

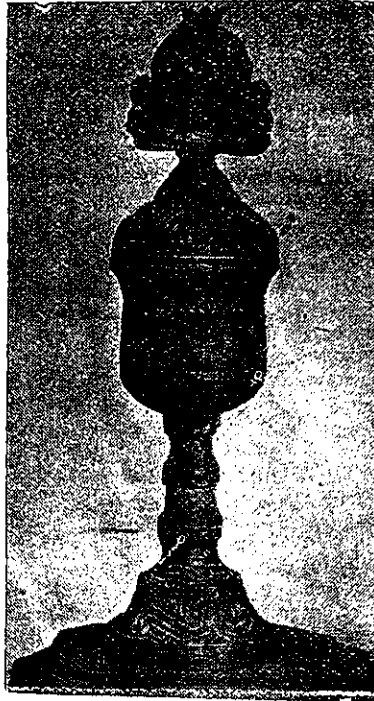


England's G.O.M. has at last thrown up the sponge. With all due respect for the ancient warrior whose deeds have made him famous throughout the world, we must admit that it was almost time that he retired from active political life, and we hope that his example will be followed by a few of the Grand 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 Maori 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."