



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.