

You Don't Say So!

The three stages of the Talmage season—furore, fizzle, and frost—of a fraud.

The G.O.M. of Masterton, Mr. Alfred Renall, celebrated his 81st birthday the other day,

Nelson's new daily paper is to be called *The Nelson Evening Star*. Good luck to it.

Wellington's greatest want. The amalgamation of the Manawatu line with the Government line and cheap through rates for country produce.

Are Wellington people aware that living is quite fifteen per cent. cheaper all round in Auckland than here? Why should this be?

At a recent smoke concert in Wellington, at which the Devil's Own were very prominent, one toast stood on the menu thus—"The legal profession, the only honest profession in the world." Oh, Walker!

Will Valentine, the dairy expert, now sent Home, come out again? He was imported at great expense, did a lot of "talkee talkee" up and down the colony, and then suddenly disappears to London. Why is this?

A lady bicyclist, in trews', makes her regular appearance on the Quay on fine afternoons. She doesn't look elegant, as the Yankees would say. Love of notoriety has a lot to do with these wild women's eccentricities in dress.

The Eltham people who spread abroad the recent report of smallpox ought to be thoroughly well ashamed of themselves. They caused a scare in many a family circle and all over a miserable case of "grippe."

It is an ill wind that blows no one good. The doctors had a busy time of it re-vaccinating people who were frightened.

Is it true that John McKenzie is going to introduce a Bill making it compulsory for every leading article to be submitted to a Government censor to see if it be strictly of the "right colour?" John's ideas as to the Press are about on a par with those of the Russian Government as regards liberality.

One of the coming bores of the House—G. W. Russell, member for Riccarton. He was formerly a Wesleyan minister, and afterwards owned the Foxton paper. Now he's in the House, and alleged friend of Labour, and everlastingly on the stump. A milk and water Fish!

The poultry show was a big hit, but there's a good deal of grumbling at the way some of the prizes were allotted. When one exhibitor is on the Committee, and when the best prizes go to those classes in which it is well known beforehand that this exhibitor has the best birds, people make nasty remarks.

The detailed reports of the Sheath divorce case published by the Napier papers have disgusted several journals, who very properly cry "Shame!"

The funniest contrast in journalism is to be found in a daily paper published in Auckland, which, priding itself on its intense piety and respectability, nevertheless publishes a weekly supplement full of reports of dirty divorce suits and scandals ribbed, without acknowledgement, from the London papers. Consistency!

There are 147 lawyers in the English House of Commons. God help poor England!

What's the betting that Victoria does not "chuck" Protection at the next general election?

Outside the Criterion Theatre, Manners street: First 'Actor': "Sir, you're an educated pig." Second 'Actor': "Oh, why weren't you sent to College?"

Rolfe Boldrewood's new book is called "A Modern Buccaneer." It deals with life in the South Seas, and the hero is most palpably taken from the famous "Bully" Hayes.

Rolfe Boldrewood's real name is Browne. He is a police magistrate at Albury, New South Wales. "Robbery under Arms," the first of his books, remains the best.

The "jaynial Dwan" is taking a trip to England, Oireland, and the U-nited States. FAIR PLAY has broken many a lance with the "jaynial one," but all the same, we wish him a pleasant trip.

Mr. W. G. Jackson, the new editor of the *Weekly 'Erald'*, is a hot Single-Taxer and a thorough-going Radical. He will make things hum on the 'Erald, which, with all due respect to the departing Tummas, *did* want a little waking up.

The Citizens' Institute was formed for other purposes than for the members to listen to dreary disquisitions on Tennyson. Political and social problems should be discussed, and not poetry, however good.

One of the funniest "dawgs" about Wellington is Mr. Cook, of Cook and Gray. He looks as solemn, with his long form and long black coat, as a Methodist preacher on probation, but you should hear his little stories, "As my poor old father used to say."

What it will come to presently in Wellington:—Jane: "If you please, ma'am, as it's my night out, would you mind lending me your bicycle." Mistress: "Oh, certainly, Jane, take it by all means; and if you look in my wardrobe you'll find a pair of last season's knickerbockers as well."

"They manage these things better in England." An Ipswich (England) lawyer, named Frank Turner Hill, got hold of the money of a couple of his clients and applied it to his own use. He got five years penal servitude. Now, in New Zealand, down at Ch——, but we refrain.

At a certain Wellington suburban school the other day, a master, who is given to making long explanations in a very pompous style, was discoursing to a favourite pupil on the meaning of the word instinct. "Instinct, my boy, is a mysterious something which prompts a beast to some action, independent of any consideration on his part." Boy (quickly): "Our dog's got that, Sir, but we call it fleas."

A mild sensation was caused at a Wellington cheap restaurant the other night, when a foreigner (by his accent a German) frankly avowed himself an Anarchist. He was proceeding to express his high approval of the recent bomb throwing, when the proprietor "fired" him out. We wonder whether the fellow was talking seriously. It's not pleasant to think we've any Anarchists here.

Sala's journal has ceased publication. It was never much of a paper, a sort of Tit Bits, with a big dose of G.A.S., and its death need not be regretted. Sala gets, so it is said, £15 a week for two columns of gossip in London *Sunday Times*, and £800 a year for a daily leader for the London *Daily Telegraph*. His second wife is a sister of John Strange Winter (Mrs. Stannard), whose "Boote's Baby" is so well known.