

[By an inadvertance the continuation of the article on the preceding page appears on page 5, and the continuation of page 4 appears below. The two pages were unfortunately transposed.]

asures discussed and voted on their real merits, and not as they affect this or that Ministry."

The Referendum makes the whole nation a Parliament. Every elector becomes a member of the national Parliament, by which legislators are elected and his laws are made. Each voter has a share direct and visible in public acts. He hires an agent in his legislator to draft a bill in such and such a sense, but he invests him with no plenary powers. In all affairs of consequence he gives his vote with his own hand. He is the sovereign prince, and in his sphere he alone reigns and rules. He would be Commoner, Peer, and King in one.

A Flying Trip to Christchurch.

[BY THE WEARY FRAGMENT.]

The City of the Plains is the Mecca of New Zealand, especially to an inhabitant of Wellington, by reason of the strong contrast offered by the radical difference between the formation of the two cities. Wellington, built on the thin strip of land between the waters of the harbour and the foot of the hills, so cramped that as it grows it has to fight the waters to reclaim sufficient ground to accommodate its ever increasing population, is a very different spectacle from the broad area of flat country on which Christchurch stands. Wellington is full of bustle, and there is an air of temporariness about it. Both these elements are lacking in Christchurch, and, as if to compensate, there is an appearance of solidity, permanent wealth, and comfort that is not noticeable in the Empire City. The streets are broad and well-cared for, stately buildings abound, and outside the city limits the eye can look over miles and miles of fertile country, bordered in the direction of the coast by the blue hills that skirt the harbour at Lyttelton.

I was undecided as to how I should spend a brief holiday, until the suggestion was made to take a flying trip to Lyttelton by the s.s. Tasmania. The whistle is blowing for all who are not passengers to go ashore, and in a few moments the hawser is cast off and we are steaming to the Heads. The day is a beautiful one, and the water as clear as glass; even as we forge out into the open sea the swell is scarcely perceptible, and the invigorating salt breeze is extremely refreshing after the heat and dust of the city. We have but few passengers, but the majority, notwithstanding that the vessel barely oscillates, precipitately retire to their cabins as soon as we get away from the Heads. The rest of us lounge about the decks, occasionally interviewing the barman, the chief engineer, or the captain. I place the barman first, as somehow or other I became better acquainted with him than any of the other officials during our brief voyage. It would be superfluous to attempt to give in detail a description of the panorama unfolded by the coast line as we journey South. Most of our readers know it better than the writer, and its appearance is an oft-told tale. To my mind the great pleasure in travelling, however short the distance may be, is the fact that at least for a time all worry is left behind. There is a sense of absolute freedom from care if one has the happy faculty of living only in the present. When we leave port we leave our old enemy, worry, behind us; he may be waiting for us at the termination of the journey, but on the open sea his attacks are repelled by the laughing winds, and the sense of utter freedom which invades one's moral atmosphere absolutely precludes the idea of servitude to any person or thing. To my mind there is nothing more delightful than the *dolce far niente* one experiences on a beautiful night at sea; to me the great drawback was that the voyage was only too short—one little drop from the waters of Lethe, a few short hours of its soothing influence and the dream, like the sudden

disarrangement of a kaleidoscopic picture, is disturbed as we steam into Lyttelton harbour. It is early morning, and, to tell the truth, Lyttelton, taking it all round, is hardly the most interesting port in the world. On first appearance it gives one the impression of a miniature Wellington, with its shoes somewhat down at the heels, and in a state of chronic secdiness and *laissez faire* dissipation. There are the same tiresome hills, the usual array of second-class publichouses, a fair amount of wind, and plenty of dust. In my cursory and necessarily limited tour of observation, I may have libelled the good-City of Lyttelton, but I only give my impressions, and if they are objectionable I beg leave to apologize before any action is taken in the matter. Fortunately our stay here is very brief, as but a comparatively few minutes elapse before the train starts for Christchurch. One thing on this short railway journey is worth mentioning, and that is its almost interminable tunnel, which takes nearly five minutes to pass through. The train burrows right through the coast line, and emerges into the fertile flat country beyond, a beautiful plain on which the city is built. To give a sketch of Christchurch in this limited paper, and as a result of the few hours that I had at my disposal for observation, would be to attempt an impossible *tour de force*. I can only mention a few of the points that struck me. I was first impressed with the wide streets and plazas, the number of handsome buildings, and the vast expanse of the city. Nothing was cramped, and there was a general freedom of space, that seemed to give what our American cousins call "plenty of elbow room." The funny little motors and trams, too, attracted my attention as they passed by laden with excursionists. After a short stroll, during which I met a number of professional friends, and took a comprehensive glance at a portion of the beautiful city in which I found myself hunger began to make its claims heard, and I found myself, in company with my friends, seated in Coker's Hotel at breakfast, discussing plans as to the day's amusement. It was unanimously voted that, as I had to return that afternoon, the best project was a drive, and in pursuance of the idea, we soon found ourselves bowling along a series of roads that would have compared favourably with the Parisian boulevard. We first visited the gardens, and well may the Christchurch people be proud of them; I have seen nothing more beautiful South of the Line. The Avon river engaged our admiring attention, and furnished the one element necessary to complete the picturesque beauty of what is undoubtedly the prettiest city in the colonies. I was very sorry when the drive was over, although I relished the excellent dinner provided at the White Hart Hotel, and I was still more sorry when the time came to take my departure, as invitations flowed in from all sides, and I honestly believe that I could have stopped in Christchurch for a fortnight, so kindly was the hospitality evinced by my friends and those to whom I was introduced. We all went down to the boat together, and at last, with mutual good wishes, we steamed away. Back to mountainous Wellington, back to daily routine work, back to calls for "copy," and sarcastic requests that "those proofs be hurried up, as the forme is waiting;" but with a lingering recollection of the pleasurable outing, and the pleasant anticipation of another visit.

A Wellington Chinaman recently supplied a brother Chinkie up-country with £150 worth of goods. Immediately after the despatch of the consignment John effected a policy of insurance on the goods; and a few days' later the up-country Chinaman's shop and stock were reduced to a cinder. The Wellington Chinkie hurried off to the insurance office, with a welly broad grin, and a capacious bag in which to stow away the £150. But the insurance office repudiated liability on the ground that the policy of insurance had been effected on goods which did not belong to the insurer. That Chinkie smiles no more!

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