

Onehunga Cemetery Bill. It was chucked out, as might have been expected, but wasn't that crankish production of the venerable Waterproof—beg pardon—McIntosh, the Riverton Harbour Board Bill. The Lords will do the dreadful deed, however, and the old man will soon be lamenting the wickedness of the Council.

Wellington chemist's assistant: "Are you going to discharge me, then?" Chemist, who is a bit of a dorg: "Well, I think we can dispense *without* you!"

Five days and ten hours from Liverpool to New York by the Cunarder Campania. That's the Atlantic record, and a darned good one, too!

If it hadn't been for the *Waipiro*, poor old Tawhaio might have lived ten years longer. Wine (rum) and women were his two weaknesses, and between them they killed the so-called "Maori King."

By the way, Tawhaio's father, Te Whero Whero, used to boast his descent from Hotohoni, who came over in the canoe Tainui, from the legendary Hawaiiiki some seventeen generations ago. A lie probably, but a picturesque mendacity.

Who's responsible for the shocking bad light given by the "electric" lights on the streets? The Corporation is getting very bad value for its money. Is the Company making an extra profit out of us?

Newspapers, as a rule, are allowed a certain amount of latitude when criticising hon. members, but a recent attack by the *Auckland Graphic* on Mr. P. J. O'Regan oversteps the bounds of decency altogether.

Lady Augusta Boyle, while waiting for a friend whom she had driven to a residence in Wadestown, kindly took some little children for a spin up and down the road. The favoured mites wear their Sunday best on week days now, and will not speak to their former acquaintances, who are too common, don't-yer-know!

An Auckland man went to a local police station the other day and said that he was Jack the Ripper, and that the police wanted to *poison* him. Most evidently mad. Why, were he Jack himself he would be worth £200 to the bobby who collared him. Poison him forsooth—he'd be worth more than that to catch alive, and then hang.

Hinfant O'Regan, it is said, only had nine years schooling in his life, and that under the tuition of the Rev. Father Holland, of Reefton. That holy gentleman says his pupil in his younger years gave many promises of a great career. Let us hope the Hinfant will not "go back" on the old man.

Talmage—Tal-mage. Mage (French) means ancient priest. Tal or Tel (also French) means resemblance. Here we have it. Tel-mage or Talmage, resembling an ancient priest. See? His utterances are only fit for the ancients. Modern people know too much.

The Minister of Labour would like to go, but Seddon says "No Go!" His colleagues mayn't like W. P. R., but they can't do without him. After all he is the one real good debater in the Ministry, and the holes he gets them out of are innumerable. They don't like him, but they can't spare him.

There were two little Taranaki street lads, nice boys, but given to slang, who were on their way to the Mount Cook school and spankings the other day. Billy: "You look as if you hadn't 'ad no sleep last night." "No more I aint," said Billy; "there's been such a clatter in the house, I've got a new baby brother, wot came from heaven last night." "Ave yer? Why, my little brother only went to heaven on Thursday?" Billy: "Ere (reflectively), wot price; it's the same kid?"

The Queen of Italy has had a narrow squeak for her life in the Alps, owing to a noble lord to whom she was attached falling dead of apoplexy. Apoplexy, by the way, is very liable to attack stout and middle-aged people who go too high up a mountain.

The Anti-Chinese Association has our sympathy, but at the next meeting Mr. John Walter ought to be muzzled. This gentleman said, "If he could get permission, he would lead a force of 100 men to shoot down every Chinese tradesman." Blather-skiting braggart!

Another Auckland woman seeks municipal honours. She runs a pub, and she thinks she can run the Town Council as well. Yateism is growing. When is it to break out in Wellington? Petherick told to "Be Quiet Do," by a lady Mayor, would be a sight worth witnessing.

Happy thought. Have a lady Mayor, hold the Council meetings on the Opera House stage, and admit the public at a bob a head to see fun. Proceeds to the Home for Lost Dogs or similar institutions. Money in it!

Why did the Government mislead the House when they introduced the Bank of New Zealand Bill? They made out they had only known of the affair a few days, and the Bank people had also been in a terrific hurry, whereas the London officials says the whole scheme was arranged six months ago, and there was no urgency is the Government made out.

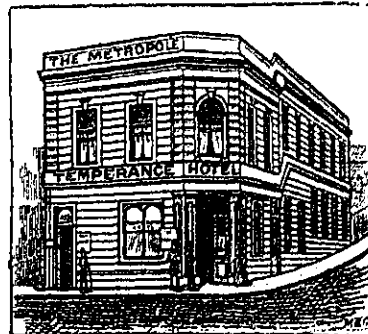
The Government ought to explain, but they won't, and after all they are right. Why trouble to explain an apparent misrepresentation, when their sheep-like majority do just as they are bidden, and haven't a soul to call their own. "Dumb dogs all" they are in this shameless business.

The other night He Hom Smith shouted out to the Government Whip, "Dont put a padlock on us." He Hom doesn't want a padlock; what he ought to have is a muzzle. He's becoming a perfect nuisance. "Tommy Rot from Taranaki," is what the *Hansard* men call his speeches.

Isn't it rather mean of Dr. Newman to retire from the Wellington Jockey Club, seeing that the Club spends a lot of money in his district, and in times gone by the racing men have stood staunchly by the little doctor at election times? But the doctor's playing to the goodly goodies now a-days. It is time the little man had a political rest. He's beginning to suffer from "swelled head."

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