

Rads, too, hate the idea of a Ministry being led by a member of the hated Upper House.

Nine of the principal hotels in Wellington are now absolutely closed on Sundays. Some of the smaller pubs. are doing a brisk business, but the Licensing Bench are not asleep—you bet.

A Wellington firm of printers (a "society" office) recently tendered for a certain job. Deducting the cost of material, the balance would pay the comps. about a third of the regulation rates.

W. B. Cadzow is wintering in Christchurch. He is running a series of popular concerts, which have "caught on" wonderfully. By the way, Mrs. Cadzow has just presented W.B. with a bouncing daughter.

The *London Financial Times* recently had a very hot article on the Harper crash. It was headed "A Colonial Balfour, or Plunder and Piety at the Antipodes." We are waiting to see if any of the big dailies will reprint it. Not likely.

Editor Hornsby, of *Napier Evening News*, goes to Christchurch to edit the *Star*, evening (reprint) edition of *Lyttelton Times*. If Mr. Hornsby is given a show he will put a lot of new life in the now feebly twinkling Christchurch orb.

Hornsby's successor on the *News* is genial little Kirby, who some years ago used to write Tinaru Talk for the *Lyttelton Times*, and afterwards edited *Marlborough Express*.

Little Wilson, now editing the *New Zealand Times* weekly, the *Mail*, into which he has put a lot of new life, was boss of the *Napier News* for three years and made a great hit by his "Touchstone" articles which were widely quoted.

Bob Ahearne, now chief reporter on the *Evening Press*, was for many years on *Lyttelton Times* as a sporting writer. We suppose the *Press* is too goody-goody to allow much turf gossip. If they want it, Bob's the very man.

Ask E. D. Hoben, of the *Post*, how he got that famous bit of news about Fox, and see him wink the other eye. Hoben runs rings round the other pressmen in the way of getting official and non-official Government information. He gets up very early in the morning when good items are about.

Ivo Evison, late of *Catholic Times* and *Christchurch Truth*, is now in Sydney. Rumour says that he is to start a weekly satirical paper in Wellington. He'll have to watch the libel law pretty carefully. Providence has a special down upon weekly papers in this country, as FAIR PLAY knows to its cost. Evison is a very smart journalist and we wish him luck.

Captain Chatfield, long and favourably known as skipper of the *Mararoa*, has, at his own request, taken charge of the *Rotomahana*. His home is in Melbourne, and by his change of boats he will be able to see his family more frequently. Skippers are but human—they want to see their wives and families now and again.

The special London correspondent of Melbourne *Argus* says:—"The Earl of Coventry is very proud of his son Henry, who has done something to restore credit to family name." The restoration of the family credit, over which the Earl is so happy, was merely the fact of the young man prodding a fat Matabele in the stummick with a bayonet. Some people are easily satisfied.

A London interviewer caught Sir George Grey in the "unborn-million" vein the other day. Our G.O.M. "dilated upon the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race, the federation of which, he said, would dominate the world, with its council meeting in

London, Washington, Sydney, Melbourne, and Auckland." Cheap advt. that for Auckland. The old man loveth not Wellington, but all the same that prospective council meeting, if ever held, will meet in the Empire City.

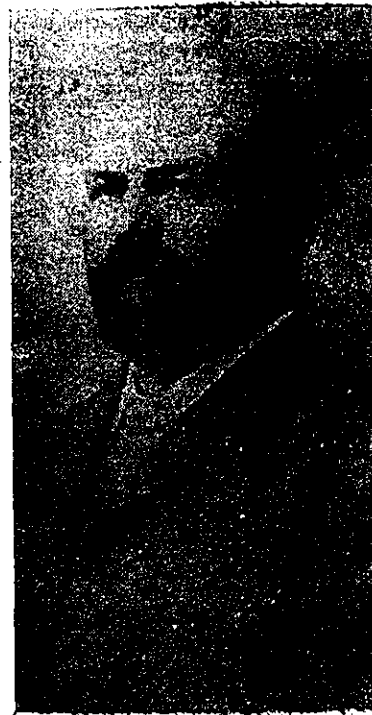
Victoria has a nice little deficit of £400,000; New Zealand has a surplus of £200,000.

Sir Robert Stout is reported to be suffering so severely from a bad throat as to be almost voiceless. We don't wish you any harm, Robert, but really if we had anything to do with it we would not restore your power of speech unless you agreed to chuck that other vice—palavering on the Ideal State, which you know to be Tommy-rot.

In Melbourne *Punch* appears an illustration of the scene in St. Peter's Church when that famous "No!" abruptly terminated the marriage ceremony. The officiating minister is represented as a paunchy, pug-nosed, bald-headed old chap. Rev. Mr. Watters will feel flattered.

A similar scene occurred in Ballarat about fourteen years ago. "Will you have this man for your lawful husband?" asked the clergyman. "No, I will not," was the emphatic reply. "Then why are you here," asked the parson. "To tell him so," quoth she.

## The President of the Northern Bowling Association.



Mr. John Commons McVay, who was recently elected President of the Northern Bowling Association, in succession to Mr. J. Paul, of New Plymouth, is well and popularly known in Hawke's Bay. Born in Auckland in 1847, he left that city for Napier, when twenty years old, and after the lapse of a few years he entered into the saddling business on his own account, and is now the proprietor of a large establishment providing employment for 85 people, and doing an extensive business throughout the whole district from Napier to Patea on the one hand, and Wellington on the other. Mr. McVay has taken a very active interest in all affairs affecting the well-being of Napier ever since he first

went to that district. He was prominent in the agitation which led to the adoption of the scheme for the Napier breakwater, now approaching completion, and till quite recently was a member of the Napier Harbour Board. He resigned that position owing to pressure of private business, much to the regret of a large number of the townspeople, but he still holds his seat on the Municipal Council with which he has been connected ever since the town was proclaimed a borough.