every tradesman remember that prohibition means higher rents, slackness of trade, for a prohibition Wellington means a Wellington scorned, derided, and avoided of tourists, travellers, and all who have money to spend. Let Isitt rave, but vote in the ratepayers' interest at the election.

A WORD WITH SIR ROBERT.

A word please with Sir Robert Stout. He has written a long article for the *Review of Reviews*. The article is, of course, upon the Drink Problem. That is the particular bee that is troubling Sir Robert's bonnet just now, and has apparently knocked out the Froothought, the Perfect man, the Herbert Spencer, and all the other bees that have tenanted that bonnet in days gone by. Well, Sir Robert has written a very long article, and from his point of view a very able article, on local option and the blessings of prohibition. Anything that Sir Robert writes is bound to be interesting, and the article is one we commend to all our readers. But, and this "but," is very important, Sir Robert is on a very important point most terribly illogical, so illogical in facts so opposed to his own cause, that we fear he must have scribbled off his article for the *Review* very hurriedly and despatched it without troubling to go through it and revise it. In one part of his article, this particular part being most illogically entitled "The Logic of It" (*re* of local option) he pleads hard for the rule of "bare majorities," and says, "What is there in this local government question that should take it out of the category of other local government questions that are determined by a bare majority?" We feel sure that Sir Robert did not read his article through before sending it off to Melbourne, or he would have certainly noticed that he has answered the question he asks above in the very next part of his article, and answered it too in the most conclusive of

manners. "Thus," he says, "the local optionists know that if local prohibition were carried by a chance vote before there was a strong and educated temperance feeling in the community to back it up, the last condition of that district might be worse than the first." Sly grog selling and unpunished violators of the law would exist." Just so, and yet Sir Robert actually advocates this "chance vote," which he admits above may have such disastrous results. He himself furnishes the very best of arguments against the bare majority, which in another part of his article he so strenuously supports. Was ever man—even Sir Robert Stout—so illogical before? He really ought to be more careful with his articles, and revise them before sending them to the printer.

Silhouettes.

No. 3—THE COMMISSION AGENT.

He has generally been something else. Sometimes a bank manager who has been sacked for allowing his friends to have an exaggerated overdraft, sometimes a merchant who has failed, sometimes an ex-official of some local body who had got too big for his official boots and got "the run;" sometimes an ex-member of the police force who has been retrenched, or a civil servant, who after years of uncivility lording it over his "inferiors" (official and public) has to make way for some one who is not of the Tito-Barnacle order and who can do the work much better for half the screw. Sometimes he is a man who has merely been unfortunate and has turned to commission agency as the last resort for the destitute. Some commission agents have a sort of connection and do manage to transact something distinctly resembling a business. The majority have no business to do and never do any. The commission agent represent companies which consist mainly of a high sounding title and a large array of unpaid shares. He likes to affect a semblance of hurry and business bustle but he has a lot of time on his hands as a rule and this time he generally spends at the club if his subscription hasn't run out, or at the poor man's club, the common or garden pub. Certain of the Wellington pubs are the special haunts of the commission agent fraternity. There they gather together discussing the chances of making "a rise" and waiting for someone who has made "a rise" to shout. Very often they have to wait a long time, in which case they put on a fine air of prospective prosperity and after imbibing their whiskey mutter something about having "left the purse on the piano," the barmaid, who knoweth full well that most venerable of chestnuts, smiles to herself a sceptical smile as she chalks it up. The commission agent is an expensive man to have much conversation with on business matters. If you talk to him about a

certain transaction into which you think of entering it is long odds that you get a note from him some two or three months afterwards reminding you of the hitherto unsuspected fact that it was owing to his expert advice that you did that same business and claiming a good fat commission thereon. Sometimes, when you are green in the ways of the commission agent you pay, sometimes, if you are wise, you don't. Take our advice and don't—always. At election times the commission agent is busy about town in the interests of one or other of the candidates. Canvassing is, with him, an expansive term, and his "expenses" are generally very heavy and apparently very intimately connected with the consumption of alcoholic beverages. He is great in land transactions and often has a few million acres of native land which he empowered to sell or lease at "a mere song." As a rule the colonial is well up to this ancient "wheeze," but by dint of his oily tongue the commission agent sometimes manages to get a good sum out of a new chum on speculative Australian, who, after some months "delay" with those confounded natives old fellow finds that either the land has long ago been leased to some one else or has never even been put into the agents hands at all. The country settler suffers a good deal at times from the wiles of the commission agent. He knew him perhaps in brighter days, and when he comes into town, looks him up, and is beguiled into putting some small affair into his hands. The result is too often that the settler gets "left," and that he votes all city men a pack of greedy rogues. The commission agent is generally well dressed and sports the bell topper of recognised respectability. The respectability often begins and ends with the bell topper. How he pays his way is a mystery to most people, but need not be, for the very simple and all-sufficient reason that he doesn't pay his way any more than he can help. The times, however, are growing worse for the commission agent and unless he can get some picking in the way of touting for a local "Shylock up to date" or bumming upon some wealthy politician who wants someone to do his dirty work for him, he has but a poor show of making more than the barest existence. Sometimes he manages to get hold of a "mug" who wants to make a deal in shares and then there is rejoicing in the heart of the agent for the share-mania-bitten fool is the most foolish and most profitable of all fools. Of course there are exceptions to what we have written, there are, say, a dozen men in each large centre, who, by business nous and wide experience have gained the confidence of men, who are not capable of undertaking their own affairs, but these are in the minority, and the average New Zealand commission agent would never be missed were he to disappear off the face of the land to-morrow. The day for the middleman who lives upon the labour of others is rapidly passing away and before

long the commission agent in a colonial town will be as extinct as the dodo or the moa. If half of the lawyers could be cremated at the same time the country would be all the better off.

ZERO.

Sairey Snodgins on the Comin' Fite.



Seein' as the Liesening Eleckshon is hengagin' the hattention of all thortful men an' women, Mr. Heditor, after due consideration I came to the conclusion as it would be a rite thing to call a meetin' of members an' intendin' members of the Women's Club for the purpose of egschangin' erpinions on the subject. An' so, Mr. Heditor, last Friday being my day "At Home" I called the meetin' for that day, an' just after three o'clock the ladies were seated in my best parlour, an' after Kate Deborah had handed tea an' cake round I got hup an' sayed—

"Ladies, I 'ave called this meetin' in order that we may discuss the spros an' scones of the Liesencin' questshon. An' so, ladies, without further interoduckshon I would ask for the hunbiassed erpinion of any lady present on this himportant questshon. I ought p'raps egsplane that though we decided at our last meetin' our next would be called in order to hasser-tane how successful we had been in the raisin' ov money for the bildin' fund for our club, I thort this matter was of suffishunt importance to demand a meetin' at once. An' now, ladies, I shall be glad to heer your various erpinions on this questshon." (Heer hear.) An' then our secretary, Mrs. Blank, got hup an' commenced—

"Mrs. President an' Ladies,—To begin with I should like to congraterlate our President on her sound commun sense in callin' this meetin' to discuss this questshon, for it is undoubtedly a questshon as concerns women. (A vice—Yes, indeed.) Well, ladies, I am not a Prohibitionist. (Heer, heer, an' a vice—What a pity!) I am a moderate, (heer, heer.) But to a certane egstent I am in sympathy with the Prohibs.—in sympathy with there evident desire to lessen drunkenness—but not in sympathy with there methods. What is there gratest present desire? To reduce the Liesences. Will the reduckshon of liesences reduce the drink traffick? (A vice—No.) No ladies, I am atrade it would not. (Another vice—Yes it would) Well, ladies, I will give you one instance where it did not. Wanganooi, as many of you know, elected a Prohibition Committee, who shut hup seven hotels. What was the consequence? It was this. Wanganooi 'as opened two Workin' Men's

Clubs, as sell more drink than the seven hotels did, so where was the gane to our Prohibitionist friends. An' on the other hand I am afrade that this reduckshon of liesences may lead to sly grog sellin', wich would be infinnitly worse than the hotel trade. An' now, ladies, I will not take hup more of your time, but will make way for more able speakers. (Loud applause.)

Then hup jumps Miss Elizer Green, (the women's rites woman) an' burst forth—

"I am surprised at our worthy seckr-tary's view of this matter. Reduce the liesences indeed; I should think we would. I say we, ladies, for I am a Prohib., an' I'm proud of it. (Heer, heer.) Close the hotels, indeed. Aye, everyone in Wellington—may in New Zealand to-morrow if that was possorable. (A vice—What would you do with the publican?) Do with him? I'd ruin him, egsterminate him, turn him out of the country, for what use is he, only to lure men on to destructshon. Why, if I had my way I'd burn all the hotels in the world, make them into one huge bon-fire, and make all the publicans form a ring round it, an' watch it till it dyed out as had there prosperrity. (Cries of shame.) No I'm not ashamed of these, my sengiments, for these' an' none other is my sengiments," and with a flop she sat down amid faint hap plause.

There was a slite pause, an' I says, "surely some other lady will speak," when Mrs. Hawkins, the thin-faced nervous little woman rose timidly, an' says.

"Mrs. President and Ladies,—I don't think as there are many peeples 'ave suffered more through drink than I 'ave, yet for the life of me I could not feel one cord of sympathy with the last speaker. (Happlause.) I think, ladies, the men an' women may be led to give hup drink, but they will never be forced to give it hup. An' that is where our Prohib. friends make the mistake; they are too feercely henergetick, an' this takin' away of liesences will do little or no good. That is my humble erpinion. An' now, ladies, I am sure we are all anxhus to heer what our able President has got to say, (yes, yes) on this himportant subject." Sits down amid loud happlaus. When all was quiet I got hup and says—

"Is there no other lady as would like to speak," an' was answered by cries of "No, no, let us hear you."

"Very well ladies, as you wish," I commenced as follers,— "Dear friends, this liquer questshun is indeed a matter of himportance to all, an' I think a matter of more himportance to women than men, because women suffer more through it than do men, an' therefore women should band themselves together and do there level best to lessen the drunkenness an' misery there is in the world. (heer, heer.) But, ladies, I do not perpose

as they should work in Prohibition lines. No friends.

We shall never cure drunkenness by Acts of Parliament, or the takin' away of the liesences of a dozen hotels, for as our good secretary remarked, if legitimate trade is stopped, illegitimate trade will spring hup. Our Prohib. friends 'ave got hold of the rong end of the stick—if they want to prohibit anythink, they must prohibit the manerfactur an' the himportashon of liqer, etc. (Loud happlause). Not, as I am agenst the closin' of some of the hotels here in Wellington (Heer, heer). But, ladies, I don't think as it would be rite to put the power of closin' any hotel they like inter the hands of a few faddists (Heer, heer.) I 'ave thort of a plan as would vice the erpinions of all classes of the electors. Let the votin' papers be drawn hup with the names of every hotel in Wellington, the names of the proprieter, the lokality, an' class of hotel, with direckshons to voters to strike out the names of the thirteen hotels (wich is the number, I believe, as a Prohibition Committee, if returned, will be hem-powered to close) as they think it would be best to close. (Heer, heer, capital idea). Then, I think, this committee mite appint a hinspector to see that the drink kept in the egistin' hotels was of the best, and that they was conducted in a proper respecterble manner, an' last but not leest let them see to it that the laws they now 'ave are observed, I meen principally, the law wich forbids the sellin' of drink on a Sunday, a law wich is disregarded in a most shamefaced manner, an' also the law us says hotelkeepers must not sell drink after 11 p.m., wich law, I 'ave no need to tell you, is simply winked at. (Heer, heer.) Yes, ladies, if we see to these things, there will be less drunkenness, for I believe people are often hintoxiated threwhad stuff. Then, if our friends the Prohibs. would take the hint I threw out last week, an start a Sunday sassiety, some good Sunday evenn' concerts, and some good lectures, illerstrated—an' if they want to dive deeper still inter the homes of the people, an' improve the sanitarey condishons, an' try in every way to lift hup an' brighten the lives of the workin' man (for it is the workin' man the Prohibs. seem to think is the drunken man, though I thinks they mite look in much higher cirkles for drunken men), let them do these things ladies, an' I am sure I vice the seugtiments of every lady here, aye, an' of every rite-thinkin' woman an' man in New Zealand, when I say that we will jine them hand-in-hand in this grate, practical, and lastin' reform; yes! *lastin'*, ladies, for once show a man as there is somethink much better to live for than standin' drinkin' his earnin's at the bar of a public-house, an' it will be a lastin' reform—on the other hand, shut hup a place he as been in the habit of goin' inter, an' he will find another to go inter. In conclusion, ladies. I

would sergest that we, as a body of women as meen to be seen an' heard, send in a petishon to the Committee as gets in, be they Prohibs. or publikans, askin' them to see to these things, an' that if they do we are ready to help them. (Loud happlause, after wich my perposishon was agreed to, an' the meetin' dispersed.)

Yours,

Sairy Rodgers



A large audience was present at the third "Herren Abend" of the Wellington Liedertafel, which was held in Thomas's Hall on Monday evening last. The singing was as usual quite up to their standard, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. For the benefit of the uninitiated we may explain that a "Herren Abend" means an evening's amusement for gentlemen only, when after a certain hour smoking can be indulged in while the performance is going on. Its introduction is half German and half colonial for in the old country and in several of the "Turn Vereins" in Australia, smoking and the drinking of mild beer is allowed, and the additional pleasure of the presence of the ladies is also assured. Your true German cannot take his amusement with any degree of happiness unless his wife and family are with him. Why then cannot we transform our "Herren Abends" into "Allegemeine Abends" that all can enjoy? Our opinion is that if such a proposition is carried out the ladies will not object to a cigarette or cigar. But to return to the performance itself. Part first opened with the "Integer Vita" given as a part song. It was well sung and met with merited applause, a solo followed and then a quartette after which there was another part song and then a violin solo by Mr. MacDuff Boyd. Two part songs rapidly succeeding one another concluded the first part. The second part of the programme was really a diversified repetition of the first and quite as interesting. The musical public have to thank the Liedertafel for their entertainments which are worthy of even a greater patronage than they received at present.

Walter Howes dramatic company, which includes Miss Hilda Spong, is doing good business at Christchurch. They will soon be in Wellington where they will play a brief season. We understand that "Petie" Hughes formerly with Messrs. Williamson and Musgrove is in advance of the company.

Mr. J. H. Proni, of the Government Life Insurance, and also the well-known and energetic Treasurer of the Athletic Football Club, who has just come back from Australia on his honeymoon trip, has been made the recipient of a valuable silver tray and knife, and a crust from the officers of the department as a token of their esteem, in which he is held by them. We wish him every happiness in his new sphere of life.

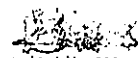
F. W. Cottrell and Co., general carriers and forwarding agents. Customhouse work of all kinds promptly and carefully attended to. We not only clear goods, but land them at customers' doors. Good storage accommodation. Furniture carefully removed.—ADVT.

Joshua Bros. Australian Brandy (BOOMERANG BRAND.)

Lancet, London, July 2nd, 1892.—A sound, honest Brandy, which on analysis and examination show to be of a *fine*, *pure*, 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.

ALL WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS.



District Public Works Office,
Wellington, 14th March, 1894.

SEPARATE TENDERS for Contract Nos. A and B for the SUPPLY OF FURNITURE AND FITTINGS TO THE GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS IN WELLINGTON will be received at this office (where specifications may be seen) till NOON of SATURDAY, the 31st March, 1894. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

By command,

J. A. WILSON,
Resident Engineer.

PRIVATE DETECTIVE DALE, late of New South Wales, Victoria, and America, has opened a high class PRIVATE ENQUIRY OFFICE, at Enfield House, Willis Street, Wellington, opposite Dr. Gillon's. *Evidence* collected in Divorce and all Court Cases. *Misleading Friends and Absconding Debtors Traced*; *Suspected Persons kept under Surveillance*, and all business coming within the scope of a *Secret Service Office Transacted*. Highest Testimonials may be seen. *Business Transacted* throughout the world.

ENFIELD HOUSE, WILLIS STREET, WELLINGTON.

Sir John Power's
IRISH
WHISKY
FINEST IN THE WORLD.
TRY IT.

THE LICENSING ELECTION.

MEN AND WOMEN OF WELLINGTON.

How long will you be deceived by the Prohibitionist Party?

What a farce is their pretention and their hypocrisy.

They publicly cry out for a fourth-reduction of the houses, and the regulation of the traffic.

In secret they say we will sweep away the whole of the hotels, breweries, and all belonging to them—

Without a moment's hesitation. Without an instant's thought
The Prohibitionists would ruin every licensee and every owner of the hotels of Wellington.

They would cost this city "£6000 ANNUALLY" in license fees and rates.
Ratepayers would have to pay an additional rate of 8d. in the £.

They would turn one thousand people out of employment.

They would ruin Wellington as the commercial *entrepôt* of the colony.

Let us be Honest. Let us be True. Let us be Faithful.

The new Act gives the Committee power to close hotels if they think necessary.
Leave the administration of the Act to the Committee.

Elect a Committee of Honest, Impartial, Judge-like men.
Avoid, like the plagues, the Howling Fanatics who would ruin your city.

Remember—To vote for a reduction is the beginning of Prohibition.
Prohibition means: No wine for the sick. No stimulants for the weary.

Why should you be dictated as to your Drink, Food, or Thought?
New Zealanders are the most sober people in the world.

Why should they be branded as drunkards, and as vile in the extreme?
Who are these Traitors in the land who, as Prohibitionists, villify their fellowmen?

Examine their antecedents. Are they all moral upright men?
What claims have such characters on the confidence of the public?

VOTE, THEREFORE, for an Honest, Upright, Committee—Men of sound, moderate views.

VOTE, THEREFORE, for NO REDUCTION of LICENSES. Leave the question to the Committee,

Who can, if they think it wise or prudent, close every house in this city.

REMEMBER—No Act of Parliament ever made men sober or righteous.

Reforms that are Sure are Slow.

PROHIBITION IS REVOLUTION. REVOLUTION IS ANARCHY.

SIGNED ARTICLES

In introducing a feature of this character, the promoters of FAIR PLAY desire to show their genuineness of purpose to the public. The columns under this heading are thrown open to the public, and although the Editor may not in all cases agree with the writer, an opportunity is hereby offered for a fair expression of opinion from any outer source, even though it be in direct contradiction to the policy pursued by the journal.

A West Coast Wail.

(By L. De Bakker, Nelson Creek, Grey County, West Coast.)

In all ages the greatest enemy of progress has been corruption. Even the institutions already gained by democracy are rendered nearly obsolete by reason of the infidelity of our elected administrators, local and parliamentary. This is apparent in all lands. It is therefore absolutely essential that the most stringent measures should be adopted to prevent fraud, and to punish all who rob the people of justice. The detection of offenders would be a comparatively easy matter. Under a system of well paid auditors, one checking the other secretly, and all responsible to the State, every public body would be compelled to show how it had disbursed the uttermost farthing of its revenue. Such distribution should receive the earnest scrutiny of the legislature, many of whom at present badly need a little auditing personally. Take a lesson from Europe—France. The democracy of a constituency in that country elects an apparently suitable candidate as its representative. He goes to the Chamber, and for a few weeks his voice is heard stinging on behalf of the people. Gradually he quiets down, and the electorate presently learns that he has been decorated with the ribbon of the legion of honour as the price of his vote. He has wearied of standing almost alone in the midst of rottenness. What, then, is wanted are men who will sternly remain politically pure, till the whole House is the embodiment of justice. Justice and impartiality are the same thing, remove the necessity for dishonesty. Once the bugbear of misappropriation in its thousand forms, glossed by bribery in a million varied mantles from a dinner to a cheque or to soft soap even, becomes impossible, then the easily-practical policy set forth in the head line will result in a bright and satisfactory condition of government. It is because the Seddon Ministry is ploughing earnestly into socialistic questions that

it deserves the support of the masses. In finishing this paragraph it may be well to remember that the horrible outrages reported as the work of anarchists, and which all true democrats regret as it gives the enemies of our cause an opportunity to bracket us in hell's category, are a last and awful protest against corruption.

Real Protection—the present protection is not a protection at all. It is an admitted fact that the welfare of the people in a country is of more importance than the prosperity of outsiders. The resources of the country therefore should be studied and classed, and a firm tariff based upon such classification, and enforced (minus corruption) with an earnest purpose should be adopted as a compulsory part of the people's happiness. The necessities of life in the way of imported foods as tea and sugar should have no impost at all placed upon them, but every article capable of being readily produced in the country, should be crushingly banned from entering from without. It is contended that this conduct enriches the manufacturer—well, if it does, cannot the Government, as the price of this enrichment, demand by legislation, that his employees shall receive a decent wage? This would give our artisans labour, and take the tradesman out of the ranks of those who are not mechanics.

Turn now to land. I cannot be a single taxer, as the preceding remarks make it impossible. I am strongly of opinion that all strugglers should only pay nominal rental as under the single tax. Single taxers should be careful to correct the impression so readily imbibed by the small farmer viz., that the single tax is aimed directly at him. A vigorous progressive land tax (by progressive is meant increasing with quantity, and quality, i.e., value) always exempting improvements sufficient to bring in a revenue of about 5 or 6 million pounds at present would meet the case. This would guarantee the cultivation of the soil. Now, mark what would follow: This revenue supported by the customs, post offices, &c., would swell on towards ten millions sterling per annum. Think of it. Ten millions of money to be disbursed locally by supervised local bodies in the prosecution of public works for the benefit of the toilers out of whom the artisans have been already weeded. Immigration would be placed under strong control, and aliens prohibited. Where then would be the unemployed? And then there would be time found in the midst of the general prosperity to consider the question of taking over every company and mine upon an issue of state notes, a proceeding simple enough in a country where the Government is the guarantee of its own stability. These companies and properties would be taken over for purposes of revenue or cheap supply to consumers as necessary. This would indicate the approach of the socialistic idea, namely, the adoption of a country by its people

and the nurturing of its people by its Government—not a party one at that. Call it a dream if you like—a sweet delusion oft tempers a misery.

Character Reading from Photographs.

Something that Concerns Everybody.

*"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us!"*

WE intend continuing our series of character readings in connection with the publication of the likenesses of public men. Properly and correctly done it will heighten the interest ordinarily taken in the photographs published.

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.

FEES: A delineation of character with printed chart, 2/6; a complete written delineation of character, 5/.

IMPORTANT TO PARENTS.

Special attention given to children and young people as to their mental training, conservation of their health; to what trade, business, or profession their individual developments qualify them to succeed in, and consequently make a success in life.

All inquiries and fees must be sent to the MANAGER, FAIR PLAY Newspaper Company, Limited, 6, Custom-house Quay, Wellington.

SPORTS, GAMES AND PASTIMES.

CRICKET.

On Saturday the Phoenix quietly succumbed without even an expiring kick. The Midland playing up well, and assisted by somewhat mediocre bowling, have bettered their condition; their tail, however, is not expected to be dangerous, so that the Rivals will probably only have to repeat their first innings performance to secure a win. Benbow again secured a good bowling average, and ought at last to be coming within the ken of the selectors.

At a dinner the other night, held in connection with the Hutt Club, the ubiquitous skipper of the Wellington Cricket Club was set down to propose the toast of "the ladies." In warming to his subject he expatiated on their many virtues, and dwelt on the resemblance that now exists between the sexes. The same bifurcated garments, *a la* a recent wedding of dress reformers in Christchurch, the same occupations, &c., &c., and finally wound up with "in fact there's very little difference between them." "Well, then," fervently ejaculated a good old sport of the old school, "Three cheers for the 'little difference.'"

After an exciting tussle the Stars defeated Kilbirnie. The former Club contemplates considering the desirability of entering next season into the senior competition. For their own sakes we would counsel them to defer the promotion. They are far from being at present capable of sustaining that position. We would infinitely prefer to see several of them playing senior cricket as members of the existing entrants, and are satisfied they would be acquisitions; but irrespective of the disturbing tendency of an odd team, which would entail the drawing of a bye, we cannot see any advantage in the transference of the whole team to senior cricket. If the Juniors generally do not appreciate the grounds they are compelled to play on they have a very simple remedy. Let them buy shares extensively in the Athletic Sports Company, and then perhaps they will have the Basin all to themselves. There could not be stronger advocates for due recognition of junior cricketers than ourselves, but too often is it the case that sudden transition means demolition. With the nucleus of three or four steady veterans the Stars would be justified in seeking higher honours. In their best interests we advise them to wait.

When Bob Blacklock was run out on Saturday, he appealed for an alleged case of obstruction. Haldane, it appears, in backing up had got in Bob's track, the result was a partial collision. Had the obstruction been wilful, of course the batsman would not have been given out.

Previously in the game Cross and

Blacklock had come into violent contact during the progress of a run, the latter being winded and having to betake himself pavilionwards.

Already attempted practices and rumours of football fixtures proclaim the impending decease of the season. The final heats of the Junior Competitions will be the only remaining sports of vitality unless a special Saturday be set apart for a continuation of the Rival-Midland match. The probability of this special Saturday being granted is agitating the supporters of the latter Club, who in the narrowness of their vision and pettiness of purpose, consider the game should be finished on week nights. Experience has shown that when matches are played during the week a commencement is never made until about half-past five, the stumps, on account of the light, have to be drawn at 6, consequently for a paltry half hour's play each night the whole team, probably at a great inconvenience, has to put in an appearance. It is reducing matters to an absurdity, a whimsical Gilbertian burlesque.

AQUATIC.

In the Oriental Boating Club's Junior Pairs C. J. Frceeth, stroke, and W. Nidd, bow, and E. J. Read, cox, defeated C. Bridge, stroke, M. McGillioray, bow, and O. Jones, cox, after a splendidly contested race by a length and a half. W. Townsend, bow, A. E. Boyes, stroke, and E. J. Read, cox, defeated N. Bridge, bow, D. Driscoll, stroke, and O. Jones, cox, somewhat easily by two lengths.

In the Oriental Boating Club's Senior Sculls J. G. Stevens defeated A. Hill by three lengths. This was a great surprise as the event was looked upon as a moral for Hill.

The Star Boating Club's Fitzgerald Fours were held last Saturday afternoon along the Kaiwarra shore.

In the first heat Matthews defeated Johnston by a length, who was half a length in front of Fache.

J. Duncan defeated Burnes by a quarter of a length, who was several lengths in front of McLean.

Wallace defeated K. Duncan by a length and a half, who in turn was a half length in front of J. Smith.

F. Pownall defeated C. Pearce by a length with Palmer three lengths away.

Matthews defeated J. Duncan after a splendid race by a few feet.

Wallace defeated F. Pownall after a good race by half a length.

Matthews defeated Wallace by a length and won the final.

The winning crew consisted of C. E. Matthews, stroke, T. R. Herd, 3, A. H. Barnett, 2, C. Archibald, bow. Mr. W. H. Field, Captain, and M. A. S. Biss, Deputy Captain, acted as judge and starter respectively.

McGrath won the handicap sculling

race at the Otago Regatta last week from scratch, and is reported to be in splendid condition, and will take a lot of beating for the championship sculls. Hume and Young are also training well for this event, so the sculling race will be well worth seeing, with these three and Keefe of Auckland amongst the competitors.

We shall next week give our anticipations for the various events at the Championship Regatta to be held at Picton on Easter Monday.

The following crews have been drawn for the Junior Double Sculls, Wellington Bowing Club:—M. G. Grenside bow and J. E. Gamble stroke, A. Purdie bow, and A. W. Smith, stroke, S. G. Ross, bow, W. Ross, stroke, B. J. Finucane bow, and J. R. Crawford stroke, W. H. Jackson bow, and H. Bulford stroke, R. F. Smith bow, and J. S. Swan stroke, W. Strange-Muir bow, and E. Nicholson stroke.

This should be won by Nicholson and Strange-Muir.

The Union Rowing Club, of Christchurch, will be represented on March 26th, at Picton, in New Zealand Championship races by the following crews:—Chamaion Four Oar—G. Berry bow, G. H. Hobbs, 2; W. F. Samuels, 3; R. F. Crosbie, stroke. Champion Pair Oar—W. F. Samuels, bow; R. F. Crosbie, stroke. Champion Double Sculls—W. G. Samuels, bow; R. F. Crosbie, stroke. The average weight is 12st 1lb. The crew are training on the Avon, showing good form, and by the time of the regatta they will be worthy representatives of the province. After the crew have taken part at the Picton regatta they will, on their return to Wellington, compete in the Wellington regatta on March 28, in the three senior events. The new four oar recently purchased from G. Norton, boat-builder, Wellington, will be used, and in double sculls and pair oar the boat imported last year from J. H. Clasper, London.

Samuels and Crosbie will take a lot of beating in the double sculls.

The following crew has been selected to represent the Napier Rowing Club in its matches with the Napier Union, Gisborne and Poverty Bay Clubs this month:—F. A. Styche stroke, J. Wilson, G. L. King, and W. H. Rose bow.

The annual swimming sports in connection with the Wellington Rowing Club take place on Saturday afternoon, and included in a long programme of events is a race for the Amateur Swimming Championship of Wellington, over a distance of 200yds. Several entries have already been received for this event, and a great race is expected. Visitors to the boat-house will be entertained at afternoon tea.

CYCLING.

At the Drapers' sports on the 7th inst., Muir scored another very easy win, although Herbert made a plucky attempt

at the finish. The scratch man, Brand, was unable to get on terms with his men, although the race was run in slow time. His style, if not productive of great speed, was rather grotesque and added to the general amusement. Chegwidden, the limit man, ran into third place, much to his own surprise, beating Hunt, whose pedal came loose during the last lap, thus putting him out of the race.

The following points may be studied by riders desirous to cultivate a good style in racing:—Take care to pedal evenly, don't favour one leg more than the other; pedal straight, and don't throw your knees out; pay careful attention to ample action as a great amount of speed is to be obtained from it.

"There is nothing so bad for riding as too much champagne, and nothing so good for too much champagne as riding," says an authority. Louis XVI. was much interested in velocipedes, and, being a practical locksmith, would probably have invented some improvements, had he not fallen a victim to the executioners axe.

Jamieson's belongings were all burnt in the fire, which took place at his brother-in-law's grocery establishment, with the exception of his racing safety, which he was luckily able to rescue from the flames.

James Bissell, the fastest cyclist in Napier, will be a competitor at the Druid's meeting. He, as well as Lucey and Jamieson, bestrides a new B and A racer.

The lightest roadster bicycles in the world are now being turned out by the Eagle Bicycle Co., New York. They are fitted with aluminium rims and swaged tubing, and scale but 22lb. Although so light, they are guaranteed to stand a reasonable amount of rough work.

Cyclists requiring an expert repairer cannot do better than interview Hopwell, of Willis street, a most capable workman and a believer in reasonable charges. He has now in stock a few machines by the leading English makers, amongst them being a fine rear-driving safety by Humber and Co., a couple of front-driving light roadsters, manufactured by the New Buckingham and Adams Cycle Co., and fitted with the Eddie gear, and a gem of a rear driver, by the same firm.

Italy—the land of ice creams and barrel organs—holds the honour of being the first country to adopt electric tricycles for public use. The machines are built slightly larger and stouter than usual, and each one is fitted with a battery of 10 cells, supplying motive power for from three to five hours. They will fly for five, exactly the same as our local Jarveys.

The front driving type of safety should prove a favourite mount in Wellington, as it is admitted by experienced cyclists to be the machine for rough roads.

McQuistan rode this type when he won

the recent 50 mile Championship, and his time, 3 hours 50 minutes, under most unfavourable conditions of road and weather speaks volumes for the speed and easy running of the machine.

Competitors for the forthcoming sports are now in strict training, and are practising both on the roads and on the reserves. Herbert, Lucey, Brand and others were out on Sunday for long spins in the Wairarapa direction.

McQuistan has purchased a Humber Star racing safety, and intends having a big sny in the sports on Easter Monday. He is an old Timaru racing man and with a speedy mount should do well.

A six days race was held in New York lately, the winner covering sixteen hundred miles. One rider fell asleep, from exhaustion and rode over the five foot banking, falling heavily. Another had to be carried off, crying like a child, and all the competitors had more the aspect of skeletons than men, at the close of the race. There can be but little sport in this kind of struggle, which is merely testing a man's breaking strain.

A challenge was lately given by Mr. Whittaker, aged 81, abstainer for 59 years, to the effect that he would run a race with anyone who had frequented public-houses for 59 years. In answer to this, Mr. Robert Musgrave, proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Workington, writes that his father, Mr. John Musgrave, aged 93, who has drunk whiskey not only 59 years, but for 70 years, and is drinking it still, will run Mr. Whittaker 50 yards, not weight for age but yards for years—i.e., one yard start for each year of age over Mr. Whittaker. This challenge (says the *Sporting Chronicle*) is open during the holidays, the gate money to be given to either the Licensed Victuallers' Association or the United Kingdom Alliance, as the winner may decide.



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LADIES' RIDING HABITS AND

GENTLEMEN'S RIDING BREECHES

A SPECIALTY

How the Term "Deadhead" Originated.

D. H. Colvin, at one time mayor of Chicago, was for many years agent of the United States Express company. While holding the latter position articles sent to him were delivered free, and such packages were spoken of as "D. H." or free of charge. These packages were known as "dead matter," and thus the initials came to be called "deadhead."

How to Do Ornamental Icing on Cakes.

Frosting points are simply small tin tubes or cones with the end cut in various shapes, which cause the icing to assume the form of leaves, crinkled lines and other devices when pressed through the little aperture. A point is put inside a frosting bag (made funnel shaped) of thin rubber sheeting. The frosting is then squeezed through this bag into the point and so onto the cake. A house furnishing store will supply frosting points of various styles, and one-quarter of a yard of sheeting will make three of these rubber bags. A little practice will render one sufficiently expert to do ornamental icing very nicely.

How to Make a Carrot Hanging Basket.

Cut off the crown or large end of a sound carrot to the depth of about four inches. Invert the part cut off and scoop out the inside like a cup, half an inch thick at the sides, an inch thick at the bottom. Suspend it with cords run through the top of the cup and hang in a window, keeping it full of water. The leaves growing out from the crown or the bottom of the cup curl upward as they grow and soon cover it with green.

How to Tell When a Little Child is Really Ill.

Little children are often sick enough to require the best and most careful medical treatment before the most watchful parents know anything of it. They will play about listlessly perhaps, but making no complaint, until suddenly they will fall over on the floor, and in a minute the whole household is alarmed. Mothers and nurses should watch carefully over a child's evacuations and see that they are regular. Notice its breath, its color and its spirits. If a child is feverish and fretful and cries for nothing for a day or so, something is wrong. If its breath is bad, if it is restless at night or feverish or has no appetite, and particularly if bright pink spots show in one cheek or the other, it is time to take action and find out first what is the trouble. If the trouble cannot be discovered, it is a measure of safety to call your physician before a disease has a chance to settle firmly on the tender little life. It is safer and cheaper to have your doctor once when you suspect a danger than to have him three times a day for weeks.



George Fisher, ex-M.H.R., is travelling in Australia for the benefit of his health. When the genial George arrived in Auckland *en route* to Sydney he was met by a number of his former Parliamentary conferees and treated right royally. Hopes were expressed for a pleasant trip and a speedy return. George has a number of friends in New South Wales both amongst members of the press and politicians, and is sure to be tendered a hearty reception. We wish him *bon voyage*, and a quick return of health.

The case of David Gain v. 'Fair Play,' an action for criminal libel, was again adjourned by the S.M. last Friday. The case comes on to-day, Friday, for a hearing. The defendants will be represented by Mr. A. S. Paterson.

Dr. Cockburn, one time Premier of South Australia, is one of the delegates to the Postal Conference being held here at present.

While aboard the Woolloomooloo steamer recently (says the *Observer*) Miss Mabel Snazelle, daughter of the only original Snazzy, fell in love with the Capting, or the Capting fell in love with Mabel, or they both fell in love with each other. Anyhow they are going to be married. Let us echo Snazzy's wish when he heard the news and say: "Berless you, my children, berless you."

The daily papers at the present time are filled with letters from our old friends "Pro bono publico," "Common Sense," "Constant Reader," "A Father," &c., &c., on the subject of the licensing elections. The letters are, as a rule, either strongly denunciatory on the one hand or of a highly approving character on the other. Our fancy is that when the average Wellingtonian finds that he is menaced with the restriction of his allowance of his beer, he will rise majestically on his hind legs and vote against the Prohibitionists.

Mr T. G. McCarty, who has been absent for some time in England and on the continent, returned to Wellington some few weeks back.

Cabled that Harry Furness has left *Punch* and is going to start an illustrated paper on his own hook. The severance of the connection is hardly likely to hurt *Punch*, which has existed for years on a dead and-gone reputation. People buy it for the same reason that they go to church—because it is the erect thing.—*Observer*.

Another case of "didn't know it was loaded" in Masterton last week, a boy shoots himself accidentally in the abdomen and then walks home to tea. He must have been a plucky youngster, for he concealed his hurt until inquiries from a neighbour elicited the fact of the accident. The boy, from last accounts, seemed to be progressing favourably, although the doctor failed to extract the bullet on his first examination.

Mr. Jellicoe intends very shortly to start on his long contemplated trip to England. During his absence his practice will be carried on by Sir Robert Stout who will appear for him.

The Dewar whiskey, which has been recently introduced in Wellington, seems to have met with universal favour. Several of the best known publicans in town admit that it has a ready sale, and that their regular customers take to it very kindly.

"Sir William Jervois' report upon Fox's report is a slap in the face for the gallant Colonel. Sir William says those guns are all right, and hints that to send them Home to be 'hoop-crowned' would be a woeful waste of close on £10,000. And so the *Observer* has maintained all through the chapter." Our Auckland confere evidently has no particular love for the gallant Colonel.

"The labour member of Parliament is not always a good linguist. To one of them, encountered in the lobby of the House, after the long debate on betterment, a friend remarked: "I suppose you've been having a *mauvais quart d'heure*?" "No," was the reply; "I never touch anything stronger than tea." This, of course, must have happened in New South Wales, our labour members are better trained here.

The social problem of the Victorian Parliament, these 30 years, has been to get Duncan Gillies, the recently appointed Agent-General, married. Duncan, however, like the butterfly, liked to flit from flower to flower, and his marked attentions to every pretty barmaid in Melbourne for years almost precluded the idea of his ever settling down into matrimony with any one fair charmer. Duncan, both physically and morally, was undoubtedly intended by nature for a Turk, and it is one of those curious sociological problems that he was born a Scotchman.

She: Will you love me always? He: Passionately, my darling. She: And you will never cease to love me? He: Never, my darling. She: And you will save your money? He: Every cent. She: And you will never speak harshly to me? He: Never. She: And you will give up all your bad habits? He: Every one of them. She: And you will get along with Mamma? He: Yes. She: And Papa? He: Yes. She: And you will always do just what Mamma wants you to do? He: Yes. She: And just what Papa wants you to do? He: Yes. She: And just what I want you to do? He: Of course. She: Well, I will be yours; but I fear I am making an awful mistake.—*Observer*.

We publish the following from one of our contributors:—

SUGGESTIONS FOR 'FAIR PLAY.'

When you see a fellow mortal,
Without fixed and fearless views,
Hanging on the skirts of others,
Walking in their cast-off shoes;
Ready to retract or waver,
Willing to be turned or led;
Grasping with uncertain feeling,
All the trash that's wrote and said.

Walk yourself with firmer bearing;
Throw your moral shoulders back;
Show your spine has nerve and marrow,
Just the thing that he must lack.

When you see a theologian,
Hugging close some ugly creed,
Fearing to reject or question
Dogmas that his priest may read;
Keeping back all noble feeling,
Crushing down all manly view,
Caring more for forms and symbols,
Than to know the good and true.

Walk yourself with firmer, &c.

When you see a politician
Crawling through contracted holes;
Begging for some fat position,
In the House or at the polls;
With no stirring manhood in him,
Nothing stable, broad, or sound;
Destitute of pluck and ballast,
Double sided all around.

Walk yourself with firmer, &c.

When you see a well-clad vagrant,
With a loud and pompous tone;
Travelling round on false pretences,
Eating bread that's not his own;
Living on the weak and helpless,
By a meek and cunning tale,
Do your best to crush his vitals,
And to land him safe in gaol.

Walk yourself with firmer, &c.

When engaged in noble conflict,
Striving man to raise and bless,
Fighting hard 'gainst greed and tyrants,
Making but one despot less;
And your cringing crawling neighbours,
Faint and falter, "fear to aid,"
Lest they lose the fat man's friendship,
Or they suffer loss of trade.

Walk yourself with firmer, &c.

When you see earth's teeming millions,
Who've been robbed in ages past,
Asking not for bread but justice,
Know the time is coming fast,
When all shall walk with firmer bearing,
Head erect and shoulders back,
Free and true and independent,
And none shall any good thing lack.

Walk yourself with firmer, &c.

Up to a month ago there were no floors in the Coolgardie "hotels," and dancing was disallowed because of the dust it created.



HE WOULDN'T FORGET HIM.

Nervous Waiter: "Er, aren't you going to remember the waiter, Sir?"

Discontented Diner: "Remember, you, I should think so; I'll remember you and the cast iron steak you gave me for the next six months?"

"Fully a hundred compositors are out of work, it is said, in Wellington, and some of them look as if they had not had a square meal for weeks. Many of them have been living on one meal a day for weeks past." We clip the above from an up-country contemporary. Wellington is certainly bad enough at the present time, but this assertion is a gross exaggeration.

From an Auckland contemporary—"More cases reported of purses being stolen from women. But while the gentle creatures, God bless them, persist in carrying their purses in loose bags slung behind them or in shallow pockets from which the wallet temptingly protrudes, who can wonder that the nimble-fingered annexer of unconsidered trifles should avail himself of the opportunities so generously afforded him. The carelessness of women oftentimes makes thieves of needy men."

"No member of the S.A. Ministry and no S.A. Supreme Court Judge possesses a title." Bravo, South Australia.

A miner from Coolgardie writes:—"The day after to-morrow comes my turn to wash my face. Water for this purpose can only be spared every fourth day. This is the fifth week I have had to wear the same shirt unwashed." And yet there are people who will insist that the Western Australian mining fields offer more advantages to a young man than a city life.

"I tell you what, sir, I'm a man who can command a salary!"

"Yes. It's so small it doesn't dare disobey you!"

"If you wasn't doin' a burgle in that 'ouse, why did I meet yer comin' out in yer stockin' feet?"

"I'd 'eard there was sickness in the family, ole man!"

The following from Tasmania is worth republishing:—"A high-school girl, class A, being told by her teacher to parse the sentence, 'He kissed me,' consented reluctantly, because opposed to speaking of private affairs in public. 'He' she commenced, with unnecessary emphasis, and a fond lingering over the word that brought the crimson to her cheeks, 'is a pronoun, third person, singular number, masculine gender, a gentleman, pretty well off, universally considered a good catch. Kissed is a verb, transitive—too much so; regular—every evening; indicative mood—indicating affection; first and third person plural number, and governed by circumstance. Me—O everybody knows me, and down she went.

Banking Matters.

We publish the following from a Wanganui correspondent:—

There was a spirited controversy not long ago between the *New Zealand Times* and the *Evening Post*, of Wellington, about "Banking, Banks, and Money," and the principal question thus debated was "Where is our money gone?" Millions of deposits and millions of advanced money were put against each other by the *New Zealand Times* to prove that the Australian banks treated us unfairly; while the *Evening Post* tried to establish that the banks doing business in New Zealand were in their actions only governed by prudence and wisdom. Yet neither of them can or will answer the question of "Where our money goes?" to the plain understanding of our citizens. I will now give a plain statement made by the manager of one of the Australian banks doing business in New Zealand, which was published in the *New Zealand Gazette*, and signed by the same manager, and thereon I shall make some comments. These, I think, everyone will understand. In April, 1893, appeared the following statement:—

Statement of Liabilities and Assets of the Bank, in their Branches of New Zealand.

Fully paid-up capital	... £1,500,000
Reserve profits	... 1,000,000
Liabilities, including note issue of £111,000, within the Colony of New Zealand	2,851,000
Assets in the Colony of New Zealand	... 2,311,000
Last dividend paid	... 90,000

I give here round numbers. Everyone can and must understand that when there is in a commercial concern a surplus of liabilities over assets, that there can be no capital at all; therefore there is no capital of this bank employed within the Colony of New Zealand. Therefore I declare that the paid-up capital of £1,500,000 does not exist in New Zealand. The latter, too, can be said of the reserve profits. Thus the above statement should read for New Zealand—

Fully paid-up capital	... £0 0 0
Reserve profits	... 0 0 0

Furthermore, the liabilities exceeding

the assets of £540,000 shows else, that these £540,000 are employed in some other country or that they are lost. Taking the first, that this sum of money is employed somewhere else, the question arises, if New Zealand can afford to do without this money? If not, then certainly does this Bank act unfairly with our colony, and everyone will see this. If the money is lost, the Bank should be forced to wind up, like any other commercial concern, or at least should lose the confidence of the public. Now I shall treat that item of dividend of £90,000. This sum of money is divided between the shareholders who constitute the proprietary of this Bank. Of those shareholders none, or at least a very small percentage, reside with us. Therefore, the bulk of the £90,000 goes out of the colony. And as we do not get any value whatever for this money it means a simple loss to the colony of New Zealand.

The proprietary of the Bank in question do not invest one single penny with us, simply handle our capital, leave us the benefit of our capital or take it away, as they please, and for this they tax us to the tune of £90,000 p.a. Will anybody calculate what the loss is to New Zealand during a period say of 10 years from this source, and then we ask, where is the money gone? I ask, where is the intelligence of our citizens gone to if they cannot answer this question. If there was not such an extraordinary drainage of money out of the colony, surely the surplus of our exports over our imports should, year by year, better our circumstances, and there should be a yearly substantial increase of national wealth. In order to insure this let us stop all those leaks that we can see, and let us, for God's sake, start with this enormous payment of dividends into the pockets of the people that have not a single penny capital in New Zealand. If allowed I shall treat National Debt, Gold Basis, &c., at a future time, and am willing to enter into controversy about these questions with anyone. I do not want to take too much liberty with your space, wherefore for the present I will conclude.

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GENTLEMEN,—The PURIFIED SODA WATER I obtained from you is undoubtedly of Superior Quality, and has met with my entire approbation. I have recommended it to numerous patients when indicated, and shall be glad if you will forward me another gross at your earliest.

Faithfully yours,
E. FRIKART, M.D., L.K.Q.C.P., &c.

THE ROSE OF CHATHAM.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

[Continued.]

Meantime Maynard's wound healed so rapidly that within ten days the gash had changed to a slender purple scar slantwise across his left cheek. So careful were the Fenwickes and so closely did they keep their secret that no suspicion of the Englishman's presence in the house ever went abroad in the town.

Rose heard of Lieut. Prescott frequently through her friends, but he came no more to see her, nor did he send her any of those tender messages that lent such brightness to her life for months past. She felt the reason for this and could not blame him, for in her memory the act of driving him from the house lingered with all the ugly features that her imagination could lend to it, and she despised herself.

As for Prescott he felt sure that Rose still loved him, and that she had acted under some strange necessity which forbade him to make any inquiries until such time as she should choose for enlightening him voluntarily. Deep in his heart he suspected some connection between his unknown antagonist and the occurrence at the house, but his suspicion could not take any definite form.

Soon after his recovery and return to camp he was sent in command of a detachment to a point opposite Whitemarsh island, some six miles from Savannah, which would have prevented him from calling on Rose, even if he had felt it the proper thing to do under the circumstances.

As Maynard convalesced he proved himself a man of most cultivated and insinuating manners. The master and the mistress of the Fenwicke mansion became quite fascinated, spending a great deal of time in his company listening to his well told stories of adventure by land and sea in many parts of the world.

Even Rose, although she could but cordially despise him, oftentimes lent captivated attention to his narrations. He treated her with such marked and refined respect that it was impossible for her to show her real feeling toward him, though the longer he stayed the more distasteful he became to her. For her father's sake she was very kind in word and manner to this man, chatted pleasantly with him, played and sang for him, even read aloud to him when he begged

her to. She did not note the looks of tender admiration with which he soon began to follow her, nor did she dream that in his heart he was permitting a passion for her to take deep and powerful hold. His face had been very handsome before the swordcut had left its livid streak, and even now it was impressive, if somewhat sinister, in its expression.

With the cunning of a man whose nature both by gift and training makes him a detective he saw that Rose was a rebel, although not a word on the subject had ever fallen from her lips in his presence. Her character, however, was a guaranty to him that she would not betray him, knowing that to do it would be sure to compromise her father in a very dangerous way. Feeling secure at this point, it pleased him to linger at the Fenwicke mansion after he was quite well of the wound from Prescott's sword. The seclusion here was perfect, the household atmosphere quite agreeable, and then there was Rose, whose tall, superbly turned figure and charming face were fascinating him more and more every hour.

CHAPTER IV.

On the 23d of December word came to Gen. Howe that the British fleet had anchored off Tybee island. With the next tide it would come over the bar and take possession of the river. Little had been done by the Americans to erect defenses around the town. There had been a line of earthworks, but this had been suffered to fall to ruins and was now practically useless, nor was there time for any repairs. The coming of the enemy was as much a surprise as if it had been a sudden descent in the night. Before Gen. Howe could ascertain the number or position of the enemy's forces, and while he was trying in vain to dispose of his own little army to the best advantage, the guns began to batter away savagely at the bluff on Zirardeaux plantation, only two or three miles down the river from Savannah. In a moment all was confusion in the town and its suburban settlements. The approach of a battle under any circumstances would have caused alarm, but now it was, to a degree, a panic, with no wise management to control it. At first this feeling did not extend to the troops; on the contrary, they behaved well until their line was broken and they were thrown into disorder.

Lieut. Prescott was detained by Gen. Howe to act on his staff, wherefore it chanced to fall to his lot to be sent in the direction of Governor Wright's plantation just at the time when Lieut. Col. Campbell ordered the attack on the American lines. He was mounted on a fleet horse and bearing orders to Col. Elbert. His way lay along the edge of a swamp through which the enemy were

making efforts to pass, and in which they were already skirmishing with some American scouts. Riding in great haste and rather recklessly he pushed his horse into a boggy place and was delayed for many minutes in extricating him. In the meantime the British had attacked with great vigor, going right through the lines and completely routing the American forces. Not only this, they were already across the swamp ahead of him and were rushing on toward the city. He saw at once that his one chance of escape lay in reaching the Savannah road before it was fully in their possession. He knew the country perfectly and so was able to choose the shortest and safest route. Putting spurs to his horse he made a dash for that point where the road in question cut the line of old earthworks. If he could pass there in advance of the British he could reach Savannah long before they could get there.

True to his youth and the love which had made youth doubly sweet to him, Prescott no sooner set his face toward the town than he began to think of Rose Fenwicke. It rushed into his heart that perhaps he had seen her for the last time; and how vividly arose the memory of her pained and distressed face as she stood before him that night in the doorway, thrusting him back and bidding him go away! And then, like some sad strain of music out of the distance, echoed again the parting words, "Good-by, dear dear Wayne." He felt a shiver run over him and he leaned forward in his saddle, urging his horse to its greatest speed.

When he reached the road and turned toward Savannah the way seemed clear, but he had sped but a few rods ere an obstacle suddenly presented itself in the form of an officer wearing the British uniform and mounted on a horse evidently captured from some unfortunate American.

"Halt!" rang out the challenge, too late for Prescott to check his speed, even if he had desired to. "Halt!" and then their swords crossed with a keen clink as the lieutenant dashed by.

A short, sharp race, and Prescott felt that his enemy was gaining rapidly and would strike him from behind if he should not turn about at once.

"Halt!"

He wheeled his horse just in time to parry a slash which would have severed his head from his body.

There was a rattling fire of musketry to his left, while on his right a light battery was bellowing vigorously. He thought of Rose, in fact the thought had not left him, and as he closed with the heavy set and surly faced foe again the words echoed in his heart: "Good-by, dear, dear Wayne."

It was a short and desperate fight, in which both men showed superior horsemanship and consummate command of the sword. The British officer was the

stronger, otherwise they were well matched. Perhaps the American fought at a disadvantage, his main thought being to get away from his enemy by any means and reach Savannah in time to see Rose before the town fell into British hands. The sole aim of the other was to kill his doughty antagonist.

On either side of the highway the ground was soft, and the combatants knew that if either were to permit his horse to leave the hard roadbed he would be at the other's mercy; therefore the struggle lay largely in the management of their animals, which were now thoroughly excited and almost uncontrollable.

Doubtless his enemy felt something like the same spur to hasty action, for he urged his horse closer and cut and thrust with redoubled rapidity and force.

As yet neither had been wounded, so vigilant had been their fencing, but the great strain of managing their furious horses and at the same time keeping up the increasing violence of their combat was telling upon their strength, which had been otherwise taxed to the utmost since early morning.

In a set duel it might have been thought a cowardly thing to do, but Prescott was no coward, nor did he dream of cowardice when, as the Englishman's horse reared and plunged near, he struck it, with all the force he could gather into his arm, right across the left eye. It reeled back and sprang off the roadway into the mire, where it vainly floundered about.

The way was not more than twenty feet wide and in some parts had been strengthened by half buried palmetto logs, forming a sort of corduroy, very dangerous for the footing of the horses, whose springing and rearing and plunging kept a sort of time to the rapid sword strokes of the straining men.

Nearer and nearer came the scattered spray of the disordered army of Gen. Howe, floundering along wildly, flinging aside guns and abandoning artillery leaving everything in the hands of the victorious British.

Lieut. Prescott knew that if he delayed but a few short moments finishing with his antagonist all would be lost to him.

Wheeling his own horse, the lieutenant spurred on toward Savannah, well knowing that his antagonist could not follow. Two or three British fired at him from a little swell to his left, but their bullets hissed over his head. A little further on, where the road made a short turn, he thundered through a bewildered group of American soldiers, who, hatless and gunless, were panting and running almost exhausted.

Why should those words keep ringing through his ears and echoing as if in the remotest distance of memory? "Good-by, dear, dear Wayne."

He forgot the wrenching and straining, the fatigue, the all but exhaustion of the struggle through which he had come; but with his bare sword gripped in his right hand, the reins held firmly in his left, he leaned over the pommel and strove to increase the speed of his foaming horse. He did not once think of the humiliation of defeat, nor did it occur to him that his duty might be along the line in striving to rally the broken and flying army of freedom.

It was like a fearful rebuke to him that just after he had passed over a little log causeway a round shot, half spent, struck his horse down under him.

CHAPTER V.



Rose turned from him.

Before the news of the British fleet's arrival at the mouth of the river had gone abroad in Savannah Maynard quietly disappeared from the Fenwick mansion without notice to any of the household.

On the day previous to this he had tried, with great adroitness and much show of deference mingled with passion, to pour into Rose's ear the love which her beauty and grace had kindled in his strong and unscrupulous heart.

To say that she repulsed him is to miss all the force of statement necessary to the simple truth. She scarcely spoke, nor was her manner in the least vehement. A look, a gesture, a slow turning away as from something unspeakably despicable and vile, perhaps the single word:

"You!" uttered scarcely above her breath, but with an emphasis that conveyed the last refinement of disgust and abhorrence; at all events there was no margin left for even a shadow of hope. Never before in his life had he felt small, weak, insufficient in the presence of an emergency, no matter how formidable.

Rose turned from him with just that deliberate dignity of movement which gave greatest effect to her beauty and

walked away, the embodiment, as he felt, of incomparable stateliness, grace and purity.

He shrank into himself, so to say, and for some moments after she had gone his mind was vacant and his whole nature shriveled. Of course with such a man this was but a passing state of discomfiture and disorder, the result of surprise more than of anything else. He, with all his shrewd insight, had not dreamed that she could summon at a moment's notice the power to crush him like this. Moreover, the exhibition of calm, superb, absolutely commanding dignity so added to her charm that he felt a great joy in it, even while collapsing under its serene weight of contempt.

Large, almost gigantesque in stature, with the suppleness of health combined with the strength of a justly proportioned and thoroughly trained physique, he rallied quickly from a wound, whether of the body or of the mind. The stupor of surprise and discomfiture soon passed from him, and with a sinister smile he yawned and stretched himself as if shaking off a light nap.

"Confound the girl!" he exclaimed, "confound the girl! She is stunning, amazing, bewildering!"

He walked back and forth, chuckling to himself, his face quite red, and the slender scar gleaming on his cheek like a tongue of flame. Minute beads of sweat gleamed on his forehead, and his large shapely hands actually shook as he nervously rubbed them together.

It was while he was thus pulling himself together after Rose's departure that Maynard received from the hand of a servant a note written in cipher that informed him of the approach of the British fleet. In a moment he had forgotten everything save the mission upon which he had come to Savannah. With him not even love could stand in the way of the grosser enterprise which he regarded as duty.

Making a few quiet and hurried preparations he vanished from the mansion without a sign or word to any of its inmates, and went to confer with some of his Tory confidants. The purpose was to fire the town in the rear of the American army, just at the time when the battle should fairly begin, and follow this up with a show of attack upon the handful of guards left to keep order in the streets.

The plot was well laid and must have been successful had the moment ever come to put it into operation; but before anything certain could be gathered after the British had landed the scattered and utterly demoralized American army was already fleeing in every direction. Soon enough the advance of the victorious invaders poured into the town.

To be Continued.)

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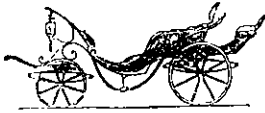
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"But," protested the stranger, "you don't know me. I've never been here before."

"That doesn't make any difference," replied the clerk. "If you had wrestled with jit-jats and maharajahs the way I have this year, you'd know what a comfort it is to get a man of your name in the house."—Chicago Mail.

Explained.

Baggage Master—Want \$1,000 for your trunk? Why, you said it was an old one, and that there was nothing in it of value.

Complainant—But, my dear man, there were no less than three European express and two foreign steamer labels on that trunk!—Boston Transcript.

After Chicago Day.

Clerk (in hat factory)—I don't know what to do about this order for a hundred dozen hats. Nothing is said about the sizes.

Proprietor—Where is the order from?
"Chicago."
"Send them the largest sizes we've got."
—Chicago Tribune.

Excuses Superfluous.

Auntie—You should ask to be excused when you leave the table."

Little Nephew—Should I? I thought from the way you acted about that third piece of pie that you'd be glad to see me go.—Good News.

How He Knew.

Little Fanny—Who came out ahead in the quarrel, ma or pa?

Tommy—Ma, I guess. After it was over I heard pa say he didn't believe it was right to fuss.—Truth.

All Prepared.

Police Sergeant—Are you all ready for the rail on that gambling establishment?

Roundsman—Yes. Notified the proprietor yesterday.—Brooklyn Life.

A Wise Man.



"Hullo, old man! How's it you're dining at the club? Thought your wife told me she had the Browns and Smiths to dinner this evening?"

"No, that was yesterday. This evening she has the odds and ends."—Punch.

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Printed and published for the Proprietors, the FAIR PLAY Newspaper Company, Limited, by McKEE & GAMBLE, at their offices, 6, Custom House Quay, Wellington, New Zealand.

Saturday, March 17, 1894.