

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

Fair Play

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL FOR SENSIBLE MEN AND WOMEN

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STRAIGHT TALK

Congratulations to the New Zealand Shipping Company upon the improved state of things that allows of a 4 per cent dividend being paid. It isn't much, it is true, but in the shipping trade nowadays competition is terribly severe and shareholders must be thankful for small mercies. We ought not to forget that the New Zealand Steam Shipping Company were the first to start direct steam communication with the Old Country and the company has done immense service to the colony in assisting the development of the frozen meat trade. How the late Jimmy Macandrew would stare if he could pop down from the Elysian Fields for a day or two, and see the fine big ocean liners which now trade between New Zealand and London. When he first talked of a direct steam service, people thought him mad. All the same the returns to shareholders in the N.Z.S.S. Company have been very poor and for some time they stood in danger of a complete collapse. However let's hope the tide has now completely turned and that success, big success, attends the company in the future.

Are not the daily papers some of them very foolish in always writing about the Maori "King" and leaving out the inverted commas which ought to precede and to follow the word "King." There is no Maori "King" nor has there been any such person. Tawhaio's Kingship was only recognised by a comparatively small section of the natives, and as for his successor he is even more than Tawhaio a bogus monarch. The Australian and English papers, seeing references in the New Zealand press to a Maori King—without the inverted commas—could not be blamed for assuming that such a monarch has extended and recognised rights and there are two monarchs in New Zealand. This is not so of course, for just as there could

not be two kings in Brentford so neither can there be two kings in this colony. King Richard of Kumara is the only genuine and recognised monarch, a cheery potentate when not crossed, but capable of great wrath when confronted by the disloyalty of an Earnshaw or a Smith.

Months ago when the Fox embroglio first got into the papers, we foretold that the gallant colonel would have 's knuckle under, and this has turned out to be the case. Frankly speaking we don't think much of the Colonel accepting a new billet—at a lower screw and with all his power and privileges docked—after having once taken up the independent attitude for which he gained sympathy and praise sometime back. We should have thought much better of the Colonel had he shown a more determined front to King Dick and have persevered in his resignation when he found he was being hampered and humbugged in the execution of his duty as Commandant. But £700 a year is not to be sneezed at in these times, and perhaps the Colonel knows best which side his bread is buttered. We shall always consider him, however, to be a bit of a "cocktail."

The lesson to be learnt by the British naval authorities out of the recent big fight between the Chinkios and the Japs is that swift steaming cruisers, armed with medium sized quick firing guns of long range, are much superior to the monster ironclads carrying 80 to 100-ton guns. The monster ships are evidently unwieldy and do far less harm to the foe than the smaller sized, but more easily managed vessels. There is a big discussion in the Home papers over the recent fight off the Yalu river and no wonder, for Great Britain has too many big ships and not enough of the smart cruiser class. John Bull will have to dig deep down into his capacious pockets again and find the requisite money for a fresh squadron of what are found to be the more suitable class of war vessel. John won't like it, but he will have to part, and look as cheerful over the operation as he can, despite a falling revenue and general hard times.

The election of Archdeacon Leonard Williams as Bishop of Waiapu is a gross scandal. The right man for the post was Archdeacon Hovell, of Napier, a broad-minded, earnest Churchman of the modern, tolerant and progressive stamp, whereas the new bishop, although personally a most estimable man, is quite out of touch with modern thought, a fossil of the fossils, and, what is more, allied to a monopolistic family, whose influence, political, commercial and social, in Hawke's Bay and the East Coast generally, is by no means conducive to the general welfare. The so-called election was, we hear, conducted in a most extraordinary manner, a host of Maori missionaries being rounded up to vote for Archdeacon Williams, and heads and noses counted beforehand, and the most improper influences used to prevent the election of Dean Hovell. Eventually, to save trouble, that gentleman withdrew his candidature, but there is great discontent amongst the great mass of the Anglicans in Hawke's Bay, and the accession of the archdeacon to the bishopric will tend to hamper the work of the church for some time. Many prominent laymen, we hear, have declared they will no longer contribute to the Diocesan Funds.

That the present state of what might be called the Jellicoe-Kettle case is a grave scandal may be seen by the recommendation of the A to L Committee, which is "That, within two months after Mr Jellicoe's return, notice should be served upon him to proceed with the said rule nisi (the rule to stay proceedings as to enforcement of fine imposed by Judge Kettle), and if no action be taken by him in pursuance of such notice that the Crown Solicitors be instructed to apply for the discharge of the said rule nisi, and that afterwards the fine be enforced." The committee further recommends that Judge Kettle's costs be paid. The committee, in its finding, states that it is derogatory to the Courts of Justice that a fine for contempt of court inflicted in 1891 should not have been enforced." And so say all of us!

It certainly seems a crying shame that Judge Kettle should have been responsible for his costs, as, in inflicting a fine upon Mr Jellicoe, he was only maintaining the dignity of his position as judge, and the honour of and public respect for the Court over which he presided. It would be interesting to know whether any political influence has been brought to bear in this case, and we trust that the recommendations of the committee will be carried out in their integrity. Surely it is only right that a Judge should maintain the dignity of his court and make it respected, no matter how high placed and how influential an offender may be. Had Mr Jellicoe been a poor man, and not a wealthy lawyer, it is probable he would have long ago had to pay the fine inflicted or had to submit to the consequences. Is there one law for a lawyer and another for a layman? It looks like it.

Naughty old men those Egyptian pashas who have been hauled over the coals for having bought Soudanese slave girls. Nominally slavery has been abolished in Egypt since the days of Ismail Pasha, but as a matter of fact, a brisk trade has been done in black ivory all along, and has been winked at in high places. Under the British control, however, a change came over this state of things and it says a good deal for Lord Cromer's decision of character and determination not to excuse the most highly placed offender that so big a man as Ali Cherif Pasha was brought to book. He has got out of the punishment, however, by getting himself reported "seriously ill." "Shaming Abraham" we should say is not unknown in Modern Egypt.

In passing sentence on Clarebut, the Napier horror, Judge Richmond said—"You do well to be silent. Had you burnt down half Napier or committed forgery for thousands of pounds you would not have committed a tithe of the injury you have inflicted on the community." The judge added that if the prisoner had been a younger man he would have ordered him to be flogged with the cat.

A Napier girl of tender years, who was recently examined by a medical man, was found to be suffering from a disease peculiar to Chinamen. The greed of middle-class parents in sending their children to get cheap fruit at Chinese shops must bring its own punishment.

The police throughout the colony ought to keep a watch on the young girls who frequent Chinese shops ostensibly to buy fruit and groceries. A sudden raid on the inner recesses of Chinese dens occasionally would reveal some strange, if not disgusting, scenes.

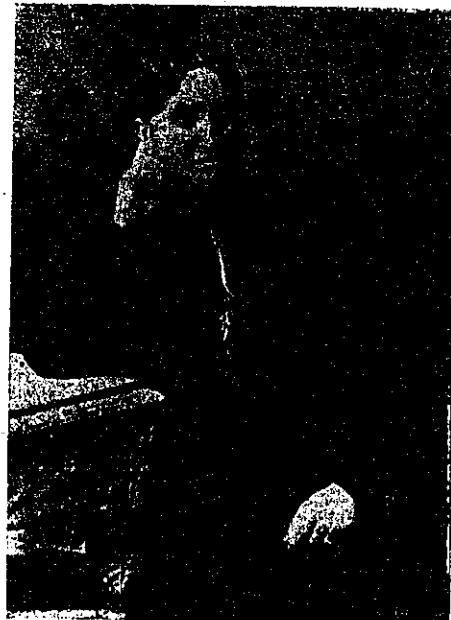
The annual income of the United Kingdom is about 1350 millions sterling. Of this total, 500 millions go as wages, 300 millions as rent and interest, the remaining 350 millions representing the wages of management of the capitalist, and other middle-class incomes. From this it will be seen that the actual workers get only as much for their work as is received by actual idlers in the shape of rent and interest, while the working classes form the great bulk of the population. The result is that while every adult worker gets about £35 annually, a small class of a million, all told, get about £1700 per adult, whether they work or not. Further, it is acknowledged that while the income of the working classes has improved they get a smaller proportion of the total income of the country than they did 50 years ago, the amount paid in rent and interest upon invested capital having increased so much faster than wages have risen.

The failure of Yee Kee, storekeeper, Napier, with liabilities amounting to £2,000, and assets valued at under £500, affords food for reflection. There are several wealthy Chinese importers in New Zealand, but none of these are hit, the liabilities being spread over the "Yewlopan" merchants of Napier, Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin. This failure explains how the Chinkey has been able to sell so much cheaper than the white traders—he has been selling evidently below cost price. The small shopkeepers of Napier are jubilant at this unexpected smash-up. Many of them have been in business for a long time and have paid thousands of pounds to the wholesale merchants, but if they wanted credit for a few pounds' worth of goods of late years they could not get it, while the Heathen Chinese has been assisted to the extent of many hundreds by individual firms.

The large amount of credit given by European wholesale firms in the colony to Chinamen who have lately gone broke, has caused considerable astonishment to "the trade." When talked to on the subject of supplying the Heathen with goods, to the injury of the white man, the wholesale sellers' excuse has been that the Chinkey was a cash buyer, and if he did not supply him another would. It now appears that the Heathen has not been a cash buyer at all, but has been getting credit to the extent of hundreds and thousands of pounds where a white man in the same way of business could not get "tick" for as many pence. The reason for this strange state of matters is probably this: the bagman and the merchant, having reasoned to ether, considered that the white man, with a wife and family to provide for, had no chance whatever when competing with a single-handed Cheap John, who could live on a little rice and the smell of an oiled rag. They therefore backed up the Yellow Agony with ample credit, and screwed up the white man till he had to file and go through the Court, and thus swell the ranks of unemployed.

The short sightedness and gross stupidity of the wholesale firms who back up Chinese storekeepers ought to be apparent to the meanest capacity. For as sure as the small shopkeepers are supplanted and replaced by the Chow, so in a very few years will the European wholesale firms be supplanted by wholesale Chinamen, and they will monopolise every business and avenue of trade in the colony.

Mrs. Yates, the Mayoress of Onehunga.



HER LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS.

(Kinsty, Photographer, Wellington.)

PARLIAMENTARY PICKINGS
AND PECKINGS.

[By JACK DAW.]



Mr. G. J. Smith, of Christchurch, is a great temperance chieftain, and may be looked for as a keen critic of the new Licensing Bill, whenever that measure comes up for discussion, which it will, I should say, sometime next year, but not before. Mr. Smith is a practised speaker, with a certain glib eloquence all his own, but his oratorical efforts savour of the Y.M.C.A. or a Methodist "class meeting," and I don't think he'll ever set the House on fire. Still, he's an immense improvement on the other Smith, the great "He Hem." There are times, however, when the galleries miss the rollicking fun of that immortal buffoon, "Sydenham Taylor." That venerable Silenus is alas! amongst us no more, but sometimes the galleries would prefer his whiskified wit to the pump-handle eloquence of his successor.



Mr. Bell is not making many friends in the House. He is too frigid a person, too eminently possessed of an idea, that he is infallible, and that none others save H. D. B. are genuine, too captiously critical upon trivial points, too absurdly super-sensitive as to any allusions being made to the political career of his paternal progenitor. Mr. Bell is voted a bore by many members, by others he is considered to be a much over-rated man, and by others (and these last are in the majority) he is adjudged a political nonentity. He

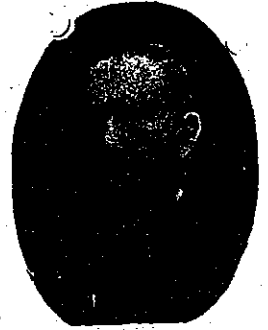
is only energetic when he is defending his friends, the money-lenders; he seems to have no thought of local grievances and local wants, and for all the practical good he does for the City he represents he might just as well be in Madagascar or the Corea.



The Newman, the only Newman, the doubly cherubic Newman, is exactly the same "small potatoes" he always was. He talks on every possible subject on every possible occasion, but what he talks about nobody seems either to know or care. A vain, dogmatic, egotistical little lump of humanity, looking, with his plump red cheeks, for all the world like a prize fat school boy. Occasionally he projects his cock-sparrow like perkiness into a debate, and chirps away to his own most apparent satisfaction, but when

"Newman's up" there is, I notice, a general stampede into the lobbies. A pitiful specimen of the politician he is, but he is the last person to be aware of the fact.

I like Mr Buchanan, most of us do up at the House. He is thoroughly genuine, thoroughly in earnest, and it is not his fault if he believes that the growing of mutton and wool is the *summum bonum* of existence, that noone who is not learned as to wethers and ewes, to dips and "daggings," can be worth consideration. A good old Tory, in more senses than one, is the Buchanan, a good and generous employer of labour, a man whose honesty and sincerity are unquestioned, a little narrow-minded, with a very limited horizon of political theory, but decidedly a good fellow. And, oh, what a contrast to the unspeakable Hogg.



For Hogg is really dreadful. He hardly ever gets up but he gives a whack with his very noisy bludgeon to Captain Russell, Mr. Buchanan and others who represent the pastoral interests of the Colony. Occasionally, very occasionally, he has faint glimmerings of common sense, and to give "Masterton" his due the way in which he champions the cause of the small settlers in the Forty Mile Bush is worthy of great praise. He knows the wants of these men, knows what frightful hardships are involved in the life of a small settler on bush land, and when he pleads so earnestly for better roads—"roads" he calls them in his broad Doric—one can see the honourable gentleman is speaking from his heart. If he would only display a like sincerity and moderation when discussing ordinary questions, Mr. Hogg would be more popular both with his fellow members and with the galleries, but at times he is positively insufferable. So long, however, as he remains the faithful and energetic champion of the bush settlers he has a safe seat for Masterton.



Mr. Samuel Carnell, the elect of Napier, is a photographer by profession. In Napier they call Mr. Carnell "Sammy." He is a good-hearted soul, thoroughly sincere and honest in his political views, although full of prejudice, and not a little narrow-minded. For some years "Sammy" was the great thorn in the side of Mr. J. D. Ormond—the great J. D. O.—who was so long the political dictator of Hawke's Bay, until Mr. W. C. Smith popped up from obscurity and wiped the great man out at Waipawa. Then J. D. O. came down to Napier and fought a succession of hard fights, notably those against the late Johnny Sheehan and that redoubtable "rag planter," Mr. Joseph Ivess. It was touch-and-go with Mr. Ormond on the last occasion, for he only won by a mere 50 votes or so. Mr. Ormond took the narrow shave so much to heart that at the next election he gave way to Mr. Swan, the jolly brever of the Hawke's Bay capital—George Henry they call him up there—and shortly afterwards found refuge in the Council, where he met a lot of other old fossils—familiar spirits—to whom matters of wool are as the breath of life, and whose loathing for the democracy amounts to something like positive horror. Meanwhile all this time, "Sammy" Carnell was pegging away at the "Tories," as he loves to call them, always to the front at election times, a cham-



pion heckler, a little eccentric but very genuine, very sincere. At last he reaped his reward, and by dint of the combined labour and temperance vote, and aided by the popular detestation of the "Corner Party," whose bitter enemy he had always been, he beat "George Henry," the "Corner Party's man" by over 130 votes. A great day for the Napier Liberals, and especially for "Sammy" Carnell. He may never set the harbour on fire as a politician, but he is a worthy little man for all that.



Mr. Thomas Duncan comes from Oamaru, politically called "Wummeroo," which he generally refers to as "the distrust ah coom from." He is generally talking about "Wummeroo" when he does talk, and that is not unfrequently, and on every possible occasion he backs up his bosom friend Jock McKenzie, whom honest Tom considers to be the personification of political wisdom, intellectual brilliancy, courtesy, geniality, modesty and all other virtues. This faith in "Jock" is positively pathetic. Some who don't know Mr. Duncan might take his

uncoothly-worded panegyrics of "Lans" as so much toadyism, but it is not. It is the outcome of a genuine admiration for the politician, and of a long personal friendship for the man. He's a rough diamond is Tom Duncan, but he's a genuine brilliant, not the paste article. He is a great disciple of good old Isaak Walton, and when the trout season is one you may find him sturdily trudging up to Waituimata on angling bent. And his creel is by no means empty when he returns.



Mr. Lang, a new member, sits for Waipa, a big Northern electorate. Although an Oppositionist, he treats the Government measures with great fairness when he does criticise them, which, however, is not often. Mr. Lang is a quiet-mannered, unobtrusive, gentlemanly man; nothing as an orator, or would-be orator, for which heaven—and Waipa—be thanked, but a man who sits quietly in his seat, studies the problems before the House with evident diligence and care, and votes honestly according to his best judgment. A few more members like Mr. Lang,

and the business would get through more speedily, and I fancy many better measures would be placed on the Statute Book.



What a contrast to Mr. Lang is Mr. E. M. Smith. Loquacious, ungrammatical, having no sense of the time for and fitness of his speeches, he is accepted as the buffoon of the House. He is, I believe, in private life a lamplighter, and, I have no doubt, a very worthy citizen of New Plymouth, a city mainly remarkable for the joint production of an utterly useless, yet frightfully expensive breakwater, and—He Hem Smith. New Plymouth is understood to be proud of both, but there's no accounting for tastes. Mr. Smith takes considerable interest in

what he calls the "hiron hindustry." It seems to me that it

would be better for the "hiron hindustry," for "He Hem" himself, and for the country as a whole were Mr. Smith relegated at the next election to that beautiful, though, no doubt, highly respectable obscurity from which he should never have emerged. Mr. Smith—but no, readers of FAIR PLAY have heard quite enough of our Parliamentary Joo Miller.



Mr. Collins, a gentleman chosen by Christchurch, the city of churches, the home of New Zealand Anglicanism, is, strangely enough, a great Agnostic. He never, however, obtrudes his opinions on religion in the House, possibly because he thinks he would be spoiling his "house" at his next lecture; but he is a great spouter, and has an amazing capacity for uttering the baldest of political platitudes, the most mediocre political wisdom, or alleged wisdom. Mr. Collins is essentially a talker; an orator he is not, nor is he a deep thinker. He has a certain glibness of speech, a few little practised tricks of oratory, but he adds but little information on the subject under discussion, and seems to me to be overlastingly repeating a lesson carefully worked up out of pamphlets, old leaders in Reynold's Newspapers, or similar organs of English democracy. And the worst of it is that he is so very dull, so very wearisome. Better have genial old Silenus "Sydonham" Taylor than Mr. Collins. Taylor was certainly amusing, if he were nothing else, whereas the sixty minutes of Mr. Collins act upon me like a black draught. Collins, however, is not a bad platform lecturer; he may improve as an M.H.R. Time will show.

Shift the camera round, and let us get back to shrewd common sense and commercial experience, in the person of Mr. Duthie. Here is a good, useful, sensible member for you. He rarely speaks unless he has something to say that is both pertinent and practical; he is, as a rule, though not always, most laudably brief, and on financial questions I take him to be, next to George Hutchison, the shrewdest and sharpest critic in the House. Mr. Duthie is a Scotsman, and, like many other Scotsmen, has carved out for himself a good position—both as to banking account and society—by dint of his own energy, industry, shrewdness, and honesty. Although reputedly well off as regards the things of this world, he has a keen regard for the poorer classes, and when any new Utopian cure-all for the suppressing of the laborers' troubles is put forward, and this now occurs about once a week, it finds in Mr. Duthie a gentleman who criticises it most unmercifully. He has a deep hatred of all shams, and if the so-called friends of the working man were as genuine in their regard for that much-talked of individual as is Mr. Duthie, it would be better for the House, for the Colony, and for the working man aforesaid. Compared with that prosy, priggish gentleman, Mr. Bell, and that amusing little fribble, Dr. Newman, Mr. Duthie is a perfect tower of strength of his party. Also, he is an excellent servant to the country. Would there were more like unto him in the House.





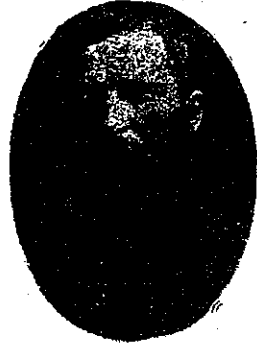
Mr. George Hutchison deserves a page to himself, so diversified are his talents, so various his phases, so peculiar his position in the House. Without doubt, in my mind at least, he is the cleverest man in the present Parliament. His political speeches, full of pointed hits, of biting satire, of scathing sarcasm, exhibiting a marvellous memory of political history, and an ever-present readiness to turn a fact or a speech to account—these speeches come from him with an ease, a suavity of manner which is quite his own. How deady they are may be seen by the hurried colloquies which go

on in the proximity of the Premier when "Patea is up." Mr. Hutchison is a very determined man. Twice did he stand for Egmont and once for Wanganui, but all in vain, and when he tackled the great Bryce for Waitotara, the good folks of Wanganui deemed him mad. But there was method in his madness. Up at Kerioi, a far away corner of the electorate, were a good 200 votes, and these did the wily George set himself to catch. Bryce, always an intensely self-satisfied man, laughed to scorn George's chances of success, but, behold, when the fight was over and the numbers were up, it was Bryce, the hero of Parihaka, the Bryce with the *mana*, the great Bryce, who was defeated. Later on, when the electorates were altered, it became Mr. Hutchison's fate to meet Robert the Bruce, of Rangitikei. Again he was under-rated by his opponent, again Mr. Hutchison scooped a big pool of working-men's votes—at Hunterville—and again he was successful. At this time he was the friend of Ballance, the adored of the Wanganui *Herald*, a stalwart champion of Liberalism. By and by he ratted, and the reasons therefor will, if ever they be published, make some very interesting reading. Now he stands almost alone. Both sides fear and distrust him, but perhaps his day may yet come, and he will be a Minister of the Crown. If ever such a day does arrive, the name of George Hutchison will be more than a by-word in the land for ability, for shrewdness of vision, for downright capacity and talent. At present, however, the day of triumph, which I fully believe Mr. Hutchison has now more than ever in his mind's eye, is still very far distant. But it is the unexpected that often happens in politics.



Good old "Willyum" Hutchison is still to the fore, full to the bung-hole with rabid Radicalism to which he gives vent in an oily, saponacious way, with just a relieving touch here and there of a pawky "wit." Time was when William was a great gun in Wellington, member for the City and Mayor, but by and by rose the People's George, and knocked out William in one round. And in time, too, George was knocked out. William has come to political life again. Will George likewise be resurrected? Hutchison *père* has little in common with Hutchison

filis, and it is amusing to watch the old gentleman, who is nothing if not a staunch Seddonite, listening gravely to his son George's cruel dissections and exposure of 'Seddonian shams.' William was once a journalist, and ran the *Wanganui Chronicle* many years ago. In those days young George, too, dabbled in journalism, but there was not enough money in it for the future member for Patea, so he took to the law. The law took to him and he made money—a thing not to be dreamt of in connection with journalism. Wise man "Patea!"



The member for Rangitikei, Mr. John Stevens, has been in the House before, and knows the run of the ropes political very well. Outside the House he is a mighty man amongst horses, and he is a smart, man and he will have to arise long before the rosy morn who gets the better of "Jack" Stevens in matters equine. He was once a partner with Colonel Gorton, in the firm of Stevens and Gorton, stock auctioneers, up the Coast, but sold out. He lives at Bulls, where he plays polo, rides to hounds, and has always a welcome and a whisky for a friend. He has made two or

three trips to India's coral strand with horses for army remount purposes, has amassed a huge knowledge of Anglo-Indian matters, also much Indian slang of a recondite character, and sundry stories, some of the smoking room kind, and vastly amusing. He calls lunch *tiffin*, and affects an enthusiastic delight in curry. He is a capital raconteur, one of the best judges of a horse in New Zealand, and a good fellow all round. Also he looks after his district and its wants very carefully and thoroughly, which is more than ever his predecessor, Robert the Bruce did, or, to do that gentleman credit, ever pretended to do.



Another Rangitikei man is Mr. J. G. Wilson, member for Foxton, who, like Mr. Stevens, lives at Bulls. He, too, is a great polo player, and a mighty Nimrod—after hares. Mr. Wilson is not given to speechifying, and, if he has a fault, is somewhat indolent, but he is an excellent country member, and is deservedly popular with men whose good opinion is worth having. He wears blue eyeglasses; votes straight on the Opposition side, and has a wife who has written some very exquisite verse.



A good deal of fun is poked at Mr. Willis, the member for Wanganui, and, to tell the truth, Archibald Duddington—Archie they call him up at Wanganui—is sometimes very amusing with the pathetic earnestness in which he dilates upon the rights and wrongs of his constituents. But he is very well-meaning, a very energetic and industrious and a very honest little man, and many of those who poke fun at him have not a tithe of his good qualities. In Wanganui, Mr. Willis is a bookseller and stationer, and has a fine lithographic plant,

turning out some capital work. Many years ago he was a partner in the Wanganui *Herald* with the late Mr. Ballance, of whom A. D. W. was always a firm supporter and a trusted friend. In Wanganui Mr. Willis is very much liked, and would be even more popular were it not for his habit of button-holing people and inflicting long speeches upon them. He's "as straight as they make 'em" both in public and private life.

"Some of the New South Wales footballers must have been picked up out of a Sydney push, judging by their conduct when travelling." So writes a correspondent who saw a good deal of them down South.

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What price Pinkerton as Minister of Labour?

They *do* say a certain "Guvmentouse" Johnny is mighty fond of the girls!

Ex-Governor Jervois, who now lives at Geelong, Victoria, was 73 on the 10th September.

Have you noticed how grey Seddon is getting? Too much work, Richard, my boy. Remember Ballance.

The Montague-Turner Company "burst up" at Dunedin, and the fragments have gone back to Sydney. New Zealand has been overdone with shows of late, and badly needs a rest.

Those "smarties" who bought heavy parcels of Colonial Bank shares, expecting the proposed amalgamation to be a "cert," must be biting their fingers just now.

"Jock" McKenzie is becoming perfectly unbearable. The way in which he makes coarse interjections when anyone dares to question his political infallibility, disgusts the people in the galleries.

There are some generous souls over in Sydney. On a recent Hospital Sunday in the city of "Our beautiful 'arbour," there were no less than 483 farthings in the collection boxes.

Walter Bentley talks of chucking up the stage and taking to the lecture platform altogether. No good "Wally" without a "rev." before your name.

Carbine's stud fee this year is 100 guineas, and he only is allowed ten "lydies" outside his owner's equine harem. We should like to own a dozen Carbines.

Some poor devil of a woman advertised a "bridal veil and wreath, never been worn," in an Auckland paper the other day. Blighted hopes!

What will the British Chancellor of the Exchequer do when Prohibition rules at Home? At present the brewing interest pays thirty millions sterling to the Exchequer.

Football is becoming a perfect nuisance in the dailies. One Wellington paper the other day had nine columns of reading matter, and out of these three dealt with "Our national game." Drat our national game! Give it a rest.

Who is to be the new Agent-General? They say that Reeves is clean out of it. Perhaps the curly-headed Sir Westby may be allowed to have another innings, after all. A good man; they can't better him much.

Queensland Government intends to put a stopper on the sweep business after the end of the year. After 1st January, 1895, no more letters for "Tattersalls" and other sweepists will be "registered, transmitted, or delivered." Where will George Adams go to? New Caledonia is suggested. The French have no scruples, and they'll welcome the big postage revenue.

It's all rot that we don't have properly organised sweeps in New Zealand. People will gamble in spite of all the laws and lawmakers in creation, and why should they let the money go out of the country?

Sir Robert Republican Stout has been lecturing to the

disciples of the Forward Movement on "Liberalism: True and False." He ought to be able to speak with some authority on "False" Liberalism, but with "True" Liberalism he has long ago fallen out. Stout's played his cards very badly of late.

Judging by present appearances, it won't be long before the Russians take a hand in the Corean game. When they do, look out for squalls.

How to solve the Chinese question in Wellington. Petition the Son of Heaven, or whatever they call the Potentate at Peking, to recall every Chinkee in the Colony for military services.

Since he was 21, "General" Booth, of "Harmy" fame, said to have delivered no less than 9000 sermons and addresses. A worse gaspipe than Fish!

A son of John Walter, of the London *Times*, is shortly to marry Miss Gore, eldest daughter of Mr. R. B. Gore, of Wellington.

The Sydney footballers were a very rough lot. Some very queer tales are told of their behaviour during the tour. At Auckland some of them were seen off as the boat left by some well known "lydies," of the Northern City.

Turner, the new Victorian Premier, is a solicitor. Sir James Patterson, the late Premier, was once a butcher at Castlemaine.

It looks as if the French intended to "grab" Madagascar. They have got to reckon with the Hovas, the most warlike tribe of Malagasy. Before it's all *Hova* a good many froggies will lose the number of their mess.

Practical encouragement of a Colonial industry. The *Southland Daily Times* is now printed on paper made at the Mataura Fall Mills. This is the first instance of Colonial made paper being regularly used for newspaper purposes.

If the New Zealand *Prohibitionist* does not take care the reverend editor may find himself in for a libel action. The Premier could have "jugged" more than one Prohibitionist lecturer for criminal libel long ere this, but he has treated 'em with contempt.

Archdeacon Leonard Williams, of Gisborne, has been elected to the vacant Bishopric of Waipu. He is a member of the great Williams family, of missionary and land-grabbing fame. Dean Hovell, of Napier, ought to have had the billet, but he is too Liberal in his political views, and, therefore, a *persona ingrata* with the East Coast "muttonocracy," the main backers of Anglicanism in that district.

Talking of bishops, it is considered to be long odds in favour of the Acting Primate, Bishop Cowie, of Auckland, being chosen Primate of New Zealand. Bishop Julius ought to be the man, but the Conservative element in the Church is against him.

When Talmage, the "Brooklyn Blatherskite," appeared in Adelaide, he was knocked kite high as a "draw" by a mere kid, Cyril Tyler, a wonderful boy soprano. The American rasped out his nasal nonsense to a few hundred, whilst the kid had the biggest theatre in the place crammed to the doors.

Mr. H. Pirani, an old journalist, and a much-respected Napier resident, passed away the other day, at the ripe old age of 71. For years he had been sub-editor of the *Hawke's Bay Herald*, and only retired from his post a few weeks ago owing to ill-health. He was a fine old fellow, with many an interesting story to tell of journalism in the earlier days on the West Coast of the South Island. Fred Pirani, the member for Palmerston North, is a son.

Mr. Varnham, for sometime business "boss" of the *Evening Press*, has joined Mr. Roydhouse in the *Wairarapa Standard*, the Greytown paper. The two ought to make things hum. Good luck to them.

The Pleiades, a warship not unlike the Rapid, is to succeed the old Curacao on the Australian station. The Curacao is thoroughly played out. Her engines are, we hear, in a perfectly awful state.

Russia means business with India. Her new railway to Pendjeh will be pushed on to Herat, which is historically known as "The Gate of India." Some day, and it may be very soon, there will be a bloody fight on the north-west frontier of India.

Heard at the Wellington Club. Jones: "Your wife's receptions are perfectly charming, Brown." Brown: "H—m. You ought to try one of the 4 a.m. kind she gives me after a quiet game at the Club."

Mrs. Lynn Lynton, who thirty years ago made such a hit with her "Girl of the Period" papers in the *Saturday Review*, strongly denounces the "New Woman" as a neurotic and immoral senseless creature, "as ignorant of needlework as a Hottentot."

The one mile bicycle championship of Australia was won by Kerr, of N.S.W., on 15th September; time, 2mins. 35secs. The 100 mile bicycle road race was won by Beeson in 6 hours 59secs.. Both good time.

Mr. Wm. Cargill, of the *Wairarapa Star*, the smartly written Masterton paper, has taken unto himself a better half. Mr. Cargill is an enterprising and popular gentleman, and we wish him heaps of happiness in his new venture.

Gem from Jones's play "The Bauble Shop" (to be played here by the B and B crowd): "A politician would sell his soul for his party, but does not care a brass farthing for his country." Very true of the New Zealand politician, as well as the English variety of the beast.

Our "bobbies" are cheap enough as compared with the "peelers" of the other Colonies. Police protection costs 2s. 7½d. per head here, whilst in Victoria the cost is 4s. 5½d., in New South Wales 5s. 2½d., and in Queensland as much as 7s. Colonel Hume is a darned good man, but isn't he a trifle too economical?

Mrs. Neill, of the Labour Department, and recently appointed official visitor to the Porirua Asylum, comes of an aristocratic Scotch family. She was at one time matron of one of the largest hospitals in Manchester, and is an exceptionally well-educated and well-informed woman. And a staunch democrat to boot!

Dr. Jessop, the well-known contributor to the *Nineteenth Century*, says that the Press has, to a very large extent, usurped the function of the pulpit. That's quite true of Wellington. Editor Gillon is everlastingly preaching. He ought to have been a Methodist parson.

Up to Date. Father: "Kitty, my dear, isn't it about time that all little girls were in bed?" Kitty Karori (aged seven): "I dare say it may be; but really, dad, I must be excused from giving an opinion; it's a subject in which I have so very little interest—I have no little girls myself!"

An English M.P. says that Tommy Atkins is clothed not for the enemy but for the British "slavey." He's not far wrong. With the staring red coat—a grand mark for a bullet—his absurd little cane, and ridiculous little hat cocked on an angle, Tommy Atkins is certainly a most absurd figure. When there's fighting to be done, however, he gets there all the same.

What it will come to in Wellington. How the match was lost (from the *Bulletin*). Billy the Stoucher: "Yer can take it from me, and that's straight, as ye're a bit of a crawler" She: "As 'ow?" Billy the Stoucher: "Yer went and barraoked for South, and yer knew I 'ad my bloomin' stuff on the Ports."

The Auckland herbalist, Beard, who gave a boy a heavy dose of tobacco juice injection, which killed the poor little beggar, has "gone up" for six months' imprisonment. Sorry for him, but the case ought to be a lesson to herbalists and other quacks to be more careful.

Dr. Gillon's many friends in Wellington were well pleased the other day when the news came that the operation undergone by the doctor in London had been successful. The doctor takes a trip to the Continent to pick up the latest surgical tips before returning.

They say that Bishop Cowie, of Auckland, is likely to be chosen Primate of New Zealand when the Anglican Synod meets. Cowie's a more tame-cat sort of parson. Bishop Julius is the man for the billet, but he's too broad-minded for the Anglican parsons. They want an amiable, neutral tinted sort of theologian, a dummy. Cowie exactly fills the bill; Julius doesn't.

Hearty congratulations to Charlie Mills over that Chomble business. The lawyers croaked, of course, but never mind them. Have a new trial, and give the man a fair show this time, which is more than a good many people think he got last time, anyhow.

Isn't Palmerston North having more than its fair share of fires lately? The rats up there must be wonderfully fond of chewing matches. Also, they understand how to spread kerosene rags about amongst a lot of heavily insured but trumphy stock. Rats with four legs, some of them, we should say.

The lady bicyclist still occasionally urges her iron steed madly along the Quay. Reach us down the office banjo—now listen to our music:—

Though the bloom at the present writing,
Is, as usual, on the rye,
It's the "Bloomers" in the bicycle girl
That catch the public eye.

Annie Besant, Smythe's new lecturing star, is an elderly lady who was at one time the wife of an Anglican parson. She got into trouble over a book published by herself and Charles Bradlaugh, in which the "increase of population" was dealt with in a somewhat outspoken manner. She has dabbled in anything and everything in the shape of a new religion for the past fifteen years, and is at present a Theosophist. She will probably end as a "vert" to Romanism.

The Queensland Legislative Assembly were four weeks in session without passing a single measure. So says an Australian paper, and seems to lament the fact. Well, for our part, we shouldn't grieve if our House sat for a whole year without adding a single measure to the Statute Book. Too many laws already; we want a rest. Shut up the Talking Shop for five years, and make Dick Seddon Emperor. We'd be none the worse off.

The dairy industry in New Zealand is becoming a bigger thing for the Colony each successive season. Four thousand tons of butter and cheese will, it is estimated, be the export of the West Coast of this island for this season. A fine industry for the small settler, but it means work, and heavy continuous work at that. By the way, what's become of that gilt-edged, copper-bottomed, A1 at Lloyd's, imported expert, the great Valentine? What's he doing in London for his £400 a year and exes?

ZEALANDIA FELIX:

Being a series of letters on Socialism and its relation to the Labour Problem, addressed to Tom Brown, a Wellington Workman.

[BY FABIAN BLACK.]

DEAR MR. BROWN,—If this country is to become Zealandia Felix (felix means happy) it will be owing to the exertions and intelligence of the people themselves. Where the form of government is autocratic, or even where the franchise is limited to a narrow class—as it was in England till 1832—the welfare, progress, and destiny of a nation may be determined by the master minds of heaven-inspired statesmen and rulers. But where Democracy rules, and everyone has voting power, the responsibility lies with the people themselves. The form of government is then “government by delegation.” The policy which is determined on, and carried out, is a reflex of the opinions of the majority. This was very forcibly impressed upon me some years ago when, criticising the opinions of the member of a certain district, a friend of mine remarked—

“They are not his opinions.”

“Then in the name of thunder,” I asked, “whose opinions are they?”

“The opinions of his constituents, my boy.”

I have often thought of this since, and tested it, and have found in innumerable cases a wide divergence between a man's private opinions and his public utterances. This clearly shows that New Zealanders are in a somewhat similar position to a man who is sick and has to diagnose his own case and prescribe a remedy. If he understands anything about physiology, and the construction of his own body, he may be able to regain good health; but, if he is ignorant of the subject, it is quite possible the means he adopts will make him worse. So it is with a Democratic community. It is almost impossible to carry out any policy which is not popular—i.e., approved of by the majority of the people—therefore it is absolutely necessary for them to understand a good deal about the construction and working of that vast organisation called society, or terrible blunders will be made. Every man and woman who votes should, therefore, apply themselves to the study of sociology, and endeavour to discover “Why, in spite of increase in productive power, do wages tend to a minimum which will give but a bare living?” This is a question which everyone who wishes to live a happy human life should keep constantly before them. It is partly answered when we remember the wealth produced is divided between the industrious and the idle; therefore, if the industrious do not get enough, it stands to reason that the idle must be getting too much.

Now, as I showed in my previous letters by diagram how the private ownership of the land economically determined the proportion in which wealth was divided, I wish to add a few arguments and explain the nature of “property” either in land or (money) capital, before leaving the subject. Mr. G. Bernard Shaw says:—

“The modern form of private property is simply a legal claim to take a share of the produce of the national industry year by year, without working for it. It refers to no special part or form of that produce, and in process of consumption cannot be distinguished from earnings, so that the majority of persons accustomed to call the commodities which form the income of the proprietor his private property, and, seeing no difference, them and the commodities which form the income of a worker, extend the term private property to the workers subsistence also, and can only conceive an attack on private property as an attempt to empower everybody to rob everybody else all round. But the income of a proprietor can be distinguished by the fact that he obtains it unconditionally and gratuitously by private right against the public weal, which is incompatible with the existence of consumers who do not produce.”

Now, let us take an illustration of what property really is. Suppose, for instance, I have earned, made, or obtained £50,000, and I intend to invest it in “property.” I buy the land on which rest the houses, shops, and factories—forming the side of a street in any of our towns. This brings me in an income of £2500 per annum. How do I derive this? Well, it is evident if I were left alone in possession of the land I would only obtain what my own labour would produce. But, fortunately for me, it happens that thousands of my fellow creatures have access to this land in order to live. So out of what they produce they are obliged to pay me a certain portion for allowing them to use it. Workmen and workwomen manufacture articles, shopkeepers and middle men, or business men, work hard trying to sell. The public (who to a great extent are practically the workers themselves) come and buy. Out of every article which is sold in any of the shops on my land, a part of the price paid for it goes into my pocket. Everyone who buys pays me a tax, which is collected in almost precisely similar manner to that of State imposed indirect taxation. The position of affairs is this: I, who am a non-producer, get a portion of what is produced by others. If the workman gets the full value of his labour, then the purchaser has to pay my share, and he does not get full value for his money. If the purchaser gets full value, then the shopkeeper or workmen are swindled. At the beginning of the year, though I am said to be in possession of an income of £2,500 a year, yet this wealth, or value, does not exist; it has first to be created by those who work. I feel perfectly confident in my “right.” I say—“I earned the money and paid for the land, and you surely would not want me to let people use my land without paying for it.” Let us look at it from another point of view. Suppose if, instead of buying land, I had gone to the Government and said—I have £50,000, which I will give you if you will pass a law empowering me to take a percentage of the value of every article manufactured or sold on the right hand side of Palmerston street; or if you will allow me to tax everyone who buys articles on that side of the street to the extent of 6d. in the pound on all they buy. The Government would simply laugh at me, and, when my proposal became known, the newspaper editors would denounce it as infamous, and say that no private individual should be allowed to tax the people. Yet where is the difference? In any case, the means by which I derive my income is by exercising the power of taxation. In the first instance, my privilege is economic, but even then it has to be supported by the State, who make laws to protect private property in land, and, by the sanction of the people, who probably like to be taxed, or don't know the true nature of the privilege. In the second, it would be the result of my being able to buy from the State the power to legally rob the people. Does it not seem unreasonably selfish on my part that I should want my money to earn money? When I earned the £50,000 did I not render some service to society, for which I was well paid? Ought I not to be contented with receiving the value of my work, without being a pensioner on society for the remainder of my life, and wanting to leave my children as pensioners on succeeding generations? If the fundamental moral right to property consists in having created it, the modern form of “property” is, as Proudhon called it, “robbery.” For it consists of the right to take what others create.

The Socialist takes up this position. He says to the rich—The money or riches you have accumulated are no doubt legally yours, society sanctions your right to them; go use them, enjoy them; we do not want them. We only say that you shall not use them to enslave your fellow creatures. Why should you monopolise all the privileges of producing and distributing. We are determined that where your powers enable you to say that production must be carried on for your profit or

not at all, then you must be restricted. It is not that we wish to rob you, but we intend to prevent you robbing us. It is not, however, against individuals that we war. It is against the system which admits of such iniquitous expropriations. The incongruity and absurdity of it has attracted the attention of many eminent thinkers. The late Archbishop Paley published a work on Moral Philosophy, and in his chapter on Property begins as follows:—

"If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn, and if (instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted, and no more) you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they get into a heap, reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and the refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps worst, pigeon of the flock, sitting around and looking on all the while, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about, and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy and hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon and tearing it to pieces; if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men. Among men you see ninety and nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one (this one, too, oftentimes the feeblest and worst of the whole set, a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool), getting nothing for themselves all the while but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their own industry produces; looking quietly on while they see the fruits of all their labour spent or spoiled; and if one of the number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him and hanging him for the theft."

Paley goes on to say:—

"There must be some very important advantages to account for an institution which, in the view of it given above, is so paradoxical and unnatural. The principal of these advantages are the following:—1. It increases the produce of the earth. 2. It preserves the produce of the earth to maturity. 3. It prevents contests. 4. It improves the conveniency of living."

He concludes thus:—

"Inequality of property, in the degree in which it exists in most countries of Europe, abstractedly considered, is an evil, but it is an evil which flows from those rules concerning the acquisition and disposal of property, by which men are incited to industry, and by which the object of their industry is rendered secure and valuable. If there be any greater inequality connected with this origin, it ought to be corrected."

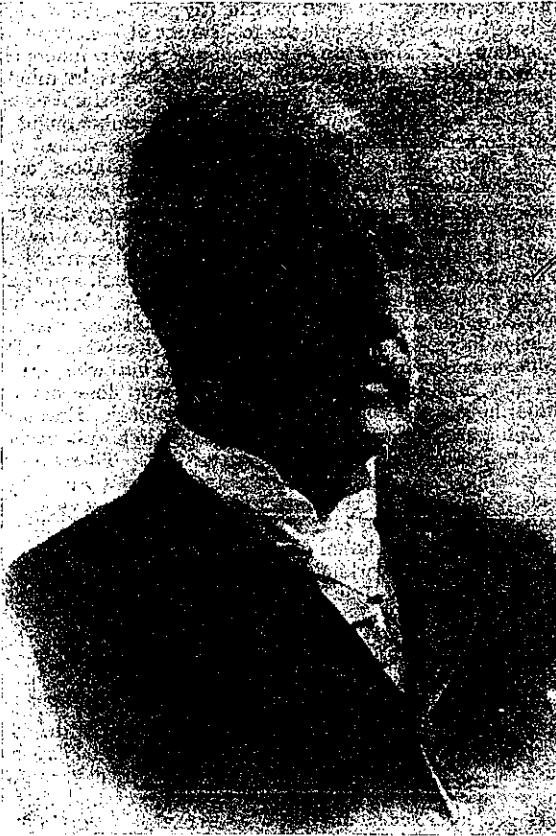
Tom, my boy, when you truly realise what the modern form of property is, what a revulsion of feelings and ideas you will have. Although you have not read many of the old economists' works, yet you have been muddled by their "old wage fund" theory. Though you instinctively rebelled against it, yet, somehow, you were in the habit of thinking that the landlord and the capitalist "gave employment," and you often felt alarmed when the orthodox editor asked you what you would do if these rich men took their wealth out of the country. Why, man alive, their wealth lies in their power of making you work. It is the labourer that supports the capitalist—not the capitalist who supports the labourer. He does it in two distinct ways—first as a producer, then as a consumer. In the early days of New Zealand, when the country was poor and undeveloped, what did the Government do to make it progress? They imported men and women. Take away those men now, and what value would property be? You have been inclined to look upon money as the generative point from which the industrial machine was set in motion. It is not. The starting point is in the desires and necessities of human beings. Under our present system, money is a necessary medium of exchange, which enables the people who have it to control industry to a very great extent, and to

say to the labourer "you shall work for my profit or not at all;" but that is only possible through the foolishness of society in allowing certain individuals to hold economic power, monopolising land and capital. When people come to their right mind, and recognise that society is nothing less than a natural co-operation which has grown up, in which every member ought to be allowed to perform a certain part, and no man or woman willing to work ought to be excluded, they will soon set about organising the industry of the people by the people, for the people, and though everyone will be able to enjoy the property they create, yet none will be allowed to use it as a means to tax away the property of their fellow-creatures. I have often heard it remarked that there is no poverty in New Zealand, and that the working man is the monarch of the situation. When he has expressed a desire for higher wages or constant employment he has been told how much better off he is than the English or European workman. All this may be true, but what the New Zealander has to do is to see that poverty does not come, and that he is not brought down to the level of the European or the Chinaman. For assuredly, if the social system is not humanised and altered it will come to that. Therefore, if we are apathetic, ignorant, and careless of social and political matters, we shall be certainly enslaved—and serve us right. Here is a warning that ought to be taken to heart. The City of London has a population of nearly 5,000,000 people. One in every 5 dies in the workhouse, hospital, or lunatic asylum. Of the labouring class, 1 in every 5 belongs to the "submerged tenth." Of the absolutely houseless wanderers, who, it is estimated, number 100,000 in Great Britain, nearly 50,000 belong to London. Forty-three thousand children go to the Board Schools every day without sufficient food. Taking a look at Uncle Sam, we find that out of a population of 65,000,000 people 31,000 men possess 50 per cent. of the wealth. There are in New York alone 15,000 children and 60,000 men and women without homes, wandering the streets by day and sleeping in them by night. There are thirty acres of land that have 17,000 people crowded on them, as many as fourteen people having been found sleeping in one bedroom. These sort of things, which indicate the effects of modern civilization, are enough to "make you careful," and as cause must always precede effect, it will be well for us to profit by the errors of old countries, and sweep away the causes of destitution ere the effects become too great for us to grapple with.

(To be continued).

An old lady, hailing from Haggisland, once caused much fun in the Dunedin R.M. Court. She was sued for a small account, and when judgment was given against her, she held up her hands in horror and declared that she was being imposed upon. "Whar's ma dochter?" she cried, and the "dochter," a bouncing lass of about three and twenty, rushed excitedly to her mother's assistance. Before leaving the Court she threatened to assault the plaintiff, who hastily retreated before her awful frown. "Eh, mercy!" she exclaimed on taking her departure, "it's easy seen we 'ro no in Scotland."

The horribly unavoury Clarebut cases were the great sensation of the month in Napier. John Clarebut, a heavy old man of sixty, the father and grandfather of numerous respectable descendants, was found guilty and sentenced to hard labour for seven years for criminally assaulting five or six young girls all between twelve and fourteen years of age. A singular feature of the case was the fact that while the prisoner was a poor, shabby-looking expressman, the girls, who wore in the habit of meeting him on different occasions, sometimes singly, and sometimes in couples, belonged to well-to-do people—not one of them being poor. By their own confession, they pestered the old man for money, frequently going to the express stand to get small sums from him. The greed for money was at the root of the whole vile business. Many people who know him are of opinion that Clarebut is a lunatic.



Sir James Hector, K.C.M.G.

Dr. James Hector, M.D., K.C.M.G., F.R.S., was born in Edinburgh, 16th March, 1834. His father, a lawyer and writer to the Signet, and of great repute as a conveyancer and reader of black letter deeds, used to translate and read old M.S. to Sir Walter Scott, on which were founded some of the Waverley romances. Dr. Hector was trained at Edinburgh Academy and High School until he reached his fourteenth year. He then entered his father's office for a short time, and afterwards was articled to Mr. James Watson, the eminent actuary, for three years; during which time he attended classes at the University and School of Arts. Having, at a very early age, shown a decided bent for chemical and natural history studies, of November, 1852, he matriculated at Edinburgh University as a student of medicine, which, at that time, afforded the only avenue to scientific study. Throughout his course he gave the largest share of his work to Natural Science, and particularly to Geology; and he acquired the personal friendship of many eminent men, and particularly of Professors Edward Forbes, Goodson, Balfour, and Gregory, under all of whom, at various times, he served as a private assistant. From the age of thirteen every successive holiday had been occupied in long walking excursions in the Highlands of Scotland, and also in England and Ireland, so that he very early acquired the spirit and endurance of an explorer, and the habits of a quick, accurate observer and careful collector. This led to his being always selected by Professor Balfour, although then only a student of the class, to give an account to the Botanical Society of the geological and physical features of the ground gone over in the course of the Saturday botanical excursions, for which the Balfour class was so famous. He thus acquired the position of a leader and

authority on geological matters among the students. There being at that date no separate Chair of Geology in the University, he attended the extra academic lectures on Mineralogy, Geology, and Palæontology of Macadam, Rose, and Page. After completing his medical studies and hospital attendance, he took his Degree of M.D. in 1856, passing both his examinations in one year, as his devotion to Natural History had prevented his spreading them over several years according to the usual practice. His graduation thesis was "The Antiquity of Man," being the same title as the well-known book written by Sir Ch. Lyell in 1863. For a short time after attaining his degree, Dr. Hector acted as one of Sir James Simpson's assistants; but in March, 1857, he was selected, on the recommendation of his University, by Sir Roderick Murchison, then Director-General of the Geological Survey of Great Britain, as Surgeon and Geologist, to accompany a Government expedition, to explore and report on that part of British North America lying west of Lake Superior. On this work he was engaged for four years, including a few months employed in preparing the voluminous reports which form a Parliamentary Blue Book, illustrated with maps and sections. The leader of the expedition was Captain Palliser, but the chief share of the scientific work fell on Dr. Hector. Besides the regular summer work, Dr. Hector made arduous winter journeys on foot with snow shoes and dogs, so as to thoroughly master the features of the country at all seasons of the year. On these journeys he was accompanied only by two of the men, and for months they slept every night in the snow, with the temperature sometimes 50deg. Fahr. below zero. Each winter season during the expedition Dr. Hector walked over 1200 miles in this fashion, living on pemmican and any chance game that might be caught or shot. During the early summer months the expedition traversed the open prairies, and autumn was devoted to the exploration of the Rocky Mountains. Dr. Hector discovered five different passes, ascertaining the altitudes, and surveying the features. One of these passes, named after an accident that nearly cost him his life, "Kicking Horse Pass," is that which has been chosen for the great transcontinental Canadian Railway, now almost completed. The extent of country traversed by the expedition was mapped by Dr. Hector, both topographically and geologically, and described in a Parliamentary Blue Book. A great part of that region, which was then untraced, except by Indians, is now settled, and traversed by roads and railways. The difficulties which beset its exploration have all disappeared, and elaborate surveys, made in comparative ease and comfort, and testify to the accuracy of the early work done by Dr. Hector, and to the justness of his deductions respecting the structure of the country and its availability for settlement. At the close of the expedition, before returning to England, he examined and reported on the coal mines of Vancouver Island, and made extensive journeys in order to acquaint himself with the goldfields of British Columbia and California, and with some of the mines of Northern Mexico. He returned by Panama and the West Indies; and on reaching England, besides giving official reports, he laid the results of his work in the various branches of research before the different Scientific Societies to which they were of interest. For the geographical discoveries effected by the expedition the gold medal of the Royal Geographical Society was awarded in 1861. He then obtained two offers of employment from Sir Roderick Murchison: one to undertake a mission as Political Agent and Geologist to Cashmere, with large emoluments in prospect; and the other as Geologist to the Provincial Government of Otago, in New Zealand. Guided by Sir Roderick's experience, he chose the latter as likely to afford the best field for making substantial advance in geological science. In three years he examined the whole of the Province, exploring the mountain regions and sounds of the West Coast under much exposure and privation. His work, as recorded in the reports and maps he submitted, embraced every branch of scientific research. In 1864, he was selected as commissioner to make a rapid tour of the Colony, and to report how its resources could best be displayed at an exhibition proposed to be held in Dunedin in the following year. Much of the brilliant success of that first New Zealand exhibition was admittedly due to the energy

and genius of Dr. Hector. At this time the Colonial Government (the Weld Ministry being in power) secured his services from the beginning of 1865 as Director of the Geological Survey for the whole Colony, and soon the country was rapidly traversed by himself and his small staff of assistants. His attention was not confined to geology, but to everything that bore on the development of the natural resources of the Colony. The annual reports, which have appeared regularly since 1866, teem with exact information on questions of practical utility. In 1868 he was instrumental in forming the New Zealand Institute, and for twenty-six years has performed, as a labour of love, the onerous work of its management, and the editing of the copious volumes of transactions which appear each year with unflinching regularity. His practical knowledge of the resources of the Colony may be judged of by a perusal of his evidence, given in 1870 before the Joint Committee of both Houses of Parliament on Colonial Industries, and by his voluminous reports and documents scattered through every volume of Parliamentary journals. In 1875 he visited England and the Continent; and in 1876 represented the Colony of New Zealand at the Centenary Exhibition at Philadelphia. He was also the Executive Commissioner at the Sydney and Melbourne Exhibitions in 1879-80, and again in 1888. One of the most condensed, but at the same time complete works, on the Colony, is the hand-book which he originally prepared for distribution at the Sydney Exhibition, but which has since passed through several editions as a separate publication. Dr. Hector's successes in educational matters, and especially in the organisation of higher education in the Colony, require mention, as they led to his being unanimously elected to the high position of Chancellor of the University in 1885, which he still holds. In 1857, Dr. Hector was elected a Fellow of the Royal Physical Society; in 1860, Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of the Geological Society of London, and of the Royal Geographical Society; in 1866, a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, Fellow of the Linnæan Society, of the Zoological Society, and of the Statistical and Mineralogical Societies of London. He is also a member of many learned Societies on the Continent, in America, and in Australia. In 1874, by permission, he received the Order of the Golden Cross from the Emperor of Germany. In 1875, while in London, the Secretary for the Colonies procured him the Order of C.M.G. in recognition of his services in America; and the Geological Society elected him Lyell Medallist for that year for his distinguished position as a geologist. In 1886, he was created Knight Commander by Her Majesty; in 1892, was awarded the Founder's Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society of London.

Max O'Rell says, in his book on Australia, that John Bull got possession of these Colonies by no expenditure of blood but by a plentiful supply of whisky. This is a great mistake. The early missionaries and whalers won over the Natives by filling them up with rum, and fiery, poisonous rum, at that. Twenty years ago there was very little whisky drunk in the Colonies. It was all rum, brandy, and "square face"—all three of equally villainous quality.

Travellers are growling a good deal over the very noticeable falling off in the "tucker" on the Union boats. But the fares have fallen, too, though not on the coastal trips. What nonsense it is that one pays the same to go to Napier at ordinary times as we can go to Sydney for—when the Huddart, Parker boat is jiggling. Wanted!—more competition in the interprovincial as well as the intercolonial trade.

The Hawke's Bay sheep-farmers are a mean lot. Simply because Russell was nearly defeated at the last election, and because Liberals sit for Napier and Waipawa, they intend to spite the working man by only employing Maoris to do their shearing. So at least the story goes.



The Wellington Racing Club.

"Hory" Lyon and "Jack" Maginnity, as they are familiarly known, are the secretary and treasurer respectively of the Wellington Racing Club. They are depicted intently eyeing a cheque. It is necessary to make this explanation lest the reader should imagine their gaze is fixed on one of those missing acceptances. Mr. Lyon has been in secretarial harness for fifteen years, and Mr. Maginnity has "done five years hard" as treasurer. The Club's stakes have increased from £1100 in 1880 to £4035 in the present season of 1894-95. Wellington is a long way behind the other three big cities, Christchurch topping the list with £11,800. During the last four years the Wellington Club has spent £7000 on improving the course.

It has been said that "it is a good man who can't stand a little pushing," which can be truthfully applied to our politicians. The great art of statesmanship is "giving way at the right moment," which is generally when he can not hold out any longer. As long as our Trade Unionists are satisfied with Compulsory Arbitration Acts, Land for Settlement Bills, and other reactionary measures, which raise up a numerous class of small landed proprietors, whose natural instincts will operate against the liberties of the town proletariat, the Government will not feed them on anything else. Remember—"That it is better to be preyed on by one grand foudal vulture, than to be pecked to death by a multitude of sparrow hawks."

Frederick Dennet, arrested in connection with the recent post office burglary at Hastings, is well connected in the district, and his arrest caused considerable surprise, as it was generally believed that some members of the bad element from Sydney were the guilty ones.



TENDERS FOR INLAND MAIL SERVICES FOR 1895 AND 1896.

General Post Office,
Wellington, 29th August, 1894.

SEALÉD TENDERS will be received at the Chief Post Office, Wellington, until **MONDAY**, the 8th October, 1894, for the Conveyance of Mails between the under-mentioned places for a period of Two Years, from the 1st January, 1895, to the 31st December, 1896.

POSTAL DISTRICT OF WELLINGTON.

1. Ashurst, Pohangina, and Pohangina Township, thrice weekly.
2. Bull's and Sanson, twice daily.
3. Carswell's, Blairlogie, Kohiwhai, Beaumaris, Riversdale, Eparima, Wairoanga, Waikaraka, Fernglen, and Homewood, twice weekly.
4. Carterton and Gladstone, thrice weekly.
5. Carterton and Waihakeke, twice weekly.
6. Carterton Post Office and Railway Station, as required.
7. Colyton and Wanganui Harbour Board Block, via Aritiki School, Finnis's Road, and Taonui Road, thrice weekly.
8. Eketahuna, Tawataia, Pleckville, and Alfredton, thrice weekly.
9. Eketahuna, Newman, Tutaekara, Pahiatua, and Woodville, daily.
10. Featherston, Te Maire Gate, and Walker's Gate (Kahautara), twice weekly.
11. Featherston, Tauherinikau, Te Maire Gate, and Walker's Gate (Kahautara), thrice weekly (alternative).
12. Featherston and Tauherinikau, thrice weekly.
13. Featherston, Kaiwairi, and Martinborough, daily.
14. Martinborough, Wangaimoana, Kaiwairi, and Featherston, twice weekly.
15. Feilding and Awahuri, daily.
16. Feilding, Awahuri, and Campbelltown daily (alternative).
17. Feilding, Makiu, Cunningham's, and Waituna West, thrice weekly.
18. Feilding, Makino, Cunningham's, and Waituna West, daily (alternative).
19. Feilding, Cheltenham, Kiwitea, and Fowler's, daily.
20. Feilding and Colyton, daily.
21. Fowler's and Apiti, twice weekly.
22. Fowler's and Apiti, thrice weekly (alternative).
23. Fowler's and Pemberton, thrice weekly.
24. Fowler's, Pemberton, and Rangiwahia, thrice weekly (alternative).
25. Foxton and Kereru, daily.
26. Greytown North and Railway Station, as required.
27. Greytown North, Morrison's Bush, and Martinborough, daily.
28. Halcombe and Stanway, daily.
29. Homewood, Flat Point, and Glenburn, twice weekly.
30. Hutt Railway Station and Post Office, Taia, twice daily.
31. Johnsonville and Obariu, twice weekly.
32. Karori and Makara, twice weekly.
33. Martinborough, Whakapou, Waipawa, Tora, Te Awaite, White Rock, and Stoney Creek, weekly.
34. Martinborough, Ngakonui, Big Flat, Sutherland's Bush Gully, Kai Kuri, Glendreyneach, Glen Dhu, and Lower Pahaua, weekly.
35. Makuri and Coonor, weekly.
36. Mangahao and Nikau, twice weekly.
37. Masterton and Glendonald, twice weekly.
38. Masterton, Taueru, and Brancepeth, weekly.
39. Masterton and Kuripini, daily.
40. Masterton and Railway Station, as required.
41. Masterton, Taueru, Tenui, and Whakataki, twice weekly.
42. Otaki and Railway Station, as required.
43. Paremata and Pahautanui, daily.
44. Pahiatua and Eketahuna, daily.
45. Pahiatua and Eketahuna, twice daily (alternative).
46. Pahiatua, Mangahao, and Ballance, twice weekly.
47. Pahiatua, Mangahao, and Ballance, thrice weekly (alternative).
48. Pahiatua and Makuri, thrice weekly.
49. Pahiatua and Makuri, daily (alternative).
50. Pahiatua and Woodville Railway Station, daily (one way only).
51. Pahiatua and Woodville, four times daily (alternative).
52. Pahiatua and Kaitawa, thrice weekly.
53. Pemberton and Rangiwahia, thrice weekly.
54. Palmerston North Post Office and Railway Station, as required.
55. Sanson, Campbelltown, Mahi, Carnarvon, Parawanui, Scott's Ferry, and return to Bull's, daily.
56. Sanson, Mahi, Carnarvon, Parawanui, Scott's Ferry, and return to Bull's, daily (alternative).
57. Shannon and Moutoa, twice weekly.
58. Waikanae and Reikorangi, thrice weekly.
59. Waituna West and Pakihikura, weekly.
60. Wellington and Karori, twice daily.
61. Wellington Post Office, Wharves, and Railway Stations; clearing branch post offices and receivers; also delivery of Letter carriers' bags to various parts of town, as required.
62. Woodville Post Office and Railway Station, as required.

63. Woodville and Pahiatua, twice daily.
64. Whakataki and Herbertville, weekly.
65. Wakataki and Castlepoint, twice weekly.

The attention of intending tenderers is directed to the terms and conditions of contract printed at the back of the tender forms.

Contractors whose tenders may be accepted must be prepared to carry out the services for which they tender according to time-tables framed by the department.

Forms of tender, with the terms and conditions of contract, may be procured at any post office.

No tender will be considered unless made on the printed form.

Tenders, indorsed "Tender for Mail Service, No. _____," to be addressed to the Chief Postmaster of the postal district to which the tender may specially refer.

W. GRAY,
Secretary.

RED STAR STORE.

.....

TAYTON & ERSKINE,

11 COURTENAY PLACE,
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WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS,

BOTTLERS OF

DUNEDIN ALE AND STOUT,
Red Star and Bullhead Brand.

Best Brands of

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL
WINES AND SPIRITS

11 Courtenay Place
RED STAR STORE.

Kaiwhaka Tobacco Stores
WANGANUI.

R. H. WITT = Proprietor

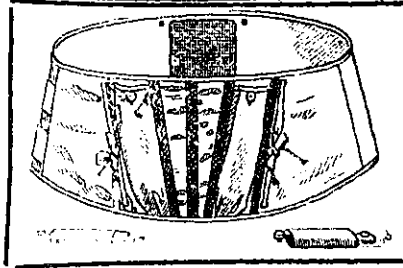
A 1 Tobacco of all descriptions.
Cigars of the Finest Brands in the
Market.

The Pononga Electric Belt.

PATENTED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

The Blood is the Life, but Electricity is the Life of the Blood, the source of Life, and is the steam in the human engine which keeps it going, permeating all nature, having within it the power to kill or cure.

ELECTRICITY acts immediately upon the Blood, Nerves, and Tissues, promoting circulation, stimulating organic action, renewing vital energy and assisting digestion. It is the Best, Safest, and Most Effectual Remedy for Spinal Complaints, Incipient Consumption, Diarrhoea, Pleurisy, Asthma, Bronchitis, Epilepsy, Lumbago, Debility, Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Loss of Vigor, Dropsy, Paralysis,



Loss of Voice, Hysteria, Cutaneous Diseases, Nervousness, Indigestion, Palpitation, Constipation, &c., &c.

THE PONONGA ELECTRIC BELT is the only Belt at present in existence which generates and supplies to the body a Constant Galvanic Current; it gives 200 milliamperes, which is generated by means of two patented dry batteries.

Wellington, June 4th, 1894.

I have found very great benefit from the use of your Pononga Electric Belt. I used to have great pains in my back but since wearing the Belt they have quite disappeared, and I feel quite a different being, and would gladly recommend it to any one.—Yours truly,

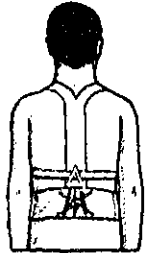
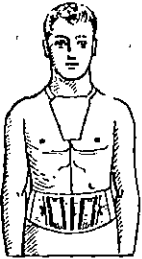
Broomhedge Street, Newtown, August 15, 1894.

I have much pleasure in informing you that I have received decided benefit from the use of your Pononga Electric Belt. I have worn your belt for about eight weeks, and can say that from the first day I have been relieved from Chronic Indigestion and Constipation, and I feel a general bracing up of the system. I am, perhaps, the more able to add my testimony in this direction, as I have tried some of the principal electric belts without obtaining any benefit, and had almost given up hope of relief when I heard of your belt. I am thankful to say I bought one, and would recommend it to anyone.—Yours truly,

Hutt, August 29, 1894.

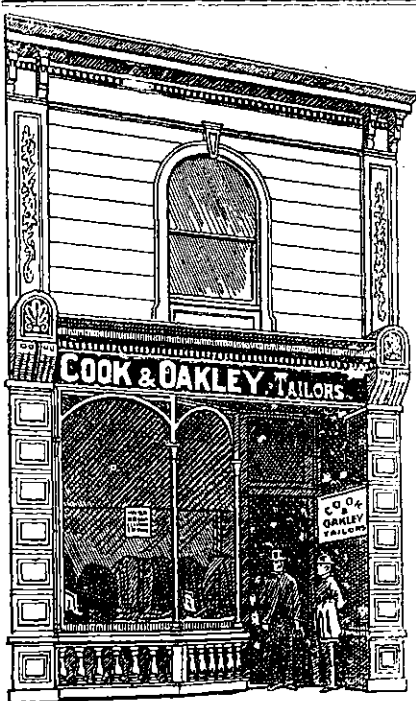
I have much pleasure in adding my share of testimony to the advantages attending the use of the Pononga Electric Belt. Being troubled with a partial breakdown of the nervous system, I tried the Belt, which thus seemed to assist Nature's efforts in the recuperation of the body, both mentally and physically. Made what use you please of this statement.—Yours, &c.,

W. BISHOP.



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THE PONONGA ELECTRIC COMPANY, 16 ELLICE STREET, WELLINGTON.

Medical Electric Appliances designed, constructed, and repaired on the premises by thorough practical electricians.



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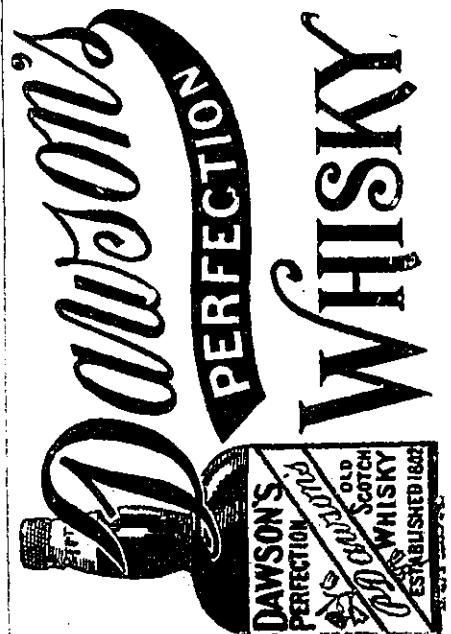
LAMBTON QUAY NORTH,

WELLINGTON,

NEAR GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

Motto:

"CHEAPEST OF THE BEST."





MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I sincerely hope you are all well, and not suffering from colds, toothache, and, above all, I hope none of you have got the influenza. If you have it is not to be wondered at very much, is it? for the weather is very favourable to such complaints just now. But we must be patient, and next month I hope we may look for some nice sunny spring days.

"But they are a long time coming, Aunt Dinah," grumbles

a member.

Yes, my dear, it does seem a long time, but when we see the trees bursting into leaf, and all Nature wearing her best green dress, it recompenses us a little for having to stay indoors, does it not? And, besides this, I hope this soft spring rain is helping into bloom the flowers which I know many of you are going to send to the Hospitals, Children's Homes, etc. While speaking of this, I would like to suggest to those of our members, who live too far away to send fresh flowers to these institutions, that they might send bunches of everlasting flowers. These are very pretty, and last so long.

I wonder how you are getting along with your work for our next competition? I hope you have all runnaged among your old toys, and you girls have found dolls with broken arms and legs, prams with handles off, cradles which want draping, etc., etc., all of which you are busily engaged making look as near like new as it is possible to make them. And, you boys, I hope are going to make up for your indolence last month, and set to work, making old wooden horses look like living ones, putting wheels on carts, which were minus, painting up engines, trucks, in fact touching up anything which has given you pleasure, and which you may feel sure will give other children pleasure.

"But, Aunt Dinah, why should we work for children we don't know," says one little girl, who has not thought very deeply over the matter.

Because, little fellow-guilder, it is our *duty* to think of

those who are sick and weary, and those who have little joy in their lives; and not only to *think* of them but to *do* something for them—if it lies in your power—to shorten and brighten up the long weary hours of the sick, and bring sunshine into the lives of those who have known but little of it. And it is for this purpose we have started our Guild. Our motto, "We sympathise," must not be a dead sentiment, but a living, real thing, stimulating us into action.

"Goodness, Aunt Dinah, you are giving us a lecture," did I hear a member say?

No, fellow-guilder, not a lecture, only a short explanation of the aims of our Guild, and, speaking on this subject, I hope all our members will *work* for the honour of the Guild, and not think they have done all that they need to when they have sent in their coupon, and received their card of membership. Let me impress this fact upon your minds—I expect each girl and boy to *do* something for the Guild, and, also, that each member must do his or her best to induce others to join.

I trust our winning members have received their prizes in safety, also that they are pleased with them.

I must now draw to a close, hoping you will *all* try to do *something*, however little it may be, and that you will endeavour to send in all articles before or by the 25th October.

With love and good wishes from

Aunt Dinah

Cut out this coupon and send to "Aunt Dinah," FAIR PLAY Office, 6 Custom House Quay, Wellington.

COUPON.

I wish to become a member of the LITTLE FAIR PLAYERS GUILD.

Name.....

Address.....

Age.....

Date.....

Special Notice

When you have read this Copy of FAIR

PLAY, pass it on to your Friends.

Wellington Guards' Officers.



(Kinsey, Photo.)

LIEUT. E. W. PORRITT, CAPTAIN PATERSON (Commanding Company), LIEUT. J DUTHIE, SURGEON CAHILL.

The Wellington Guards is a popular volunteer corps, and one that has been kept to a high standard of efficiency since its foundation. In its officers it has always been fortunate. The present staff fully maintain the traditions of the corps. Dr. Cahill in the outcome of the Shelly Bay disaster showed the value of his surgical skill and his unremitting care. Captain Paterson is a skilled hand from the Old Country. He first joined the Midlothian Coast Artillery in 1875, and in 1885 he obtained his captain's certificate at Wellington Barracks, London, being then an officer of the 5th Highland Company of the famous Queen's Brigade, the "Black Rifles" of Edinburgh. Lieut. Porritt has been longest in the Guards, and is a great

favourite, being well informed in drill and having an excellent word of command. Lieut. Duthie is a very promising officer lately joined, who received special commendation from the Examining Board Both lieutenants hold captain's certificates.

PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

BY

McKEE & GAMBIE,

Wellington.

Fair Play

AN UNPREJUDICED MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

"FAIR PLAY IS A JEWEL."

PROPRIETORS :

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NEW ZEALAND PRESS AGENCY, WELLINGTON.

The SUBSCRIPTION to FAIR PLAY, sent post free to any part of New Zealand, is 6s. 6d. per annum.

THE EDITOR invites contributions in the form of political and social articles, paragraphs, sketches, verse, and newspaper clippings.

Alterations of standing advertisements must be sent in not later than the 26th of each month.

P.O. Box 240.

Telephone 709.

Fair Play

WELLINGTON, OCTOBER 1, 1894.

The Chinkey Invasion.

New Zealanders will soon have to give a most emphatic and distinct pronouncement as to whether their country is to be for the White Man or the Asiatic. The fact of the influx of Chinese and the evils arising from it having been of an insidious and gradual growth accounts for the absence of any strong manifestation of public feeling. The danger is not yet fully realised, and the effects have been confined to that class of small shopkeepers and distributors whose inorganised and isolated condition deters them from making appeals of any power, publicly or politically. The want of sympathy which has hitherto existed between that class and the Trade Unionists has not made any combined action possible; and, unfortunately, as long as the Chinaman confined himself to fruit-selling and cabbage-growing, the Trade Unionist treated him with good-humoured apathy and tolerance. But the advent of the Chinese into the industrial, or rather mechanical, sphere has placed the matter in a new light, and the recent meeting at the Wellington Skating Rink witnessed the union of forces which can bring about a speedy settlement of the difficulty. The proposal to starve them out by a system of universal boycott does not appear commendable, from its impracticability to ensure regular abstinence on the part of purchasers, and from the strength of prejudice or racial hatred which must be generated ere it could have effect. Tolerance of all kind, good feeling towards all sects, nations and classes have hitherto been New Zealanders' brightest characteristics, and it would be a pity to take any course which would endanger this quality. No one wants to injure the Chinese—it is merely a question of how to prevent them injuring us. Those who are already in the Colony will probably have to stop till they die out or return to the Flowery Land. But there is nothing to prevent drastic restrictive legislation to stop any further influx. The poll-tax should certainly be increased to £100, and special rates levied on property owners who let them houses or shops. From some landlords' point of view the Chinese are desirable tenants, as they rarely want any repairs done, and pay their rents regularly—but their presence deteriorates the value of adjoining property. To compete successfully with any inferior race, whose standard of living is lower than ours, it is absolutely necessary to come down to their level, which, on either moral or economic

grounds, is most undesirable and ruinous. The danger which attends the proximity of any lower developed type of humanity, which cannot be absorbed into a stream of national life, cannot be over-estimated. The risk of our rising generation being contaminated with the peculiar vices of the Chinese is very great. This is considerably intensified through the absence of Chinese women. The Chinaman is, after all, a human being, and it is unreasonable to expect his sexual instincts to be any less, or under greater control, than the Europeans, which points directly to contingencies of a most alarming character, and affords opportunities for allowing fallen womanhood to sound the lowest level of debasement and degradation. The evil must be nipped in the bud. If the question is dallied with the magnitude of the resulting evils will induce some act of lawlessness or rioting which might provoke undesirable complications. It must certainly occupy a prominent position in the programme for next Session, and the Trade Unionists and shopkeepers will have neglected their duty if their representatives have not been instructed to carry their wishes into effect. If we wish to see national life poisoned at its very source by the demoralising influences of a soul-destroying competition, coupled with the contamination arising from social intercourse and daily contact with a people whose moral stagnation has been, for ages past, their chief characteristic, then—let us take it easy. But, if we really have any patriotic feeling it is incumbent on us to preserve this fair young country for ourselves, and for our children.

Journalistic Bunkum.

The proposed Bank amalgamation afforded magnificent opportunity for the exhibition of editorial infallibility, which was "worked for all it was worth." The privilege of "looking wise" and "singing wondrous small"—which so often carries oracular mediocrities through a tight place—being denied to those compelled to express themselves in print; and brevity on so important a subject as finance being *infra dig*, and open to the suspicion of ignorance, the subject was tackled with an energy and skill calculated to rouse the envy of *Investors'-Review*-Wilson. The prolix emanations of financial jargon and obscurity, however satisfactory to the editorial mind and to the wire-pullers who inspired them, failed to enlighten the public as to how the scheme would affect the welfare of the country, or to acquaint them as to what increased responsibility would be involved. It is, however, generally felt that the Press are totally absolved of any attempt at deception, and the futility of expecting any clearer light on the subject from that source thoroughly recognised. A feeling of apprehension and alarm respecting the ultimate results of an operation so important and intricate arose; not so much from any distrust of either contracting party, as from inability of the public to grasp the subject in all its details, and the knowledge that their chosen representatives are, with few exceptions, in a somewhat similar position. That the necessity for the recent Bank legislation must have been known and arranged for by the whole, or a section of the Cabinet long before it was burst upon the country, is now an established fact, which accounts for the strenuous efforts made by the Government to obtain the return of certain members whose sole qualifications now seem to have been their blind adherence to party and ignorance of finance. These impressions, co-relating with the expressed desire of the Bank experts to obtain release from the *Globo Assets Company*, and considered in connection with the anxiety displayed and pressure used to push the Land for Settlement Bill through, is at once significant and ominous. The extraordinary favour with which the Capitalistic Press regarded the scheme; and the marked care taken to point out that the "ultimate responsibility for the Estates Company must rest with the Colony," offered confirmation of the worst suspicions. Considerable uneasiness was felt throughout the colony respecting the proposed transaction, and the acclamation with which the House received the news of its being "off" for this session, adequately expressed the sense of relief the intimation afforded the general public.

Topics of The Day.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

The Japs. have most thoroughly thrashed the Chinese on sea. Of that there is no "possible, probable shadow of a doubt," as the Grand Inquisitor of "The Gondoliers" would remark. But will they be equally successful on land? There comes the rub. Be it remembered that the Chinese have immense reserves to draw upon, and although they are poorly armed, ill-trained, and none too brave—judging by all accounts—number, must count for something. So far, however, the Son of Heaven—as the Chinese Emperor grandiloquently entitles himself, has apparently been unable to get his armies to the front, and, for a Celestial monarch, he has, up to the present, not been specially favoured by that ancient deity, Mars. The Japanese are undoubtedly in possession of the Korean capital, and will probably act upon Marshal McMahon's motto, *j'y suis j'y reste*. Certainly the orders given by the Son of Heaven that his braves should "chase the Japanese scum into the sea," are not likely to frighten the men who have already been successful in two or three land engagements. So far as outsiders are concerned they are mainly agitated in mind as to what will be Russia's move. Russia has long coveted the Corea, and should the Japanese bring the war to a completely successful conclusion, and permanently annex the Korean Peninsula, Russia will want one of the Korean deep water harbours as a price for her non-intervention, or will know the reason why. And once Russia has got such a harbour—accessible all the year round, and not blocked by ice, as is Vladivostick—she will be doubly dangerous to British maritime commerce in the China seas when once the great struggle between John Bull and the Bear takes place.

THE SESSION.

People are becoming very weary of politics. To use a vulgar expression they "want a rest," and the empty galleries at the House this week are not only a sign of public interest in the Musical Festival, but an outward and visible sign of the sheer disgust which Wellingtonians begin to feel at the very mention of Parliament. The Session has been both long and tedious, and members and outsiders are both weary of it. That it has been so long, and, nevertheless, so unproductive of good, useful work is mainly due to the culpable negligence of the Government in not bringing down the financial policy bills immediately after the close of the debate on the Financial Statement. Considering the length of the recess there was no good reason for such negligence. Instead of fooling away time over such asinine legislative productions as the Hawkers' and Pedlars' Bill and other similar ill-conceived and mischievous measures the Government should have brought down the Cheap Money Bill, the Consols Bill and the Native Lands Acquisition Bill within a fortnight from the end of the Financial Debate. Add to this that there has been a frightful waste of time through the limitless verbosity of some of the members, and it is easy to understand how the Session has slipped away, and yet so much will have to be left undone. A sorry business truly!

THE GERM OF REVOLT.

When the recess does come and honourable members go away to their homes some of them—many of them to be exact—will take away with them a very strong feeling of resentment against the way in which they have been treated by at least two members of the ministry, Messrs Seddon and McKenzie. The way in which the Premier has bounced and blustered and bully-ragged whenever one of his party had dared to hold an opinion of his own, and to express it, has probably never been equalled in the history of the New Zealand parliament. As for Mr. McKenzie he has established himself most firmly in public notoriety as the champion parliamentary boor of the colony. He was always an uncouth creature at the best of times, but of late he seems to have thrown all idea of courtesy and

decency to the four winds of Heaven and to have tried how far he could push offensiveness. All this will not be forgotten—and by no one less so than by those of the Government party who have been badly treated. Men like O'Regan and Smith, Buick and others are not likely to forget the insulting remarks by ministers, nor the threats which have been made both in and out of the House to injure them with their constituents. Slighte and insults will be chewed over in the calm seclusion of the home, and there are quite a dozen ministerial supporters who are likely to ponder greatly during the recess how they may get even with their tyrants of the session. Mr. Seddon may yet find this majority which now makes him so bold fading away, and with a narrower majority he will not be able to have things all his own way. It is a pity that the two ministers named should have so frequently and so grossly have bullied their supporters, for we will do the Government this much credit that we fully believe they mean well by the great majority of the colonists and much of their new legislation will, if carried out, prudently, be of great public benefit. Also, we should be the first to regret were the folly and worsen of Messrs Seddon and McKenzie to end in the return to office of the squatter and financial middleman party. There is yet much work to be done in favour of the masses, and Messrs Seddon and McKenzie can give good assistance in doing that work. In tyrannising over their followers, in creating the germ of revolt by their discourtesy and their bluster, they are only playing into the hands of the Conservatives and rendering it only too possible that the Liberal party as a party will be lcked out of office at the next general election. And as genuine democrats this is precisely what we do not wish to see. Therefore, we have spoken with exceeding frankness, and it will not be amiss if the two ministers to whom we have referred would read, mark, learn and inwardly digest every word we have above written.

SECTARIAN BIGOTRY.

The School Committee of Moa Creek, a miserable little hole down in Otago, not far from Palmerston South, have set an example of sectarian bigotry and fanatical intolerance which, it is to be hoped, will not be widely followed by school committees. A female teacher, White by name, was sent to the school by the Otago Education Board, but the committee refused to accept her. The young lady's personal character was excellent, her credentials as to teaching capacity unimpeachable, the committee themselves had no other candidate for the post, yet, notwithstanding all these points, they refused to allow her to take charge, on the ground, so it subsequently transpired, that she was a member of the Roman Catholic communion. Moa Creek is hardly a place where one would expect to find either great culture or an overwhelming amount of intelligence, for the bucolic community of the place are mainly small settlers of the hardshell Presbyterianism, and accompanying small-mindedness, so frequently found in some of the Otago country districts. But such an exhibition of intolerance as that of which the Moa Creek Solons have been guilty is astonishing, even for Moa Creek. What right have the Moa Creek or any other committee to lay down a sectarian colour line of their own on the administration of the Education Act? None whatever, and it is satisfactory to know that the Otago Education Board have roundly reprimanded these turnip-headed bigots. We certainly did not think that in these days, when education, religious tolerance and common sense are supposed to govern the English speaking race, such an exhibition of impudent intolerance could have been found in a British colony. But Moa Creek has proved it to be otherwise. Its school committee have proved themselves to be totally unfit for the discharge of the duties of their position. We are not aware whether the Minister of Education has it in his power to make the committee resign, but if such a power is in existence it should certainly be exercised.

COOLGARDIE!

FAIR PLAY has a very large circulation in the country districts, and we wish to say a few words on the subject of Cool-

gardie for the special benefit of young New Zealanders who may have thought of trying their luck on the Western Australian goldfields. We do not say, "Do not go," but we do say, "Listen to what we have to say before you even think of going." In the first place no man with less than £100 cash ought to go. In spite of all the glowing reports which have been published—many of them lying reports—Coolgardie is not a poor man's field. There are a few very rich claims, but from what we hear (and that on excellent authority) the gold is mainly in pockets, and, although at one spot there may be hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of the yellow treasure, there may not be another spec of the precious metal discoverable within a ten miles radius. Secondly, please to remember that the smartest men, skilled in mining, from Sydney, Melbourne and other Australian centres have been on the field for months, and that all the "good things" in the way of shares in developed or partly developed ventures have long ago been snapped up, and you novices from New Zealand won't be allowed to pick up a good claim for nix. Thirdly, and this is for the special benefit of those who go over with slender purses, and are buoyed up with the mere hope of *something* being sure to turn up—there are quite 3000 men on the field also who are eagerly and hungrily awaiting a show at day labour, and likely to wait! What show will you have? Fourthly—and this for young farmers—don't you think you'll be foolish to leave your farms to go to ruin for want of personal management, while you go running after a will-o'-the-wisp fortune on the other side? We could say more, very much more in fact, but lack of space prevents our doing so. There is no reason why a man in good health, with a couple of hundred or so to spare that he can afford to lose, should not take a trip to Coolgardie, but there are very many reasons why young New Zealanders should think twice, aye, a dozen times, ere they rush off in search of a very problematical reward. And, after having thought it over a dozen times, we hope they'll stick to their work, put their cash prudently into the bank, and let the FAIR PLAY pill of common sense knock the "gold fever" completely out of their system.

The Wellington Bowling Club.

Things are beginning to hum in the local bowling world. The three Wellington clubs will commence operations towards the end of the present month, with a combined membership of over 300. A highly successful season is anticipated, and soon we shall hear of a series of friendly but deadly contests between the various clubs.

This month we give portraits of the officers of the mother club, the Wellington Bowling Club. Mr John Blundell, one of the proprietors of the *Evening Post*, is the president, "and a right good president too." Mr Blundell has been a director of the club since 1890, when a limited liability company was formed, and during that time he has rendered substantial help in the management of the club's affairs.

Mr Frank Grady, the new vice-president, is a very popular member of the club. He is one of the most genial of men, and an enthusiastic bowler. While the bowl is merrily gliding o'er the green, especially in a match, it is a sight for gods and men to see Frank Grady's assumed air of good-natured unconcern, while all the time a very volcano of excitement burns intensely within.

Captain Edwin—who has not heard of Captain Edwin?—is the hard-working secretary of the club. When he is not engaged in brewing "southerly busters" or otherwise arranging the weather supply, his attention is almost sure to be directed to the working out of some thing or other for the convenience or amusement of members.

The club is lucky in the possession of an indefatigable treasurer, in the person of Mr Thomas Ballinger—"Tom" Ballinger they call him. His energy has done much to place the club in the successful financial position it now enjoys. Moreover, Mr Ballinger is one of the "boss" bowlers, and in the tournaments which have been held in different parts of the colony he has rendered good service on behalf of Wellington.

Flatman and Flats.

The "demon comp" has been at it again. Last month we had a "pick and peck" at Mr. T. R. Flatman, M.H.R. Alongside the critique was printed the portrait of Mr. Lawry, the darling of Parnell, instead of the portrait of the elect of Pareora. No wonder Mr. Flatman, after several visits to Bellamy's could only find consolation in a big drink at the Pierian spring, as follows, that is to say:—

Friends, do you ever read FAIR PLAY?
If you do, beware, I say;
For really and truly it is the case,
One's character is read from another's face
And if you don't believe my story,
Get the September number and turn to Lawry,
With Flatman's character written beside.
Which many will say is a little bit wide,
For many friends say they plainly can see
The description was never intended for me.
But it clearly showeth betwixt me and you,
The writer to be the biggest flat of the two.
In the August number he says I have muscle,
But really and truly I am weak in a tussle.
He must have only just squinted at me;
Or, perhaps, he's not up in anatomy.
These truths will shew my argument sound,
And bring his conjectures flat to the ground.
In conclusion, I am tranquil while thus I have
spoke,
And trust the whole matter will pass as a joke;
But 'tis often the case, when a man is of use,
He is frequently subject to lots of abuse.
And in bidding adieu, I most earnestly pray
Writers will keep unsullied the name of FAIR PLAY.

The Feminine Fever.

Lovely woman! you may vote
For the man on whom you devote;
But you're slightly off the scent
When you'd sit in Parliament.

Lovely woman! you may fox
All around the ballot-box;
But, respecting public billet,
Lovely woman musn't fill it.

Lovely woman! curse the fates
They have boomed up Mrs Yates;
There's a pretty Lady Mayor—
Lovely woman! quit the chair.

Lovely woman! mixed in ages,
Don't you think you lower wages?
Lovely woman! why not shine
In an effort to combine?

Equal with a man, you say?
Why not ask for manhood's pay?
Where you love to "cut it fine"
Freezing womanhood draws the line.

Lovely woman! tell me, dear,
Would'st thou stop the poor man's beer?
Siren of teetotal rout,
Lovely woman! please get out.

MISSING PAGE

MISSING PAGE

thinking this I will gladly give next month if you care to publish them.

I trust you will see that your criticism is so far wide of the mark, that, in justice to the banks and loan societies, you will publish these remarks.—I am, &c.,

R. M. G.

Nelson, September, 1894.

Estates Finally Certified.

	£	s.	d.
McDonnell, James, Auckland	102	12	0
Haslett, James Horner, do.	273	4	9
McDonald, John, do.	851	1	10
Hughes, Mercy, do.	1,447	2	11
Howie Robert, do.	295	7	4
Case, Moses, do.	162	18	0
Grattan, Esther, do.	249	18	9
Conelly, Charles Stuart do.	193	2	8
Gilbert, Alice-Lilian do.	331	9	0
McCutchen, Maud Ella, do.	148	8	3
Liddell, Charles, do.	300	0	0
Roß, Samuel Joseph do.	142	18	0
Sheppard, Catherine, do.	206	7	0
Dawbin, Henry James, Taranaki,	279	1	0
Hasluck, Jane Julia, do.	620	17	0
Rawden, Henry, Napier	214	3	6
Cheer, Charles, do.	382	7	9
Walmsley, Mary Ann, Nelson	169	12	11
O'Rourke, Jane T., do.	536	1	8
Bensemann, Albert Hry, do.	330	0	0
Boyd, William, do.	391	7	8
Harvey, Issac, do.	598	15	0
Durrant, Sophia, do.	121	8	9
Williams, Henry, do.	730	10	1
Braithwaite, Wm. John, Invercargill	279	14	3
Quinn, Patrick, Hokitika	903	7	8
Southam, Annie, do.	185	0	0
Spoor, Thomas, do.	827	18	2
Collins, E. C. do.	181	18	5
Harris Charles, do.	600	15	7
Martin, John, Wellington (P.T.)	233	19	3
McCullough, W. H., do. (P.T.)	398	11	8
Cowan, John, do. (P.T.)	580	12	2
Smith, William do. (P.T.)	1,002	0	5
Pearce, Jno. G. do. (P.T.)	312	19	9
Harris, George, do.	4,324	7	0
Rysdale, William, do. (P.T.)	651	14	1
Castle, David do.	251	8	6
Whiteman, W. H., do.	875	14	11
Hall, Joseph, do.	1,274	14	5
Jeffery, Frederick do.	1,183	10	11
Sale, Chas. Hanson, do.	1,500	0	0
Beard, James, do.	598	16	2
Keeling, Hannah A., do.	332	10	2
Houghton, C. Solby, do.	1,174	2	0
Condie, Thomas, do. (P.T.)	1,057	4	4
Hughes, Thomas, do. (P.T.)	167	7	11
Parrant, Leonard, do.	132	4	10
Kells, Sarah, do.	123	13	3
Walker, Emma do.	132	14	0
Lahey, James, Christchurch	3,891	8	7
La Touche, J. A., do.	2,477	19	4
Breech, Wm., do.	246	13	0
Thomas, Fred. G., do.	2,668	4	5
Harris, Frederick, do.	537	19	2
Moore, William, do.	1,776	14	3
Moulin, Wm. du., do.	149	11	2
Vallance, Wm. W., do.	847	0	2
Allan, Alexander, do.	1,562	18	1
Ranby, Robert do.	1,050	7	10

	£	s.	d.
Schmidt, Robert, do.	4,417	12	1
Hossack, Agnes do.	677	0	9
Phillips, Alfred, do.	651	18	5
Brosnahan, M., do.	248	12	0
Mahler, Herman, do.	8,267	17	8
Davidson, M., do.	257	10	1
Manning, W. H., do.	300	14	5
Earle, Catherine, do.	2,045	8	1
Quinn, Wm. R., do.	1,772	10	2
Mason, David, Dunedin	5,295	3	5
Martin, Alex., do.	1,217	12	2
Kennedy, E., do.	802	9	7
Johnston, A., do.	208	2	11
McKenzie, Thos., do.	4,022	10	6
Shirt, Ann, do.	196	19	1
Barrett, M., do.	385	14	1
Mercer, Wm., do.	480	14	9
Elliott, Wm., do.	428	4	1

P.T. appearing opposite the names above, intimates that the estate is being dealt with by the Public Trustee.

There is a story going about in reference to Talmage to the effect that he weeps so copiously in the pathetic parts of his lecture-sermons, that it is necessary to have anger-holes in the floor near his pulpit for the moisture to drain off, and people who sit up in front should not forget their mackintoshes.

Sir Robert Stout in New Zealand (says *Melbourn Punch*) is almost as much hurt in his feelings at his inability to jump the Premiership as Parkes is in New South Wales. Parkes' claim is, however, even more ridiculous than that of Parkes; he asserts that before his death the late Premier, Mr. Ballance, bequeathed the leadership of the party to him, and so he regards himself as the rightful heir, and Seddon as a brazen usurper. This is a new idea in democratic government, and it is to be hoped Sir Robert Stout will be able to produce the legitimate will in the last act, and so prove the justice of his claim and let the curtain come down on virtue triumphant. When dying or departing Premiers are allowed to leave their pines and pay with their other valuables to their next of kin or their nearest friends, Parliamentary procedure will be greatly simplified, but, for the time being, Sir Robert must be content to pose as the good young man in the melodrama, who has been robbed of his heritage by the heavy villain of the piece. Let him keep up a stout heart, and he may get there just the same.

Mr. Cresswell, a leading Napier lawyer, has a pleasant wit, which is sometimes of more service to his clients than legal arguments would be, however learned and prolonged. During the hearing of an application for discharge in the Bankruptcy Court recently, the petitioner, a working man, was being closely questioned by Judge Richmond as to the cause of his failure to satisfy the demands of his creditors. The bankrupt, in reply, was spinning the usual yarn about want of work, a small wife and a large family, etc., etc., when the Judge enquired how many children he had. "Six, your Honour," replied the petitioner; the youngest is only six months, and the oldest nine years of age." "Six children in nine years—hum—ha—and not able to keep them," said the Judge. "Yes, your Honour," Mr. Cresswell replied. "My client has not been able to provide for his family, but he has done the State some service by assisting to reduce the public debt per capita." The Judge was tickled, and, while regretting that the Land Tax was not also reduced, granted the order.

Talmage's mouth is exciting much surprise and admiration in Sydney. The special importation is said to have a vocal organ that unfolds like a travelling bag, and his smile is as roomy as a cave. When he opens his mouth everybody wonders where he keeps his brains.

The adoption of the Socialistic programme—demanding the nationalisation of the land, and the whole means of production, distribution, and exchange—by the Trade Union Congress, recently held in Norwich (England), is a most significant and portentous event. The voting—219 for and 61 against—indicates the existence of settled convictions, and gives some idea of the rapid permeation of the English Trade Unionist mind with Socialist principles and theories. It also affords an illustration of the value of the persistent, systematic propaganda, which has been carried on, with untiring energy, by the Social Democratic Federation, the Fabians, the Independent Labour Party, and other bodies. We are never tired of bragging about being ahead of the Old Country in politics. In some respects we may be but our Trade Unionists are a long way behind their English brethren, and appear quite unable to disentangle their hands from the wrong end of the stick

* * *

Trade Unionism, as we have hitherto known it in New Zealand, may be and has been specially beneficial to those engaged in certain trades, where organisation of labour was pos-

sible by protecting their common interests. It may have prevented the remuneration in those trades from falling below a "living wage." But it offers no policy or suggestion, and has no power to guarantee constant employment to its members. Loss of time is, therefore, nearly equivalent to reduced wages. If it fails to do this for its own members, how much less will it be able to benefit the whole of the labouring community, or mitigate the evils of the unemployed question and other pressing social problems.

What Trade Unionism desires to do for certain sets of individuals, Socialism wishes to effect for the whole of society, and proposes to do so by capturing the power which enables the landlord and capitalist to give or withhold employment. Factory Acts and restrictive legislation may be very necessary, but they are only required where certain classes hold economic power. By nationalising the land and the instruments of production and distribution, and by instituting a National Currency, the ground is cut completely from under their feet. The people will then have the power of employing themselves.

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LEARN HOW TO REST.

Nothing So Becoming to Both Flesh and Spirit as Complete Fallowness.

The art of good looks is a fine art indeed, and one that deserves the encouragement it seems to be getting on every side. Even those "aids to beauty"—in the shape of lotions, lemon water and skin soaps—so enthusiastically urged upon womankind from the back pages of every magazine and pamphlet in the land, are not to be treated with topping scorn; they have their place and use in the general struggle for loveliness. But, continues a writer in Harper's Bazar, why not back up these efforts for comeliness by common sense conduct throughout each day's wear and tear?

To begin with; women sit too much, and women stand quite too much. Nothing is so wearisome as "standing about," even to the well trained body that has been drilled into good poise, and "sitting is not resting, however cleverly women may delude themselves on this point.

The young girl who desires to keep away crow's feet and that jaded look we all know so well, and to retain the suppleness and adorable bloom of extreme youth, should when off parade or off duty, as the case may be, and in her own room make a couch or the floor her habitual resting place.

Absolute repose comes to the tired muscles only when the body is in a reclining position, and absolute repose comes to the overstrung nerves only when the muscular system is perfectly at rest—relaxed.

The middle aged woman could, I am positive, woo back much of the freshness and lightheartedness of girlhood if she would be at a little pains to learn how to rest.

Five minutes of rest flat on one's back on the floor or on a hard, smooth couch are worth half an hour of so styled "rest" in an armchair or in that unpropitious tempter, the rocking chair.

Some one has said to the women of today, "Never stand when you can sit; never sit when you can lie down." This exhortation, applied with some elasticity, is the best recipe for beauty I know of.

While I have little sympathy with the gospel of laziness preached so consistently by some lives, I do recommend frequent daily lapses into complete fallowness.

Electricity For Lead Poisoning.

Professor Semmola of Italy has used the electric battery with splendid success in cases of chronic lead poisoning. Based upon the well known fact that electricity promotes assimilation, he used the battery and found that under the influence of the current the lead residue was thrown off and passed away with the secretions. At the end of three months nearly all his patients could be dismissed as cured.

An Original Remedy.

The idea has been suggested that in certain well known conditions of hysteria a judiciously administered pinch of snuff might have a beneficial effect. Familiar to every one is the perverseness with which such hysterical attacks resist ordinary means of cure, and it is just possible that the queerer the remedy the more suitable it may prove.

How the Expression "Davy Jones' Locker" Originated.

Jones is the sailor's corruption of the name Jonah, while Davy is said to come from the West India negro's word duffy, meaning a devil or evil spirit. Davy Jones is, then, Duffy or Devil Jonah, the evil spirit of the sea, and so when a sailor dies Davy Jones has claimed his own, and the body must be consigned to the sea. The sailor's closet on board ship is called "a locker."

How to Cure Sleep Walking.

Put beside the bed of the sleep walker either a piece of wet carpet or a strip of zinc or some metal large enough so that the feet will touch it when the sleeper tries to get up. The cold shock to the feet will waken any one at once.

How to Cure Sunstroke.

Remove the patient to a cool and shady place where there is plenty of fresh, pure air. Strip the clothing to the waist and place the sufferer in a recumbent position. Pour cold water (ice water) upon the head and chest and wrists until consciousness returns. Apply ice to the head and rub the body with it, but if the skin is cold no ice should be applied. When practicable, the patient should be put into a bath at 70 degrees to reduce the temperature. In heat exhaustion stimulants should be given freely, and if the temperature is below normal, as shown by the skin being cold and clammy, the hot bath should be used. Ammonia and water may be given if necessary. The subject of sunstroke is liable to a second attack and should do no mental work for months and keep from all excitement.

How the Two Kinds of Mineral Coal Vary.

Anthracite is mostly without bitumen, very hard, with a high luster, often iridescent, and burns with a pale blue flame. Bituminous coal abounds with bitumen, is softer than anthracite, with little luster and burns with a bright flame. It appears in many varieties, one of which is the well known camel coal.

How Earls' Wives Are Called Countesses.

Verstegan, in his "Vestiges," states: "Before we borrowed the word honour we used instead thereof our own ancient word earl. For noble or gentle we used ethel. Ethel was sometimes in composition abridged to el. So as of ear-ethel, it came to be ear-el, and by abbreviation earl. It is as much as to say, honour noble or noble of nobility derived from the Anglo-Saxon, for though William the Conqueror first made hereditary earls they were to be called counts. The ancient title, however, holds its position to the present, and in acknowledgment of the Norman-French the wives of earls are called countesses.

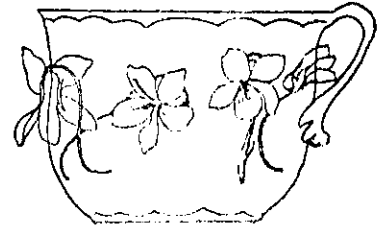
Dyspeptics Should Try This.

A grower of pineapples claims valuable medicinal properties for the juice of that fruit, confidently asserting that it will cure indigestion, no matter how severe, and has proven itself to contain wonderful tonic and restorative qualities for a weak stomach. It relieves and, so to speak, warms and nurses the distressed organ.

CHINA PAINTING.

A Short Lesson Illustrated With a Simple Working Design.

One of the banes of the beginner in china painting is that the painting may become full of little specks, although there is apparently no dust in the room. The hard glaze of the china absorbs none of the paint, and each particle coarser than the others draws them to it. If fired in this way, your work is spoiled. Learn to work



CUP WITH VIOLET DECORATION.

smoothly with the least possible medium after your paints are prepared, and they will not "crawl." When they do, dry your piece in the oven, then with the needle remove the specks and carefully fill up the white spot with the point of your brush very lightly and matching the color perfectly.

If your colors remain dull and are liable to rub off, it must be that on each occasion the china was underfired, and the colors were not fused into the glaze. If tube colors are too thick, a little lavender oil, which partakes of the nature of spirits, is as good as anything for thinning. Turpentine also answers the purpose, but has the disadvantage of drying up too quickly through rapid evaporation.

Art Amateur, to which the foregoing practical advice is due, furnishes the dainty working design here given. A pale tint of either ivory yellow, Chinese yellow, yellow brown or yellow green can be used for the background. When dry, the spaces for the flowers can be removed. For tinting the flowers use violets of gold, carmine and purple, with *bleu riche* and occasional touches of *bleu fonce*, mixing yellow and black, according to the depth of tint desired. As all violet tones appear redder after than before the fire, make necessary provision for the change by adding blue. When two firings are proposed, this addition is reserved for the second firing. Pure tints of red and of blue touched up separately produce the most vivid of purples. Dull secondary tints are obtained by mixing violet of iron with blue, but care should be taken not to mix this red with the oxides of gold. The inner and outer edges of this design can either be filled in with fluxed gold or a mere line of gold can be used to separate the ground tint from a deeper shade of the same.

WAYSIDE AMBITION.

I want to be a brakeman,
Dog gone!
Legs hangin over the edge of a flat car,
Train goin bout twenty-five mile 'n hour,
Kickin the dog fennel 'long the track—
That's what a brakeman does.

I want to be a brakeman,
I jing!
Making the boys git off the platform,
Cussin the drayman if the skids is lost.
Hollers, "Back 'er a length," and engineer has
to—
That's a brakeman for yel

No conductor for me, just a brakeman,
By hen!
Can make a couplin on the dead run,
Has spring bottom pants 'n braid on his clothes,
Carries a lantern at night 'n cap over his ears—
That's a brakeman, I'll tel yel

I want to be a brakeman,
Geemintently!
Stand in with agents and operators.
Gits to Peru every night 'n sees a show,
Knows the numbers of the trains, chaws to-
backer—
He's a regular one, you bet.

'N I want to be head brakeman,
Gol-leel
Twistin 'er hard, smoke rollin round ye,
Country people stoppin work to look,
Girls wavin at ye all the way to Peru;
I'll be one, too, some day.

—Chicago Record.

SPIKING THE GUNS.

"The regiment will be annihilated," observed the adjutant coolly. And then, in the same immovable tones, he asked some one to pass him a biscuit.

"Curse you," shouted the colonel, "do you think I don't know that? Do you imagine I fear getting killed tomorrow? Do you suppose I want to live on after what has happened? It's the eternal disgrace of the thing that's cutting me."

"Once comfortably shot," remarked the senior major in easy philosophy, "it doesn't much matter to me personally where or for why I go down. Not a soul will be left behind to care."

This last remark added tinder to the blaze. The major was a peasant's son, who had hacked and thrust his way up from the ranks by sheer hard fighting. His commanding officer was a noble of the old regime. He had hoped and reasonably expected that the previous day's engagement would give him a brigade, and so the fiasco had fallen all the more bitterly.

It seemed as though the very stars in their courses had been battling against us. Everything had gone wrong. The blame was not ours. But this, in an army where want of luck was the greatest crime, told nothing in our favor. Many men had fallen, and panic had seized the heels of the rest. Which of us initiated the run cannot be said, but in the rush of some all had been carried along, few, except perhaps one or two of

the older officers, resisting very strenuously. The colonel, burning with shame, had gone in to report. What precisely had been said to him we did not know, but we guessed with some accuracy, although he did not repeat the details. The gist of his interview was that the regiment was to attack again on the morrow, and if unsuccessful then once more on the day after, and so on till the bridge was taken.

Yesterday the thing had been barely possible. Yet today it was far different. During the night the defenses had been more than trebled. The Austrians swarmed. Enough artillery was mounted there now to have demolished an entire army corps advancing against it from the open.

The deduction was clear. The bravest men will turn tail sometimes, and in our army, which was the bravest in the world, there had during the latter part of the campaign been more than one case of wavering. An example accordingly was to be made. Our corps had been singled out for the condign punishment. We were doomed to march on the morrow to our annihilation.

Of course the matter had not been put so at headquarters. There the words ran: "Most important strategic point. Must be taken at whatever cost. Your regiment will again have the honor, colonel," and so on. But, summed up bluntly, it was neither more nor less than I have said. We all understood the order of the letter, and there was not a man in the regiment who would hesitate a moment in carrying out his share. Each private soldier, each officer would march with firm determination to march then his last. That gives the case in a nutshell.

But the secure knowledge that there would be no skulkers along this road to execution did not pacify the colonel. If anything, it increased his bitterness. It would make his ungrateful memory last the longer. He sat at the table end of that inn room where we had messed, with folded arms and nervous fingers kneading at his muscles. By a singular irony we were lodged in comfort there—we, who had got to go out and die on the morrow—and he must needs taunt us with it, as though it were a shame for such as we to have so tolerable a billet.

Myself, I was stretched out on a sofa away by the far wall, and lay there mutely, having but little taste for the wordy savageries which were being so freely dealt about. And the night grew older without my being disturbed. But the angry man at the end of the table singled me out at last, perhaps because my outward calm and listlessness jarred upon him.

"Tired, Eugene?" he asked.

"A little, sir."

"Ah, I can understand it. I noted

your activity today. You have mistaken your vocation, mon cher. You should not have come into the army. You should have been a professional runner."

An answer burned on my tongue. But I kept it there, gave a shrug and said nothing. What use could further wrangling be? But the silence was an ill move. It only angered him further, and he threw at me an insult which was more than human man could endure.

"Do you think you will again feel inclined to use those powers of yours tomorrow, Eugene? Or had I better have you handcuffed to some steady old soldier?"

A dozen of the other officers sprang to their feet at this ghastly taunt, for when such a thing as this was said to one of their number it touched all. The old major was their spokesman.

"Colonel, we make all allowances, but you are going too far with the youngster."

The colonel scowled round tight lipped for a minute, and then:

"I am quite capable of commanding this regiment of lost sheep without unasked for advice from subordinates, major. Lieutenant Ramard, you heard my question, I presume? Please have the civility to answer."

During the minute's respite I had been thinking and acting—that is, writing. I got up and handed the colonel a slip of paper. On it were the words:

I acknowledge that I, E. Ramard, Lieutenant of the Twenty-second —, am a coward.

EUGENE RAMARD.

He read it.

"There, sir," I said, "kindly add the date, as I have forgotten what it is, and please leave that behind with the baggage when we march tomorrow. If I do not do better work for France than any man in the regiment, it is my wish that this paper be published." The colonel nodded grimly and then frowned.

"Have I your permission now, sir, to withdraw from this room?"

A refusal was framing itself—I could see it—but the lowering faces around made him curb his passion, and he nodded again, but reluctantly.

In the dark, wet air outside, and not before, did I realize fully what I had done. The screed on the slip of paper had been the spasm of the instant. It seemed to me now the outcome of a moment's insanity. I had had no plan, no trace of scheme in my head while I was scribbling. The words and the pledge were an empty boast, made in the wild hope that I could hold them good. But how could such a thing be done? The most furious, desperate courage by itself would avail nothing. There would be a thousand men around, each to the full as brave as I—for no one can march farther than death—and to do "better work for France" than any of them!

Ah, no, the thing was impossible! With them I should fall, and among all of them I alone would be branded infamous. The paper would be brought to light, the curt, bald, confession would be read, with **no** explanation of how or why it was written, and men would form their own opinions—all hostile, all against me.

To leave behind nothing but the name of a self-avowed coward! Oh, agony, bitter agony!

I wandered wherever my blind feet led me, wrenched by torments that God alone knew the strength of, and from which there seemed no human means of escape. The heavy rain squalls moaned down the village streets. The place, with its armed tenantry, slept. Only the dripping sentries were open-eyed. These, taking me for an officer on ordinary rounds, saluted with silent respect. No soul interfered with me. Not even a dog barked.

The thought came: You die only to gain a wreath of craven plumes. Why not pass away from here—escape—desert—vanish—be known no more—and yet live? No one withholds from you new life and new country. France alone, of all the world, is utterly hopeless for you.

The thought gained. I say it freely now, for the dead, dull blackness of my prospect then showed no spot of relief. In my walkings to and fro I gradually verged nearer and nearer to the outer cordon. As an officer I knew the words for the night—sign and countersign both. I could pass the pickets.

Farther and farther toward the scattered outskirts of the hamlet did my doubting feet lead me. In one more patrol up and down I think my mind would have been made up, and after that whatever deluge the fates desired. But a sound fell on my ear, faint and not unmusical. I was dully conscious of some new scheme beginning to frame itself. I changed my path and walked faster.

Presently the cause of the sound disclosed itself. A field forge, an anvil and a couple of grimy farriers and half a dozen troopers with horses. The cavalrymen were resting on the ground, watering their bridles in hand, awaiting their turns. The smiths were slaving, sweating, swearing, doing the work of thrice their number. It was a queer enough group, and I gazed at it for many minutes, still unable to frame the gauzy idea that had reanimated me. Then one of the farriers who had been fitting a hissing shoe on to a hind hoof chilled the hot iron in a rain puddle and humped up the horse's fetlock on to his apron again.

I started.

The fellow picked up a hammer, took a nail from his mouth and drove the nail first gently, and then smartly home.

"There, vicious one," swore he, "I

put that spike through the vent in a matter of seconds, but with these four others beside it, thou'll not rid thyself of it in as many weeks."

I strode forward.

"Five louis for that hammer and a score of nails!"

The military smith dropped the hoof from his lap, came to attention and saluted. But he looked at me queerly and answered nothing. I could see he thought me mad. Very likely excitement had made me look so.

"Ten louis. There is the money in gold."

"My officer, the things are yours."

Steel spikes, brittle rods that would snap off short, would have been better. But time was growing narrow, and I must take what offered. These soft bent nails would serve my purpose. And now for the river. The current was swift, and I could not swim a stroke. I must go up stream and trust to find some tree trunk or wooden balk that would aid me in floating down.

On the matters that happened after this I cannot speak with any minuteness. To think back at, the whole time seems like a blurred dream, broken by snatches of dead sleep. I know I gained my point on the river bank, some miles above the village, and entered the water there, finding it chill as ice. I think it was a small fence gate that aided my passage.

I can only recollect clearly that the thing I clung to was terribly unstable, and that on being landed by a chance eddy on a strip of shoal I lay there for fully half an hour, listening to a sentry plodding past and past through the mud 10 yards away, unable to move a limb. Then I gathered strength, and crawling, not only from caution, but through sheer helplessness, made my stealthy way still farther along the shore.

Four batteries commanded the approaches to the bridge. Two were on either flank, to deliver a converging fire; two, one above the other, were in a direct line with it, so that the causeway could be swept from end to end.

It was in the lower of these last that I found myself—by what route come I cannot say. Only then my senses seemed to return to me. I was lying in an embrasure. Overhead was the round black chase of a 60 pounder. I crawled further and looked down the line. Six more guns loomed through the night, making seven in all.

The rain was coming down in torrents, sending up spurts of mud. There were men within a dozen yards, wakeful men, and then, and not before, did it flash upon me that my farrier's hammer was a useless weapon. Fool that I was to bring it. Idiot I must have been to forget that the first clink would awaken the

redoubt. My life? No, pah! I didn't count that. But it would mean only one gun spiked effectually, if so much. I drew back into the embrasure and knitted my forehead afresh. The right thought was tardy, but it came. I drew off my boot. It was new and it was heavy—badinage had been poured out by my comrades over its heaviness. The strong sewed heel would drive like a calker's mallet.

Then I got to work. The guns were loaded and primed. The locks were covered with leather aprons. I used infinite caution, crawling like a cat, crouching in deepest shadows, stopplng, making detours, not for mere life's sake, by it understood, but because life was wanted for work yet undone.

The seven guns were put out of action, and still the night was dark, and the Austrians were ignorant behind the curtain of rain. And then on to the upper battery. Two, four, eight guns!

Three I spiked, and the night began to gray. Three more, and men were stirring. I got reckless and sprang openly at another. The air was filling with shouts and stinking powder smoke and crashes and the red flash of cannon.

The French were advancing to the storm in the wet, gray dawn. Both flanking batteries, fully manned, had opened upon them, but of the guns which had direct command of the bridge only one spoke.

Into the roar of artillery the wind brought up yells and oaths and bubbling shrieks. And then the eagles came through the smoke. There was no stopping that rush.

Somehow I found myself among comrades, fighting with a claw backed farrier's hammer, knowing nothing of order or reason or how these things came to pass, but heated only by an insane desire to kill and kill and kill! And then I grappled with a man who was struggling off with a flag, and wrestled with him in a crimson slough, and choked him down into it, while heavily shod feet trampled madly on both of us. And afterward there was more shouting and cheering, and mighty hand claps between my shoulder blades, and the old major gave me cognac out of a silver flask—cognac which seemed to have been sadly overwatered.

And that is all I remembered till I woke up in the afternoon from the sofa in that village inn. Reveille had sounded. We mustered under arms, and the roll was called. Many did not answer.

And then, "Stand out, Lieutenant Ramard!" said the colonel.

I advanced and saluted.

"You will consider yourself under arrest, sir, for desertion before the enemy. Presently you will surrender your sword and report yourself at headquarters."

The colonel turned and exchanged some words with a little, pale man near him, who sat awkwardly on a white stallion.

He resumed, "I have considered your commission as the arrest and orders you have issued to the ranks." The colonel passed and continued:

"But as a reward for your gallantry your commission of captain will be made out with promotion to the first vacant majority, and you will also receive a decoration."

And then I was ordered to advance again, and the emperor transferred a Cross of the Legion from his own breast to mine.

"Captain of the Twenty-second," he said, "thou art my brother."

I never asked for the colonel's apology.

Discretion.

Two burglars broke into the house of a merchant who was generally considered to be very rich. After herculean efforts they managed to open the safe, but who can describe their disappointment when they found that it was empty and all their labor in vain? At that moment the master of the house, awakened by the noise, appeared on the scene. For a moment all three stood there as if turned into stone. The merchant was the first to come to himself.

"Gentlemen," he said, "let us all maintain a discreet silence over this incident. And now permit me to show you the door."

Ignorance.

"Brother Johusing," said Mr. Bones, with a wink at the other end man, "here is a conundrum for you. What is the difference between an oyster and an elephant?"

"H'm!" said the middle man thoughtfully. "The difference between an oyster and an elephant? Well, Mr. Bones, I must confess I don't know."

"Then I should not advise you to go into the oyster business," returned Mr. Bones. "The orchestra will now play 'Ta-ra-ra Rooney.'"

How to Crystallize Fruit.

Make a sirup of one pound sugar and one-half pint water, boiling quickly three or four minutes. Drop some in cold water and roll between the fingers. If it forms into a ball it is ready for use. Wash the fruit and throw into the sirup for a minute. Lift it out with a skimmer to drain and lay on a board that is sprinkled thickly with sugar, putting in the oven or sun to dry. Then put it in more sirup, stirring until the sirup sticks to the fruit. Put out again to dry. Lastly, place in layers in boxes between sheets of waxed paper and keep in a dry cool place.



HOW TO FUMIGATE A ROOM.

Directions In Detail For the Proper and Safe Use of Sulphur.

The proper way to fumigate a room is to close the doors, windows, fireplace, etc., pasting strips of paper over all the cracks. Fumigation by burning sulphur is most easily accomplished.

Two pounds of sulphur should be allowed for every room from 10 to 12 feet square.

It is better to divide it up and put it in several pans rather than burn the entire quantity of sulphur used in one pan. To avoid the danger of fire these pans should be set on bricks or in other and larger pans filled with water or with sand.

After pouring a little alcohol on the sulphur and properly placing the pans about the room the farthest from the door of exit should be lighted first; the others in order.

The operator will need to move quickly, for no one can breathe sulphurous fumes with safety.

After closing the door the cracks around it should be pasted up, as was done within the room.

Six hours at least are generally necessary to fumigate a room properly. At the end of that time it may be entered and the windows opened, and they should be left open as long as convenient, even for a week if possible.

After fumigation a thorough process of cleansing should be instituted. At least the walls and ceiling should be rubbed dry. Much the better way is to white-wash and repaper. To these instructions The Journal of Health adds the recommendation that the floor, and the wood-work, and the furniture be scrubbed with a solution of carbolic acid or some other disinfectant.

Going Up Stairs.

The manner in which people go up stairs is productive of many ailments, and a careful observer who understands the anatomy of the body does not wonder that it is so, but remarks how much of the "dead lift" there is about it. The feet and legs are made to act as levers not only to force the weight of the body up, but also the additional weight which is the result of inertia. Instead of raising the chest and animating the body to lift its own weight, we bend the body nearly double, cramping the organs, hindering free circulation and consequently easy breathing. Panting for breath, we reach the top, but in the effort what a spectacle we present! Going up stairs is easy and healthful when properly done. We shall not say that it will not quicken the pulse, for in this use, as in any other exercise, the rapidity and force of muscular action determine the rate with which the blood is forced to and from the heart.

Don't Be Afraid to Drink Water.

Dr. Yorke Davis expresses himself thus emphatically in a medical journal in regard to water: "Of all foods required—water is a food—to keep the system in healthy working order water is the most important. A man may live without any one particular kind of diet, whether it be flesh, fish or vegetable, but he cannot live without water. It enters into the composition of every tissue and fluid in the body. Digestion cannot be carried on without it, and when food has accomplished the nourishing of the different tissues it is by means of water that its waste is carried away. Indeed without water dry food would be poison and the digestive apparatus as useless as a miller's wheel with no stream to turn it. There is not one hour of our existence, from the cradle to the grave, that it does not fill an important part in the operation of our lives."

The Electro Magnet In Eye Surgery.

The use of the electro magnet for the removal of particles of iron and steel from the eye is becoming general, and an oval electrode has been devised by Dr. Knapp for this purpose, says The Industrial World. The use of a magnet directly after an injury, where a chip of iron or steel has penetrated the interior of the eye, always gives far more favorable results as to vision than when used later.

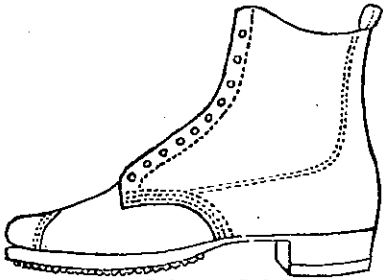


WOOD CARVING AND INLAYING.

Designs Should Not Be Too Elaborate. Modern Work With the Thin Fret Saw.

Why there are so many failures in the application of designs to wood carving is that careful models are not made beforehand, and certainly for panels which are to be used for houses, or on good furniture, it is quite worth while to take this previous trouble. And there is always a great danger of overcrowding the pattern. To decorate it is not necessary to cover the design. Indeed a true artist would feel that the groundwork is often more valuable in a design than anything which can be put upon it. Inlaid woodwork is eminently an Italian art and should as closely as possible resemble painting and will last as long if kept away from damp. In old days the inlaid pattern was much thicker than it is now and was sunk into a solid ground, which made it more difficult to keep the lines of the drawing accurate. Now both the pattern and ground should be a thin veneer of about one-sixteenth of an inch thick, glued down upon solid wood, and this will stand for centuries. The veneer should be cut with a thin fret saw, and after it is well glued on it should be polished and varnished.

Much of the marqueterie in France is spoiled by being overdone, flowers, foliage and figures all running one into the other, and our work frequently errs in the same way.



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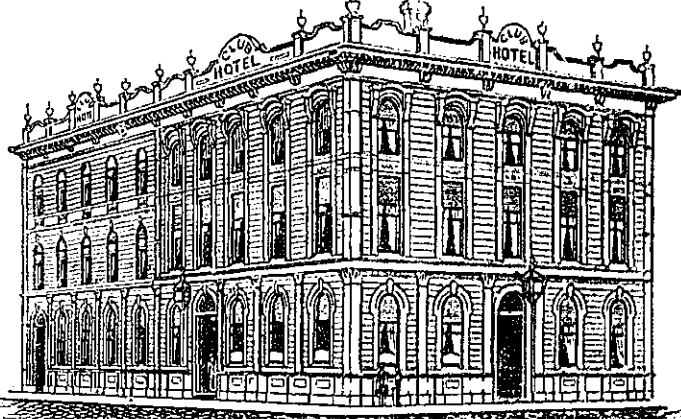
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Inventions of the Month.

[By HENRY HUGHES, Patent Agent, Wellington.]

EXTRACTING STUMPS OF TREES AND STANDING TREES, &c.—(No. 6518, G. Tate, labourer, Eketahuna.)—Consists of fastening snatch blocks to several stumps of trees, then threading ropes through the several blocks in such a manner that there will be a pressure on each stump, but the greatest pressure in the system comes on the tree to be felled.

A COMBINED MILK-STRAINING AND SAMPLING APPLIANCE.—(No. 6560, C. C. Lance, Europa, Victoria.)—A removable receptacle is inserted in a larger and deeper vessel and receives the milk to be strained and sampled. The bottom of the receptacle is constructed of wire gauze through which the milk passes into the outer vessel. The outer vessel is provided with a lead away duct arranged to discharge into a tub upon which the vessel is secured. A small hole is perforated in the bottom of the duct and under said hole a small metal stand is set which supports a removable cup to receive the sample of milk.

PULVERISING OR REDUCING GOLD BEARING QUARTZ OR ORES, &c.—(No. 6572, Edward Waters, 131 William Street, Melbourne.)—Consists in pulverising the ore by the combination of a conical grinding surface and a grinding roller or rollers enclosed in a casing with an inlet for water below and an exit above.

AN IMPROVED INANIMATE OR LAY PIGEON.—(No. 6592, A. N. Whitney, Melbourne.)—This invention has the humane intention of dispensing with the destruction of live birds for amusement and consists in providing a sham pigeon composed of almost any material, and which is discharged from a mechanical pigeon trap imparting to the same two motions, one motion being through space and the other a rotary motion on its axis. The momentum acquired by the sudden release of an arm carrying the pigeon causes an elastic finger to spring back, and the disc or pigeon having a serrated edge revolves on its point of contact and thus provides the compound motion.

SURVEYORS ADJUSTABLE CENTERING ROD.—(No. 6609, Charles Bristow, Marton.)—This invention provides an accurate and convenient substitute for the usual centering rod. It consists of an upright of hard wood, spiked at the bottom, which forms a standard carrying a radial arm on which is a slide to which the plumbob is attached. The arm moving radially and the slide outwardly, it is evident that the plumbob can be accurately and very quickly set in position.

SAVING OF GOLD BY A TRAVELLING ENDLESS SLUICE-BOX.—(No. 6963, D. Mason, and R. T. Wheeler, Jr., both of Dunedin, N.Z.)—This invention is a sluice-box, divided into short lengths, which are hinged together so as to form an endless chain and revolve round rollers. The material to be operated on is supplied by a chute, having a regulating valve.

NEW AND IMPROVED AUTOMATIC RELEASE FOR MILKING MACHINES.—(No. 6999, J. Callister, Matarawa, N.Z.)—This invention is an improvement on a well known and an ingenious device to relieve the pressure on the cow's teat when the milk is exhausted, and the improvement consists in the use of a compensating cup, so balanced as to keep the air hole closed until the action of the air pump has reduced the pressure within the can sufficiently to draw milk from the cow. The cup receives the flow of milk, and, during the flow the weight of the full cup suffices to keep the air hole closed, but as the flow diminishes the cup drains itself through a small hole, and, becoming lighter, is raised by the pressure at the air-hole acting on the lever. The air is thus admitted to the can, and all suction through the teat tube ceases. This release of pressure is further effected by an arm and pad on the side of the cup being raised with the cup, and acting as a valve to stop the suction of the air pump.

IMPROVEMENTS IN MULTIPLE EXPANSION ENGINES.—(No. 7000, Edward Waters, 131, William-street, Melbourne.)—The object is to provide an improved construction of multiple expansion engine, and especially to render the pistons of the cylinders more readily accessible and removable. The three cylinders are arranged in line, with intervals between them, but all communicating the motion to the work to be done by a common rod.

BALL-BEARING PLUMMER BLOCK FOR SPINDLES OF CLOVER SHELLER DRUM, &c.—(No. 7024, P. and D. Duncan, Christchurch.)—This invention seems to make a claim for using ball bearings in any form for the spindles of threshing, shelling and dressing machinery, but the bearings shown in the drawing consists of an outer case or plummer block, having a chamber much larger than the shaft, at each end of which bushes are screwed, in which bushes confine a ring of ball bearings, against the ends of a sleeve fastened to the shaft.

FREEMAN'S SLATE PENCIL SHARPENER.—(No. 7056, W. T. Freeman, Invercargill.)—Consists of a piece of metal roughened and having projections so as to be tacked on to a slate or frame in a similar manner to boot fasteners.

CROXFORD'S IMPROVED WATER HEATER FOR RANGES.—(No. 7058, C. L. Croxford, Dunedin.)—A copper vessel is made to form one side of the fire space, and an inlet supply pipe is returned round the fire space and connected with the said vessel. An outlet is taken from the vessel near to the top, and also returned round the fire space. Thus all is exposed to the full force of the fire.

BURTON'S ECLIPSE STUMPING MACHINE.—(No. 7065, R. Burton, Masterton.)—Consists of a support somewhat similar to shear legs which carry a pulley over which a rope or chain extends and grasps the stump, the other end of the rope being attached to a windlass driven by hand or power.

AN IMPROVEMENT IN BERDAN-DRAGS AND SIMILAR GRINDERS.—(No. 7067, J. Kilgour, Greymouth.)—Consists of a simple and ingenious arrangement of forming the drags in radial segments with copper plates and amalgam between, by which means the drags fit well to the berdan and present a large amalgamating surface.

A COMBINED ADZE, HAMMER AND SCOOP.—(No. 7068, Messrs Lowden and Maw, Mataura.)—Consists in making in one piece of metal an adze, scoop and hammer, the hammer being in the middle and the scoop and adze projecting outwards at either end.

THE AUTOMATIC HYDRO-ELECTRIC INDICATOR AND ALARM.—(No. 7069, H. A. Dando, Lyttelton.)—This invention is for the purpose of giving an alarm when a liquid has reached a certain level in a vessel or tank and consists in placing a float in the said liquid so that when the proper level is reached the float or a rod attached to the same forms contact with an electrical apparatus and rings a bell.

AN IMPROVED VEHICLE WHEEL.—(No. 7077, J. P. Dinham and S. Kidman, of New South Wales.)—The principle consists of the formation of the spokes in a double series attached at the hub end to two separate discs which are extended and held apart by a device consisting of a tube which forms the hub, and has a screw thread upon its exterior on which two nuts are screwed, which serve to force apart to the necessary distance the two discs to which the ends of the spokes are secured, and which discs slide over the tops of the thread.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE JOINTS OF FACINGS AND POCKETS OF WATERPROOF GARMENTS.—(No. 7078, S. and H. Weingott, Sydney.)—The inventor sews on the pocket or facing a strip of India-rubber taping or faced cloth or material such as that ordinarily used for finishing the seams of waterproof garments, and uses the rubber face of such tape as the medium by which the facing is caused to adhere to the body pieces. So long as this strip of India-rubber is affixed by sewing to the facing or pocket with its face side towards the body piece to which the facing or pocket piece is to be fastened, and said strip is then caused to adhere to the body piece; the essence of this invention is availed of for there are many ways in which the sewing and finishing of the edge may be carried out.

A GARDENING IMPLEMENT.—(No. 7079, J. Martin, Christchurch, and J. Morgan, Sydenham.)—Attaching to a rake an implement consisting of a hoe at one end and a pick at the other, so that the rake, pick and hoe may be in one piece of metal.

IMPROVEMENTS IN CORKING BOTTLES.—(No. 7080, G. W. Browne, New Plymouth.)—A rubber washer is inserted in the neck of the bottle and a wooden cone or stopper is placed in and pressed down. The top of the cone is cut across by a groove to receive the spring.

AN IMPROVED POTATO DIGGER AND SEPARATOR.—(No. 7087, D. Smith and T. H. Tilley, Victoria.)—This invention consists of a frame supported on two wheels and carrying a steel shovel slotted at the back to form a cone, also an elevator operating in conjunction with a grating formed by longitudinal bars. The elevator is formed of transverse tined bars attached to link belting actuated by sprocket wheels; the tines running between the ribs at back of shovel to convey the earth and potatoes on to the grating of the separator, also a separator having longitudinal bars attached to cranks at one end, the other ends being loose, and such crank being fixed transversely. The separator had also a side motion operated by a buckled disc rotating between two rollers. The whole of the mechanism is driven from a spur wheel on the main shaft.

AN IMPROVED MACHINE FOR BACKING, HOLLOWING AND JOINTING STAVES.—(No. 7088, J. W. Lahey and T. G. Lahey, Brisbane.)—Relates to an improved machine for economically manufacturing cask staves of various kinds, giving them a better finish and producing them at less cost. This machine is elaborately well illustrated and seems to have been thoroughly well worked out by practical men, but is too complicated for any short description.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE METHOD OF AND APPARATUS FOR WASHING OR CLEANSING WOOL AND OTHER TEXTILE FIBRES; also applicable to the washing of clothes.—(No. 7000, I. Abraham, Ipswich, Queensland.)—Consists of a bowl or tank slightly inclined from the end whence the wool is fed to the end where it is discharged. The wool is acted upon when in this tank by perforated stampers, which rise and fall, giving a simple and continuous washing action, and delivering the wool at the end of the tank to suitable squeezing rollers. The apparatus is simple and mechanical, and the wool is not matted by the use of the usual rakes. The title of this application is defective, for wool can hardly be called a textile fibre.

IMPROVED CLOG BOOTS.—(No. 7093, David Henderson and Henry Henderson, Thames.)—This is an improvement on wooden soled miners boots and consists in employing green hide uppers upon which the mineral water has very little effect. The uppers are tacked to the wooden soles, which are shod with about $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch by $\frac{1}{8}$ th inch iron to prevent the wood wearing or chipping.

ECLIPSE GOLD SAVING MACHINE.—(No. 7096.)—The tailings are made to fall on a spreading attachment which consists of a box slightly sloped downwards, and divided into compartments by division boards; water flows in behind these boards and with the tailings falls on to a perforated plate or screen where the whole is again supplied with water under the said screen, and this water rising upwards through the same raises the material on to a spreader.

CHECK NUT ESPECIALLY FOR FANG BOLTS AS USED ON RAILWAYS.—(No. 7100, Geo. A. Troup, Wellington.)—Provides a ready means of security holding fang or other nuts which can only with difficulty be got at, or which are covered up by ballast and consists in recessing the nut so that it fits over a plate or *vice versa*, by which means the nut retains its position even when the bolt is withdrawn and can be tightened by turning the head of the bolt, which is conveniently shaped for that purpose.

IMPROVEMENTS OF BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS.—(No. 7102, James Suckling, Christchurch.)—An elastic gore is inserted in place of or along with the tongue, and is secured at a sufficient distance from the edge of the lacing as is the case in an ordinary watertight boot, leaving the usual room between the stitching of the gore and the edge of the lacing to allow of a row of eyelet holes.

AN IMPROVED APPARATUS FOR USE WITH WINDOWS FOR EXCLUDING FLIES, &c.—(No. 7103, Alfred Leon Isaacs, Dunedin.)—Is an ingenious and very simple contrivance consisting in attaching to the upper and lower edges, sheets of metal gauze which are gathered up by spring rollers, and the window is raised or lowered thus totally excluding flies and vermin.

IMPROVED COMBINED LOCK AND PLUG FOR DRAIN PLOUGHS.—(No. 7118, James and John Galt, Mataura.)—The coulter is so formed that it passes completely through hind part of the sock,

which is slotted to receive it, the end of the slot fitting into a notch formed in the coulter; the sock is also held to the coulter by two transverse bolts. The plug is also similarly fitted, and held to the coulter, the whole forming a simple mechanical and useful contrivance.

(7114, Ferguson, Auckland.)—This is a simple and useful tool, to be fixed to the end of the boot, so that weeds may be cut and removed by kicking action.

IMPROVEMENTS IN SWITCHBACK RAILWAYS.—(No. 7115, James B. Copland and Edward Crosby Peers, Wellington.)—Improvement in switchback railways consists in making switchback railways in the form of a circle, and driving the carriages by means of a motor placed outside the circle, and communicating its power by means of ropes to a horizontal wheel within the circle, which again communicates it to the carriages, which are joined together by couplings having universal joints.

IMPROVEMENTS IN BUTTER PACKING CASES.—(No. 7116.)—Consists in grooving the outside of the cases, or fixing slats thereto, in order to allow of greater circulation in transit.

THE COLONIAL FEED REGULATING ROLLER.—(No. 7119, Alexander Storrie, Invercargill.)—This is an improved roller for regulating the flow of any kind of seed from the hopper of any kind of seed sowing machines to the place from whence it is lifted by the spoons or other contrivances and deposited on the ground. Consists in regulating the flow of the seed by means of a roller instead of slides, racks and pinions, as commonly used. The roller extends the whole length of the seed-box, and has notches dividing it into a semi-circle, where it faces the hopper; thus, by the revolution of the roller, the semi-circle will totally shut off the seed or regulate the flow to a nicety.

THE COLONIAL FORCE FEEDER AND SAFETY SPRING REGULATOR.—(No. 7120, James Dunbar, Invercargill.)—An improved force feeder for distributing all kinds of grain and seed in any kind of seed-sowing machine. This refers to a method of feeding seed in sowing by means of fluted rollers and accurately gauging the amount by means of an indicator, which is applied to gauge the rollers, and having an intermediate spring by which the indicator can always be regulated, even though the fluted roller has become choked.

AN IMPROVED CLIP.—(No. 7127, James MacAllister, Invercargill.)—An improved clip for the purpose of attaching coulter bars to the draw-bar of any drill or seed sower, or any kind of implements requiring a clip fastening. This is a simple method of keeping the coulter in its proper place, and also a speedy method of detaching or fixing the coulter in its place or shifting the position along the front bar to any desired width.

IMPROVED CONICAL FEEDER AND DISTRIBUTOR, FOR FERRISERS AND MANURES OF ALL KINDS.—(No. 7122, James MacAllister, Invercargill.)—Has conical, star-shaped feeders driven by spirals or bevel wheels, and regulating the quantity sown by sliding plates.

THE COLONIAL SPEED DEVICE.—(No. 7123.)—An improved speed device for regulating the quantities of seed or manure sown by any machine used for the purpose of sowing any such substances. Consists in placing on the feeding spindles of a drill bevelled wheels, having concentric rings of teeth, each row having the same pitch, so that a pinion gearing into and capable of being moved from one concentric ring to the other, will readily alter the speed.

A NEW AND IMPROVED PORTABLE BABY FOLD.—(No. 7124, William Barber Chapman, Rangiora.)—Consists in placing the babies in a sort of small sheep-fold or pen, made of four small hurdles, hooked together so as to form a square.

EMPIRE HOTEL, HAWERA

PROPRIETOR ... W. T. WATT.

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The Colonial Standard of Living, Thrift, and Yellow Agony.

(By FABIAN BLACK.)

Of all the sophisms, quackeries and absurdities by which ignorant respectability parades its own shallow-mindedness, and deliberately insults the intelligence of the working people, the theory of thrift as a panacea or remedy for poverty is the most frequent and irritating. When the advice is tendered by a pot-bellied, shiny-hatted and bejewelled plutocrat, a lawn-sleeved bishop, or a Conservative editor, it may be considered natural, appropriate and harmless. The distrust with which admonitions from such sources are regarded render them ineffective, therefore not worth comment. But when, at a meeting of the 'orny 'anded, this rotten old fallacy is resurrected and flaunted in their faces by one of themselves, who advises the emulation of Chinese characteristics (one cannot say virtues) without having a brick thrown at him, it shows this hoary and many-lived old fraud is being partially swallowed, and must be exposed again. There can be no doubt that the individual who lives up to the last penny of his income, and spends in drink and dissipation what ought to be put by for a rainy day, is not a good citizen, and injures himself and his fellow-creatures. Under our present social conditions "thrift," from an individual point of view, is desirable, though often not possible. It is, however, one of the ironies of fate, and in accordance with the "damnable nature of things" that what benefits the individual injures his class—and, indeed, the whole community—consequently, by reaction, injures the individual himself. It may seem paradoxical to state that the thrifty workman really benefits more from the extravagance or intemperance of his fellow-man than from his own abstinence or sobriety. The fact that wages always tend to a minimum, the limit of which is the standard of living to which classes are accustomed, or is general, will not be disputed. The thrift of an individual consists of a reduction of his standard of living below the average. He saves, or abstains from using, an amount which others consume. Immediately such a reduction became general his advantage would be lost, as wages would soon settle down to the reduced standard. Even without the existence of a large unemployed class competition would soon effect that.

The theory which is plausibly laid down is that the money which the abstemious save is available for investment, and will supplement their income by returning them interest. Now investment and interest are absolutely dependent on consumption. So, universal thrift, even if it did not reduce wages immediately, would curtail the opportunities for investment, as everybody would be consuming less. Take a brief illustration. The standard of living of the colonial public could, no doubt, be reduced considerably by not taking holiday trips—travelling only under immediate necessity—and discarding the habit of theatre-going. Both of these items may be considered, if not extravagances, not actually necessary to the maintenance of life. Let us suppose that the average annual expenditure is £10 per head, adult. If everyone unanimously agreed to save the amount they had hitherto spent in this manner, what would happen? First, the railway returns would show a large deficit, and extra taxation would be involved to pay the interest on the money borrowed for their construction. Steamship companies would either wind up or discontinue running. The Opera House and Theatre would be closed, and the shareholders' dividends minus. Omnibusses, cabs, carriages would lie rotting, the streets crowded with unemployed people, the Government at their wits' end to raise revenue, and the ugly words *repudiation* and *national bankruptcy* staring us straight in the face. At the same time the saved amount could not be profitably invested in Steamship Company shares, Opera House shares, private cab or omnibus businesses. The advocates of the "Thrift policy" forget that investment and industry are subject to consumption. If no one wanted food, clothes or shelter there

would be no employment for anyone. *Any reduction of the standard of living is a step in that direction.*

The futility and absurdity of the thrift policy can be seen by a superficial glance at our present industrial and commercial conditions which give practical proof of the above illustration. We find the same people who preach the doctrine to the poor are in actual life most persistently engaged in encouraging the transgression of their own pet theory. The economic conditions compel them not only to press the working people to spend their wages as fast as they are earned, but to provide special temptations and facilities to induce them to run into debt. Houses, land, pianos, sewing machines, furniture, clothing are being offered and pressed for sale to an extent which stretches the credit system to a bursting point, and involves considerable risk to vendors. Which often produces the modern anomalous spectacle of the prosperous soft goods merchant—blinded with class prejudice—dilating on the extravagance of the masses, ridiculing their aspirations, whilst he is not only absolutely dependent on the follies he condemns, but their moderate curtailment would involve him in ruin. Wherever the standard of living is low, there the people are degraded and debased. It is all very well to trot out the Chinaman as an example of thrift. But what is thrift? True thrift we take to be the following out of such action and conduct as will tend to preserve, sustain, and develop human life. As an ideal type of humanity the Chinaman certainly does not stand out as a shining example; and God forbid we should imitate him. In the interests of the sacred rights of "Property," we forbid the working classes to live herded together twelve or fourteen in a room. In the interests of "capitalism" we implore them not to ruin the soap factories and the textile industries. And in the interests of the parson, the registry office, common decency, and morality, we command them not to wreck the very life of this young nation by emulating the Chinese example of "common property in women," and other reputed abominations. *Thrift of this sort does not promote or sustain life; it destroys it.*

Another strange contradiction is that of the man who is popularly supposed to have been thrifty, i.e., the man who has accumulated property, and who has in innumerable cases been improvident all through life in taking more risk himself and throwing a good deal on society. How many cases are there in New Zealand where the welfare of the home, the training, education, health of the children, the duty of making provision in case of death or accident, have all been neglected for the purpose of satisfying an insane desire to acquire a "proprietary right" in "slumland" for a ramshackle building and site utterly inadequate to the demands of a growing family. The truly thrifty workman is generally stigmatized as extravagant. At the present rate of wages, let any ordinary workman do his duty to his family and society by insuring his life, joining a provident society, making his home decent and pleasant, improving his own mind, and endeavouring to develop the character of his children, so that they may make useful members of society; and he will not have much money to invest in "bricks and mortar," or be able to pose as a brilliant example of the much lauded "thrifty man." So far from universal thrift being conducive to general prosperity, it is not only obviously impossible, but any steps taken to adopt this policy must lead direct to national calamity and ruin. *"The only way for all to be well off is for all to work; not all to save."*

It's satisfactory to know that we shan't have to pay any share of the expenses of putting the Ringarooma to rights, but, all the same, the Colonies ought to insist upon vessels belonging to the Australasian Squadron not running ashore at almost full speed in future. The excuse about a badly charted coast is all nonsense. The vessels ought to be more engaged in charting work than in lying in Colonial harbours. Half their time the officers are playing the naval masher at Vice-Regal balls and assemblies. There's too much of the kid glove business about the British naval "officer" whom we meet with in this part of the world.

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ROCKS OF THE WISSAHICKON.

Singular Beauty of the Stratification of the Gneiss Rock.

Who has not heard of the attractiveness of Wissahickon? One of the foremost art critics of the United States is quoted as having said that he could not concede it to be one of the most beautiful bits of scenery in the United States, but it certainly was the prettiest. The reader is left to draw the line between these two interpretations.



THE HERMIT'S CAVE.

In a recent issue of Meehan's Monthly we are told that among the chief of Wissahickon's charms is the singular beauty of the stratification of the gneiss rock. In many cases large blocks have fallen out, so as to give the rocks a cavellike appearance. This only occurs where there is a peculiar twisting in the formation. Of course caves to any great extent only exist in limestone regions. The action of strong acid wears away the limestone, and in this way miles of subterranean passage ways are formed by the dissolving of rocks.

However, as in the case illustrated, hollows or caves of considerable size occur on the Wissahickon. The one illustrated is of considerable depth and is known as the Hermit's cave. It is said that a famous astronomer of very eccentric habits many years ago made his home there. The figure standing at the mouth of the cave represents one of the arctic explorers who was on the relief expedition in the interest of Lieutenant Peary. The cut here presented is reproduced from the paper quoted.

What Is Electricity?

Mr. S. F. Walker answers this question as follows in an electrical journal:

"As far as the writer is able to understand the matter now, electricity is simply the motion of the molecules of the different substances which are the subjects of electrical action, just as heat, light and sound are, and the only difference between these forces is the rate of the motion. The motion of sound, as we all know, is comparatively slow. That of heat and light is very rapid. That of electricity would ap-

pear to be somewhere between the slow motion of sound and rapid motion of the heat waves, whose motion is slowest—that is, slower than that of light.

"And it would appear that the wonderful adaptability which electricity shows for every kind of work is due entirely to the position which its rate of motion occupies in the scale of the energies. It would also appear that the reason this wonderful agent lay dormant for so many ages and is even now only partially developed, is very largely, at any rate, because we have no sense which responds to the particular periods of vibration comprised within the electric range."

Telephoning From Under the Water.

The telephone has lately been arranged for the use of divers. A sheet of copper is used in place of one of the glasses in the helmet, and to this a telephone is fixed, so that the diver, when at the sea or river bottom, has only to slightly turn his head in order to report what he sees, or receive instructions from above, says The Industrial World.

An Experiment In Physics.

When we look at any submerged object we all know that, in consequence of the phenomenon of refraction, it appears above the place it really occupies. This is the reason why a walking stick plunged into water looks as though it were broken.



PHENOMENON OF REFRACTION.

Here is a corresponding experiment: Place a bright coin at the bottom of an earthenware basin, or any other convenient receptacle (a gold \$20 piece will do), and get your spectator to lower his head until his eyes have struck a line that runs from the nearest edge of the coin to the rim of the vase. At this instant it is not the coin itself that the observer beholds, but its image, created by refraction. The locker on not stirring from this position, you may announce to him that you will cause the piece to disappear by sucking it up through a syringe.

You have only now to extract the water from the vase, either drawing it off by a siphon or syringe. The liquid once gone, the spectator will no longer see the coin, which is hidden by the wall of the receptacle. Pour water in again and the coin will reappear.

Boring wells by electricity is now in order.

Rescue—Marriage.

"Help!" The girl who was drowning shrieked wildly. Her voice was borne across the waves to the man on the beach.

"Help! Help!"

He shook his head.

"Impossible," he answered, using his hand for a speaking trumpet. "Consider the disparity in our ages, and, besides, what would your folks say?"

Presently all was still save the murmur of the water as it rippled against the strand. —Detroit Tribune.

By Merest Chance.

It was a narrow escape.

The strong man shuddered and wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow.

"Good heavens!" he said. "Another moment and then!" —

It was several moments before he recovered sufficiently to resume his task.

For once again he had come within an ace of dipping the muckilage brush in the ink.—Truth.

Distressing.

"Great Scott, man, what are you doing with four alarm clocks in your room?"

"I want to try and get a little sleep."

"How can that help you?"

"My wife and baby have gone for a visit, and everything is so blasted quiet I can't close my eyes." —Chicago Inter Ocean.

One For Each Year.



Uncle Trestop—That heifer is 2 years old. City Niece—How do you know?

"By her horns."

"Oh, to be sure. She has only two." —Life.

Their End.

Old Woman—I am sorry to hear little boys use such bad language. Have you thought what becomes of little boys who use bad language?

Street Urchin—Yes. Dey becomes horse car drivers. —Brooklyn Life.

A Half Learned Lesson.

Teacher—Why was Lot's wife turned into a pillar of salt?

Boy—For looking back.

"Yes, but why did she look back?"

"I—I guess some other woman passed her." —Good News.

How She Explained It.

Mr. Sappy—Yaas, I can drink lots of whiskey and not feel it.

She—It must go to your head.—Truth.

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