

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

Fair Play

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL FOR SENSIBLE MEN AND WOMEN

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STRAIGHT TACK

An effort is being made just now to raise sufficient money to pay off the bank overdraft of the Melanesian mission. 'Fair Play' wishes success to the movement. The Melanesian mission is a thoroughly genuine affair. Its work is carried on amongst the bloodthirsty savages of the Solomon and New Hebrides Islands, where the missionary stands a daily chance of being clubbed and converted into "long pip!" They are ill paid, live simply, and never amass riches in the way of copra and other vendible produce—as do so many of the good men who have laboured in the eastern islands. Bishop Selwyn, son of our Bishop Selwyn, retired about eighteen months ago, but his successor has now been appointed in the person of the Rev. Cecil Wilson, who leaves a pleasant and wealthy cure near pretty Bournemouth in Devonshire for the fever laden atmosphere and savage life in Melanesia. He is a man after Selwyn's stamp—a muscular Christian, who is a grand swimmer and a fine athlete generally, and being young, full of health and vigour, and thoroughly devoted to the work, ought to be a model Bishop. There is, however, a debt of £1000 on the mission, and it is hoped to clear this off before the new bishop comes out. He is to be consecrated in June next.

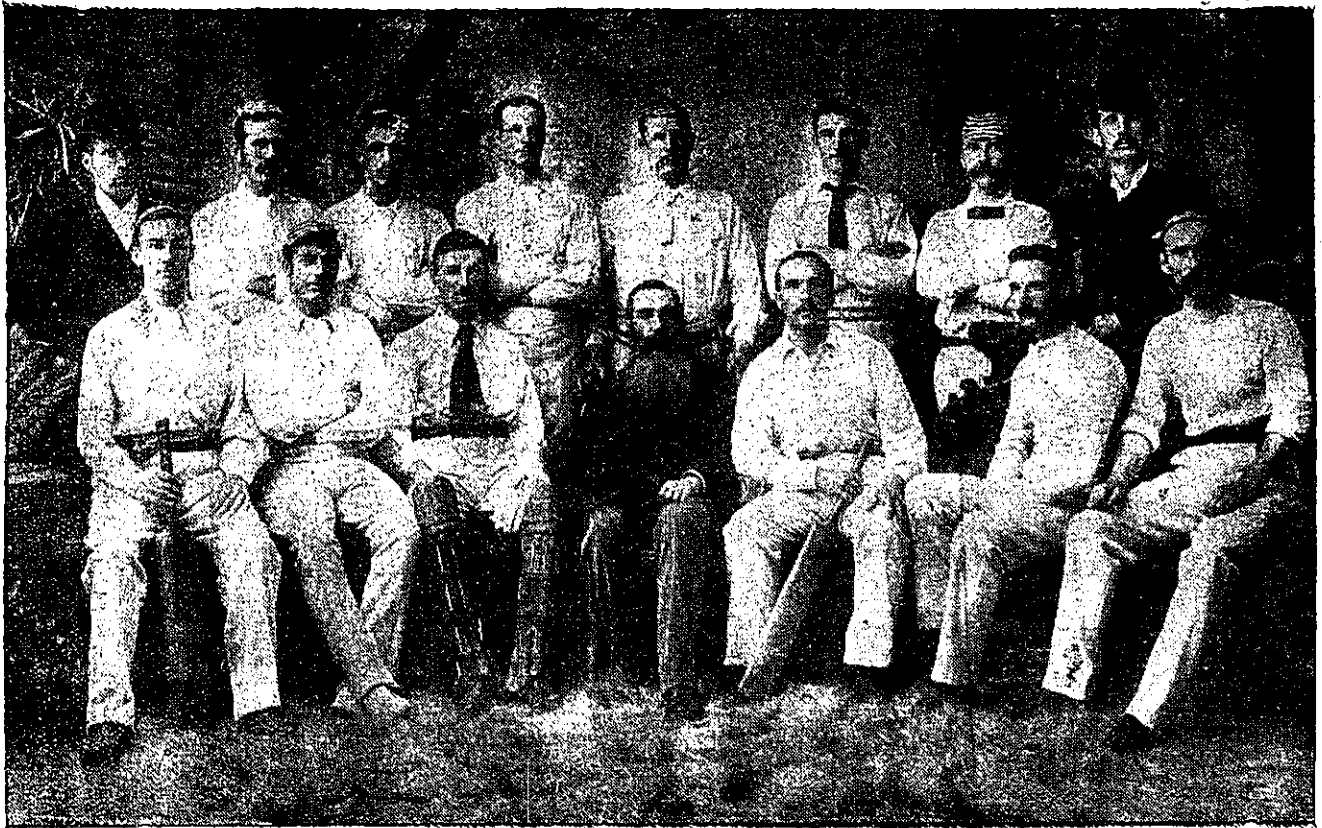
A well-known and popular Auckland athlete, Mr. Hubie Dacre, has been transferred to the Wellington branch of the Mutual Life Association, and is now amongst us. Although only 22, Mr. Dacre is a fine all round man. He was prominent in Auckland rowing, was a representative in football and swimming, is a good man on the cycle, and a good distance runner. He should certainly be a great acquisition to Wellington athletics.

That terrible fraud, Kato Marsden, the lady who makes such a comfortable living out of the leper rescue business, is reported to have gone to St. Petersburg again, where she is the guest of a princess and will be made much of. Kato, years ago, was a nurse at the Wellington hospital. She is a handsome woman with a way peculiarly her own of hypnotising wealthy gentlemen into assisting her dear lepers and filling Kato's pocket at the same time. By some clever impudence she once managed to get into the good graces of the Duchess of Teck (May's mamma) and that fat scion of royalty having taken her up, Kato's fortune was made. She now poses as a sort of female Damien, but is not such a fool as to shut herself up in a leper colony, but prefers to lecture and collect subscriptions—especially the latter. The exact amount of the money raised that goes to the lepers, has, however, never been ascertained.

Tom Bracken, our New Zealand poet, is back again in Wellington where he will take up the position of Registrar of Electors, which the Government have given him, no doubt as some faint—very faint—recognition of the many services rendered to the Liberal cause by the genial Paddy Murphy. Mr. Bracken has suffered a good deal from ill health, but we hope to see him soon his old jolly self once more.

We are sorry to hear that Archbishop Redwood has suffered very heavy financial loss over that ill starred venture, the *Catholic Times*, the amount being stated by some as being £4000 or £5000—that is, of course, since the paper started. The archbishop is a fine fellow and it seems a shame that his paper was not better supported. Bad editing had a good deal to do with the ill success of the venture.

Talking about the Catholic bishops, it is not generally known that Dr. Luck, the Catholic Bishop of Auckland, comes of a Protestant family. His parents were Protestant, but his father, when a widower, "verted" to Rome, and became a priest. Bishop Luck has two brothers who are priests, and four sisters, who are all nuns.



(M'Kee and Gamble's Photo-Engraving Process.)

(Kinsey, Photographer.)

R. M. Roberts, Umpire. W. Bentley. G. Lanham. E. Atmore. J. G. Dawson, Capt. N. Hooper. A. Watt. W. Wildermotk, Scr.
H. A. Kirkcaldie. H. W. Kersley. S. Kirkcaldie. J. Kirkcaldie, Esq., President. R. S. Gray. C. Collins. W. Hendry.

KIRKCALDIE AND STAINS' CRICKET CLUB.

We are pleased to note and applaud the action of the principal drapers in Wellington in endeavouring to foster amongst their employees such healthy outdoor sports as will afford a natural foil to the sedentary and indoor life their calling forces upon them. In publishing the above group of cricketers, all of whom are either employees of, or members of the firm of Messrs Kirkcaldie and Stains, we are simply endeavouring to encourage a movement which we hope will become even more wide-spread in the future. On the establishing of the half-holiday about a year ago Messrs Kirkcaldie and Stains were the first to put into practical operation the forming of cricket clubs by the different big drapers' houses. Their action was approved by the other big firms, and both the D.I.C. and Te Aro House joined with them in the effort to promote the game. It was soon seen, however, that the smaller houses could not furnish adequate teams, so it was agreed to divide the city into districts and allow members of the different retail houses to form combination clubs. This idea proved a most successful one, and resulted in the formation of the "Cuba Street Rovers," and the "Thorndon Opens." The Draper's Association, which was rapidly formed after the scheme had once been started, agreed that a number of games should be played during the season, and as an additional incentive Messrs Downs and Turner offered a handsome cup as a prize to the successful team. The season is now nearly drawing to a close, and up to the present time the team from Messrs Kirkcaldie and Stains'

have played eight games with six to their credit as against two lost. They have two more games to play, one with Te Aro House and the other with the Cuba Street Rovers. The captain of the team which appears above, Mr. J. Dawson, is an old English cricketer, and before coming to the colonies was presented by his confreres in the "Old Country" with a bat for good cricket play. During the season he has divided the bowling honours with Mr. Gray, the latter gentleman having made the best batting record, his average being 26 per match. The elder Mr. Kirkcaldie has taken the greatest interest in the club since its inception, and has on several occasions given ample evidence of his generosity and kindly feeling towards the institution.

A record! The lease of a run of 57,000 acres on the slopes of Mount Aspiring, Wanaka district, was disposed of the other day at Dunedin at £10 a year! Ten pounds for the rent of 57,000 acres. What awful country it must be to be sure!

The meanest woman in all England is a snobbish female, who, hearing that the money subscribed by the sailors of the Mediterranean squadron, to purchase a present for the "Yorks" had gone down in the ill-fated Victoria, actually had the cheek to write to the press demanding that the lost testimonial to the "Yorks" shall be deducted from the Victoria fund, the amount raised by the nation for the widows and orphans of the dead mariners. For meanness and grovel combined her suggestion surely beats the record.

They say up at the Big Buildings that the Premier has lately been spending all his spare time studying Maori, in view of the tour he is now making through the interior of the North Island. If Richard the Fourth has only taken with him a few bottles of good whisky and a stock of Juno baccy—and is liberal with them—he'll get on right with them. Kaipai te Premier—who shouts liberally.

The Dunedin *Star* says:—"The Wellington *Evening Press* has gone democratic." It has not "gone" anything of the kind. It has "gone" mad, and, strange as it may seem, seeing the Prohibitionists have got it, will probably go *bung*.

The Napier *Telegraph* sneers at Mr. Labouchere as a valorous-penny-a-liner. The D.T. man would probably go on the D.T. if he got a fiftieth part of what "Labby" gets out of his paper. Penny-a-liner indeed—guinea-a-liner is nearer the mark.

A Wellington young married woman had a peculiar dream the other evening. She dreamed that she with her baby was preparing to get into a tram. The step of the tram was rather high, and she requested a gentleman to hold her baby while she got in. He consented, but before he could return the infant to the arms of its mother, the tram started and left without the child. The grief of the young woman was intense, and so troubled was her mind that she awoke. Her relief at finding it all a dream was so great that she decided to buy a book on dreams and learn what it all signified. On turning to the index she found that such a dream as she experienced foretold that the dreamer would receive twice as much as she had lost. "What should I get," she said to a male friend innocently, "that would be twice as much to me as my baby?" "Twins," said her friend lazonically, and she has not spoken to him since.

The other day a Tasmanian cable told us how one Normoyle had shot a man named Knight, whom he had surprised on a clandestine visit to his Normoyle's wife. Normoyle simply carried out Dumas the younger's theory of *tue la kill* on the spot. He was formerly a clerk in a Hobart branch of the Anglo-Australian bank and was thirty-six years of age. The man he killed, one Knight by name, was himself a married man with three children. Normoyle got two years, the judge evidently sympathising with him. Normoyle did not exactly catch Knight in *flagrante delicto* but it was near it—very near it.

Miss Flora Shaw, the *Times* correspondent, who made such a hurried tour of the colony, recently delivered a lecture at the Colonial Institute. The fair Flora said "that the great want of Australian Society is young unmarried women." Not a bit of it, what are wanted are young unmarried men who are anxious and can afford to marry. At present the marriage rate in Australia is terribly low. The fact is that the average Edwin hasn't a brass farthing of ready cash, and can't think of asking Angelina to share his life.

A paper dollar—nominal value a trifle over four bob, real value under two bob—will buy 1000 cigars in Paraguay. Some of the "New Australians" have already given up the modest dhudeen of their youth, and now "toff" smokers of the "give me a cigah; kann't stand these beastly pipes, haw," are style.

Wait a bit, they'll soon find it hard to get hold even of a paper dollar, and will be glad enough to dry their own bacca in the sun, and roll and out it themselves; and a chunk of good old Barrett's Twist will be a luxury to be dreamt of, not realized.

Our old friend Baron Munchausen—we beg pardon, we should say Captain Jackson Barry—has again bobbed up serenely soliciting public patronage and attention. On Monday evening he delivered himself of a lecture at the Skating Rink, entitled, "Bribery, Corruption and Conspiracy." It was advertised that His Highness, the Baron, or rather His Excellency the Captain, would make some "startling revelations;" he certainly justified the advertisement, both in the brief resume of his own life as a colonist and in some of the assertions he made with reference to the late election. We would be pleased to give our readers a brief summary of his remarks, but unfortunately the libel law of this colony is, "not to put too fine a point upon it," peculiar, and—we refrain.

Happy, joyous England, what a wonder it is that there should be any discontented people in such a prosperous Christian land! Now read this: At the Maidenhead Borough Police Court, on January 2, before Mr. E. R. Lovegrove, William Wing, charged with sleeping out on Christmas night in a tub used as a dog kennel, was sent to prison for seven days. Poor devil! To be reduced to the necessity of passing Christmas night in a tub used as a dog kennel and then go to gaol for seven days for having committed such a terrible crime. Could you blame William Wing if he bought a pound of dynamite and sent the inhuman Lovegrove to Heaven—or somewhere else? We couldn't!

The *Bulletin* is really wonderfully ingenious in its smacks at Dibbs and Parkes. A big dam is urgently wanted at Coolgardie, and the *Bulletin* says Dibbs ought to go there at once. "Dibbs can do it every time," says the *Bulletin*. This, of course, is a happy hit at the big big D, thrown at Chicago people on a funous occasion. Then, here again is a specimen of this perverted genius, with which the *Bulletin* can turn anything and everything against its old enemy, Sir Henry Parkes:—"In China political eminence is reserved for men who can write elegant verses," says a *Nineteenth Century* writer. The *Bulletin* long ago contended that there was a great opening for Parkes in China. And this, seeing that Parkes is a bit—a very little bit—of a poet in his way, is very neatly put.

The Social Reform lunatics are busy in South Australia, where a boy of fourteen has been sent to prison and sentenced to be birched for kissing a girl of his own age. The police have been instructed to put down the pernicious surprise packets of lollies, because there is "an element of the gambling curae in them"—presumably in the fact that in one packet of a hundred there is a tin lion or a brass ring, or some other awful frivolity. The next thing to be put down in virtuous South Australia will no doubt be the vicious game of marbles, and the total prohibition of the criminal pastime of leap-frog. The Wellington social reformers, who are so anxious about the morals of the community, will no doubt follow the godly example set in South Australia, a pious land, where there are more dirty crimes and also more hypocrisy to the square inch than in any other part of Australia.



Miss Mabel Hill.

The portrait of Miss Hill, which appears above, will prove familiar to most of our readers who are interested in art and music. As an artist, Miss Hill has made a name for herself in New Zealand, and she is also favourably known for her musical ability. The lady was born in Auckland in 1872, and entered the Technical School as a student in 1886. Here her natural talent for drawing and painting was carefully cultivated, with the most successful results. Besides prizes and certificates gained at the school, she has been awarded three National Book prizes, two Third Grade prizes, and an Art Class Teacher's certificate at the South Kensington School of Art. In 1892, Miss Hill was awarded a bronze medal at the Auckland Exhibition for a painting of a group of Maori curios, and recently she won the Dresden Co.'s gold medal for the best composition of a landscape, the competition being in connection with the Wellington Art Club. At the last Wellington Annual Exhibition, she gained the Society's prize of £3 8s. for a head from life (in colour.) The competition was open for all. Miss Hill has but lately returned from Dunedin bringing a number of sketches with her, one of which gained the Art Club President's prize for the best sketch done during the holidays. When Miss Hill left Wellington for her holidays, she took with her a portrait in water colours of Mr. C. P. Hulbert,

one time Mayor of Christchurch. The picture which was put on exhibition at Christchurch was afterwards presented by the fair artist to the original. She is at present engaged on a portrait in water colours of Mr. J. A. X. Riedle, of Dunedin. Miss Hill is an assistant teacher at the Technical School and Drawing Mistress at Mrs McDonnell's Ladies Collegiate School. With reference to her musical ability, it would be strange if a sister of Mr. Alfred Hill were not musically inclined. She will be recollected as taking part in Mr. Jones' opera, the "Monarch of Utopia," and also as having sung at several concerts in Wellington. While in Dunedin Miss Hill sang at a concert given in the Garrison Hall with great success. Personally, Miss Hill is a charming, sprightly young lady, who seems to have caught the grace of her art and embodied it in her own individuality.

Various statements have been made as to the high wages alleged to have been earned by the men employed on certain Government co-operative works. When it was publicly stated that as much as 17s per day was averaged by individual members of a gang, the Labor Department explained that the amount mentioned included that due on previous contracts, for which the men had been underpaid. *Appropos* a 'Fair Play' contributor writes:—"A man employed on the co-operative works at Waikawa (Otago) recently proved to me that for more than a fortnight the members of his gang averaged 16s 6d per day. They could, he said, have earned as much as 19s per day, but after the first fortnight deemed it advisable to earn ordinary wages and thus prolong the contract. The man was neither boasting nor exaggerating, for he possessed documentary evidence which was more than sufficient to prove the truthfulness of his assertion. Truly modern liberalism is liberal indeed!"

Some months back Dunedin—austere, sober-going, respectable Dunedin—received a severe shock when one of her gilded youths, after damages had been given against him as co-responsible in a divorce suit, suddenly left for unknown parts. It was at first thought that the petitioner, who had closely watched the disturber of his domestic bliss after the decision of the Court, had been badly left for his money; but the young man adopted a somewhat original method of squaring matters, with the (to him) satisfactory result that certain "interested parties" interceded, and now the young man proceedeth on the even tenor of his ways.

Considerable dissatisfaction exists among members of that body except the Otago Central Railway League at the financial juggling of King Dick over the amount expended on that hope of Otagoans—the Central railway. The Premier claims that the gross expenditure during the year has been £54,816, which exceeds the amount, which he alleges was voted, by £9,816. On the other hand it is contended that the amount authorised for actual expenditure was £45,000, while liabilities to the amount of £15,000 were also authorised, total £60,000. The £15,000 is due for liabilities that have been incurred, £29,497 of the £45,000 has been expended, leaving an unexpended balance of £15,503. Several of the southern members have been burning midnight oil, and making a special study of the subject, so that Premier Seddon will have his work cut out to soothe the ruffled feelings of the Otago representatives.

Some people do take things literally. For instance, last Sunday night the following conversation is reported to have taken place outside a well-known Wellington church. "What a pity you weren't at church to-night." "Such a fine night, my dear, but have I missed something good?" "Oh yes, Mr. — interested the ladies much more than usual." "Really, how was that?" "Oh, he preached about 'putting on righteousness as a garment,' and we were all wondering how it would look."

Another church story told of the Rev. Warm Tea and a young lady who belongs to St. Snark's, and had recently become engaged to a young gentleman who doesn't. She wishes him to sit under the Rev. Warm Tea. The young fellow objects. "But your parson is such a bigoted fellow. I can't stand him at any price." "Oh, George, dear, why he's not bigoted at all. He's most broad-minded, he believes that even Dissenters can be saved if they join the church!" What, George replied to this crushing example of 'broad-minded men' is not recorded."

Young Harold Thomson, son of our old friend Inspector Thomson, and the game young fellow who put an end to the mad freaks of Wallath, the Taranaki highwayman, has been appointed clerk in the Wellington Resident Magistrate's Court. A plucky lad—and one who well deserved promotion.

Yet another candidate is spoken of for the Waitemata seat. This is Hugh Shortland, who will advocate law reform. He is shortly to deliver a series of free lectures on "Civil and Criminal Law Reform." Is this the same Shortland who had a libel action against the Auckland *Observer*, and afterwards took up a temporary residence in Mount Eden gaol?

Young English "sassy" girls are "going" it as Charley Middlewick says in "Our Boys," and no mistake. The latest craze is to be photographed as "undraped classical and pictorial celebrities, mid noddings on," eh! Canter, in a London paper, says, "This is really a fact. It came out by my wife chancing to come across, among my daughters' treasures, two of these *cartes* purporting to be taken from pictures of Andromeda and Aspasia, but which to the experienced eye were evidently from life, and turned out to be actual photos of my two girls, posed as in the original pictures. On pressure they admitted the fact, and pleaded as an excuse that hundreds did it, and that it was quite the fashion in Society circles for a girl to have an album of different presentments of herself as the original of celebrated subjects. I should like to have a hand in putting down this fashion, and of mentioning the means employed in this case as a suggestion only to others under similar circumstances. My wife, who is nothing if not practical, lost no time in fashioning a highly-persuasive and very insinuating birch rod, and with it so ably and forcibly illustrated the dangers and disadvantages of nudity that I have no doubt both damsels fully recognised them, and will be unwilling to incur them in the future."

Sydney Newsboy: "Suckin 'deershun! Full account of the great robberree!" Stockbroker (to well-known Sydney politician): "Hello! What is the great robbery he's howling about?" Politician: "Well, I dunno, except it is another bank that can't pay its creditors has declared a dividend."

Have the Presbyterian clergymen in and around Dunedin suddenly developed a weakness for racing? Wednesday, Feb. 21, was set apart as a day upon which they were to meet and discuss the interesting subject of aggressive religion; but when Dunedin Cup day arrived verily they were present only in the spirit. And now the bookmakers, as they expectorate in front of the Grand Hotel, Dunedin, await the coming of the seekers after truth with impatience, having faith that, to quote Walter Bentley, "Pulpit and stage (and judge's box) shall yet be considered one."

It is stated by the more or less voracious cableman that Lord Rosebery is to marry the Duchess of Albany, the widow of Prince Leopold, the invalid scion of the Guelph who had only one skin and who, though a really estimable young fellow, was never fit to marry. Rosebery is first favourite for the Premiership Stakes, ex-Gladstone, broken down, and is a wealthy and popular peer. He married Lady Hannah Rothschild and got pots of shakels with that lady. He is a round-faced, clean shaven, boyish-looking man, nearly fifty, with a big political future before him. The "Rads." don't like him much, for he's not over solid on some of the ultra democratic planks.

As will have been seen by the cables, "Labby," who is chief boss of the English Radicals now-a-days, is strongly against Rosebery, simply because he is a lord and the *Truth* editor doesn't consider that the Liberal Premier should be in the Upper House. Discussing possibility of Gladstone's retirement, "Labby" wrote as follows, so recently as January 4:—"I am no believer in 'necessary men,' and I have little doubt that the world will progress much as it does now when we are all in our graves. But probably Mr. Gladstone's withdrawal from public affairs would temporarily weaken the Liberal Party, for his marked personality is an asset. What I said about his retirement was rather in his own interest than in that of the Liberal Party. People do not realise what it is to be at once Prime Minister and Leader of the House of Commons. The Tories have met this of late by taking the Premier from the House of Lords. They suffered from this arrangement, for the House of Commons is not easily led by an usher. With the Liberals such a plan would, of course, be impossible, unless indeed the Premier were a mere 'fetch and carry' Peer, and the Leader of the Commons were the real master of the Cabinet. Liberals have made up their minds that the Lords must go; and for the chief man in a Cabinet to be in the Lords would be to recognise that the so-called Lower House is in reality a Lower House." "Labby" dislikes Rosebery for two things. Rosebery believes we should remain in Egypt and not "scuttle" out of it—also he backs up Cecil Rhodes, and the Matabele business. Rosebery is too strong for "Labby."

We hear that the police are taking steps to clear out a lot of the *demi mondaines* from Wellington. It was high time they did, for the city simply teems with dirty trulls, who should half of them be inmates of a lock hospital if we had any sensible regard for the health of our young men. But when are we to see a prosecution under the Disorderly house bye-law recently passed by the City Council? Let the landlords of these vile places have their names set forth before the public gaze. A few such prosecutions and the "bad houses" would speedily be reduced in number.

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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.

HOW TO SETTLE THE LAND.

This is one of the most important questions of our time, and is, not unnaturally, exercising the minds of legislators. Closely allied to it is the Labour Question, for certain it is that if the land were profitably settled there need be less competition for work and better wages. To point to the evil is one thing, nevertheless; but to show a remedy quite another. The remedy which seems to find greatest favour at present is State purchase of lands alienated, and perpetual lease of what remains to be disposed of. The aggregation of land in the hands of a few is undoubtedly an evil of the first magnitude, and as a preventive we see legislation devised restricting the area of holdings and imposing the most stringent conditions as to residence improvements, etc. Admitting this latter to be good, they clearly do nothing to remedy the mischief which has already been done, and it must be borne in mind that, as men's title to their birthright has its warrant from Nature, their rights cannot be abrogated by human laws of any kind; also that it is the right of a people to abolish laws incompatible with the true rights of man. Now, the appropriation of the land of a country means a denial to the landless of their share in the common inheritance; and no amount of consideration for "vested interests" should prevent us from endeavouring to restore what is their's to the disinherited. In the words of Herbert Spencer, "we must not forget, in our tender regard for the vested interests of a few, that the rights of the many are in abeyance;" and it must be remembered, too, in the words of the same philosopher, that "to deprive others of their rights to the earth is to commit a crime inferior only to the greater crime of taking away their lives or personal liberties." The evil with us in New Zealand is simply this: We have spent enormous sums on public works, the effect of which has been, as it must ever be, to enhance the value of land, without any effort on the part of

the owners. Instead of absorbing this added value through the medium of taxation, however, we have, or rather our landed legislators of the past have—allowed an unearned increment to go into the pockets of the "owners," while to defray interest on the money borrowed and the expenses of government, we have saddled our people with a crushing load of indirect taxes—taxes which fall with undue severity on the poor. This iniquitous system has had unbridled sway until the present land tax was imposed. But the amount raised by that tax is but a "flea-bite" comparatively speaking. What is wanted is the further taxation of the unearned increment. The advantages I claim for this are as follows: (1) It would enable us to remit the taxation of the products of labour, beginning with taxes on the necessaries of life; (2) It would raise wages; (3) it would promote federation—Imperial and Colonial; (4) it would give an impetus to trade; (5) it would compel the utilisation of land; (6) it would encourage improvements; (7) it would be easily and cheaply collected; (8) it would simplify law.

It would enable us to remit indirect taxation. The only justification for this pernicious mode of raising revenue is expediency. Before remitting it we must have an alternative. The only alternative is to tax "ground rent." This would be just, because the man who has his land made valuable by the public progress is in a better position to pay than the poor man who depends upon wages, and who has to pay duties on the food and clothes consumed by himself and family whether he is earning or idle.

It would raise wages, because it would cheapen prices, and to cheapen prices is the equivalent to increasing the spending power of the masses—wages.

It would promote federation by removing tariff barriers between England and her dependencies, and also between those dependencies themselves. Those tariffs cannot co-exist with federation. They promote internecine jealousies which would soon vanish under freetrade. It is inconsistent to speak of loyalty to the Old Country, and then practice the opposite by taxing her imports. It is flunkeyism to invite the Duke and Duchess of York out here while people are in want; but to break down the tariff which fences us off from England would be practical loyalty. Freetrade would weld into one solid people the whole English speaking world. But freetrade cannot come until the unearned increment is taken for revenue.

It would give an impetus to trade, because the purchasing power, and, therefore, the demand for goods, on and part of the wages would be increased,

and at the same time the adoption of freetrade would act like the removal of a ligature from one of our limbs. The pure blood of trade could circulate healthily and naturally through the whole social body.

It would compel the utilisation of land, because when taxation fell on land, irrespective of improvements, land speculation would be destroyed; no man could hold more than he could use. Owners of large estates would then either employ labour in improving, or they would throw their land open to use. There would be more bushfelling, more fencing, more ploughing, more building. Opportunities would thus be opened for labour, and wages would tend to rise from this course also. Trade would also receive a fresh impulse, because a demand would arise for the things used in effecting improvements, and from the endless requirements of the labourers employed. In cities vacant lots would be taxed equally with those on which buildings were erected, with the result that good buildings would replace rookeries and gaps, while house-rent would fall consequent on the increase in the number of houses and shops.

It would encourage improvements for the reason that it would cost as much to hold land unused as to improve it. Owners being no longer fined for making "two blades of grass grow where one grew before," would have every incentive to improve. Use would be the only title to land.

It could be easily and cheaply collected, because land cannot be hidden. Evasion, fictitious returns, and smuggling—all the concomitants of other taxes—would be rendered impossible.

It would simplify land, because there would be no need for regulations restricting area or compelling residence and improvements. There would be no need for a Betterment Act, or a Land for Settlements Act, or for unwieldy "labor legislation." A horde of tax-gatherers could be got rid of as well as a number of gangers, customs exports, &c., whose salaries "make holes in the revenue."

These are but a few of the advantages that would accrue from the adoption of the principle of taxing the unearned increment. It would be right because it would be just. It would repair the mischief of the pastoralists by restoring to the people what is theirs by right, but which has been unjustly taken from them. The consequences of justice can never be bad. "That alone is wise which is just." Were space at my disposal I could say a great deal more in defence of this principle. But for the present—Adieu!

P. J. O'Regan, M.A.R.

Our Public Men.

PHRENOLOGICALLY AND PHYSIOGNOMICALLY DELINEATED.

[By Professor R. White, President of the Wellington Phrenological Association.]

(Under this heading we propose in the first instance to give delineations of the characters of the members of the new House of Representatives. The subjects are unknown to the delineator.)

22.—HON. J. MCKENZIE (member for Waihemu).



This gentleman has a fine large Vital Temperament, supplying him with strong organic force and good health. He has a broad head and wide face, giving him energy and executive capacity. His eyes are rather small but lively, indicating directness and brevity of speech. SHORT, SHARP, and DECISIVE in the use of words is a leading trait of his character. He is wanting

in many of the requisites of an orator. Ideality and Imagination, Eventuality and Memory for ideas and principles are not developed. He is essentially PRACTICAL, and has a sharp eye to business. UTILITY more than AESTHETICISM is his test of action. He has a good, affectionate, social nature. To wife, child, and friend he is by nature warm, kind, and constant. He will attend well to the requirements of the body, and he will not neglect the value of money nor the advantage of possessing property. He has a full organisation, but the physical predominates over the intellectual and spiritual.

No. 23.—HON. JAMES CARROLL (member for Waiapu).



This gentleman possesses a fine strong physical organisation, he has a magnificent neck, long and thick, carrying the head well above the shoulders, indicating physical stamina and long life. The chin is prominent, denoting regard for the ladies. He has plenty of cheek, it being well filled up and broad, indicating good vital forces. The mouth is hidden to some extent by

the moustache, the nose is of a low order, being the weakest feature he possesses, indicating WANT of INDIVIDUALITY and SELFHOOD. The eyes are not particularly large, but they are very active, perceiving all that passes round him most accurately. The ears are very large, prominent, and somewhat coarse, denoting his inability to detect the purer modulations

and more delicate symphonies, though time and tune are large, giving him general musical capacity. He has exceptionally good powers of perception. The organs of form, size, weight and colour being large, his leading mental trait of character is good MEMORY for PERSONS, PLACES, and THINGS. It would be impossible to bush him or lose him in the valleys or hills of New Zealand. Like certain members of the FELINE SPECIES, no matter how far you took him, he would INSTINCTIVELY find his way home again. He has good imitation and powers of construction, but is wanting in the sentimental, the reasoning and the philosophical. He will never formulate any profound political theories or reforms. He has considerable choice and fluency of speech, especially of a descriptive kind. To do much mental work he would require a strong incentive, as he likes to take things easy.

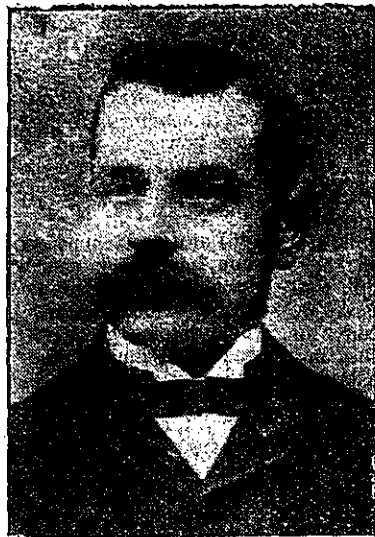
No. 24.—MR. RICHARD MEREDITH (member for Ashley.)



This gentleman has a strong Physical and Mental organisation. STEADINESS and PROFUNDITY are his leading mental traits of character. He has marked individuality, and great caution and secretion. He very carefully considers and plans out all that he performs. He has a strong dislike to rashness and impetuosity. Powers of reasoning and very critically looking into all im-

portant questions and subjects are characteristic of him. He is naturally a deep and careful thinker, taking a keen interest in the higher forms of thought and principles of government; in this respect he is the very antithesis of Mr. Carroll. He has a sober constructive cast of mind and possesses great ability for designing and outlining works. He would have made a good civil and mechanical engineer. As a politician he should be more Constructive than Destructive and should support gradual progression rather than sudden revolution. The Coronal region is high and broad indicating a predominance of mind and moral sentiment. His power of thought is superior to his capacity of expression. He will be a greater worker than talker, though he can express himself in a fair way when his emotions are moved. He will prove a useful member of the House of Representatives.

A good many New Zealanders of to-day either do not know, or else have forgotten the fact, that Sir George Grey, our Maoriland Grand Old Man, was for some years Governor of Cape Colony. Just recently a portrait of the veteran was presented to the Cape Parliament by Mr. Wm. Hiddingh, LL.D. It was executed in oils by Mr. F. Wolfe, artist, Capetown, from photos, and has been placed at the end of the Chamber, below the bar, and to the right of the chair. Sir David Tennant, Speaker of the House of Assembly, in accepting the presentation, said, "Forty years ago Sir George Grey undertook the administration of the Government of the colony; and the facts of colonial history embraced in the eventful period of his Governorship point to a progress which then commenced and which has since advanced the political, educational, and material interests of this colony."



The Crystal Springs Mineral Water Works.

We publish above the portrait of Mr. A. M. Lewis, of the firm of Thompson and Lewis, Aerated Water Manufacturers, of Lorne street, Wellington. Mr. Lewis, who is a thoroughly practical man, was born in England, and served his time in London. He came to the colonies in 1839 with the idea of bettering himself, and on his arrival in Auckland accepted employment with a bottling firm there, with which he remained for some little time. At that time Messrs. Strike and Fairlie were engaged in the business of the manufacture of soda water and cordials in Wellington, and at their solicitation Mr. Lewis entered their employ. Shortly after coming to them they bought a business in Nelson, and he went there to take the management of it. He remained there for about two years, and then resigned his position to go to Dunedin and embark in business on his own account. In Dunedin he first met Mr. Thompson, of Thompson and Co., who afterwards became his partner in the Wellington branch. During his stay in Dunedin the firm of Strike and Fairlie, which had been floated as a company, went into liquidation, and he was sent for to take command of the business in place of Mr. Strike. He accepted the offer on behalf of the bank, and shortly after his arrival made a proposition to take over the whole business in partnership with Mr. Thompson, of Dunedin. The proposal was successful, and since then the manufacturing of cordials, soda water, &c., has been carried on by the firm of Thompson and Lewis, but has been actually under the personal control and supervision of the subject of our sketch. With a view of learning something of the manner in which this industry is carried on, a representative of 'Fair Play' called on Mr. Lewis one day this week at the manufactory in Lorne Street. Our representative was courteously received, and invited to inspect the premises. He was first shown the store rooms where the cases of aerated water, soda, and cordials were stored previous to shipping, and afterwards taken through the manufacturing department. Messrs Thompson and Lewis not only manufacture soda water, but prepare cordials and also what is

probably the best specimen of Champagne cider that is vended in the colonies. The soda water itself is prepared from water that has been carefully purified by a process, the particulars of which are a secret; it is then impregnated with carbonic acid gas by mechanical means. The reporter followed the process from its initiation to the finish, when, by means of an improved machine specially introduced by the firm, the liquid was bottled and packed up for sale. To describe the process in detail would take up more space than we can afford, but suffice it to say that every care has been taken to produce an article that will meet the public approval. Messrs Thompson and Lewis who, by the way, have been for some time contractors to the Union Steamship Company and the Wellington Hospital, do not confine themselves to the manufacture of soda water and lemonade, but manufacture all sorts of cordials. Going over the premises of the firm, one thing is particularly noticeable, namely, the absolute cleanliness with which everything is conducted. Even in the stables, which are at some distance from the manufacturing department, everything seems neat and cleanly. It is difficult to get really good cordials and soda water in the colonies, and it is pleasing to note that at least one firm is doing its best to supply the public with the best that can be given to them for a fair remuneration.

So Sir G. Grey has decided to at last act on his long-promised intention of taking a trip "Home." He goes by the s.s. Gothic. We said when Sir George was elected that it was really merely a compliment to his former greatness in placing him at the head of the poll, as he had passed the age of active service. With health impaired and at an age that necessarily precludes active political work, his return to the House of Representatives was merely an expression of gratitude from the people of New Zealand for what he had done in the past. It was stated immediately after his election that he would scarcely be able to bear the strain of a Parliamentary session, and that he would, in all probability, seldom be seen in the House. His decision to sail by the Gothic is certainly a wise one, as the long sea trip may do him good, and, to a certain extent, revive his decaying energies. We wish the great Pro. Consul *bon voyage*, and trust that on his return we may be able to once more hear his voice upraised in the councils of the colony.

We clip the following from the *Wanganui Herald*, of February 28th:—"Mr. Fanshaw, an English barrister, was sent out from Scotland a few months ago to report on the working of Prohibition in the United States; he reports that totalism is more common in America than in Great Britain. Prohibition was in force in seven states, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Iowa, Kansas, North and South Dakota. In Massachusetts and Rhode Island it was also adopted, but after trial it failed and was abandoned for licensing. It has also been abandoned by Michigan. The conclusion to be drawn from this is that in thinly populated country districts where the forces of civilisation are at low pressure, a Prohibition law can be brought into force with some chance of success, but not in large towns or thickly populated districts. The states above named, where the law is still in force, are thinly populated, while on the contrary Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Michigan are thickly peopled. Thus from these facts it would appear the future prospects of Prohibition cannot be considered as bright, especially where the tendency of the population is to crowd into towns.

Sairey Snodgins and Sunday Recreation for the People.



Last week, Mr. Heditor, I received some Home papers, an' was just persuin' them, as hedn't had time to look at them before, bein' busy all day makin' jam, when Snodgins came in to his tea.

"Well, Sairey, my deer," he says, "what 'ave you got there?"

he says.

"Some papers from Home, Snodgins," I says, "but come, my deer," I says, "an' 'ave your tea, as feel sure you want it this cold evenin'." I says, "an' then we will discuss the latest noos from Home," I says, "round this cosy bit of fire," I says.

"Very well, Sairey, you 'ave a nack of makin' a fellow feel hungry wether he does or not," he says.

"So after pa-takin' of tea as would make you think he was hungry, the table was clared, we settled ourselves in front of the fire, an' givin' Snodgins a paper, an' takin' one myself, I opened it, an' startled Snodgins by egsclamin'.

"Well done, perseverin' ones, you deserve success!"

"Who deserves success, Sairey?" says Snodgins.

"Why the promoters of the Liverpool Sunday Sassiety," I says.

"What 'ave they been doin', Sairey?" he says.

"Among my papers, my frend' as henclosed a program, an' by it I see as the Sassiety 'ave succeeded in gettin', St. Georges Hall to hold their meetin's in, wich they 'ave been strugglin' to get for the last six years," I says.

"My eye, but Liverpool is a Conservative place," he says, "but what about this Sunday Sassiety, an' what is its objects?"

"Why, don't you know, Sam'el, as thort when we were in deer old Liverpool, you went one Sunday with me," I says.

"No, I didn't," he says, "an, so will be glad if you will tell me somethink of it," he says.

"With plesure, my deer," I says, "In the first place then, the Sassiety was formed by some good, broad-minded men and women, who had at hart the good an' welfare of the masses. Men an' women who saw an' felt for the unlavviness—the drudgery—the monotonous existence of the poor of the city an' they started this Sassiety with these objects: 'The openin' of mooseums, art galleries, and libraries, also, for pervidin' lectures for moosic instruckshon, an, innercent recreashun for the people on Sundays.'"

"A splendid work, Sairey, an' I wishes them every success," says Snodgins.

"So does every rite-minded person," I says, "but they 'ave had big odds to fite agenst," I says. "For instance, many of the parsons held hup their hands in pius horrer an' declared it would keep the young from Sunday School, an' then there was the old Conservative fossils in the counsil, as would not hear of deseratin' the Sabbath by lettin' a little joy or sunshine into the lives of the workin' man, as only had a chance to see these things on a Sunday, an' so they fort tooth an' nale agenst openin' the mooseums, art galleries, an' libary on Sunday—but they 'ave had no difficulty in gettin' the services of scientific men an' moosickal men, an' women are always reddey to help, an' is now quite a established institoooshun, an' is doin' much to britten the lives an' purify the morals of the people. beside bein' a meens of instruckshun, as the lecturs given are on every possible subjeck."

"How would a sassiety of that kind go in Wellington, do you think, Sairey?" says Snodgins.

"It is just the thing as is wanted. Of course New Zealand is in advance of Liverpool, in so much as they do open there mooseum and libary on Sundays, and so if a sassiety was formed it seems to me it would 'ave much plesanter time than our frends in the Old Country. But what they do want here is a class of services or lecturs given for and to the people—a place where the workin' man would not feel ashamed to go in his workin' clothes, if he had no others, an' a place where the wife of the worlin'-man would not feel uncomfortable if she wasn't very smart—these are the people a sassiety like this wants to get at—the non-churchgoin' part of the commoonity, many of whom 'ave been sickened by a visit from a parson, who hastold the poor woman, as had scarce enuff bred for her little ones, 'To trust in the Lord, an' not forget to pray.' An' then there is the youth of Wellington, the boys as think themselves too big to go to Sunday School, which often leeds them into company as they'd be better without, an' I think as there are enuff, aye, an' too many, of these too classes in Wellington, goodness knows."

"An' upon what lines would you perpose to run the sassiety, Sairey?" says Snodgins.

"Well Snodgins, in the first place a committee of ladies an' gentlemen should be formed to discuss the questshun. In formin' a sassiety of this kind I think the best talent posserbile should be got, an' grate disreshon should be observed in the chice of lecturers, an' there subjecks. The moosic also should be the best, for though the workin' classes may not 'ave a tecknickal knowlege of moosic God has blessed many with a fine ear for harmony, and so they can lissen to good mocsick with most beusutiful results. Yes, Snodgins," I went on, "Wellington could do with an' should 'ave a Sunday sassiety. It must be a 'labor of

luv' for neither lecturers nor moosicaners could be pade, for the colleckshun as mite be made an' the penny charged for the program would not more than cover egsponses."

"Well, Sairey, if you manage to succeed in convincin' the peple as 'ave it in there power to form such a sassiety as well as you 'ave convinced me, it will not be long before Wellington can boast a Sunday sassiety."

"I am sure I hope not," I says. "If some henerjetick moosician like young Mr. Hill could be indooosed to take charge of the moosical arrangements (an' it would not be a grate deel to do) an' some good broad-minded man would arrange the lectures, the rest would be easy—the peple would go to these Sunday recreashuns, they would not 'ave to be asked over an' over again, an' altogether I think such a sassiety would be a benefit to the commoonity, an', by the way, here is yet another hoportunity for our frends, the Prohibs., to show there practical simpaty with the peple—the peple whose welfare they profess so much to care for. Hear then Ye Prohibs! Here is an hoportunity for you to egsert your hinfuence, an' by makin' Sunday the britest an' best day in the week to the peple, you will soon close the hotels on that day, an' without prohibition, for they will close for lack of customers."

When will thou save the people,
Oh God of Mercy, when?

"I will answer this questshon by respectin' the old adage, "God helps them as helps themselves, an' I feel surc, Snodgins, my deer, that if the brotherly luv, wich ought to egsist between mankind, would only stimerlate some of the Wellington citizens inter ackshon in this direckshon, Wellington would be a helthier, (for I would advocate lecturs on the laws of health) briter, purer an' wiser place for it."

"You are so terribly in earnest about it, Sairey, that I could wish that I had cash enuff to hengage talent to make a start Sairey," says Snodgins.

"Thank you, Sam'el, but as I sayed afore, this work must be a labor of luv. Everyone connected with it must egspect to do his or her part of the work, an' without reward, so Sam'el, all we can do is hope as some one of hinfuence will take hup this thort of mine an' make it a reality. What do you think of the plan, Mr. Heditor?"

Yours,

Sairey Snodgins

The tax imposed on women for wearing trousers by the French Government ranges from £2 to £2 8s., but all women are not given this privilege.

Silhouettes.

No. II.—“THE BACKER.”

He is generally very young, but sometimes very old. It's astonishing and almost pathetic to notice the amount of faith that a young man will put in a “gee-gee,” but when this faith is shown by an old un, who ought to have learnt wisdom, but hasn't, it is doubly sad. Most backers are “mugs,” but few suspect the fact and none will acknowledge it when they do know it. When a backer isn't “broke,” which is very frequently his condition, he is very sanguine. He has usually got a “dead certainty,” a “perfect moral,” upon which he planks down his hard-earned money—and generally loses it. The amount of faith which a backer will exhibit in a tip given by the second cousin of a man who had a friend whose mother-in-law once washed for a jockey is something surprising to those who are unacquainted with the amount of damned folly of which the average backer is capable, and which is generally unfathomable. The backer keeps himself poor in order that the bookmaker may wax fat, may eat the best of game, the most expensive of fruit, may guzzle the choicest of wines, build the snuggest of houses and have a good time generally. The backer goes in for a sixpenny feed, a glass of fourpenny beer and a saveloy. He has no money to spend on luxuries except that of backing horses. All the other money he has he gives to the “bookies” in order that they may have the best of everything. This is very thoughtful on the part of the backer though he doesn't realise the fact himself. He buys the sporting papers very regularly and reads all the dismal rot about King Cole being in “good nick” just now or Tommy Turnip being a bit crooked in the fore leg, or how Jack Spratt did a mile in such and such a time when the probability is that he never did it in that time at all, and never will do it. The daily and weekly newspapers keep the backer supplied with all sorts of useless information. The really useful and valuable information about the horses never goes into the papers at all. The owners and trainers keep as much of the really valuable information to themselves as they want but the jockeys manage to let their dear friends, the bookmakers, know what is going on. The backer knows nothing. The backer never calculates the odds against his favourites. He is too big a fool for that and in any case the bookies would never lay him the fair odds. It isn't their game. Their game is to induce the backer to make a lot of bets which are about as likely to come off as the Sultan of Turkey is to join the Salvation Army. The backer is generally dreaming of the great hit he is going to “pull off” some day. He very rarely pulls it off. When he does half the money is mortgaged already, and what he has left he speculates with afresh. The bookie is always

hovering around a winner with additional voracity until he gets all his “lost” money back again. Some backers can afford to waste money in pursuit of their favourite imbecility. Others cannot afford it. These latter are in the majority. Some of them are young clerks. They often end by losing their billets having previously lost some of their employer's cash. The cases do not often get into the papers. The backer's friends do not like the idea of his going under the kind care of the amiable Mr. Garvey, and so they pay up for him. There is, however, no mention made of any possibility of the man going to gaol who made the bets with the backer. There ought to be. The confirmed backer of racehorses in Wellington may be known by his slouching round two or three gambling shops in town. Another sign of the confirmed backer is that he is always in debt to his butcher and baker. He is always going to make a big hit some day, but meanwhile he owes money to those who supply him tucker. Sometimes his wife and family have to go without tucker. The bookmaker's wife and family never know such a state of things. Perhaps it would be just as well if they did once and again just to see how it feels. Taken all round very few backers make the game pay. If they did the bookmakers wouldn't, and yet it is well known these latter are generally prosperous. The backer isn't prosperous. He never will be until he swears off and chucks his betting book at the back of the fire. The backer is the finest specimen of the genus idiot to be found in the community. It is, however, almost impossible to convince him of this solemn truth. He will probably swear at the man who wrote this article and call him a fool. Then he will put the paper down and go out and back a dead “stiff 'un” for the Great Patagonian Handicap and lose his money. There's no hope for the confirmed backer lunatic.

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THE EDITOR will always be glad to receive contributed items, paragraphs, verses, sketches, and short tales on local or colonial topics, social, political, or otherwise.

Communications intended for publication should be written in ink and only on one side of the paper. Anonymous letters are consigned to the waste-paper basket.

Unsuitable contributions will not be returned unless a special request to that effect, and the necessary stamps to cover cost of postage, be sent with them.

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Topics of the Hour.

THE LICENSING ELECTOINS.

The excitement over the coming licensing elections is undoubtedly hardening up. Both Prohibitionists and Moderates are actively canvassing and working up support, and both parties are, we are informed, confident of victory. A great deal will depend upon the class and character of the candidates, and in this connection we cannot duly express the satisfaction we felt at the remarks made by the *Post*, in its issue of Tuesday night. We don't often agree with the *Post*, which treated us, we may say, most unfairly over the recent action Bell v. 'Fair Play,' but we must say that the *Post's* article of Tuesday was one of the most just, sane and logical effusions which have ever appeared in that organ. Prohibition means a frightfully increased burden to the ratepayers; the election of a committee pledged to reduce the number of licensed houses by thirteen also means a severe loss to the city. Such is the proper contention of our contemporary. But it goes further. It shows how, in a big sea-port like Wellington, the hotel accommodation is none too plentiful at present, and it is evidently against any reduction in the licenses, ergo it is against the platform of that collection of well-meaning but mistaken busy-bodies, the Social Reform Association. But while the *Post* is against the Prohi-

bitionists, it has told the Trade some very wholesome truths, taking the same line as that taken by us last week in our article "The Future of the Pub." That article, we are informed, gave offence in certain quarters, some of the licensed victuallers being apparently averse to our plain speaking about the bad liquor and bad accommodation to be found in connection with too many of our New Zealand hotels. Now, while we believe in fair play for the publican, we also believe in fair play to the public, and bad grog and bad accommodation are things we shall always denounce, no matter whom we may offend. Like the *Post*, we take a stand upon the great principle of Regulation not Prohibition, but while we shall not cease to denounce the latter as a mischievous and stupid fad, we do not intend to be dumb on the necessity which exists for a better and more rigid control of the liquor traffic by the law, and the reforming, out of existence if necessary, of houses kept by men who wilfully disregard the wants and convenience of the public.

GLADSTONE AND AFTER.

Gladstone is no longer Premier of Great Britain, but is once again a private member. The long rumoured resignation has been given, and behold Rosebery reigns in his stead. 'Tis a great event, one fraught with gigantic possibilities of good and evil to the democratic cause. Rosebery himself, although a peer, has strong democratic instincts, but the English Radicals, yearly growing stronger in numbers and influence will not long support a Cabinet in which the Whiggish Spencer and Kimberley and the cold *doctrinaire* Morley have important positions. The Liberal party will, we fancy, soon be in a state of chaos, which will not be made any better by the impatience of the Irish element, already beginning to snarl, and ere long to be in open revolt, if they don't get precisely what they want. Now that Gladstone's personal influence is out of the Cabinet, the luke-warmness of attitude which, so it is notorious, many of the English Liberals feel towards Home Rule, will be intensified, and there will be rows and ructions. After a time—not long if the peers continue in their present temper—there will be a dissolution, and as the Liberals will be at sixes and sevens, the Tories may very likely return to office. But it will not be for long, for the democratic spirit is growing in London as the younger working men grow up. There may be a Radical—Irish split, a temporary Tory triumph, but it will only be temporary. The masses must rule. To-day their cause is under a cloud because of Gladstone's retirement, but the democratic cause does not depend upon one man, one leader, however great and able he may be. In time Gladstone's place as a leader of the democracy will be properly filled. Lord

Rosebery is but a stop gap. The real successor will arise in due time, and the democratic triumph be all the more complete and permanent for the delay.

BRAVO WARD.

Bravo! to the Hon. the Postmaster-General, Mr. J. G. Ward. The Postal Conference sitting in Wellington is a fine advertisement for the colony, and no one is more keenly alive to the value of a good advertisement than the dapper little man from Invercargill. He had no small difficulty to induce the delegates to meet in Wellington, but he has a will of his own, and he found the way. The delegates are here, eminent Australians many of them, representative politicians from every colony, poor little Tasmania, always apathetic, being the only exception, and all gaining a knowledge of the fine natural advantages of soil and scenery possessed by Maoriland, is the best advertisement the colony has had for a long time. The practical results of the Conference can be discussed another time. They should not be few nor should they be of small value, for the postal and telegraph services are matters which are of the very highest importance to the commercial community, and, therefore, to the colony at large. Decidedly Mr. Ward has scored a big point by arranging for the Conference to be held here. He is a smart business man and he should be applauded for a smart business more. There will be a small bill may be to pay for the entertainment and junketings generally, but this the colonist will pay without the growling which is supposed to be a special privilege granted by a beneficent providence to John Bull and his sons. Advertisements, to be worth anything, cannot be had for nothing. This particular advertisement is well worth paying for.

TOO MUCH TICK.

We have heard a good deal of grumbling of late amongst the Wellington shopkeepers concerning the alleged slackness of trade and accompanying tightness of money. Is not much of the truth due to the absurd system of credit which obtains so widely in Wellington? We think so. The facility with which the tradespeople give credit, and long credit, too, to persons who ought to pay cash but don't, is something perfectly absurd. The fact is that a large number of people in Wellington, notably, those who belong to what is known as the "society world" are given to living up "to every penny they earn," and, not content with this foolish lack of economy they many of them fail altogether to keep their expenditure within the bounds of their incomes. Much of this state of things is due to the insane way in which some of them will persist in aping the expensive habits of their wealthier friends and neighbours. This is notice-

able most especially in dress and in the money spent in amusement. Because Mrs. A whose husband is in the Red Tape and Wafer Department and draws £600 a year goes to the Opera House regularly and dresses in the very latest procurable fashions, Mrs. B whose hubby is in the Tin Tacks and Blotting Paper Department and whose screw is only £200 a year, thinks she must do the same. Hence, in her insane idea of keeping up to the tone of the A's, the B's patronise the theatre and dress with what is for them a most culpable extravagance. The butcher and baker and the landlord of course suffer for this, and then howl about the slackness of trade and the tightness of money. The same sort of thing is duplicated in lower grades of Society. All through, this city is permeated by a snobbish aping of extravagance and luxury and all through the Demon Debt has possession of many a household. The credit system is the curse of Wellington retail trade. It should be materially modified. Until credit is cut down and people live more within their incomes than over them, the shopkeeper must continue to make bad debts and to growl about hard times. He has the remedy in his own hands. If he does not choose to take that remedy, then let him growl. He shall have none of our pity.

A UNIVERSITY FOR WELLINGTON.

That University College for Wellington. It is sorely needed, it has been talked about and written about *ad lib*, but it is a long time coming. It is a grievous scandal that the capital city of the colony should be without a University College, and that the young men of this part of the colony should have to go so far away to prosecute their studies. The reproach should be removed with all speed. That it has so long existed is a disgrace to the public men of Wellington. Next session we shall hope and expect to see a very determined effort made to have a University College established here. Mr. Bell has, so we are led to understand, the social salvation of the colony in hand. We trust he may be able to spare a little of his time next session to bring about the educational salvation of Wellington.

ERRATUM.

Through an oversight in the "make-up" of this week's issue Mr. R. Thompson's portrait has been unfortunately substituted for the Hon. James Carroll in the page devoted to phrenological delineations.

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.

MUSIC ART AND DRAMA

Mr. J. C. Byrant, lately of the Good Samaritan Company, will be tendered a benefit at the Exchange Hall on Wednesday next. He will appear himself and will be assisted by the Roselle Surprise Party, the Star and Royal Gymnasts, and by special arrangement Mr. and Mrs. Cadzow, and the leading lady and gentlemen amateurs in Wellington. We trust that Mr. Bryant's many friends will roll up and give him a bumper benefit.

Billy Elton is coming back to the colonies under engagement to Jimmy Macmahon. We shall probably next hear of George Anson coming back under engagement to Harry Rickards, or that Pattie Browne has been induced to return to Australia by the brilliant offer made her by Dan Barry. "How have the mighty fallen?"

The only local show in Wellington at the present time is the Vaudeville Company at Smart's Criterion Theatre, and we must confess that, taking everything into consideration, they are as good as represented to be. Perhaps the dancing is not quite as good as that exhibited by the company, which has just concluded its season at the Opera House, but the singing is beyond a doubt infinitely better. Miss May Melville, notwithstanding the fact that she has been for some time before the public, has retained the sweetness and volume of her voice, and is deserving of the utmost credit. Miss Thompson has a winsome style that takes with her audiences, and Miss Marie Mackay has certainly made a hit with her catchy music hall style. This latter lady was paid a compliment seldom seen or heard in the colonies, namely, a ringing gallery chorus, the other evening. Of course Charlie Hugo is as funny as usual, and the other members of the company are quite up to the mark. The company will continue to play until further notice.

Mr. L. J. Lohr writes that Messrs. Brough and Boucicault have had a most successful season in Auckland. He is off for Adelaide to arrange for another company. The genial Jack places the principal cities of New Zealand in the following order for theatrical business:—Auckland, 1; Dunedin, 2; Wellington, 3; Christchurch, 4.

Charles Cartwright, agent for Messrs Williamson and Musgrove, in London, has been purchasing plays pretty extensively of late. Amongst others he has bought the rights of Haddon Chambers' new play, which is to be produced by Beerbohm-Trees. Haddon will be much disappointed if the new play does not make a hit. He has been commissioned by Wyndham to write a play for him.

Dick Rausden, aged 58, died in Mel-

bourne the other day, through a fall from a balcony, ending a miserable life. Forty years ago, he was the most renowned boy-singer in England. He was attached to Dean Hook's Leeds Church, but sang at all big gatherings, even making a London repute. As a man he had only a thin tenor, and formed one of Lyster's opera chorus. Then he returned to England, but came back gorgeously to Australia, as a member of the troupe which included Harry Rickards and Lizzie Watson.

SPORTS, GAMES, Etc.

(Continued from Page 19.)

BOWLING.

"Those blooming cockades," otherwise the Edwin Challenge Badges, are being keenly contested. The idea is a good one, Captain, and will give the members of the various bowling clubs many an hour's healthy excitement.

"The feathers" were first worn by the members of Ballinger's team, who gallantly and successfully defended them in three matches. Then Sample and his merrie men, (C. Willeston, McLean, and F. Haybittle,) came along and annexed the badges. The Thorndonites, full of fight and ambition, got together four warriors in the persons of Letham, Flanagan, Lambert, and McGlashan (skip) to do a battle with Sample's quartette.

The match took place on the Wellington Club's green on Saturday last, and a right royal battle it was. The scoring ran neck and neck right through, and at the last head there was a tie—17 all—and a deciding head had to be played. Thorndon lay two and Sample sent in his last bowl which carried the "jack," giving the Wellingtonians a win by one point.

A different game altogether was that played on Wednesday evening between McKee's team (J. Plummer, Miller and F. Grady) and Sample's rink. McKee's team took the lead from the start and won the game by 20 points, the score being McKee's rink, 31; Sample's rink, 11. The losers thus sustained the most decisive defeat yet inflicted on any of the rinks competing for the badges.

Crombie's team (Brown, Muir, and Drummond)—a very "hot" crowd—have thrown down the gauntlet for Saturday afternoon.

On Tuesday night McKee and Waddell beat Churchward and Veitch by 21 to 12 in the Club Pairs. The first named pair are now left in for the final.

Crombie beat Lockie for Sargood's cup on Wednesday. Crombie and Ballinger are left in to play off the final.

The names of intending visitors to the Easter Tournament, at Napier, are coming in very slowly, but it is expected that further names will roll in merrily next week.

Ugly rumours are current down South

regarding the action of a trotting stable not a thousand miles from Dunedin. It is said that no less than nine first class trotters were recently imported by them from Victoria, and that the stable, after making one successful attempt, are patiently waiting for a favourable opportunity for "ringing" them in. A certain section of the public, however, have dropped to the clever move that was contemplated, and when that stable brings out their next "maiden" performer there is likely to be trouble.

It is said that certain members of a Canterbury stable, who feel badly over the Dunedin Cup, caused much amusement among the *cognoscenti* present at the Dunedin meeting. "Have we a chance?" cried one in the hearing of the writer as the flag fell. "Have we a what? There may be a few who will drop their beans to-day, but strike me! when we put the pea under the wrong thimble and strike a snag—well, you can come and tell me about it." When the horses appeared round the bend at the St. Clair end, and it dawned upon the party that their gee-gee was hopelessly out of it, the language that rose up towards the azure vault of heaven was painful and free.

Matt Ziegler, an ancient Yankee, is reported to have invented a tricycle, which, of course, is to revolutionize the cycling world. He has taken ten years to complete it, and has ridden a mile on it under two minutes. The two driving wheels are seven feet in diameter, and the power to drive is chiefly gained from the rider's weight. When once started it is impossible to stop the driving gear in the centre without powerful brakes; a sort of easy perpetual motion of fifty to sixty miles and hour, is all that is claimed for this new speedy mount.



"THE RULING PASSION."

Owner of dog: "If you call him a mongrel again, I'll sue yer for libel."

Newsboy: "Yah! yer can't gain any thing by that. Cart yer old water spaniel away, or I'll kick him again."

The Barrier Barmaid.

Broken Hill does not afford so all absorbing a topic of conversation for visitors to the colonies now as it did a few years ago, still there are many in New Zealand now who remember the great silver field when it was in its prime, and the following reminiscence which actually occurred and which will doubtless be recollected by many may prove of interest to our readers:—

'Well—yes—she is only a barmaid;
You're a new-chum, I reckon, from town,
Just take my advice to a stranger—
Any talk 'gainst her here won't go down.'

'You knew her one time down in Melbourne?
And you say she was thought rather fast?

Well, I fancy there ain't many of us,
Can stand raking over the past.'

'But whether she was or she wasn't,
We fellows here don't give a curse,
And as long as our crowd has a sixpence,
We'll back her for better or worse.'

'It seems that you don't know the story
About that young woman in there,
So just drink to her health one more nobbler,
And then take a seat in that chair.'

'The 'Hill' wasn't then what it now is—
Some twelve months will change things a lot;
Decent drainage, hospital, and water
Then were luxuries we hadn't got.'

'And when the bad weather came on us,
My God 'twas a desperate spell,
Hot dust that was blinding and choking,
And water—as scarce as in Hell.'

'But that wasn't the worst of our troubles,
And if no more had to be told,
We'd have weathered and laughed at the season,
For men will go through much for gold.'

'But a thing that the hardest shrunk from,
Settled down on the town like a pall,
It came without warning upon us,
And threatened to do for us all.'

'The typhoid, I even now shudder,
To think of the suffering then,
For it struck at the rich and the poorest,
The sick and the healthiest men.'

'No refuge for victims to go to,
No cool breeze to soften the heat,
And they perished for water in hovels,
And dropped dead like dogs in the street.'

'I was working then up at the smelters,
Hard graft, too, without any brag,
With a broiling sun beating down on you,
Through a solid ten hours wheeling slag.'

'Of course, we were rather short-handed,
For we'd lose a few men every week,
And to get hands to keep the works going
The boss found a pretty close squeak.'

'At last one of us knuckled under;
By us, though, the term may seem vague—
I mean those whose luck up to that time,
Had helped them to stand off the plague.'

'The boys did the best they could for him,
But he soon got as mad as a loon,
And slipped them one day when the shifts changed,
About five or six hours after noon.'

'He wandered down into the township,
Until both his madness and strength
Left him, weak as a child in that back yard,
Helpless, dying, stretched out at full length.'

'The boss who's a friend of the miner'
When the latter's got coin or a lode
That pays—says, 'We can't run risks,
blow me,'
Let the beggar die out in the road.'

'They were carting him out like a dead'un,
And there like a dog he'd have died
If that same girl hadn't have happened
To want water for some one inside.'

'She saw them and dropped down her bucket,
Says she, 'Who's that poor chap you've got?
Lay him down while I run for a liquor
And rig up some kind of a cot.'

'And true as I'm talking now, stranger,
She took off the things from her bed,
And fixed him a place in the stable,
And nursed him clean back from the dead.'

'And out of her screw, small enough,
too,
She paid for a doctor as well,
Until he'd got cured of the plague, and
His health was as sound as a bell.'

'Excuse me, young feller, 'taint weeping
That makes my eyes water this way,
The dust plays the deuce with one's vision
When it's blowin' as hard as to-day.'

'Can I vouch for the story? Well,
stranger,
You might as well ask can I see;
You may stake your last copper it's true,
sir,
For the chap that she rescued was me.'

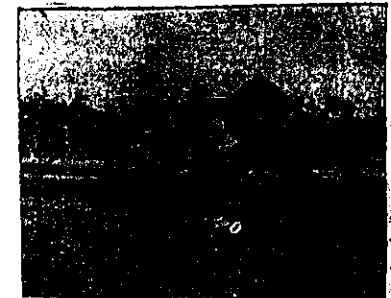
'Your shout? Well, it doesn't much matter;
Here's health to yourself and the girl,
And if anyone sneers at her record
Send for me, and I'll make his hair curl.'

SNAP SHOTS.

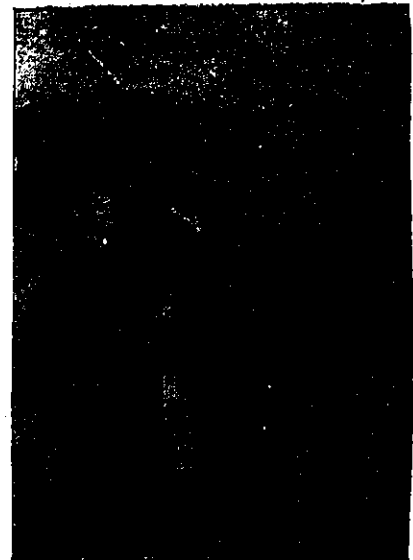
In introducing the following new feature, we desire to give our readers life-like and instantaneous portrayals of events in and about Wellington.



"TALLY HO! OVER!"



"AY, THERE'S THE RUB."



"THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL."

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London Times, May 17, 1892.—Pronounced by experts to be palatable, of high quality, and to possess all the genuine characteristics of Fine Cognac.

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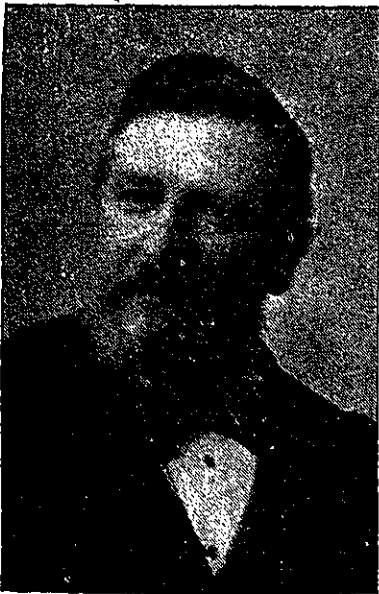
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GET A QUOTATION

FROM

MCKEE & GAMBLE'S

ELECTRIC PRINTING WORKS

Music.

[Written specially for 'Fair Play' by
W.B.C.]

IS IT ART?

In reading or listening to comments upon the performance of various artists, I cannot help noticing the importance given to an emotional interpretation. A soloist sings or plays faultlessly, but he is an artist only in so far as he renders his number "with passion." So paramount is this feature becoming that, with some audiences, it eclipses everything else. But, is it art? We despise lack of self-control in real life. Why commend it when feigned? We call it weakness, lack of culture or of discipline. But the display of self control awakens admiration and confidence. Art interprets truly; and the highest art interprets that which is highest. "What?" some will say, "is there to be no climax?" There should be a climax certainly. There can be no life without it. The flower, buds, blooms, fades and falls. The sun rises, reaches the zenith, and descends westward. The wave rolls, breaks at its might, and is lost in the sea. The storm gathers in its fury, louder and blacker, until with a convulsive throb and agonising groan, it frees itself and dissolves into calm. But Nature's life song is written in a minor key, and the climax is reached with pitiable passion. Then let there be the climax to the song, the sonata, the symphony; it must be there, and must be reached. But exhilaration of mind, elevation of soul, or anguish of spirit are as far removed from physical emotion, as the east is from the west. Contrary to the generally accepted theory, I say that where music becomes passionate, it ceases to be art divine. Feigned passion has its place in the drama, where it portrays the passions; but music, as an art is supposed to appeal to the better part of man's nature. It is this self-control that places Beethoven above Chopin, that makes Rubenstein stronger than Joseffy, and that gives Gounod his dignity and solemn grandeur.

TEACHERS AND PROFESSORS.

It is amazing the number of teachers of piano and voice production there are. In nearly every street may be seen "brass plates" on the doors and in the newspapers "cards" setting forth the marvellous accomplishments of some individual—Miss Smith, for instance, "teacher of pianoforte and singing"—"counterpoint, theory and voice production a specialty." Voice production forsooth! they can all teach voice production, have they the slightest idea what it means? I am afraid not. I am 36 years of age, I belong to a musical family, I have been for 12 years a professional vocalist, nevertheless, I would not have the audacity to call myself a teacher of voice production. Why? Because my studies have simply been in the direction

of perfecting my own organ, and there are no two organisations alike. I know enough to know my own ignorance. It does not necessarily follow that a singer is the best teacher of singing. Why are the public not protected from "Quack Musicians" as well as from Quack medical men, lawyers, &c. "Musical Quacks" are rampant in the Empire City of "the Italy of the South" and I would strongly advise students of music to study under people who have at least some qualification. For instance, Mr. Trimmell who, I believe, is a Mus. Bac., and the new man at St John's Church, Mr. Peterson. According to his credentials and the press notices he certainly ought to be the best authority on voice production in Wellington. I emphatically assert that men with the qualifications of those I have just mentioned, should be strengthened by being legalised by the State in the same manner as medical men—and the infatuated fools, with only a smattering of music and who are incompetent to pass a proper examination, should not be by law permitted to announce themselves Professors or Teachers of Music. I believe in specialists; specialists in piano, voice culture in violin, &c. The greatest results have been effected throughout the world by teachers who have given their time, study and knowledge to the teaching of one instrument, be that the piano, organ, violin, or the human instrument "The Voice." Many students practice the piano or violin six or seven hours daily, yet expect to become singers in a few months with little or no practice.

The voice is the most perfect, yet the most delicate of all instruments, and it is at the same time most abused and neglected. Those who have got good voices should not trust them to the musical Jack-of-all-trades for training and development, and it would be well for professional teachers to keep to their speciality. It takes a large part of one's lifetime to become proficient in playing the violin, the piano or the organ respectively; and it can scarcely be expected that one individual can be a master of each, and be a competent vocal teacher.

SENSITIVENESS

A musician and an experienced teacher is said never to have praised a pupil. How far this has helped or hindered him in his work is a question upon which people may differ. I am inclined to the opinion, however, that he might have been more successful than he has been had he occasionally given a word of encouragement when needed, and of praise when deserved. Certainly undue praise is fatal to any great achievement, of which the innumerable examples of young hopefuls who "know it all" give sorry proof. But there are students who require a word of commendation as much as a flower requires sunshine. They will certainly fail without it—and many do fail, who, with a little help in this way—that costs a teacher nothing—might reach the

top round of the ladder. It is generally supposed that sensitiveness is an element in a weak nature. This is not so. Sensitiveness belongs to the most beautiful characters, and a beautiful character cannot be a weak one. Power belongs to sunshine as well as to lightning. And life, perfected, belongs to a blade of grass as well as to the oak. Sensitiveness to criticism, and a great need of encouragement are misfortunes to the student, who is so unfortunate as to be placed under the instruction of one who has neither the wish nor the ability to study the needs of his pupil. His laws are like those of the Medes and Persians, and you might as well try to move a mountain as to move him from his purpose. He is obstinate, and thinks himself strong; he conjectures, and thinks he forces; so he fails and pronounces his pupil brainless. Perhaps some magnanimous master comes along who can see the latent power of the cast-off pupil, and the work of instruction is taken up and completed. There are times when praise is needed, and it should be the teacher's business to know the times and supply the need. There are those to whom sensitiveness is fatal—editors and literary people generally, for instance. Imagine an editor feeling hurt because of all the unkind things written of him! Would he not have an unhappy time of it? He should be glad to have occasioned some other editor to deliver himself of most astounding paragraphs, and to clasp his hand upon his knee, saying, "There, beat that if you can;" and then the loftiness of the sentiment and the elegance of the diction that is called forth! Most remarkable indeed! But there, that is journalism. Does not everybody know that "journalism" is derived from the Latin word *jurgo*, I chide? Certainly, and an editor is nowhere unless he can bring himself to that state in which he can write things he would blush to see in his sane moments. But I must confess that if I were a journalist I would not be particularly ambitious in this respect. I would be quite content to use my pen as best I could for the good of those who read. I would certainly have no wish to quarrel, and there is ever present in my mind the thought that one cannot fight the filthy without getting soiled. But to return to my text, "music," permit me to say in conclusion, that in listening to a great master, either vocal or instrumental, if one's nature is sensitive and musical, the listener cannot help feeling that music is beautiful and elevating, that it will cheer us when we are sad, that it is truly a language of love, at times deep and impressive, at others gay and graceful, like cloud shadows flitting across fields and flowers, and that if we cannot understand the meaning or mission of music upon earth, we can enjoy the pleasure it gives, those wondrous pictures to the imagination of the great world of sound. The only science we are assured whose perfection we shall find in some future existence.

SPORTS, GAMES AND PASTIMES.



L. W. HARLEY.

The subject of our sketch is an old Christ's College boy and one of the most popular and prominent athletes Canterbury has produced. As a runner he has had few superiors in the colony. The much coveted honor of winning the Old Boy's race fell to him in 1836, and in the following year he and Peter Wood, a member of the late New Zealand team, which visited England, ran a dead heat for the same event, the latter being in receipt of 18 yards. During the same season he lowered the Standard 120 yards to 12 1-5th secs. Amongst an imposing array of minor successes stand out conspicuously his performances at Christchurch in 1892, where he secured the 100 yards, beating such redoubtable opponents as Frankish, Broad, Hayward, Batche, and others; at the same meeting he obtained the Club's Standard badge for the 75yds. His last victory of note was at the Championship Meeting held here last year when he beat Low, D'Arcy, Robinson and others in the 250yds Championship. As a footballer Mr. Harley has earned "Rep." honours both for Canterbury and Wellington; he played for the former as wing three-quarter against the English team that toured the colony in 1893 enhancing his reputation by scoring a brilliant try. In 1892 he represented this province against Canterbury playing admittedly a splendid losing game. As a cricketer we regret that he has not attained the position his early career promised. For three years he was a capable member of the Lancaster Park 1st eleven, in fact was one of the founders of the Club. Playing at present as the Fates and Selection Committee direct, on the pitches at the Basin numbered respectively 3 and 4 where the computation of

runs is the result more of good luck than skill, one cannot expect him to show many traces of his past ability. We should be pleased to hear of his promotion to his Club's first eleven. Intimate knowledge of his play compels us to assert he would prove a decided acquisition. Mr. Harley intends this season to devote his time to the Association game of football. As a runner and cricketer, however, there should be many more years of activity before him. As a tribute to a thorough, courteous and general "good sort" we trust that he will provide occasion for us to chronicle many more future successes.

ATHLETIC.

The athletic meeting on Saturday was eminently successful. The attendance numbered between two and three thousand, the weather was passable, and the sport itself interesting and at times brilliant. Such was the case when Hempton snatched victory in the last stride of the 250yds, conceding no less than 25yds to runners who had previously run prominently. The bicycle races were appropriated by a youth, who evidently is no novice, and who has in all probability gained his experience in first class company somewhere or other. The programme of events was carried through with remarkable punctuality and was fairly comprehensive in character. There is one omission, however, to which we would desire to draw the attention of the executive, and that is one relating to "strangers," i.e., non-members of amateur athletic clubs, but merely amateur members of cricket, boating, tennis, and other kindred clubs. In England, at University sports, in Australia, and in several parts of our colony, it is customary to include a race open to these "strangers." We think the race would be of peculiar interest as there are always tourists and others in our midst who have been in their day crack runners, and also many who have other matters occupying their time and precluding them from joining the Amateur Association; but who would be anxious to nominate for such an event as we indicate.

The club that can send forth a team competent to win the Championship banner deserves the hearty support of the public, and it got it. A special word of praise is due to the Hon. Treas., Mr. C. W. Tringham, and the Hon. Sec., Mr. Hill Cardell, for their untiring energy and ability in promoting the general arrangements.

Hempton's performances at the Championship meeting at Dunedin, writes a correspondent who was present at the gathering, prove, in my opinion, that this sprinter has seen his best days. Four years ago Hempton was a wonder, but I doubt whether, under the most favourable circumstances, he could now cover 100 yards in even time. True he ran the distance fairly well at Carisbrook, but in the 250 yards he showed a notice-

able falling off in form, though in my opinion neither he nor Reeves (who was fit as a fiddle) displayed anything like the form they showed at the championship meeting held in Dunedin during exhibition.

CRICKET.

Cricket on the Basin Reserve was suspended on Saturday on account of the athletic gathering. The team of Greytown cricketers who played a series of matches here against dilute elevens of our Senior Clubs, wherein, by the way, they were victorious, was composed principally of left-handers, no less than eight of them being of that variety. On the village greens at Home it is common enough to notice half the team left handed, but we cannot call to mind a similar chain of coincidence to gather together as many as the Greytown combination.

The Canterbury Cricket Association has decided to close the Senior Cup competition on account of Lancaster Park being otherwise engaged for the remainder of the season. The trophy has been won by the United, a refreshing novelty after the long list of successes by the once powerful Lancastrians.

Cup matches will be resumed next Saturday, when a large attendance should witness the crucial portion of the Rival-Midland game. Should the former prevail it would be a pity if they were to be denied the fruits of victory. We should, in common with the rest of the cricket world, be pleased to see arranged a final test match between these teams to decide supremacy, in the event of the match now proceeding ending in such a way as to place them on an equality.

As generally anticipated the Otagoans proved themselves superior to their inevitable rivals. The weakness of the visitors was construed by the citizens of the land of Burgoon and H. S. Fish as a positive insult, but then Canterbury is notorious for two things: one is to return a visit with a scratch team, the other not to return the visit at all. This season she treats Dunedin to the former; the latter discourtesy she has reserved for Wellington.

AQUATIC.

In the Star Boating Club's Junior Sculls H. Sherman easily defeated T. R. Herd by three or four lengths. In the final heat D. Burnes, after a hard race, defeated H. Sherman by two lengths. The winner holds the trophy presented by Mr. Seymour Tancred for the next 12 months.

The following crews will represent the Star Boating Club at the Wanganui Regatta on the 15th March, provided the necessary leave can be obtained:—Senior Outrigged and Senior Stump Outrigged Fours—J. G. Duncan, A. G. Hume, G. F. Johnson, R. W. Wallace, stroke. Maiden Fours.—T. R. Herd, H. Sherman, G. C. Fache, K. D. Duncan, stroke.

Juniors.—C. Pearce, N. Palmer, N. McLean, C. E. Matthews, stroke.

The following crews have been drawn for the FitzGerald Fours of the Star Boating Club:—G. Johnston, stroke, A. Duncan, No. 3, Richardson, No. 2, Layton, bow; C. Pearce, stroke, Sherman, No. 3, Gill, No. 2, Hickson, bow; K. Duncan, stroke, D. Burnes, No. 3, Leslie, No. 2, Radcliffe, bow; J. Duncan, stroke, R. Pownall, No. 3. D. Reid, No. 2, Swift, bow; K. Wallace, stroke, C. Palmer, No. 3, Zohrab, No. 2, Coleridge, bow; C. Matthews, stroke, Herd, No. 3, Barnett, No. 2, C. Archibald, bow; H. McLean, stroke, Wiggins, No. 3, Bethune, No. 2, Allen, bow; J. E. Smith, stroke, Stafford, No. 3, Denton, No. 2, Kirker, bow; F. Pownall, stroke, G. J. Reid, No. 3, Didsbury, No. 2, Blair, bow; E. Strange, stroke, Deighton, No. 3, Blundell, No. 2, E. Archibald, bow; E. Burnes, stroke, Mills, No. 3, Widdop, No. 2, Hawthorne, bow; G. Fache, stroke, Triunnell, No. 3, Hume, No. 2, Maginitty, bow; H. Palmer, stroke, Mackay, No. 3, Lewis, No. 2, Andrew, bow. All heats to be rowed on Saturday, 10th March.

This event should furnish an interesting afternoon's sport. C. Pearce, E. Burnes, or H. McLean should prove the winner.

The following is the drawing of the Oriental Boating Club's Junior Pairs, and the heats, viz.,

W. Nidd, bow, and J. C. Freeth, stroke, row W. Townsend, bow, and A. Boyes, stroke.

M. McGillivray, bow, and C. Bridge, stroke, row H. Bridge, bow, and D. Driscoll, stroke.

For the Senior Sculls.—J. G. Stevens rows A. Hill, W. Duff rows W. Spencer and J. Driscoll has a bye.

Both the above events will be commenced on Monday next. Mr. J. A. Chisholm has presented the Club with two medals, and entries for the Chisholm Double Sculls are now being received.

McGillivray and Bridge should prove the winners of the Junior Pairs, and Hill should win the Senior Sculls.

At a meeting of the Marlborough Regatta Committee held recently it was decided to increase the prize money to £144. The following programme has been adopted:—Champion Fours, Prizes, £80, £10, and £5; course, two miles. Champion Sculls—£10 and £2; one mile and a half. Champion Double Sculls—£12 and £2; one mile and a half. Champion Pairs—£12 and £2; one mile and a half. Junior Outrigged Fours—£12 and £3; one mile and a half. Senior Batswing Fours—£15 and £4; two miles. Maiden Outrigged Fours—£8 and £2; one mile and a half. Junior Sculls—£5; one mile and a half. Junior Batswing Fours—£8 and £2; one mile and a half. The Junior Sculling race is to be rowed in clinker outriggers, to be supplied by the committee. Mr. A. S. Biss, Secretary of the New Zealand Amateur Rowing Association, is to arrange the order of events. The Committee has confirmed

the appointment of Messrs A. G. Johnston, E. C. Batkin, and H. F. Logan, all of Wellington, as umpire, starter, and judge respectively.

Grahame, of the Wellington R.C. Senior Fours has lately joined the Torpedo Corps and will not be able to get leave to row at any of the regattas. S. Waters will most probably take his place.

The Star Club should scoop the pool at Wanganui next Thursday.

D. Burnes has been chosen to represent the S.B.C. in the Junior Sculls at the Championship regatta.

The W.R.C. Junior and Maiden crews are doing good work, but the Seniors are taking things too easily. All the Star crews, especially the Juniors, who are being coached by Mr. J. C. Martin (Resident Magistrate) are in splendid form, but we don't fancy the Senior Four will show up well at the Championship Regatta. No. 3 is the weak spot in the crew.

FOOTBALL.

There seems no reason to doubt that the coming season will witness the entry of Canterbury into the New Zealand Union. All the clubs have so far passed either direct resolutions instructing their delegates to vote for affiliation, or have after an expression of opinion invariably favourable left the matter at the discretion of their delegates. Not a single adverse motion has been passed. This is colloquially speaking "a bit of a jar" to Dunedin who will either have to follow suit or confine their foreign matches to say, Stewart Island fifteens and "sich like."

Already the various teams who have engagements at Easter are working themselves into shape. There is every prospect of a busy and prosperous season.

CYCLING.

At the Amateur Athletic Club's meeting at the Basin Reserve last Saturday the course was in good order, the corners rounded off better than has formerly been the case, and had it not been for the strong wind the cycle races should have been decided in fast time.

As the cycling cognoscenti predicted, Muir proved that he was too good a man to receive starts, by winning the three events without being forced. He rides gracefully, and should prove a hard nut to crack from the scratch mark.

It is about time that the local handicappers paid some attention to previous performances, and had an occasional look at the men in training instead of handicapping by weights and gears alone.

Brand was outclassed and yet he is put down to give Muir twenty yards in the two mile handicap at the Drapers' sports on Wednesday. This should prove a moral for Muir. For a leniently handicapped novice Hunt acquitted himself fairly well, and if he pays a little attention to style and abandons his present

leap frog action, will soon improve. He is, we have heard, a leading light of the Selwyn Football Club, and so should prove a tough opponent next Spring. Herbert rode consistently as usual, running into three thirds. He has never been unplaced in any race this season.

A path race was run in Paris during January between tandem safeties, a male and female rider in each case forming the crews.

Specimens of Edwards' patent corrugated anti-slipping cover for Dunlop tyres are on view at Fears shop in Willis street. They will be useful on the slippery streets of the Empire City.

W. A. Smith and W. R. Jourdain, long walkers, were first and second respectively in the three mile biko handicap, roadster, at Takapau on the 28th February. The course was rough. The time was 10 min. 58 secs., and the winner received a trophy valued at £5.

Waltham, U.S.A., will have a track next year with a surface of metallic blocks. With Waltham surface and Waltham watches all records should go.

There should be good entries for the events on the programme of the Amalgamated Cycling and Harrier Club's meeting on the 24th.

There are two open events, roadster, a three mile handicap, and a five mile provincial championship respectively.

We hear that some leading Napier cyclists intend competing at the Druid's meeting on Easter Monday, and so our local lads will have to go to win those valuable five and three pound orders. Entries close on Monday the 12th.

Cycling is going ahead in Wellington and machines are now on sale at several depôts. I would warn the novice however to keep clear of the cheap and nasty, gas-pipe variety of mount, of which we have lately seen several specimens, and always seek the advice of an old hand before purchasing.

The Napier Wanderers hold their autumn meeting on the 31st inst. The cycling events include a quarter mile handicap, one mile open handicap, one and a half mile bracolet, and a five mile team race.

After the death of a famous Swedish cyclist recently, his body was placed on a black tricycle heavily draped and escorted by three bicyclists on either side. The remainder of the funeral cortege consisted of his five daughters and three sons, mounted on mournful looking tandems and all blowing dismal dirges on their horns.

Professional cycling will boom in England this season, and many of last year's most prominent riders are casting aside their cloak of maker's amateurism and are going for the cash. Amongst them are Harris, "the Leicester lad," ex-five mile champion; Linton, the hundred mile record holder and Scofield Edwards, one of the world's greatest riders.



England's G.O.M. has at last thrown up the sponge. With all due respect for the ancient warrior whose deeds have made him famous throughout the world, we must admit that it was almost time that he retired from active political life, and we hope that his example will be followed by a few of the Grand Old Men in the Colonies. There is a stage when a man arrives at the zenith of his popularity, and after that point has been reached he must retrograde. It is sad to see one's idols gradually become senile and pass through the inevitable stages of mental decay that must come in time. Better they should retire while still brilliant and leave a record that time cannot dim.

Heard in the hot room of the Wellington Turkish Baths—Dude clad principally in a Turkish towel and a cigarette to musician *in puris naturalibus* stretched out on one of the forms "Ah! beg yer pardon, but—aw—could you oblige me with aw match, old chappie?" Musician: "Well—aw—no, but I can strike a note for you."

Professor Robert White, the phrenologist, who has for some weeks past been contributing a series of delineations to 'Fair Play' is at present lecturing very successfully at Blenheim.

The Napier Marine Parade, when a high sea is running into Hawke's Bay, is one of the finest sights to be seen in the colony. The new sea wall extends for a mile or two in front of the town to protect it from the sea, and against this concrete erection the big rollers from the Pacific dash themselves with tremendous force and fury throwing their seething white foam in spouting columns high in the air to the delight of the spectators who gather in crowds, young and old, to witness the grand sight. Sometimes the waves make a clean sweep over the wall, and drench the onlookers, and when an ardent prohibitionist gets properly soaked in this way the joy of the profane is unbounded, and they straightway repair to McCartney's or Roulston's to make merry over the event. Along the length of the parade on their respective verandahs numerous Mrs. Partingtons may be seen with their brooms sweeping the Pacific back in the direction of the American coast, and thus thwarting its insane attempt to get inside and spoil their best carpets.



KO TENIE KAPU

Ho mea houtu i runga i te aroha i te 31
Hauere 1894, na te OTAKI.
MAORI REIHI KARAPU Kia H. M. RAENA,
Hekereteri o te Werengitana Reihī
Karapu.

Ko te ingoa o te tangata naanai whakairo
tenei Kapu ko PATUWAKA TAUWEHE.

We publish above a *fac simile* of the Cup presented to Mr. H. M. Lyon by the Otaki Maori Racing Club. The Cup was presented on February 7th, by Mr. Ropata Te Do, who made a very kind and complimentary speech, in which he bade a hearty welcome to Mr. Lyon, and asked him to accept a relic, a work once prized by the Maoris, but which was now dying out as an art. The Cup, which stands 24 inches in height, was a beautiful one of Maai wood, carved in Maori fashion. Its artistic merit reflects great credit on the artist, Mr. Patuwaka Tauwehe, whose handiwork was of an entirely original design.

Probably the coolest and most calmly collected victim of a big flood up to date was Mr. John Algie, of Balclutha. During the big flood of 1878, when all but he had fled from the house, John refused to budge and said in effect he would see the Clutha far enough before he would run away from it. About midnight a boating party went to take him off *volens*, and were considerably astonished in looking through the window to see him, by the light of a candle, lying in his bed and calmly measuring the depth of water in the room with a foot rule. As the river was still slowly rising John reluctantly agreed to flit.

A Taranaki paper says: "It's all butter with us. We live on butter; we pay our debts with butter, and the whole place from beginning to end is butter. Why, even our breakwater has to be paid for out of butter."

The *Oamaru Mail* defends the editor of the *Evening Post* against 'Fair Play,' and states "that every respectable newspaper man of any experience will hasten to say that he is a journalist whose whole career has been above pettiness and meanness." We wonder if our contemporary has ever listened to or read Sir William Fox.

Mrs. Ward, of Clive, Hawke's Bay, had a trying experience during the big flood in December last. She lived alone in a cottage in the township, and, being a new arrival, knew nothing about floods till she was startled from her sleep at midnight with the roar of waters. On striking a light she found several feet of the prohibition element in her house. After trying in vain to save a few of her belongings, and seeing the water rising fast she climbed on a kitchen dresser, and sat on the highest shelf, keeping herself from falling by the aid of a handkerchief drawn through a hook in the ceiling, to which she clung all night and for several hours next morning, till rescued by one of the boats which came to the help of the distressed inhabitants of Clive. Mrs. Ward is at present engaged selling the little book of verse descriptive of the flood, by Mr. A. Stuart, of Napier, entitled "A Night of Terror," recently noticed in 'Fair Play,' and has met with considerable success.

A remarkable feat is reported to have been accomplished by a horse in South Australia. He weighed 1100lb., and drew a load weighing over seven and a half tons—the exact weight being given as 17,025 lb. The horse not only started the load from a standstill, but stopped once or twice to "blow out," and then started again.

We clip the following from a Sydney contemporary:—"A very funny little game, alleged to have actually occurred at Lillie Bridge racecourse. Coming up the straight, there were only two left in it, and there was not more than half a length separating them. The jockey on the second horse, thinking to relieve the anxiety of the leading man, suddenly sang out, 'All right, Charlie! go on and win; I ain't a trying.' 'Oh! ain't you,' replied the other, 'then 'ere's orf,' saying which he proceeded to fall off, as his orders, too, had been of the milking description."

A man at Rochester, England, fined for pulling a handful of hair out of his wife's head, said—"That hair she is showing you has been in the family for generations. She brought it with her when she summoned me five years ago."



MEMBERS OF OUR STAFF.

The fighting Editor and the sub-Editor. The contrast between brain and muscle will be noticed.

The Liberals of Napier are divided into two contending parties over the question as to who shall be appointed to represent them in the Legislative Council. The chosen of one party is Mr. H. P. Cohen, while the opposition swear by Mr. Henry Williams and will have no other. Urgent representations have been made to the Government by both sides in favour of their favourites. If the Government has any sense it will appoint neither. They are "both bloated capitalists" and there are too many rich men in Parliament already. There are many to choose from who have done good work for the Liberal cause in Napier. If Mr. Seddon would put a few of their names in a hat, shake them up, close his eyes, and draw out one and appoint that one he could not go far wrong.



Aspirant for seat on the Licensing Bench: "Did you say that Isitt or Gain were having dinner in the next room?"

Waiter: "No Sir, they just came in to enquire for Mr. Bell."

Aspirant for seat, &c., &c.: "Then cart me in another bottle of Pom-mery."

Home Notes.

The "Grand Old Man" has taken his departure for Biarritz, South France, and will we hope return with his stock of everlasting youthfulness larger than ever.

Details of the massacre of Captain Wilson and his gallant little band have now arrived. They died hard, as Englishmen should. This unfortunate affair is a black spot in the annals of the British South Africa Company. But the Com-

pany is saved for a time from bankruptcy, although, when one considers, at what price? Hundreds of brave Matabele, and now Wilson and his force. One is tempted to wonder whether the end is worthy of the means.

The long drawn out Parliamentary session has at last come to an end, and those patriotic and conscientious legislators who have not taken advantage of the convenient practice of "pairing," but have remained steadfastly at their posts, are now scattered to the four winds of heaven in search of rest or enjoyment, or both as the spirit moves them. Opposition organs predict an early appeal to the country, but in ministerial circles the opinion prevails that a general election will not take place for some time to come.

A feeling of great uneasiness prevails upon the Stock Exchange in consequence of the expected reductions in the dividends paid by the leading railway companies. The Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Companies announcement, which has first come to hand, has caused a rude shock. A certain diminution was fully expected, in consequence of the loss necessarily caused by the great coal strike, which affected this company to a greater extent, probably than any other, but no one was prepared for the exceptionally meagre results of the half year's work. The great question now is—How will the other great Companies come out?

Now that there is some prospect of the Government bringing in their Local Veto (Drink) Bill, those philanthropic and large-minded gentlemen, the brewers and their slaves and satellites, the publicans, are again beginning to do their by no means contemptible best to stir up the somewhat thickheaded British public to a sense of the injustice (from Bung's point of view) of this measure. But the H.P. has had ample time to turn this matter over in its massive brains, and the opinion is slowly but surely gaining ground that the number of public-houses is greatly in excess of the requirements for them, and that a reduction in their number, or even their total abolition in some places, will probably result in more comfort and better liquor in those remaining. The brewers, who are the owners of a large majority of the licensed houses in the country have been making piles of money lately, and a bit of a check will do them no harm. I like drink, in strict moderation, but it must be good.

Mr. Sydney Grundy's new comedy, yecept "An Old Jew," produced last week at the Garrick Theatre, looks like proving a success. The elderly Hebrew who forms the central figure in the piece is vastly different to the usual type of stage Jew. As usually represented, he is anything but an admirable character. Mr. Grundy's Old Jew is an amiable philanthropist, who apparently spends the whole of his time in doing his best to make everyone happy. The other charac-

ters simply waltz around the central figure, but the play as a whole is bright, amusing, and well, Grundelian.

April has made a mistake, and come to early. Mild, showery weather, characteristic of that aqueous month, has been prevalent for the past ten days. But the British climate is a fearful and a wonderful thing. We may have 10 deg. of frost, or a snowstorm to-morrow.

"Times is 'hard'" with the farmer. Prices are low for everything except hay, and of that, owing to last year's drought, he has none. Like the House of Lords, English agriculture must be mended, or it will soon be a thing of the past.

An eccentric body known as the "Thirteen Club," has lately created a lot of material for talk. The truly admirable object aimed at by its members is the destruction of the prevalent belief in popular superstitions. If there be any truth in these old wives' tales, every man present at their annual banquet, held a few days since, will have a bad time of it in future. The function took place at the Holborn restaurant, in room No. 13, and thirteen diners sat at each table. The room was decorated with peacock feathers, skulls, crossbones, &c. On the tables the knives were carefully crossed, and the salt-cellars were miniature coffins. Dinner was announced by the smashing of a large mirror and the guests passed into the room under a ladder. When seated, the chairman invited all present to spill salt with him. An attempt was made to procure cross-eyed waiters, but only two thus afflicted could be discovered.

The domestic "help," otherwise servant, is beginning to assert herself, even in steady-going, conservative old England. Lord Clancarty who, a short time since, made himself notorious by his unsuccessful attempt to divorce his wife, formerly Belle Bilton, of music-hall fame, has just been mulcted in damages to the tune of £13 for summarily dismissing a young woman from his employment in consequence of her refusing to carry coals upstairs when there was an able-bodied footman available for the purpose. And quite right, too! Jeames and his brethren would be all the better for a little manual labour.

In an Association football match in Yorkshire last week fourteen out of the twenty-two players were more or less seriously injured. This record will take a lot of beating, even in the almighty United States.

Mr. Buchanan's new play, "The Charlatan," produced a few days since at the Haymarket Theatre, bids fair to make a name for itself. At any rate, its unconventionality, its inconsistencies, its undeniable cleverness, and its interest, cannot fail to attract large audiences for a long time to come. Robert is a queer fish, but he can turn out good work when he likes.

X.Y.Z.

London, Jan. 28rd, 1894.

THE ROSE OF CHATHAM.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

[Continued.]

Mr. Fenwicke, then one of the wealthiest citizens, and perhaps the very most influential one in Savannah, was known to the British authorities as a staunch and uncompromising friend to the home government, a man upon whom they could safely rely for both sympathy and material aid in any scheme to advance their interests. Of course there were other Tories in the city, all of them well known to Mr. Fenwicke, and the first thing Maynard did was to influence Fenwicke to call a secret meeting of these at his house.

The readers will now quickly understand why Rose forced her lover from the house; for at that very time the Tory meeting was in session in a back room. The girl's good sense told her that if Lieut. Prescott should discover her father's connection with a treasonable transaction it would be the young man's duty to have him arrested forthwith, and the result might be most terrible, for just at that particular point in the progress of the revolutionary struggle the bitterest hatred of the Tories was nursed by the American soldiery.

Maynard disclosed to the little knot of Tories huddled in that closely blinded rear room that Lieut. Col. Archibald Campbell was then on his way from Sandy Hook with a fleet bearing an army sent by Sir Henry Clinton to take and occupy Savannah. Accidentally Rose overheard this, and became aware of what was going on.

The mansion had been darkened to prevent visitors from dropping in, and all the proceedings of the conspirators were conducted with the utmost caution. Knowing that Lieut. Prescott was absent on picket or outpost duty, Rose had not dreamed of his coming, when suddenly his rap resounded on the door. One thought—that of preventing the young man from discovering her father's connection with a plot for delivering the city over to the enemy—drove everything else from her head.

When he was gone she stood just inside the door, her heart beating wildly and her brain reeling with the excitement of the occasion. At heart she was

an earnest rebel, thoroughly in sympathy with the struggle for independence; but she loved her father, and could not bear the thought of having him arrested as a Tory and a traitor. Now that he was safe for the time, the strain of the situation relaxed as suddenly as it had come on and she was too weak to stand. She tottered to a table and set the lamp on it,

and then fell upon a sofa, nerveless and white as a ghost. It was but a few moments, however, that the weakness prevailed; her nature was strong and elastic, and her will was of the sort with which revolutionary women of the best stamp were endowed. Even in the moment when she was thrusting her lover from the door the resolve was forming itself, under her consciousness, so to say, that, if she could prevent it, Savannah should not be betrayed and her gates opened to the British.

Maynard had left the house but a few minutes before Lieut. Prescott knocked. Indeed it had seemed to Rose that the former must have been at the gate when the latter entered. She wondered if this were so, and if the lieutenant would suspect what had been going on. One by one the conspirators left the house and went their way. What they had determined upon is not known, save that some plan was agreed to which Maynard regarded as of probable value in aid of Lieut. Col. Archibald Campbell's project for taking the city.

All were gone, and the Fenwicke household were on the point of retiring when Maynard suddenly returned gashed and bleeding from a long, deep wound across the side of his handsome face.

"A confounded rebel officer," he said, "ran against me just out yonder. Fetch a surgeon as soon as possible or I shall bleed to death."

Servants were called.

"Be careful in this matter," Maynard managed to murmur before he reeled into a chair. "Remember that there is danger if I am suspected—danger for you all. Don't get a—rebel surgeon," he gasped, "but be—be quick!"

The blood was flowing freely, saturating his clothes. He was as white as a dead man. The household was alarmed in two ways, for Maynard appeared about to die, and that of itself was terrible. Beyond this lay the danger of having a British spy in the house, which was the greatest of all crimes just then. There was no time for hesitation, however. A servant went posthaste in search of a surgeon, while others bore Maynard up to a secluded room and put him to bed with a bandage round his face.

The wound proved not so bad after all. "He will be himself again in less than a fortnight," said the surgeon, after dressing the gash. "Duel, I presume," he added, sotto voce, to Mr. Fenwicke at the door on taking his leave. "These young men are such idiots."

"To be sure," responded the old man, glad to clutch at such an explanation. "To be sure, and I suppose they always will be. We were young once, doctor."

Meanwhile Lieut. Prescott lay where Maynard left him, cold and senseless, his sword under him and one arm outstretched along the sand. Slowly the

fog lifted and was blown away, giving place to a broad shimmer of moonlight that emphasized the dark walls and gloomy nooks of the straggling town, and made the stillness and silence seem projected like substantial, tangible parts of the scene.

CHAPTER III.



"How have you learned what you tell me?"

Doubtless it is impossible at this time to look back and understand with any degree of realization the peculiar situation in which Rose Fenwicke found herself when she had sufficiently recovered from the evening's excitement to take a somewhat calm view of what had transpired. In the seclusion of her chamber she thought it all over, with the rapidly growing impression that it was her duty to go straightway to the headquarters of the little American garrison and make known to the commanding officer the plot being arranged to betray the city. But as often as she turned this in her mind the connection of her father with the treasonable affair startled her and made any disclosure appear impossible. She slept none that night. Indeed she scarcely thought of sleep. Her nerves were wrought to high tension and her whole nature was absorbed in the consideration of a plan for balking Maynard and his allies. Strange that it should have been nearly the last hour of the night before a thought, which might (under a less strain of excitement) have been suggested at once by Maynard's remark, came upon her mind with almost stunning suddenness.

The wounded man upon entering the house had said that he had been hurt by a rebel officer. Why had she not thought of Prescott? It was so plain now that it was he who cut that gash. They must have met in the street and fought there. Instantly the dreadful question arose, Was Lieut. Prescott hurt? Then she remembered that she had heard two

pistol shots ring out clear and keen through the foggy night air. Her heart stopped short for awhile, to presently leap into her throat with almost suffocating throbs. With that swift and vivid readiness common to young and imaginative minds, her fancy pictured her lover lying

dead with upturned face in the moonlight. A cold chill crept over her and her limbs shook as with an ague. Loud and clear the cocks in the back court crowed out the hour of dawn. She sprang up, threw on her clothes and passed out into the street. As if by some unerring intuition she went directly to the spot where Prescott and Maynard had fought. There were deep marks of the struggle in the sand, and some streaks and dashes of blood were visible in the gray chill morning glimmer. She looked about, her eyes scanning as best they could the surrounding space; then came a great relief—a sense of escape from a burden of horrible dread. A drum rolled out the morning call at the little American camp. With but a moment's hesitation she went swiftly on in the direction of the sound, and was soon face to face with the sentinel in front of the officers' quarters.

"I wish to see Gen. Howe," she said abruptly.

The sentinel called the officer of the guard, a corporal, who came forward in a moment.

"Well, madam," he demanded, doffing his well worn cap, "what is it you wish?"

"I must see Gen. Howe."

"Sorry I am that he's not here, madam, but he is not. He is at the Tatnall mansion."

"Then could I see the next officer in charge?"

"Col. Huger is here, madam."

"Tell him I have something important to say to him."

Leaving her with the sentinel the corporal turned about and walked away. In a few minutes he came back, and bidding her follow led the way to a small house surrounded by tents. Col. Huger, who had just risen and hastily dressed himself, received her in a small, plainly furnished room which was well saturated with the fumes of tobacco. He was very polite and kind in his manner, but at first did not recognize her.

"It is because I could not help it that I have come here," she hurriedly began. "There is a plot to betray the city into the enemy's hands. A fleet is already on the way here from Sandy Hook, and there is now in Savannah an emissary of the British going about among the Tories."

The colonel recognized her while she was speaking, and the slightest shade of perplexity gathered on his eyes. She was beautiful, and her embarrassment heightened the effect of her face.

"You are Miss Fenwicke, I believe," he said, with grave courtesy.

She nodded and the color slipped out

of her cheeks.

"How have you learned what you tell me?" he inquired, fixing his eyes steadily upon hers.

She shrank and looked down, but presently her native courage asserted itself. She returned his gaze steadily with clear, innocent eyes, while the rosy flush came slowly up into her face again.

"You must not insist upon that question," she answered; "for I cannot tell you. You may be sure that I have it from the directest channel of information. The British will land to-morrow or the next day."

She arose to go.

"And the emissary, who is he and where is he?" demanded the colonel.

"I cannot tell you."

"You must!"

"I will not."

The colonel's face relaxed almost to a smile.

"Very well," he said. "Sergeant, take a carriage and drive this lady to her home."

A young red headed officer came out of an adjoining room and bowed.

"Get a carriage," repeated the colonel, and when the man was gone he turned to Rose and said:

"It is scarcely possible that your information is reliable, but I will honor it, coming from you. I am surprised that you bring it to us, but I am all the more proud of your patriotism."

She knew that he was thinking of her father and connecting him with the conspiracy.

"How strong is the force of the British reported to be?" he inquired after a few seconds of silence, "and who commanded?"

"It is a strong force under Lieut.-Col. Archibald Campbell and Commodore Parker."

"When did it sail from Sandy Hook?"

"On the 27th of November."

"Did you hear what troops they have?"

"The Seventy-first regiment of foot, four battalions of Provincials, two of Hessians and a detachment of artillery."

He looked at her in surprise. Her memory seemed absolutely clear and ready. Somehow the sincerity and dignity of her bearing and the extreme beauty of her face gave singular force to her statements. He knew that her father was a bitter Tory; at least that was the well grounded belief of everybody, and it seemed strange, indeed, that this, his only child, should come as the bearer of such information.

Of course the colonel's first thought was the suspicion that Mr. Fenwicke must be deeply concerned in the conspiracy.

The sergeant had returned at this moment and was standing uncovered in the doorway, his red hair shining and his tattered face beaming with good nature.

"The carriage is ready, Col. Huger,"

he said, saluting.

Rose, after bidding the colonel good morning, turned and followed the sergeant, who gallantly handed her into the carriage and bade the negro driver follow her directions.

Before reaching the Fenwicke mansion Rose ordered the driver to stop the vehicle, and she got out to finish the distance on foot, not wishing any of the household to see her in Col. Huger's carriage, which would be sure to provoke awkward inquiries.

Fortunately neither her going out nor her coming in was observed, and she made her way to her room, where she flung herself down exhausted, soon falling asleep.

No sooner was Rose gone from his presence than Col. Huger ordered his horse and galloped to the Tatnall residence to see Gen. Howe and advise him of what she had told. The general dis-

missed the matter with a few words, saying curtly that he placed no reliance in a story which on its face was simply preposterous.

"How could an emissary outstrip a fleet?" he inquired. "If the British sailed from Sandy Hook last month how could this supposed spy know it? Don't you see how utterly ridiculous the whole thing is?"

Col. Huger had come flushed a trifle with the effect produced by Rose's noble bearing and bewitching face. He went back but half convinced that the general was right in giving no heed to her warning.

One, two, three days, a week, two weeks went by without any apparition of a British fleet. The general had not frequently laughed at Col. Huger about his belief in the story of the old Tory's daughter, and the colonel in turn had come to look back to the singular little affair as something inexplicable.

Lieut. Prescott, after lying some days at the house of a friend who had chanced to find him and take him in, recovered from the stunning bruises received from the brutal kicks of the giant Maynard, and returned to camp before the expiration of his release from duty.

To be continued.

The Case Fully Explained.

"Why don't you go home for your noon lunch?" inquired the city man.

"Because," answered the suburbanite, "I don't reach my office soon enough to be able to return home sufficiently early to get back again in time to start home for my dinner."—Chicago Tribune.

The Small Boy's Fun.

Jimmy—Why don't yer come over here an skate? The ice is a heap slicker.

Tommy—They's more fun here, if I was to break through here I'd likely drown, an over there th' water ain't a foot deep.—Indianapolis Journal.

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Hints From Country Gentleman.

Food spoils much more quickly in damp,
 muggy weather than in a much higher
 temperature, if dry.

Open vessels containing charcoal placed
 in a refrigerator or other closet where food
 is kept will do much to keep it dry and
 sweet. The charcoal should be renewed at
 least every fortnight.

An open vessel of drinking water placed
 in the ice chamber of a refrigerator is sure
 to absorb odors from the food below. Put
 the water in bottles, or, what is more con-
 venient, in glass screw top fruit jars.

Water pitchers and all dishes in which
 drinks or food are to be served cold should
 be placed in the ice chest an hour before
 they are needed.

All fruits should be served as cold and
 fresh as possible and with granulated
 rather than powdered sugar.

The down on peaches is poisonous to some
 people and should be carefully wiped off.
 This fruit looks far more tempting cut in
 halves than in small pieces.

Meat and other articles of food that are
 damp or juicy should never be left in paper.

Refreshing Drinks.

Lemon Beer—Cut half a dozen lemons
 into slices and put in a jar with a pound of
 sugar and a gallon and a half of boiling
 water. Let stand until cool and add half a
 cup of fresh yeast; let ferment; bottle and
 cork very tight.

Soda Beer—Take 2 pounds of white sugar,
 2 ounces of tartaric acid, 2 spoonfuls of flour,
 the whites of 10 eggs, the juice of a lemon
 and 2 quarts of water, boil three minutes
 and bottle when cold. When wanted for
 use, put 2 spoonfuls in a glass, with half a
 teaspoonful of soda, and fill with ice water.

Baked Omelet.

Heat 6 tablespoonfuls of milk and melt a
 small piece of butter in it. Do not let it oil.
 Take 6 eggs, beat the yolks with a teaspoon-
 ful of salt, a dash of pepper and a table-
 spoonful of flour. Stir into the hot milk,
 adding last the stiffly beaten whites, a little
 parsley and pour into a well buttered iron
 spider. Put into a hot oven. In a few min-
 utes it will be risen firmly and delicately
 browned. Slip on a platter, folding it in
 the middle.

Chocolate Bavarian Cream.

Soak half a box of gelatin in 4 table-
 spoonfuls of water for 20 minutes, boil a
 pint of milk, into which stir 2 ounces of
 grated chocolate and the dissolved gelatin.
 Stir till all is dissolved, set the saucepan on
 the back of the stove with enough sugar
 to sweeten well and add a tablespoonful
 of vanilla. Stir while cooling, and as it
 grows thick mix with it 2 cupfuls of cream
 whipped to a froth. Turn into a mold to
 harden.

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