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British Architects. At the date of his election to full membership, 1886, he was probably the youngest F.R.I.B.A. in the world, the necessary qualifications being obtained before the age of thirty being most unusual. A few months ago, Mr. Clere received promotion by being appointed the first honorary secretary in New Zealand for the English Institute. In 1877 Mr. Clere came to New Zealand, and resided since then in this province, some years having been spent in Feilding and Wanganui. At the latter place he held the post of architect to the Wanganui Education Board. He has been a member of the Wellington City Council, and of many Committees of private societies, and is now one of the Council of the New Zealand Academy of Fine Arts. He is closely connected with the work of the Church of England, has been a member of the Diocesan Synod since 1879, and was for six years a member of the General Synod of New Zealand. He also holds the position of diocesan architect. As a member of the Licensing Bench, Mr. Clere professes strict independence. Though practically a teetotaler, he has taken no pledge, as he wishes to maintain his freedom in all things possible. Having this feeling he would be loath to take away the freedom of others, excepting when their liberty is a direct menace to the well-being of the community. He is sanguine enough to believe that, with higher education, the aims and aspirations of the mass of New Zealanders will raise them above the enjoyment of mere debauchery, and that in a comparatively few years drunkenness will become so rare as not to require serious attention on the part of the country as a whole. That the trade in dangerous stimulants requires careful watching, Mr. Clere takes as a matter of course, and he feels that the crusade against excessive drinking must be kept alive, but that moral suasion and not force is to be applied if the results are to be permanent. Mr. Clere is not a Prohibitionist, as he never favours extreme measures until all other means of removing an evil have failed. He has no personal sympathy with the publican class, and thinks that the keeper of a bar, who enriches himself through the weakness and misery of his fellow men, is about the meanest thing created; at the same time, he feels that a good inn-keeper should not be made to suffer for the wrong-doing of men over whom he has not the slightest control, and who have had the approval and support of the public (as represented by the Licensing Benches), and who have been permitted to break the law to the detriment of himself and all legitimate traders.

Who first brought the sparrow to New Zealand? The story goes that years ago the Canterbury Acclimatization Society was in the habit of paying bonuses to the captains of ships for bringing live birds to the colony. One captain brought out some sparrows and offered them to the Society, but they were rejected. Thereupon the skipper, somewhat annoyed and disappointed, tossed the birds, five in number, into the air, and from these five sparrows have descended the millions of this pest now hopping and flying about in New Zealand!

The manhood of Onehunga (says the *Auckland Observer*), does not appear to be very much to boast about. Fancy a crowd of men being driven out of the Council chamber like a flock of sheep by one woman, and then standing in the street and boo-hooing and groaning at that one woman like a lot of sealawags. And insulting her and turning out the gas to annoy her, too. Are there no MEN in Onehunga? There is much that her Worship does that we do not approve of, but we fail to see why she should be persecuted by an ill-conditioned crowd of hoodlums in a town which should be under police control. Onehunga has resolved upon a female Mayor. It ought to be content with its choice.

A gorgeously got-up portrait of a certain official, who holds several lucrative offices under the Napier Town Council, was recently exhibited in a shop window in Hastings street. One night there was a crowd looking at it, when a young lady, who was

evidently greatly struck with the manly and noble appearance of the effigy, enquired of a crusty old bachelor "whose portrait that was," pointing to the one referred to. "That?" said the crusty one. "Oh, that's our Inspector of Nuisances." The sentimental young lady vanished, terribly disillusionised. The portrait depicts the official in his uniform as superintendent of the Fire Brigade, and is really a master-piece.

"Fetch me *Roscoe on Evidence*," said a colonial magistrate to the policeman on duty at the Court.

"Roscoe, ye'r warship, is it, ye wants?" queried the official preparing to depart.

"Yes; and see how quick you'll be," snapped the beak.

The bobby hurried off. Five minutes after a scuffle was heard at the door, and the policeman entered dragging a strange looking and reluctant individual after him, one of whose cheeks was clean shaved, while the other bristled with a stumpy black beard, flecked with lather and white foam.

"What is this? Who is this man?" cried the magistrate.

"Mishter Roscoe, yer honour, said the bobby. "I found him in the barber's shop where he was getting a shave, but I towld him ye wanted him at wanst, and I dragged him here, half shaved as he was, to give evidence, as ye towld me."

The Court was crowded, and the shout of laughter which followed these words nearly blew the roof off. Everybody present, except the policeman and his queer-looking witness, understood the ludicrous mistake that had been made. The magistrate wanted the book *Roscoe on Evidence* from the Court library, and the policeman misunderstood the order and brought a local resident, whose name was Roscoe, to the beak instead. After explanations and apologies, Roscoe was permitted to depart to finish his shaving.

Harry Power, the comedian (that incorrigible joker) who is well-known in Maoriland, is at present appearing in Glasgow. Some years ago Harry was running a lantern show at Bulls, Rangitikei. He said he'd put on a view of Bulls as a wind-up to the entertainment. Of course this was the signal for loud applause, but when the view appeared it was received with chilling silence. Appearing to be greatly surprised, Harry stepped to the front, glanced at the screen, and said: 'A thousand apologies, ladies and gentlemen! I intended showing you a view of Bulls. By a mistake the operator has given you a view of Cowes, Isle of Wight. But the error is a very natural one.' The audience roared.—*Auckland Observer*.

Sophia, the renowned half-caste who saved quite a number of people at the Tarawera eruption, lives with the natives at Whakarewarewa. She recently received a letter from her Majesty the Queen, but does not appear to be at all elated at the honor conferred on her. Upon being questioned on the subject, she replied, "Oh, but it is only written by the Lady of Honor with the Queen's signature attached."—*Opoitiki Herald*.

During 1893 applications for the grant of British patents for inventions were more numerous than in any previous year, the number being 25,102.

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