

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

Fair Play

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STRAIGHT TALK

The Hon. W. P. Reeves has by publicly announcing himself as a "Fabian Socialist," in his recent speech at Auckland, given a distinct pledge to follow a line of policy which a large majority of his supporters will expect him to maintain. The utterance is also significant of a near change in the nomenclature of political parties, indicating the abandonment of the invidious and anomalous term "Liberal." The Fabians are "evolutionists" rather than "idealists," their programme being "the gradual nationalization of land, labour, and capital." As to their methods, they: "realize that important organic changes can only be (1) democratic, and thus acceptable to a majority of the people and prepared for in the minds of all; (2) gradual, and thus causing no dislocation, however rapid may be the rate of progress; (3) not regarded as immoral by the mass of the people, and thus not subjectively demoralizing to them; and (4) in this country (England) at any rate, constitutional and peaceful."

The advertisements will shortly disappear from the back of the postage stamps and the telegraph forms. The contract has expired, and as soon as the supply in hand is exhausted we shall not have to refer to the backs of postage stamps and telegraph forms to ascertain that "Washem's Soap is a boon to humanity" or that "Cookem's pills are worth a guinea a box." Whether the Government did wisely or otherwise in letting the contract we are not going to discuss now, but from an advertising expert's point of view Messrs Truebridge, Miller and Reich struck a good idea—and "ile" too, we hope.

It is understood the Government have under favourable consideration the establishment of model dairy factories. Nothing like enough attention is bestowed in fostering the various forms of agriculture by providing the means for propagating technical education.

What New Plymouth would do without Mr. He Hem Smith, Hem, Hach, Har, J.P., Lamplighter, &c., his too hawful to coutemplate. 'Is latest public haot 'as taken the form of hurging on the 'Arbour Board the himperative himportance of herecting three or four lamps on the N.P. wharf. Mr. He Hem—(note by printer: We cannot set the remainder of the par as our supply of h's is run out.)

Now that the New Australian movement has fizzled out, as we predicted it would at the outset, attention should be directed to another far-away Paradise, yelopt Pretoria. The *Cape Argus* informs us that the jail at Pretoria was simply all Elysium. Prisoners there could get whisky and other liquors *ad lib*. If a convict cleaned out a warder's room he got a bottle of brandy, while tobacco and cigars were simply chucked about as if of no account. The warders helped themselves in a wholesale fashion to underclothing, blankets, and provisions out of the Government stores, and altogether prisoners, warders, and their friends had a jolly time of it. Even in the native compartment, candles, tobacco, playing cards, and knives were found, and in one cell a complete apparatus for brewing beer was unearthed. The pilgrims of Paraguay should now direct their steps to Pretoria.

Thus the *Southern Standard* (Gore):—"When a newspaper man makes a mistake in his paper—as the *Standard* did last week, in misdating the election of Councillor for Sout Ward—all the town sees it, and calls him a liar. When a private citizen makes a mistake, nobody knows it except a few friends, and they come round and ask the editor to keep it out of the paper. When that citizen dies, the editor will be asked to publish his good qualities, and leave out the bad. When the editor dies, the private citizen will say: "Now that old liar will get his desserts."