

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 Partys' 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.

