

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

Months ago we wrote at some length about the necessity for the better inspection of the food supply of Wellington, and now at last the Council has taken our tip and decided to do something. The Inspector of Nuisances is to be an inspector of meat, fish, and fruit, with special instructions to look out for diseased meat. Several Councillors spoke of having heard of cancerous meat being sold, and there can be no doubt the awful increase in cancer cases is due to the eating of diseased meat. The Jews never get cancer. Why? Simply because "Mo" sees to what he is eating, or gets some one to see to it for him, whereas we Gentiles go on devouring meat which ought to be burnt or buried. What is the good of the "inspection" the Council has ordered? Can the Inspector of Nuisances possibly have the requisite time for making enquiries and fossicking out the evil doers? Of course not. The steps taken by the Council are absurdly and miserably inadequate. We look to the Council to initiate a thorough and searching system of inspection. It is badly wanted, more seriously wanted than many people imagine. We shall wait and see how many cases the Inspector can get hold of in a month. Not one, we venture to prophesy.

The Country Jay Pee often does some strange things, but an Otago member of the "Great Unpaid" recently beat the record. A man was brought up for stealing a cheque from a station hand. It was proved that the prisoner had cashed the cheque and spent part of the proceeds at the local store, and the remainder at the local "pub." The Jay Pee solemnly deliberated for some time, and then delivered himself as follows:—"We find that the prisoner undoubtedly stole the cheque,

but as he spent the money in the place, I have decided to let him off with a caution." Beautiful!

Max O'Rell may have given the Australian 'orney 'anded once round in his book, "John Bull and Company," but he doesn't spare the "snobbery." This is how he smites them with his sharp French razor:—"Yet there are to be found in Australia, a country which owes its existence and its outlook to valiant pioneers with faces wrinkled by toil and suffering, and arms burnt by the sun, people who are already beginning to boast of not working with their hands, parasites who imitate all the idlers of the Old World, and whose only aim in life is to obtain a footing in a certain 'set.' These people who have inherited fortunes earned by means of hard work and a life of complete abnegation, already run down the Colonies, and would think it beneath them to drink a glass of the excellent wine that Australia produces. They shut their ears to Madame Melba whilst she was among them and of them, but to-day they would willingly pay five pounds for an orchestral stall, I have no doubt, if the *diva* would go and sing in Melbourne or Sydney."

Max hates humbug, and likes to call a spade a spade. Thus does he discourse upon the fair sex:—"And here let me frankly say that I am getting a little tired of hearing about the modesty and seriousness of the English-woman, and of hearing the Frenchwoman called frivolous. Have I not seen, at bazaars in England and its Colonies, sanctified fairs organised to provide an organ for the church or a peal of bells for the tower—have we not seen women and girls conducting themselves with unblushing effrontery to fill the coffers of *the cause*? Have I not seen in the shop-windows their portraits in low-necked dresses, and with their names attached? 'Why not their address?' a Frenchman would say, if such things were seen in France."

Curious how Australia is following the New Zealand lead in advanced legislation. The new Victorian Government announce their intention to impose Land, Income, and Absentee taxes. The tariff question, however, is funk'd until next March. It's long odds against the Turner Ministry lasting until then.

The new bridge over the Tiraunee river, opened by the Premier the other day, will be a great boon to the settlers in the Makuri district, where great progress has been made of late. The improvement in the Forty-Mile Bush during the last five or six years has been something marvellous—a striking testimony, by the way, to the value of small holdings. The dairy industry is the main source of employment and income.

The Union Company would be glad to know, no doubt, who put the fire-sticks into the Mararoa, the Taviuni, and the Ohau. The fires were undoubtedly the result of incendiarism—probably the work of some discharged hand or hands.

H. D. Bell, alleged Prohibitionist, was a shining light the other day at a meeting of the Christchurch followers of Isitt, Taylor, and Co. Why does he not start a Prohibition campaign up at the Wellington Club? Some of the members are not teetotallers—oh dear no!

Mr. Bell, as we believe, opposed to Home Rule for Ireland. This being so, where did he get the Dillon from?

Colonel Fox is, so goes the story, to marry Miss Russell, daughter of the genial Captain of that ilk, early next year. The marriage will take place at Flaxmore, Captain Russell's home station near Hastings.

The English Radicals are getting on. Lord Rosebery openly advocates a campaign in favour of the House of Lords. If he goes to the country on this he will be licked as sure as fate, for the days, or perhaps we should say the years, of hereditary legislators in the Old Country are numbered. When once the English Liberals—real Liberals—make up their mind to a policy, that policy generally succeeds. Home Rule is an exception, it is true, but then the rank and file of the party were always luke warm on this. It was Gladstone's policy, and now that he is out of the game the Liberals are dropping poor Paddy's cause.

Down at Greymouth there is hardly ever a case of cancer now-a-days at the local hospital, where at one time there used to be many. Reason: stringent inspection of the cattle imported from the West Coast of this Island, and ruthless destruction of all diseased animals. But at Wellington—but no need to go into details; diseased meat is sold here by the ton, and the local authorities are doing next to nothing.

The horrors of the Cayenne French penal settlement in Guiana, South America, are something positively fiendish, judging by accounts recently received in Paris. Fancy the poor devils of convicts bound down across ant hills (the Cayenne variety is about the size of a bee, and a determined blood-sucker) and then smeared over with molasses to attract the insects. In other cases, live men were chained to the bodies of dead prisoners. The Frenchman is still half monkey, half

devil, as Voltaire said of his fellow countrymen over a century ago.

Mrs. Besant drew big houses during her Wellington season. She is certainly a very clever woman, so clever, indeed, as to perfectly enthral her audiences, and yet not one-out of twenty who attends can give anything like an intelligible account of what he or she heard. As to Theosophy, it appears to us, judging by Mrs. Besant's description of it, to be a mixture of mysticism and downright humbug. How any apparently sane creature can give serious credence to such twaddle is to us perfectly incomprehensible.

Mrs. Besant has held about six different faiths during her life, and in each case she has glowed with enthusiasm, each in its inevitable turn being dropped with contempt. What is the practical value of such a female weathercock on any kind of religion? She will probably end her life as a 'vert to Romanism.

"The dear Glasgows" dontcherknow, have departed for Christchurch, and the Thorndon snobocracy are in bitter distress. Happily, the "Guvmentouse" people return before Christmas, otherwise we don't know how Thorndon would survive the shock of the separation.

"Jimmy" Carroll knew what he was about when he spoke so gushingly of "the Army," when opening the Rescue Home, The Salvationists are very strong in Gisborne, and they have votes. At the last election these went principally to De Lautour, once member for Mount Ida, and a bosom friend of Stout, and now practising his profession as a lawyer in the Poverty Bay capital. De Lautour had the Army and the teetotal vote at the last election, but next time the Salvationists will no doubt remember that "Good Mr. Carroll who spoke so nicely at the hopening of our 'Ome in Wellin'ton." Oh yes, Jimmy wasn't born yesterday. Not by a long chalk.

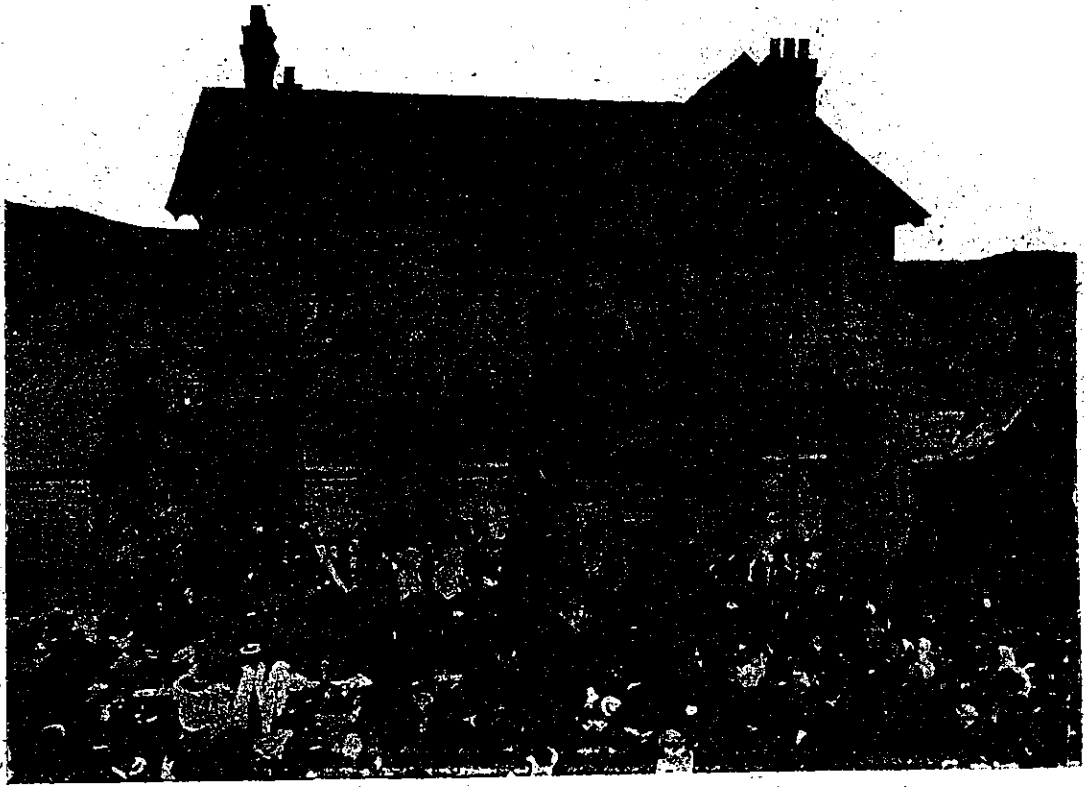
The Government did quite right in rejecting the proposal to stick up a bust of the late Mr. Ballance in front of the Parliament Buildings. Either have a proper statue or nothing. The truth of the matter is that the Ballance memorial got into the hands of the wrong men at the start. If the bumptious Trades Council, young "Know Alls," hadn't rushed in there would have been a much more truly national and much more successful movement. As it is— Well we won't say any more to-day.

A country paper thus pleasantly "touches up" a recent folly of the Hon. John McKenzie:—"A royal proclamation has been advertised warning settlers against killing so called "natural enemies" of the rabbit. Amongst which are cats! After a few bad nights the Minister of Agriculture will soon withdraw this notice, for

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and the dog will have his day,"

and a cat mewng at midnight is something more than cheerful.

Scobie McKenzie is always ranting and raving about Ministerial one-sidedness and injustice, but his own little rag, the "Mount Ida Chronicle," publishes Scobie's address at the Pomohaka enquiry in full, but gives none of the evidence or of Dr. Fitchett's reply. Is that what you call fair play, Scobie?



THE SALVATION ARMY RESCUE HOME, WELLINGTON.
THE OPENING CEREMONY.

The "Woodville Examiner" is greatly exercised in mind because some of the men on the co-operative works in the Forty-Mile Bush have had injunctions granted against their wages by the R.M. The "Examiner" calls this "a brutally cruel state of the law." Where does the brutality come in? Does the "Examiner" mean to contend that the working man should be allowed to run up debts, and that creditors should have no claims upon their wages. Pay your debts is a good old rule.

The Wellington Cycling Club has a membership of seventy-three. A capital recreation for our city young men, but FAIR PLAY suggests that the unwritten law as to bells and lights should be more strictly carried out.

George Irons, who has left Briscoe, McNeill and Co.'s to manage Henry Williams and Sons' business at Napier, is one of the most popular of Wellington business men. He was the right hand man with John Duthie for a number of years. Williams and Sons, whose Napier business he is now to manage, is one of the oldest and best established business concerns, and has widespread connection throughout the province.

Mr. Gordon, the inspector of mines, is evidently not very popular with the Reefton people. At an indignation meeting held at that town of money companies—and small dividends—the other day, one speaker remarked, "Mr. Gordon should not display such ignorance as is exhibited in his report on the gold

fields of this district. He is a geologist with several letters attached to his name—he is an F.G.S. and an M.A." Here, according to the report in the local paper, an individual interjected "Yes, and a B.F., too." "What does that mean?" asked one of the audience. B.F. means "Bifurcated Fossil" was the reply amongst roars of laughter. Evidently some of the Reefton people are as ingenious as they are rude in their choice of definitions.

What will the "New Woman" say to the following, from the Southern "Standard's" report of an Invercargill cycling show:—"Over 100 machines were on hand, including several ladies." Another example of the way in which that monster Man misrepresents the fair sex.

At Masterton the other day a witness in a bushfalling case had the nerve to tell the Court that he had worked on the contract for nine days without any meat. One of the long-robed gentlemen engaged in the case thereupon remarked:—"Indeed, then you must have been nearly starved." The witness, without a blush, "Well, I was so thin that I had to stand twice in one place to cast a shadow." Lawyer: "That will do, thank you. Next witness!"

Talk about John McKenzie, even he isn't in it for elegance of language as compared with Sir George Dibbs, of "Damn Chicago" notoriety. The other day in the New South Wales Assembly, Dibbs addressed the Colonial Secretary, Brunker, as follows: "If you put them up to this, you ought to have been hanged long ago." Choice, very choice!

You Don't Say So!

Nearly every daily paper in the Colony made a recent cablegram read:—"Livadia in Greece." Livadia is the summer residence of the Czar in the Crimea.

The new Bishop of Wellington is to get £1000 a year, and this whilst some of the country parsons, who have to ride long distances, and have the hardest of hard work to do, get only a bare subsistence.

The irrepressible Fish is a candidate for the Dunedin Mayoralty again. "Bobs up serenely," like the man in Olivette. Fish has more go in him now-a-days than George Fisher. When will our George do his rebound?

Captain A. B. C. D. E. F. Campbell-Preston—we don't remember his correct initials, but the above are some of them—is reported to bethe best man in the "Guvmentouse" company at the Highland Fling.

Verbatim copy of a letter from a newly-appointed New South Wales J.P. to the local (South Coast) Police Magistrate:—"Dear Sur,—I rite to let you know that I ave made a j p and it will give me grate pleasure to cohabit with you on the Binch."

Now that Parliament is prorogued, everybody seems to agree that the new members, of whom we heard such fine prophecies at the outset of the session, are just as much given to verbosity as the old lot were. M.H.R. spells "gaspape" in New Zealand.

There is a terrible scarcity of houses of a good class in Wellington. A lot of banking swells, who have recently made Wellington their head-quarters, have had the greatest difficulty in finding houses that they consider suitable to their dignity.

The cablegrams about the War in the East remind us of the "lying bulletins," which the Great Napoleon was so used to send out. The Japs and Chinese appear to be just as accomplished liars.

The new Musical Society, founded by the festival choir, is a good idea, but it's a mistake to let Mr. Robert Parker have sole control. An excellent musician, but too dictatorial when allowed a free-hand. There should be two conductors-in-chief. The Society should not depend on the great Parker alone.

What's the reason of the increase of cancer? Bad meat! That's the trouble. Ask Van Stav., and he'll tell you that the Jews never suffer from this loathsome disease. Why? Because their meat is subjected to a rigid inspection.

No dividend for the Wellington Woollen Company shareholders. Well, well, when Kennedy Mac was boss of the show there was always a dividend, wherever it came from. Mac has got the laugh on his side now.

The proceedings at the Synod do not give one a very exalted opinion of the intelligence of the members of that august body. There was a good deal of bickering as usual, and a spirit of high dried old Toryism, which appears to be inseparable from Anglican assemblages.

The first case of hydrophobia ever reported in Australia is said to have occurred recently at Adelaide. The afflicted one chewed off a part of a bobby's ear. 'Ear, 'ear, said the local larrikins, with that lack of sympathy which they have for the "force." It was a mongrel cur which bit the man who bit the bobby.

We hear very bad accounts of Coolgardie from returning New Zealanders. No one should go who hasn't at least £300 to buy camels so as to make a start right into the interior. Round Coolgardie there's absolutely no show. Wages men are not wanted. There are hundreds on the field who cannot get work.

The Government have issued a notice strictly preserving stoats and weasels. Yet up country you can't go to a single farmer's place without hearing the settler cursing these imported pests for killing his lambs and scoffing his best poultry.

A meeting is to be held at Christchurch on the 6th December to consider the formation of a New Zealand Cricket Association. It seems doubtful, however, whether Stoddart's team will be able to play New Zealand a visit.

Marion Mitchell, of Pollard's Lilliputians, celebrated her 18th birthday when the company were here last. She is a Wellington girl, and has a fine future before her if she will only study. Her father travels with the show, and plays the cornet in the orchestra.

Auckland "Observer," hitherto a staunch supporter of the present Government, begins to show signs of a tendency to rat. What's the matter? Not enough Government ads?

The Union Company, we hear, mean to make a big attempt this summer to run off the Huddart, Parker boats. But H. P. and Co. say that they've come to stay, and the U.S.S. have a harder contract in hand than they think.

There is some talk of a well-known squatter M.H.R. being engaged to the daughter of a parson, who was at one time virtually King of a well-known Island in the South Seas. If the marriage comes off it will be a case of B and B.

Why shouldn't a lady cyclist have a light and ring a bell just like the male wheel enthusiast is obliged to do? This question is sent us by a lady whose "kiddy" was nearly run over the other night by a divided skirtist on her bone-shaker.

Another death in journalism. Robert Martin, editor of the Napier "Daily Telegraph," has gone where, we hope, leaders and proofs are unknown. He was a Scotchman by birth, and was at one time editor of the "Southland Daily Times."

The Hon. Patrick Dignan, M.L.C., died suddenly at New Plymouth on the 19th October. He was an old Auckland. Two vacancies now: who will get them? Why not make Mac a "Lord?" He'd look the part, and wouldn't he just stir up the old fossils.

Will anybody tell us what practical good has been achieved for Wellington by Stout and Bell during the late session? "Worst City members we ever had"—so everybody says. It will take all H. D. B's money and influence to get him in again. Every day we hear people who supported him at the last election saying "Never again" And they mean it.

Alfred Dampier, whose season in Wellington a year or two ago was such a frost, is in London, trying to arrange for his appearance in "Robbery Under Arms." The play, as produced by Alfred when he was in Wellington, was a very trashy dramatisation of Rolfe Boldrewood's capital yarn. It's long odds that Alfred won't "catch on" in London unless at some very second rate Temple of Thespis.

Joe Ivess has "planted" another paper at Hawera. An enterprising, industrious fellow is "Joe." "Competition is the soul of business" is his maxim, so he pluckily goes and starts a paper where another man would not think of running against the existing paper. What's more, Joe's papers are always well printed, and when he lets his own bold Roman hand have a show he makes the local hair fly.

Moral Sanitation.

[BY FABIAN BLACK]

Lord Macaulay, in commenting upon the absurdity of our priding ourselves on being smarter or more intelligent than previous generations, likens our euphemism to that of the little boy who, while standing on his father's shoulders, cries "See how much taller I am than papa." The analogy is fair and true. The fact that we owe almost everything we have, or know, to generations of dead men, who have lived, toiled, and suffered for our benefit, is too often overlooked. Self-conceit, arrogance, narrow-mindedness prevail to such an extent that we not only forget the debt we owe to our ancestors, but we are often inclined to reproach and belittle their memory for not seeing as far as we do. Looking back to the time when plague, fires, pestilences were regarded as visitations of God's wrath, and when charms, prayers, and ceremonies were deemed more efficient remedies or preventives than cleanliness, moderate living, and medical skill, we are amused, and are ironically severe on the simplicity of mind which could sustain such stupid superstitions. And remembering that many of these beliefs were supported by the church and by eloquent divines, whose sermons and disquisitions prove them to be men of intelligence, learning, and acute perceptive faculties, we rarely hesitate to withhold the accusation of hypocrisy and fraud. It is so easy to speak in contempt of the "dark ages," as, fortunately, the people of that time cannot defend themselves. It is perhaps well for us it is so, as their retaliatory criticism of our much-admired and belauded age would shatter our pride-bubbles, strip off our conventional, pedantic, superficial knowledge and acquirements, and reveal us ignorant, obstinate, prejudiced, reactionary, and as hide-bound in old customs and ideas as any seventeenth century set of Tories. Oh, but we know all about hygiene, and we understand the necessity for sanitation for preserving the health of the community. We cannot of course always carry our knowledge into effect without injuring a holier thing than health—"Property." The sacred rights of vested interests and the welfare of that "intermediary collector" of municipal taxes, the "ratepayer," must be considered first. Our God is not humanity. We do not worship man. Our ideal is not of a great nation of healthy, happy, intelligent human beings, living in harmony and enjoying life—but of wealth—counters, gold bonds, cheating, lying, advertising, and quacking, in which the biggest rogue comes out on top and all the rest worship him. Our God is Mammon. We may be superior to our forefathers in our knowledge about the sanitation which preserves the physical life, but we are infinitely inferior to them in the practice of that sanitation which preserves the moral life. We know—at least thousands of us know—the causes which make millions of our fellow-creatures live in a human cesspool, and we are too cowardly to raise our voices against those causes; we are worse than cowardly, as we know it is by the degradation and debasement of our fellow-creatures we are enabled to live without work. We see the plane on which humanity stands, depressed into a foul, unwholesome bog at one end, for the purpose of raising the other into artificiality, effiteness, vice and dissipation. We draw our dividends and rents regularly, jingle our guineas in our pockets, knowing full well that by a beautiful automatic process we are absorbing the value created by those who bear the heat and burden of the day, in the field, the factory, and the sweater's den. We know we are profiting by our power of keeping apart our fellow men, and the natural element necessary to their existence. And when the putrescences for which we are morally responsible—by our support of the system which produces them—sting us, or refuse to lie longer hidden, we falsely attribute them to natural evil in human nature.

The patriots and reformers of old fought and died for what they believed to be right and true. It is a hard job at the present day to find a few dozen who will make a pecuniary sacrifice or run the slightest risk for what they know to be true. Hypocrisy, insincerity, timidity, are the

order of the day. We talk about the "uplifting of the masses," the "reconstruction of society," "land nationalization," "single tax," "currency reform," and we prove beyond doubt that the condition of those whom we are almost afraid to pity openly, is due to the unhealthy and unsound basis of society, yet we hardly move a finger to alter it. We confine ourselves to abstruse and prolix arguments to a little philanthropy, some "thrice cursed charity," which injures the giver and the receiver. We dabble everywhere with effect and ignore cause. In fact we will do anything but fight. Combination, organisation, education are weapons which we are frightened to take up. Mammon might crush us with his little finger. The stern old spirit of our forefathers which hated a wrong because it was a wrong, has either not been transmitted to us, or has been stultified and stifled by our poisonous surroundings. Our institutions have undoubtedly corrupted us, apathy, indolence, indifference, "go-as-you-please" expediency and opportunism, operating but too often for mere self interest, and disregard for the condition of our fellows, may for a time carry us along; but it will bring a heavy day of reckoning, in which those who have built their hopes on the theory of "whatever is, is right," will be roughly disillusioned and receive practical proof of the solidarity of Society.

The moral Sanitation which is now necessary to preserve society from disaster and catastrophe in the not distant future is the cultivation of a spirit which will fight courageously for truth, justice and honour; demolishing sham, uprooting evil, and exposing fraudulent things, even at personal sacrifice. It must be lynx-eyed and fearlessly critical, sparing no foul or unjust thing, no matter how time-honoured or popular. In constitutional, political, commercial, or industrial matters; whether in the roof, the pillars on the foundation of the social edifice, the faulty parts must be condemned and removed. Not perhaps without strife and bitter feeling—yet even so. Bitter that, than with blood and tears. That such a spirit can and will grow, is to be hoped. The survival of the English speaking race depends upon it. It will determine whether we are to rise to higher social conditions or to retrograde and descend to oblivion as the civilizations of ancient times have done before us. Our destiny is clearly in our own hands. Let us therefore reflect, and try to realize that the stability of a nation or a people is assured by the welfare of each individual unit forming that nation, and when society is divided into two different sections, widely separated by extreme wealth and deep poverty, its cohesive force is so weakened as to cause inevitable disruption and decay. Let us, therefore, ponder on the warning given by Carlyle in his "French Revolution"—"That if the gods of this lower world will sit on their glittering thrones, indolent as Epeurus gods, with the living chaos of ignorance and hunger weltering, uncared for, at their feet, and smooth Parasites preaching peace, peace, when there is no peace, then the dark chaos it would seeu, will rise; has risen, and Oh, heavens, has it not tanned their skins into breeches for itself? That there be no second Sanscullottism in our earth for a thousand years, let us understand well what the first was; and let rich and poor of us go and do otherwise."

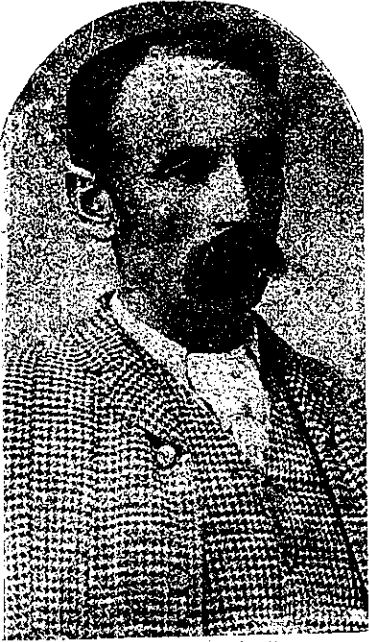
"Bulletin" on the late lamented Tawhaio:—"Tawhaio, the defunct Maori king, left behind him thirty-seven wives. To prevent the aged king, in his peregrinations among his subjects, adding to the list of favourites, the sternest and most forbidding-looking of his *wahines*, by common consent, accompanied his majesty. She sat beside Tawhaio in his buggy during his rounds, and effectually frowned upon the chiefs who, according to immemorial custom, pressed their brown-skinned maidens upon his Nibs. Thus the string of concubines who occupied the royal *whare* was kept within the number stated."

The Prison Gate Mission of Christchurch want to see people committed for a twelvemonth on their sixth conviction for drunkenness. Outrageous folly. Drink is a disease, and if the sixth conviction proves anything it proves the necessity for clapping the offender into a lunatic asylum, or, better still, a home for inebriates, where his disease would be properly treated.

Why is Fruit Dear?

A Fruit Colony Wanted in New Zealand.

Interview with an Expert.



Mr. G. E. Alderton, editor of the *Northern Advocate*, Whangarei, who is an authority on fruit culture in the North Island, passed through Wellington recently, and was interviewed by our reporter.

"You have written a book on orange culture, I believe, Mr. Alderton?"

"Yes; some years ago."

"And is orange culture a success North of Auckland?"

"Yes; decidedly so. Dobbie Brothers, the largest growers at Whangarei, have shipped twenty-six tons this year. They have twenty acres planted, but the trees are not yet in full bearing. Dobbie Bros. command for their fruit the highest market prices, beating both Sydney and Island oranges. Much of the Sydney fruit is not first-class, being ungraded as to size and disfigured with scale; while Island fruit, being packed green, comes to market bruised and damaged. Dobbie Bros., in the first place, grade their oranges into three sizes, and every orange put into the case is ripe and clean, hence their brand holds the market for excellence in all points."

"And the orange culture profitable?"

"Yes; for those who can wait. The trees do not bear till the fourth year, and not till the eighth do they produce a large crop. Then a tree should yield from fifty to one hundred dozen. Place the price nett at 4d. per dozen; that gives for each tree 16s 8d. Seventy-five trees are planted to the acre

that gives you £62 10s. per acre, or £625 for ten acres, which is as much as one man can look after."

"But cannot you do something with the intermediate land while the trees are growing?"

"Yes; certainly. Intercalary culture is not recommended in the case of an orangery, but many people do, nevertheless, cultivate the intermediate spaces. You can grow potatoes, onions, strawberries, &c., amongst the trees, if necessary. In any case, the ground has always to be kept clean, not a weed being allowed in an orange grove."

"It must be a very pretty sight, a large orange grove."

"Very; one of the most delightful pictures the eye can dwell on. The tree is particularly ornamental, with its dark green, glossy foliage, covered at one time with the highly-scented blossoms, at another with thousands of golden fruit. A man who has his house ensconced in amongst a ten-acre orange grove can feel as if he had a fair share of the luxuries of this world."

"You have been through America, I believe, Mr. Alderton, in connection with the fruit industry?"

"Yes; I went for the Government to report more particularly on viticulture, the growing of the vine, and making of wine, and I had the good luck to attend a Viticultural Convention sitting in Washington, where I met all the leading vignerons of America. I had discovered in the North that only the American vine will stand out-doors and resist the mildews peculiar to our humid climate, and wanted to further investigate the question in America, or rather in the Eastern States, for in California, where the climate is dry, they grow almost exclusively the European vine. I don't think, even now, there are many viticulturists in this Colony who understand the difference between the European and the American vine, but the two are distinctly different, and the latter will stand much more moisture. To be able to plant open air vineyards in New Zealand would be a matter of vast importance if the Temperance party would stand off. For very little capital is required. You merely plough and subsoil the ground, and then plant cuttings, which cost about £1 to the acre, while at the end of three years, if you succeed in combating the mildews, you should get 200 gallons of wine to the acre. The wine, if properly made, should be worth 6s. a gallon, but say 4s.; that will give £40 to the acre, which knocks grain-growing into the next street."

"But the Prohibitionists say you shall not make nor sell wine."

"Yes. Well, we will have to divide this country up, as they say in the House, 'the Noes will go to the right, and the Ayes to —.' One might be permitted to suggest in these days of Quixotic proposals, that those to whom wine is noxious should occupy exclusively either the North or South Island, and be compelled to raise their own revenue. The water prophets would squeal, I fancy, if they had to pay on their tea and sugar what is now contributed by whisky. But the proposal to prevent our settlers from making and selling wine will, though not carried, do great harm. North of Auckland many settlers make

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MY DEAR YOUNG GULDERS,—
Time slips on, and once again I greet you, and hope you are well, and enjoying this beautiful spring weather.

Even in the short space of time which elapses between our "talks," what changes take place. Sunshine and rain, joy and sorrow, follow each other in quick succession—and what a lot of sorrow must have been caused by the wreck of the s.s. Wairarapa, and how many sad hearts there are to-day which

were light and merry but a little while ago. I sincerely hope, dear friends, that none of you have suffered through this sad calamity, at least not anything more than suspense, for I know of one of our members who must have felt very anxious, and I sincerely congratulate her on the safety of her loved one.

Now for a more pleasant theme. I mean our competition.

"Oh, yes, Aunt Dinah, the competition. Who has won the prize this time?" says a boy member. "I suppose it is a girl this time?"

Yes, my boy, it is a girl, and the reason of this is soon made clear. *There is not a single boy competitor!* Now, boys, this is not right, and should not be. I don't want useless members. They remind me of some of our members of Parliament. They belong to an institution (as you do), but do nothing to justify their right to membership. And so it is with you, and I sincerely hope this will be the last time I shall have to make complaints. What do you say, boys?

"If you please, Aunt Dinah, I mean to work very hard next time," says one little boy.

Very well, my dear, and I must soon put you to the test, for as the month will be a little advanced before you see this copy of FAIR PLAY, you will have to work very hard, for I want you to send in articles for the next, by not later than the 28th December, so that we may know that we have given joy to some one, at the time when all people try to make some one happy. I mean, of course, dear old Christmaside. The competition will be—for our girl members, the best dressed shilling doll; for boys the most artistically painted shilling barrow. You see, my dears, I am asking you to spend a little money this time, but then I know that most, if not all, of you have money boxes which are beginning to feel very heavy, and that, if you take one little silver shilling out of that box and spend it in this way you will feel all the happier for it, and perhaps that shilling might be spent in stick jaw and all sorts of night-mare lollypops.

"You are right, Aunt Dinah," says one girl, "I ate so many lollys and sweets last Christmas Day, that I could not go to the picnic on Boxing Day, so I am sure I will not be so selfish this year, and I shall willingly spend a shilling."

"Very well, my dear, I hope all our members will be so minded, especially the boys."

I think now we must go on with the result of *this* month's competition. As I look over the articles I have received, I will briefly describe them. First received a doll, quaintly dressed in silk and lace from our little friend Eily Twomey, another tiny doll in a pretty box, from Mary Twomey, two of our most industrious members, who I am sure, have little thought of the prize, when they are engaged in their "labour of love." Next I come to a pretty bead necklet made by Sarah Beri, also of Temuka; and now, what can be in this big parcel? Why no less than three fashionably dressed young lady dolls, cream delaine dresses, pretty crochet petticoats, and everything complete, and the clever little fingers which worked so very hard for our guild, belong to Amy Cole, of Karori. The next is still another doll dressed in green cashmere and lace with bonnet to match, and which reflects great credit on our member Eva Fryer, of Vogel-town, but I must, in justice, proclaim Amy Cole the winner, not because she sent three dolls, but because of the hours of labour she must have spent on them. So Amy you are the winner,

and you may expect the prize a few days after you see this announcement.

Next time I shall have little business, and so will devote our "Page" to some pretty stories.

N.B.—Don't forget to save your shilling for December competition.

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 PLAYER GUILD.

Name.....

Address.....

Age.....

Date.....

Why shouldn't female teachers get something approaching the same rate of pay as the male? It seems to us that the tendency of the Education Boards is to work out the male wage-earners and replace them by females, giving the latter a much less salary. If the women are to compete with men, let them be paid at the same rate. Take the Oamaru High Schools as a case in point. We see the three male teachers at the Boys' school get £890 a year in salaries, but the same number of female teachers at the girls' school only £885. There should be greater equality of salaries for male and female.

And while on this subject of teachers' salaries, how is it that a teacher holding a certain certificate teaching a certain number of pupils gets nearly a third more salary under one board than he would do under another, with the same certificate and same number of pupils. What is wanted is a uniform scale of salaries right round the colonies. And the same thing with school books. It's all nonsense that because a child shifts from one district to another, an entirely new lot of text books should have to be purchased. The inspectors, too, should be under the Central Department and not employed by the Boards. At present they stop too long in one district, and being but mortal they make favourites and other harm is done. Uniform salaries, uniform books, inspectors under central control (as in England), and uniform standard examinations for the whole colony, these are some of the reforms which the Minister of Education should introduce next year.

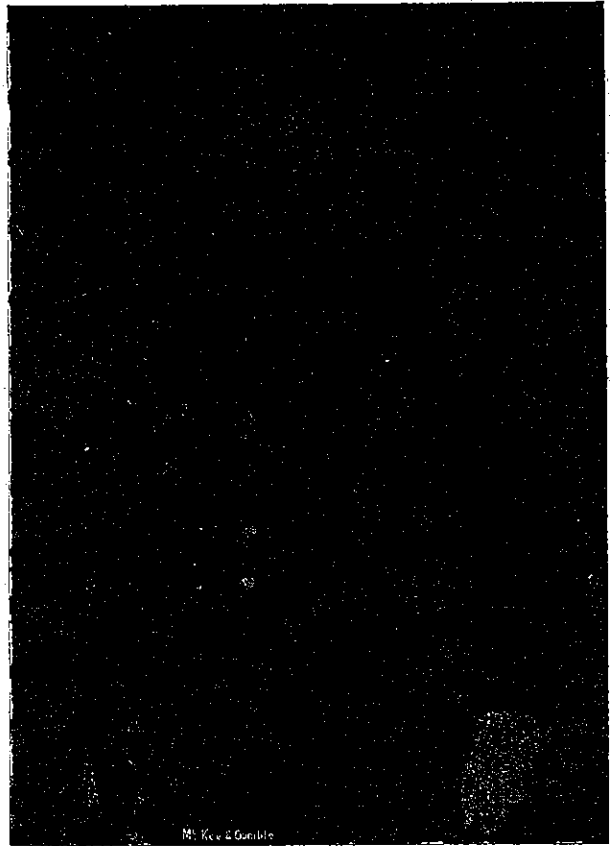
How is it, Mr. J. G. Ward, Colonial Treasurer and Chief Boss of the Post and Telegraph Service, that in the Telephone Bureau such gross favouritism has recently been exhibited? Are you aware that two young ladies, daughters of a gentleman reputed to be getting a salary of £600 a year, have recently been appointed to the Exchange; also that the daughter of a high-placed and well-paid official of the Government Insurance Department has similarly been favoured? And are you also aware, sir, that there are dozens of poor girls equally as competent as some of those appointed, whose parents have means under £3 a week, in some cases less, have applied for situations at the Exchange, and not been successful? Don't you think that to give employment to the daughters of men in high positions and who get good incomes, while you turn away the daughters of poor men, girls whose earnings must all help to keep the family pot boiling, is gross favouritism and gross injustice? We wait for an answer.

BOWLINGTON.

This month we give the portraits of the officials of the Thorndon Bowling Club, Wellington. The Club was started two years ago, and has a membership of close on 100. The green, which is in splendid condition, is divided into seven rinks, and gives play for fifty members at one time. The opening takes place on the 10th instant, and a good attendance of members of contemporary Clubs is expected.



MR. G. S. COOPER, President.



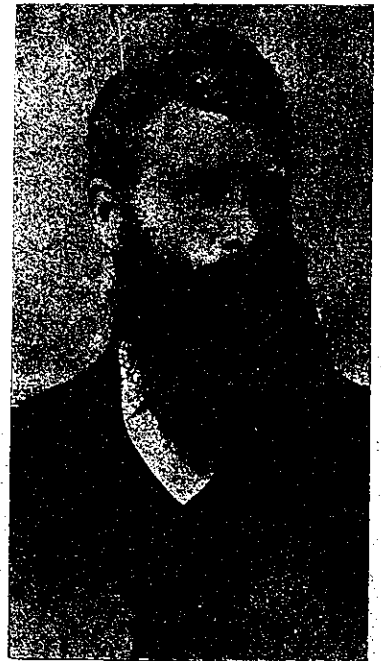
HON. R. PHAR'ZYN, Vice-President.



MR. W. H. QUICK, Vice-President.



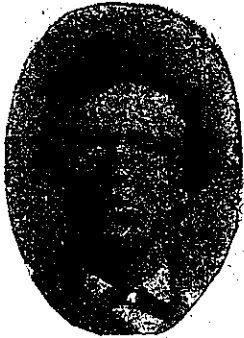
MR. F. W. FLANAGAN, Secretary.



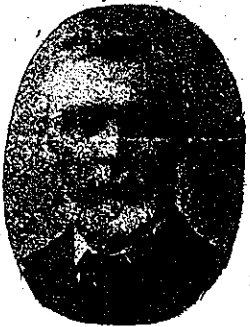
MR. WILLIAM J. DILLIT, Treasurer.

**PARLIAMENTARY PICKINGS
AND PECKINGS.**

[BY JACK DAW.]



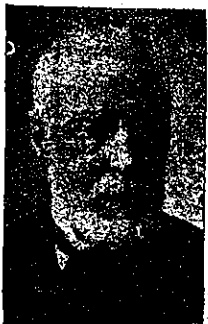
Mr. Hall, of Woodville, is a clean shaven gentleman, in a very palpable wig. He was a nominee of W. C. Smith, who is practically the Chief Political Boss in Hawke's Bay, and is a quiet inoffensive gentleman, who in private life, I believe, keeps a book shop. As he seldom speaks it is difficult to judge of his political ability, but from the paucity of ideas in what little he does say I should presume that the electors of Woodville are easily satisfied.



Nelson enjoys a reputation for sonolency, but its representative has proved himself remarkably wide awake, and when the Midland Railway question was on the *tapis* it might be said that he possessed a pair of those famous "double hextra million magnifying glasses," which the artless 'Samivel' Weller averred he would have required on a certain notable occasion, for Mr. Graham proved himself perfectly argus-eyed in his vigilant regard for the interests of his district. He is evidently a shrewd, sensible man, of no graces, but blunt, plain spoken individual, who means what he says, and says it as straightforwardly as he can.

nor "fallals" of oratory, but blunt, plain spoken individual, who means what he says, and says it as straightforwardly as he can.

Mr. "Waikouaiti" Green may be a "personage"—in Waikouaiti—but in the House he has neither done nor said anything very remarkable.



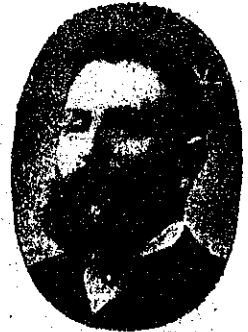
"Geordie we have missed you," has been the purport of what a good many members have said during the session, and the wonder is that Aucklanders take the Knight's prolonged absence from the colony—and from his seat in the House—with such apparent coolness. The fact is, that Sir George Grey ought have resigned long ere this. It is a manifest absurdity that the senior member for a city like Auckland should be absent from Parliament for a whole session; what is more, this absence is a grievous injustice and palpable discourtesy to those

who elected him. I question very much whether he would have been any power in the House either for good or for evil even had he been present, for a Parliamentary generation has arisen with whom the name of Grey is no longer one to conjure. All the same, he should either attend the sittings of the House, or make way for some one else. This is what he will no doubt be called upon to do before next session is here.

Generally a most colourless member, with a manner as mild as his appearance, Mr. Hall-Jones has on one or two occasions exhibited signs of something approaching originality of thought and independence of action. He is, I fear, not very sound on the Seddonian goose, and I fear that he is not beloved of "Joek" the Un-forgiving. Were a general election in immediate proximity, the member for Timaru might answer to the bosun's (Mr. Mills's) whistle a little more readily, but more than once this session he has betrayed evidences of a desire to cling to the Stoutian coat tails. He is, I hear, a "suspect" with the Premier and "Lan's."



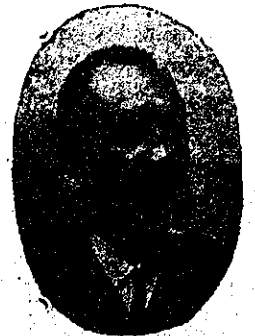
Mr. Joyce is just the same old unctuous—wash your hands in imaginary soap and water—glib-tongued, verbose, and shallow personification of political pomposity he always was. The trail of the Sunday School Superintendent is over him still, and there is the same old belief in his own omniscience that ever marked him. His ambitions are said to be great—Minister of Labour, Minister of Education, Attorney-General—anything would be jumped at—but he will have to wait a long time I fear ere his hopes are realised.



Mr. Guinness is a good fellow, a useful member for the Grey, where "local wants" always take precedence of Colonial questions in degree of importance, but he is a very poor Chairman of Committees, and I fancy that both sides are now very sorry he was ever placed there. He has spoken very plainly about one Minister's action during the session, and I shouldn't be surprised if next session a change be made. For the rest, he's a genial, industrious legislator, of long experience, and decidedly and deservedly popular amongst his fellow members.



Mr. Lawry has been in the House some years, a fact which does not say much for the intelligence of those who sent him to Parliament. Once a strong Atkinsonian, he is now an all-accepting, all-swallowing, patient follower of Richard of Kumara, for which potentate he has this session cracked a whip with a geniality of manner which has no doubt been of great value. But he is tired of the office, and has intimated his intention to leave whipping to others next session. Time was when Mr. Lawry was a great authority, on matters agricultural, and on country subjects he used at one time to speak "as one having authority." Latterly, however, he has mainly occupied himself with a vigorous opposition to anything which interfered with the



interests of Mr. "Bung", and we may, therefore, assume that the "pubs" in Parnell are many, and their owners popular and influential.



Mr. Thomas Mackenzie, popularly known as "Clutha" or "Tam," to distinguish him from the roaring "Roddy," and the saturnine "Jock," is given to talking much common sense, and has a fine gift for "heckling," which is thoroughly Caledonian and characteristic. Time was when "Tammias" occupied himself to no small extent over that farmer's pest, the Californian thistle, or "thussel" as Mr. Mackenzie designates it, but this year he has given that well worn subject a well deserved and much required rest. "Tam" has a hatred of shams, and a keen eye for

their detection, and he is never so supremely happy as when he is having a sly smack at "Lands" or "Labour." He sadly misses "Scobie," however, and is by no means so boisterous and so much in evidence as he was in former sessions.



Mr. Macintosh is a weighty man. We should say he would run to twenty stone, as the butcher would say, and to the purveyor of chops, steaks, and prime cuts, the worthy old gentleman who represents the intelligence, intellect, and wealth of Wallace, bears a very noticeable resemblance. In two sessions he endeavoured to pilot through the House a more than "impossible" Bill, which is supposed by the initiated to have something to do with a harbour in Riverton, which is a one man and a dog sort of a township in Southland. Hitherto all his attempts have failed,

but Richard of Kumara, took it into his head that "Macintosh must be made solid," and, therefore, Richard arose in his strength and simply forced the Bill through in spite of the palpable disgust of a servile party and a weak opposition. Of course, all this was so much waste of time, for Mr. Macintosh's pet lamb was incontinently slaughtered when it got before the Lords. He is a genial, corpulent old gentleman, "Wallace," but politically he is a dummy, the weakest of the many puppets of whom Dick Seddon is the wire-puller.



Faylix McGuire is understood to have got this session what cockney vulgarians call "the ump." He is a local politician is Faylix, whose soul never dreamed of aright beyond bridges and wards and grants and subsidies and all the rest of it, for his beloved Egmont. Time was when the Government needed his vote and grovelled before him, but times are changed and Faylix is understood to spend the major portion of his spare time in anathematising the heads of the Great Liberal Party, and inventing excuses to his constituents as to why he didn't manage to get this or

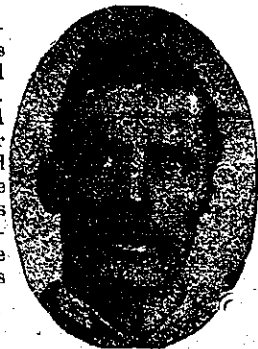
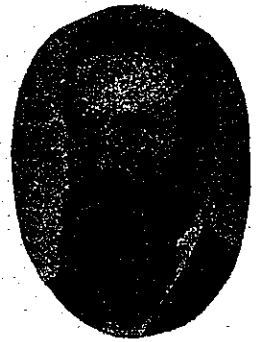
that slice of the "good things" at ministerial disposal. "Faylix" has been a policeman and a publican in his time. He looks like it.

Roddy McKenzie, who replaced the "Buller Lion" "in the Council Chambers of the nation," as his local papers would put it, is a ranting, raving, roaring, rough diamond of a West Coaster, with "hair on his teeth" as the saying goes, and a voice which drives the Hansard men temporarily deaf when once he is "fairly on the job." It is understood that he does not love the Prohibitionist, and it has been equally understood, especially during the latter part of the session, that he is not averse to—can you guess the missing word?

Mr. McNab, who replaces the genial, chirpy little Richardson, is called a young Colonial by the papers. As a matter of fact, he is nearly forty and nearly bald. He is well to do, a graduate of the University of New Zealand and pretends to be very solid on the temperance goose upon whose wings he was, it is understood, carried in to the House. He is a pleasant speaker with just a touch of a self consciousness which may, if unchecked, develop into palpable conceit, and he takes—except on temperance—his political opinions all ready made from the Seddon-McKenzie factory

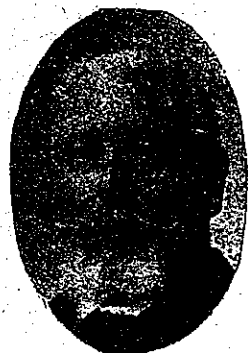
With his blue ribbon, his 'Orksent—is, as he himself would call it, his pretentious affection of godliness and moral superiority to the whole world. Mr. R. Meredith is one of the most amusing members in the House. An ex-pedagogue, he is as dogmatic as most of the schoolmaster tribe, and he has a perfectly magnificent capacity for uttering Malapropisms. He it was who electrified and then convulsed the House by talking of "Archy Meeds," and just recently his definition of the meaning of *cul de sac*, had a huge success as a joke. Narrow minded, ignorant, vain, he is an excellent example of what a member of Parliament should not be, but his piety, with a big capital "P," pulls him through and, no doubt, Ashley is satisfied. It doesn't take much in the shape of intelligence to satisfy a Canterbury farmer—of the Liberal sort.

Montgomery pere, now in the Council, was always a somewhat ponderous politician, but he was sensible and prudent, essentially a "safe" man. Montgomery fils who displaced good old solemn, sober-sided Rolleston for Ellesmere, has dabbled in law and art before taking to politics. In the latter line he is not, so far as this late session is any guide, a very distinguished success. In the House he is merely "old Montgomery's son." Nothing more.





The elect of Caversham is a dogmatic and most aggressively self-satisfied individual, with a huge affection for the sound of his own voice, and an exaggerated idea of his own importance. Mr. Morrison is one of the new members—there's a good round dozen or so—whose election by any constituency is a mystery.



Mr. Pinkerton, the genial, stout old gentleman who, once a working boot-maker, is now the senior member for Dunedin, is, I think, getting even more bland and comfortable looking as he grows older in Parliamentary life. He is a sly old boy for all his outward appearance of guilelessness, and does a lot of small jobs for Richard of Kumara, inducing friends to move friendly resolutions, and the like. Some say that Mr. P. is picked out by Providence (and Dick Seddon) for a good billet at some not far distant date. There was a talk of his becoming Minister

of Labour had Mr. W. P. Reeves been relegated Home as Agent-General, and later on there was a rumour that "Dunedin" is to be the coming Minister of Railways, although what precise degree of expert knowledge as to railway management is possessed by the ex-bootmaker I cannot ascertain. But some reward he is to get for his steady, unquestioning, not to say slavish, support all through the session.



Mr. G. J. Smith, who shares with "Labour" the distinction of representing Christchurch, is a type of man which infallibly suggests something in the cheap drapery line, a look of the "what's the next article please?" Mr. Smith also adopts the funereal style of dress generally favoured by those unwholesome locking young men who chant out hymnal discords on the wharf, and bail up unsuspecting bystanders as to the state of their souls. He suggests the Y.M.C.A. young man, the muffin and crumpets young man, the severely Methodistical

ultra Prohibitionist man, and, I believe, a little of all these things is Mr. Smith. He is a local preacher and an out and out Prohibitionist, but I will do him the justice to say that outside the subject of Prohibition he can speak very sensibly, that he showed a firmer grip of general politics and a much more determined effort after independence of party ties than did most of his fellow members. He also achieved the honour of being insulted by one of the Ministers.

Despite the cablegrams from the "other side," in which the shearers are always reported as being thoroughly beaten, we hear that fully half the stations share under the verbal agreement, and not under the abominably unjust Pastoralists' Union agreement. The Sydney papers boycott anything like the truth, and only give the squatter's side, and as our cables are made up of what appears in the Sydney dailies, we only hear half the truth, sometimes no truth at all. There is said to be a big split in the P.U. camp.

Estates Finally Certified.

	£	s.	d.
Potter, Emma, Auckland	1,401	9	8
Langford, J. A., do.	212	8	8
Dakin, Robert, do.	1,884	7	10
McKay, R., junr., do.	370	0	0
Oliver, Geo. Frederick, Taranaki	1,795	10	7
Rundle, Richard, do.	4,588	16	4
Dobson, Robert, Napier	8,792	18	8
Iverson, Iver C., do.	242	9	7
Hitchings, Thos., do.)	8,600	18	7
Settlement	4,000	9	0
Collinge, Francis, do.	608	10	6
Anderson, Jens, do.	877	2	0
Hird, Alexander, do.	1,187	2	10
Cable, James, do.	127	0	6
Steven, John, do.	324	5	10
Brown, Thomas, do.	240	0	0
Wither, Charles Bigg, Nelson	28,968	5	8
Sunley, Selina, do.	1,206	10	0
Hinchley, John, Invercargill...	471	19	8
McDowell, Samuel, do.	120	18	11
Callick, Job, do.	202	0	11
Willis, George, do.	713	4	2
Tennant, Thomas, Hokitika	713	7	0
Anderson, John, do.	218	5	0
McGowan, Sarah, do.	415	17	0
Hearn, Claude, Wellington	518	0	9
Morrah, E. W., do.	24,388	7	7
Leader, Patrick, do. (P.T.)	185	4	6
Kelly, John, do. (P.T.)	197	12	8
Oliver, Jas. J., do.	5,562	11	10
Morris, Rachel, do.	189	16	0
Fitchett, George, do.	377	7	11
Murphy, Ellen, do.	1,265	9	5
Cotter, Pierce, do.	18,111	16	2
Bradbury, Jabez, do.	411	18	11
Gordon, Esther, do.	100	0	0
Halse, William, do.	785	2	0
Howard, F. Wm., do.	141	11	2
Budden, George, do.	957	1	7
Ross, John V., Christchurch	7,897	5	11
Mann, J. O'Dell, do.	871	0	10
Budna, Joseph, do.	4,087	12	8
Barnes, J. E., do.	228	2	7
Bowles, Jno Wm., do.	510	7	0
Foulkes, T. F., do.	188	11	0
Henry, David, do.	311	19	4
Whitta, W. H. I., do.	1,687	0	0
Stokes, John, do.	2,325	8	2
Higgins, Daniel, do.	856	1	10
Priest, William, do.	879	5	10
Blyth, Jno. George, do.	1,049	11	8
Campbell, James, do.	895	15	11
Grisbrook, H. B., do.	1,817	4	8
Mein, G. A., Dunedin	29,004	17	4
Strachan, Margaret, do.	222	17	0
Ritchie, Isabella P., do.	1,090	16	6
Yorston, Hugh, do.	1,568	8	6
Rumell, C. Wm., do.	291	18	4
McDonald, John, do.	814	19	0
Eccles, Joshua, do.	2,223	16	11
Shaw, John, do.	20,082	13	11
Passmore, Joseph, do.	4,557	4	5
Sprightly, Peter J., do.	100	0	0
McConchie, Samuel, do.	880	0	0
McIntyre, Henrietta, do.	246	1	5
Langlands, Alistar, do.	128	9	6
McIntosh, Georgina, do.	802	11	3
Kyle, Margaret, do.	822	16	10

P. T. after the name signifies that the estate is being administered by the Public Trustee.

THE BANK OF NEW ZEALAND.

The Colony having become so closely identified with and deeply interested in this institution, we have thought it not out of place to give an opportunity to those of our readers who have the welfare of New Zealand at heart, to become a little better acquainted with those gentlemen to whom the control and management of the Bank has recently been confided. To this end we present the above counterfeit presentment of the new President and four of the Directors of the Bank, who have just assumed office.

MR. WILLIAM WATSON, the new President, has been Inspector of the Colonial Bank of New Zealand from 1886 to 1894, and resigned that post to assume his present highly important and responsible office. He has had a continuous banking experience of thirty years acquired in Scotland, London, Colombo, Shanghai and New Zealand. It was in 1864 that he began his banking career in the office of the Caledonian Bank at Bonarbridge, in Sutherlandshire, Scotland. From that he joined the London office of the Oriental Bank Corporation in 1867, and remained in the service of that then renowned



MR. WILLIAM WATSON.

MR. WALTER WOODS JOHNSTON, one of the new Directors of the Bank of New Zealand, is senior partner of the well-known and highly successful firm of Johnston and Co., one of the first mercantile firms started in New Zealand, and which was established by the late Mr. John Johnston, father of the two existing partners. Mr. John Johnston was for many years a member of the Legislative Council, and both the present members of the firm have been members of the House of Representatives. Mr. Walter Johnston took office under the Crown as a member of Mr. Hall's Ministry in 1881, and held several portfolios, including that of Public Works, till 1883, when the Ministry went out of office. Mr. Johnston was one of the Committee appointed by the Shareholders of the Bank of New Zealand in 1888 to make an investigation into the affairs of the Bank, and advise as to the steps to be taken to put the institution on a sounder basis, and he is a recognised authority on matters financial.

MR. MARTIN KENNEDY has had an active and successful career. He arrived in this colony from Victoria in 1861, among the energetic and enterprising colonists, whose advent in Otago, on the discovery of gold there, did so much to push Dunedin ahead in those stirring times. In partnership with his brother he continued in business as a Merchant in Queenstown till 1865, when the rush for the West Coast set in, and he removed to Greymouth where he carried on business as a merchant on a large scale till 1880. In 1874 he became actively interested in coalmining, and in 1880 this branch had so increased that he relinquished his other business. He became the sole proprietor of the Brunner Coal Company's Colliery and Steam Colliers until in 1888 he sold the steamers and half his interest in the colliery and became Managing Director of the united Colliery business. In 1889 he came to Wellington, making that city the head quarters of the Coal Company's business, over which he still presides. At that time he took an interest in a Company which bought out Staples and Co.'s brewery, of which he also became Managing Director, besides serving on other boards of directors. Mr. Kennedy also owns a sheep run in the Wairarapa. In 1876 he was elected to Parliament to represent the Grey Valley, but after serving two sessions he found the duties too great a tax on his time and resigned the seat.

MR. THOMAS G. MACARTHY, like Mr. Kennedy, reached New Zealand, by way of Victoria, attracted here by the sensational discoveries of gold, in the early sixties. He was also among the hundreds whom the rush carried across to the West Coast goldfield. In Charleston he carried on business as a brewer for several years with great success, besides making considerable mining investments at Reefton, which afterwards resulted satisfactorily. When the decline set in on the West Coast goldfields, he removed to Wellington in the seventies, and acquired a large brewing business existing in this City, which he greatly enlarged and is still carrying on most successfully. Mr. Macarthy has been Director of many

institution until it was forced into liquidation. He spent three years in the London office, and twelve years in that of Ceylon, at the end of which time he was appointed Manager of the branch at Shanghai. It was while he was in charge of that office that the bank came to grief, and after taking the management for a time of the new Oriental Bank in that town he returned to Ceylon to conduct the liquidation of the old bank in that island. The experience gained in this varied career cannot fail to be very valuable to the bank of which he has now become the President.

public companies, including the Wellington-Manawatu Railway Company, of which he is the present Chairman of Directors.

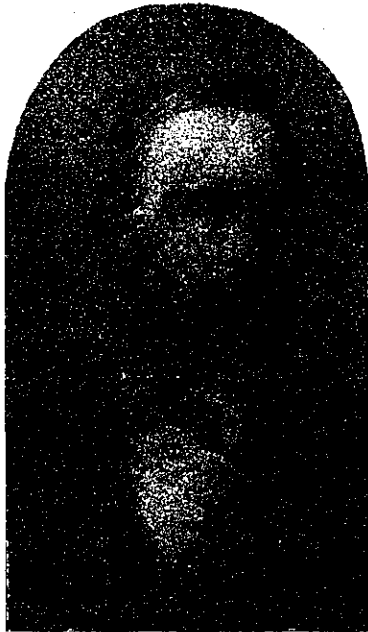
MR. WILLIAM BOOTH is a timber merchant, sawmill owner, and most enterprising country settler of the Wairapapa, in the Wellington Provincial District. Mr. Booth has taken an active part in the starting of many valuable enterprises, notably that of the Wellington Meat Export Company, one of the pioneer Companies of the frozen meat trade, of which he is now Chairman of Directors.—“New Zealand Trade Review.”



MR MARTIN KENNEDY.



MR THOMAS G. MACARTHY.



MR WILLIAM BOOTH.



MR WALTER WOODS JOHNSTON.

BRITANNIA HOTEL,
WILLIS STREET, WELLINGTON.

PROPRIETOR BEN P. WALKER.

Best Brands of Wine and Spirits. Pure Malt Liquors.

THE MARTON HOTEL,

BROADWAY, MARTON.

PROPRIETOR ROBERT HUNT

SPECIAL NOTICE.

—o—

IN consequence of a change in the proprietorship of this paper, Accounts will be rendered immediately after publication of this issue, and it is urgently requested that they be Paid at once.

The next number of FAIR PLAY will be issued by the new management. Special arrangements are being made for an extended circulation, and many new features will be introduced.

LOOK OUT FOR OUR NEXT NUMBER.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

Fair Play

WELLINGTON, NOVEMBER 1, 1894.

The Perils of the Deep.

The remarkable immunity from serious and fatal disaster which has attended the intercolonial and coastal steam services for many years makes the recent loss of the s.s. Wairarapa, and the horrors connected with it most terrible to realise and reflect on. We have become so used to travelling in safety, and to feel confidence in the apparently rapidly diminishing risk at sea, that we have been inclined to almost regard navigation as one of the exact sciences, and to consider the steamship captain as a person endowed with infallibility. Occurrences of this sort bring most sharp and vivid evidence that human intelligence and experience are not, and can never be, perfect. The daily and weekly record of accident, disaster and fatality on the most stable of elements—land—where calculations and arrangements can be made, and systems elaborated, to insure safety with far greater certainty than can be ever hoped for at sea, prove undoubtedly that risk and chance can never be eliminated from anything conducted by human beings. Even in the case of railways, where the dangers of locomotion are guarded by an almost perfect system of telegraphic communication and interlocking, self-checking signals, the most dreadful and horrifying disasters are continually occurring. It cannot therefore be expected that any business conducted on such an unstable element as the ocean, and in which so many factors and dangers of an uncertain and varying character exist, as fogs, gales, magnetism, currents, tides and other concomitants in nautical matters, is to be totally exempt from accident and fatality. As long as there are ships there will be wrecks.

Reflections of this sort cannot, of course, be comforting or beneficial to the friends of the unfortunate sufferers in the recent casualty, but they may be of good in waking public opinion to the absolute necessity for increasing the aids to navigation, especially in the direction of establishing a system of fog signals from every

lighthouse and promontory liable to be obscured. There can be no doubt that the immediate cause of this terrible wreck was due to the fact of Moko Hinou light not being visible. And it is also beyond argument that the Wairarapa must have passed sufficiently close to that lighthouse to have heard a fog-horn or syren, and so would have been warned by it. So far as the personal element—either in the case of Captain McIntosh or his officers—was conducive to the sad accident, we do not consider we have the right or privilege of comment till the actual facts have been elicited at the enquiry. But the unfortunate commander has so long maintained a high reputation for carefulness and attention to duty, that we feel constrained to believe that some unforeseen occurrence or some unexpected element, such as a phenomenal tidal influence, must have thrown him out in his calculations. We feel thoroughly convinced that he would never have maintained so high a speed in the fog had he not been fully persuaded he was not running into danger. The pitiful and terrible details of what occurred after the wreck have been so elaborately entered into by the daily press that we feel no inclination to comment on, or to recapitulate them. Suffice it to say that the numerous instances of heroism, coolness, and self-sacrifice, both on the part of passengers and crew, far outnumber any of a less noble or praiseworthy character, the heroism of the stewardesses and some steerage passengers being particularly noticeable. These brave women specially deserve to be held sacred in the memory of all who love bravery, and respect self-sacrifice in the interests of duty. They are an honour to their sex. As is usual the various statements of passengers both in regard to occurrences, and allegations about the discipline and behaviour of the crew, are very conflicting. It is stated that Captain McIntosh gave orders to launch the boats immediately the vessel struck, and also that "no orders were heard from the bridge." And while discrediting the ship's company with neglect, the same passengers name a large number of the ship's people as being specially conspicuous in rendering valuable service. The fact of the matter is no doubt that each passenger knows what he did see, but may have also missed much. It will be well to suspend all judgment till the hard dry facts—based on the aggregate evidence of passengers and crew—are elicited. It must further be remembered that in times of catastrophe when everything seems to be required to be done at once, a crew of ten or twelve seamen cannot, while interspersed with a couple of hundred passengers, be expected to work with such concerted action and discipline as though it was a matter of everyday occurrence. Although this deplorable accident cannot be connected with the competition which the Union Company are running at present with Huddart, Parker & Co., yet the public will do well to remember that increased competition will always increase the proportion of accidents. We are of the opinion that the sooner some arrangement is come to between the two Companies the better for the safety of the travelling public. The development of the passenger trade has in various ways brought increasing pressure on steamship masters. The demands of a regular service and the exaction of the public themselves have made it more and more difficult for the master to balance zeal with discretion. It is to be hoped that this terrible event will prove a salutary lesson to shipowners and masters; that it will prevent the ordinary passenger from chafing, fretting, and complaining of every little stoppage or delay which may be caused by the captain acting in the interests of safety to life and property; and that it will also be the means

of drawing the Government's attention to the necessity of providing every possible facility for minimising the dangers of navigation. The country mourns the loss of the unfortunate victims, and sympathises to fulness with their grief-stricken friends. There is now no doubt that cases of distress will meet with that prompt assistance and help which in all times of disaster and trouble the public of New Zealand so nobly respond to.

Temporary Insanity.

A CONVENTIONAL LIE OF MODERN CIVILISATION.

An old man, age fifty-five, has recently committed suicide in a most determined manner. That the act was premeditated and fully considered before being put into execution, and was not the result of dipsomania, is abundantly proved by the clear and explanatory letter left to justify his action. The reason given constitutes one of those terrible and constantly recurring indictments against the economic conditions under which we live. It so clearly reveals the unsound state of society, points so directly to the necessity for drastic reform in our institutions, and presages future perils to society of so alarming a character by giving a brief glimpse of the steadily increasing amount of human suffering and anguish lying hidden beneath the surface, that juries, with characteristic nineteenth century hypocrisy, have hitherto endeavoured to obscure such incidents by giving utterance to a series of the most deliberate falsehoods which ever disgraced mankind. In the instance referred to, the deceased in the helplessness of despair at being unable to find employment (fully recognising that under present conditions the right to live by honest toil is, unnaturally, limited), nobly sacrificed himself—quite unavailingly, perhaps—in the interests of younger men. He felt "he had no right to compete with younger men in the labour market." That a man of such character should object to have his memory impugned and desecrated by his act being made the subject of the usual stereotyped lying formality of "temporary insanity," fully accounts for the touching appeal to the jury. It is to be hoped his request was granted, and the usual conventional perjury abstained from.

It is, upon reflection, extremely singular that, by tacit consent, coroners, juries, witnesses, and even journalists, should nearly always conspire to prevent publicity being given to the true nature of the causes of such acts, and to shield "society" by casting odium on the deceased. Were it possible to obtain reliable accounts of the true cause or motive in every case of suicide, there can be but little doubt that those committed in a state of sanity would largely predominate over all others. The hackneyed idea that self-immolation must necessarily be the outcome of mental aberration, is fast losing ground. So many instances have come to light in which fear, disappointment, incurable disease, shame, loss of position, poverty, despair, jealousy and many other motives have operated without there being evidence of any kind to justify the charge of lunacy, that people are becoming somewhat cynical in the reflections on the intelligence and pro-

bity of the average juryman. There can be no doubt that murder in many cases is as equally entitled to be attributed to "temporary insanity" as suicide. But even where a parent suddenly develops homicidal tendencies, and slays his children, it is extremely difficult to obtain the remission of the capital sentence, or even the fair consideration of any Court of justice, on those grounds. There always appears to be a savage brutal feeling (not altogether illogical from a utilitarian point of view) that, mad or sane, the homicide would be a trouble to society, so he is better hanged out of the way. In cases of this sort the injustice is aggravated by the fact of investigation, and proof being possible, which is not always so with suicides.

Charles Jenkins has certainly rendered society a service in two ways. He has given a warning. His act is practically nothing more or less than the "handwriting on the wall." It is a widely spread advertisement of shameful social conditions, which it is hoped will arrest the attention of the thoughtless, and the prosperous—who think that life at the present time is "all love and all law." He is the natural obverse of the bomb-throwing-anarchist. Each is a birth of the times. The one is driven to despair and martyrdom; the other to revenge and criminality. Both are effects, and may act as purgatives for an impure state of society. The difficulty at the present time is to make people think. They will "eat, drink and be merry," live for the hour, and for "self," remaining totally unconscious of the weltering human misery beneath them; rotting the very foundations of the social structure, and, which at short notice may plunge them into tribulation and despair equal to that of the unfortunate individual who afforded this object lesson. But considered as an exposure of the time-serving-hypocritical spirit of conventional fraud and deception which pervades the whole of society, and as a scathing rebuke, the lesson which Jenkins has given is invaluable. Others have preached Truth, and lived. He spoke once and died. He should be as much honoured as a teacher and martyr as those who died upon the stake. It is to be hoped the incident may in some measure be beneficial in shaming juries from continuing the practice to the extent it has hitherto prevailed.

Session ended. Thank heaven!

Will the Government get through next session? That is the question.

Look out for a five million loan and a general "splodge" next year!

And then, in two years more pack up your "porkmantle" and travel. New Zealand will be the best country in the world—to live out of!

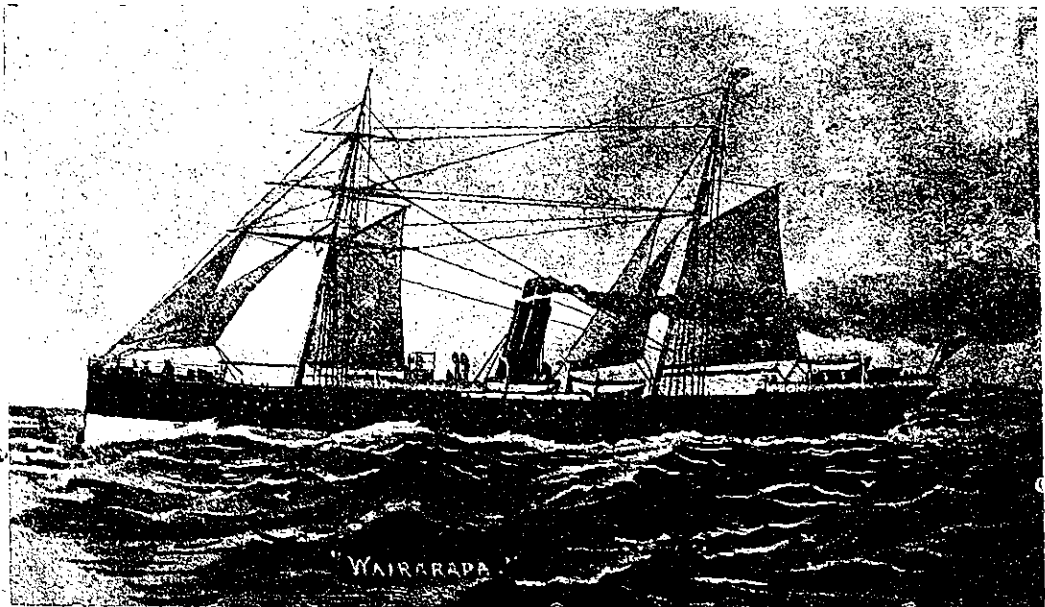
Who is to be the new Minister of Railways? Pinkerton?

Whoever may be the marionette, "Dick" will pull the strings. You bet on that!

Some of the big bugs in the railway service are very anxious about the future. They are afraid that the Black List is shortly to be operated upon. Some of them won't be much missed, anyhow.



CAPTAIN McINTOSH.



THE S.S. WAIRARAPA.

The Nelson "Colonist" entered upon the 38th year of its existence the other day. In its earlier days its editor was Mr. D. M. Luckie, now of the Government Insurance Department.

"Don't chaff W. P. Reeves about the Undesirable Immigrants' Bill. The very mention of it makes him look more bilious than ever." (Scrap of conversation heard in the Wellington Club smoking-room.)

Seddon made a great do about the amount of work the Midland Railway Co. would give, but all the same the Dunedin Knights of Labour have passed a resolution "approving of the action of the members in opposing the Midland Railway Bill." Stronger than most of their brethren these Dunedin Knights. They recognise that the line will eventually have to be paid for by the Colony, and this will mean more taxation for the worker.

Mr. Alick Allan, brother to artist "Joe," is now editing the Inangahua "Times."

Editor Gillon, of the "Evening Post," has left on a visit to Australia. The veteran journalist has been in poor health for some time past. Mr. Gresley Lukon, who acts as New Zealand correspondent for the Melbourne "Argus," and who was formerly editor of the Brisbane "Courier," will edit the Blundell organ during Mr. Gillon's absence.

Another journalistic man, Mr. J. M. McDougall, late of the "Hawkes Bay Herald," has been appointed editor of Napier "Telegraph," in succession to the late Mr. Robert Martin, whose death occurred about the middle of last month. Mr. McDougall was once a hot Liberal, but is now just the opposite. The Napier Liberals have christened him McJudas. He is an exceedingly clever journalist, but too often writes as if his pen were a tomahawk, and his ink pot filled with vitriol.

One of the Southern members ought to take to some other leverage than whisky. His antics in the House, when the Licensing Bill was on the tapis, were more amusing to his fellow members than creditable to himself. But these West Coast members were always fond of their tot.

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WELLINGTON.

Our Public Men.

PHRENOLOGICALLY AND PHYSIOGNOMICALLY
DELINEATED.—By PROFESSOR R. WHITE.

No. 58.—MR. JOHN DUTHIE (member for Wellington city.)



Mr. Duthie has a strong physical constitution, but he is deficient in the mental. His organisation does not fit him for close study or active brain work. No doubt his forefathers were farmers or outdoor workers of some kind, and used their hands more than their heads. The power of observation is fairly large in Mr. Duthie, and he should have a pretty good memory for external things—for objects. He is very weak in the literary faculties. He cannot master nor properly handle subjects; great poverty of speech, confusion of ideas, and deficient knowledge of intellectual matters are his main defects. His qualities are caution, perseverance and great will power. These would greatly assist him to make headway in life and to some extent compensate for the deficiencies I have named. As a politician he will only be useful or successful in local matters. Broad national questions and deep political problems he cannot grasp. Phrenologically considered he would be more successful as a farmer than as M.H.R.

No. 59.—MR. G. W. RUSSELL (member for Riccarton.)



Mr. Russell has a superior mental vital organisation well fitting him for head work. He possesses a high, broad head imparting to him a high sense of responsibility, moral sentiment, and good power of imagination. Mental insight, love of principle, and clear expression should be conspicuous of him. He would have made a good preacher, moral reformer, or temperance advocate, as he will try to put into practice what he teaches. He loves consistency everywhere, and he will make it an ideal. He is a man of busy thoughts and many words, but not

too many as they all contain something. He is steady, earnest, and sincere. Any cause he adopts he will work for in a most energetic, disinterested manner. He possesses considerable literary capacity, reasoning power, and religious sentiments. Judging from his organisation he should take a leading part in the affairs of the country and be a great influence in the House.

No. 60.—MR. EARNSHAW (member for Dunedin city.)



Mr. Earnshaw has nothing very characteristic or special about him. His highest developments are not large. It is easier to write of his deficiencies than of his qualities. He has rather a large motive ten perament, giving him steadiness and endurance. He is somewhat cautious and calculating in his movements. Thinking is hard labour to him, the mental temperament being somewhat smaller in him. He is deficient in literary ability, and power of expression. Talking is laborious and awkward to him. It would be more pleasant to read than to Self esteem is quite large enough

have to listen to his speech.

to help him through many difficulties. At any suitable trade he would have made a respectable working man, but nature or Providence never intended him for a legislator, or it would not have been so cheap in supplying the necessary materials. Mr. Earnshaw is likely to become a great influence in the House or in the country.

No. 61.—SIR ROBERT STOUT (member for Wellington city.)



Sir Robert is just the opposite in mental organisation to Mr. John Duthie. The former is as strong as the latter is weak in this respect. Mental activity, quick insight and critical acumen are characteristics of Sir Robert. His memory for facts, occurrences, &c., is naturally good. His power of picking up ideas and knowledge generally for reading, and conversation is excellent. The literary faculties are large, making it easy for him to accumulate and retain information. Language is well developed, giving him great power over speech, command of words and discreet expression of his ideas. His forte is criticism. He possesses keen, accurate perception of the relation of things, and should have a good all-round memory. Both things and ideas are recognised by him very quickly; so are systems and principles, but his upper frontal region is deficient, consequently he is wanting in originality and stability. He can utilise what is prepared for him to the best advantage, and do it at once, but he is incapable of thinking out any system of his own. On the whole he has a superior organisation adequately fitting him to take a leading position in the public affairs of this country.

The shareholders in the Petone woollen mill are very savage because there is no divvy this year. And Kaiapoi showing such a good record, too. It is awkward. Meanwhile Kennedy Mac chuckles grimly, and says "I told you so."

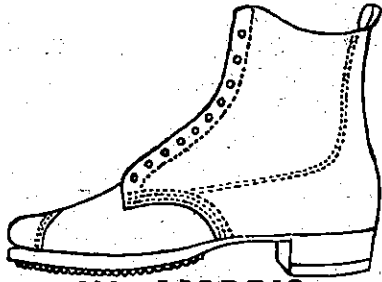
A Melbourne man with whom we had a confab the other day was surprised to find no really first-class hotel in Wellington. He wonders why there is not an hotel here in the Empire City like the Grand at Dunedin.

No need to wonder. No one dare build a big place while the Prohibition fanatics are so strong and so threatening. Besides, we believe the Grand doesn't pay over well.

Pollard did well during his late season here. "Olivette" was the biggest draw. By the bye, isn't it amusing to see the company always alluded to as children and "kiddies." Much "more than seven," some of them.

The poor old "Evening Deppress" went bung on the 31st October. It was a brilliantly written paper when Teddy Wakefield was at the helm, but of late years it has been a vacillating, nerveless, useless rag. Never will be missed. We are sorry for the staff, for billets are hard to get in these days.

Kumara possesses a genuine Stoic in the person of Mr. Duncan Fisher. The other day a youngster rushed up to Duncan and gave him the very unpleasant information that his (Duncan's) hut had been reduced to a mere heap of ashes. An Englishman would have used some of the national verbs and adjectives, an Irishman might have attempted a joke, both would probably have gone round town and got on a terrific bend—but Duncan Fisher, good Scotchman, was just the philosopher. Said he, with all the calm of a Stoic: If there's naething but ashes, there's nae guid in knocking off wark, and he buckled into his job all the harder. Good man, Duncan.



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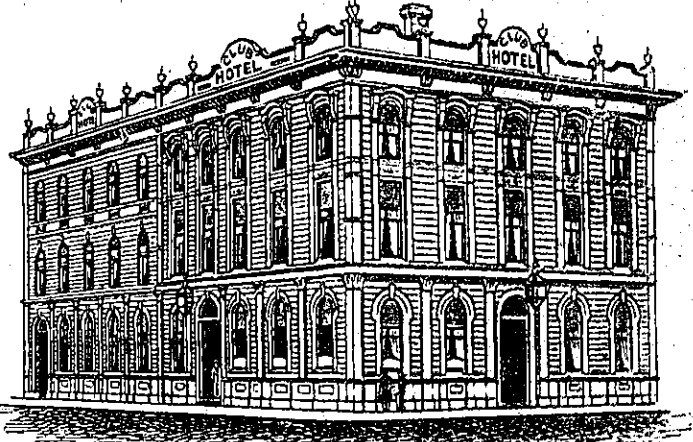
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The Government Printer.



There is no more popular, painstaking, and competent official in the Public Service than Mr. Samuel Costall, the Government Printer. His heart is in his work, and it is generally conceded that there is no better managed department in the Public Service.

A busy place is the Government Printing Office. The number of hands employed during the slackest part of the year is about 185, and during the sitting of Parliament about 240. The value of the work turned out is

estimated at £38,000 per year. To give an idea of the magnitude of the output here are a few facts:—There are about 15,764 reams (480 sheets) of paper consumed per year; 1,000,000 envelopes issued; 6,600 skins of parchment used in printing the record copies of the Statutes, miners' rights, and other revenue forms; "Hansard" consumes 18½ tons of paper; over 100,000 Order Papers are printed; the Telegraph Department consumes about twelve millions of forms annually; the Railway Department requires an annual supply of forms, &c., bound or loose, amounting to over eight millions; the Magistrates' Court Act, passed in 1893, necessitated one million forms being printed, which consumed 900 reams of paper.

Now let us turn to the man upon whom devolves the responsibility of piloting this department. Mr. Costall was born in 1846, at Boston, Lincolnshire, the capital of the Fens, noted for its fine parish church, which possesses a tower higher than any other in the Kingdom that is not a cathedral. Boston is a sea-port town that at one time boasted a greater trade than London. Mr. Costall, senr., was a master saddler and harness maker. Young Costall was apprenticed at the age of 14, to Mr. John Noble, of Boston, who did an extensive wholesale and retail business as a bookseller, stationer and printer. Two elder brothers, one of whom was, until his retirement two years ago, overseer of the Government Printing Office, were also apprenticed to the same firm. The subject of this sketch acquired during apprenticeship a knowledge of the book and stationery trade, and as a printer worked at the case and at press work. After the expiration of apprenticeship he was engaged by a large firm at York, part of his duties being the inspection of bookstalls on the North-Eastern railway. He came to the colony in 1862, landing at Wellington in April. He had "a frame" on the "Wellington Independent," until September of that year, when he went to Nelson, and remained there nearly seven years, working on the "Nelson Examiner," the "Colonist," and the

"Nelson Evening Mail." Returned to Wellington in May, 1869, and joined the composing staff of the Government Printing Office. In 1870 he was appointed the first clerk in the department, the Government Printer having previously done his own clerical work. In 1887 the printing and stationery offices were amalgamated, and he was appointed chief clerk and accountant. In three years the revenue of the department increased over 50 per cent. On the death of the late Government Printer, Mr. Geo. Didsbury, Mr. Costall was appointed Government Printer, manager of the stationery office, and controller of the stamp printing. Mr. Costall has already effected improvements in the machine room by replacing some of the old machines with new ones of the latest types, and additions to the jobbing plant, the engine room and electric lighting appliances. The main leads of the Gulcher Company have been brought into the building for the purpose of supplying any light that may occasionally be required during the Parliamentary recess, thus avoiding the expense of running the office dynamo for that purpose. The basement has been converted into a spacious and well-arranged warehouse for the safe and orderly storage of the many valuable official documents in printed form. The purchasing of stationery and material has been placed on a greatly modified basis, effecting considerable savings. Various reforms have been introduced conferring increased authority on the several officers and placing promotion and pay on a more satisfactory basis. The general excellence of the work turned out previously is not only maintained, but in some respects improved upon.

Messrs Newton & Co., of Wellington, trading as the Pononga Electric Belt Co., have recently patented throughout the world an electric belt for the cure of diseases, and more especially of rheumatism which is too common in New Zealand, particularly with those living in the bush. This electric belt is made to fit and pass a current through any part of the human body, and is filled with dry batteries of such a description that they occupy but a small space and can be conveniently worn. The batteries last for several months before being renewed, and the strength of the current is tested by an appliance from time to time, and the batteries renewed when the current becomes too slight. A novel feature of the belt is that the poles of the battery consist of wire gauze which conducts and distributes the electricity over a large surface. The belts are being manufactured in Wellington, and already a large business is done, and many excellent testimonials of their efficacy have been received.

A beautifully-bound illustrated pamphlet, describing their distilleries and offices at Kilmarnock, Cardow, Annan, and London, has been issued by the famous whisky distilling firm of John Walker and Sons, Limited. The author of the little work is Mr. Alfred Earnard, writer of "The Whisky Distilleries of the United Kingdom;" and, apart from the mere advertisement, the brochures tell an interesting narrative of the rise and progress of a great business concern, and of distilleries which are not only themselves historical, but which have been immortalised by Robert Burns.

Completed.

It was in a Latin class, and a dull boy was wrestling with the sentence, "Rex fugit," which, with a painful slowness of emphasis, he had rendered, "The king flees."

"But in what other tense can the verb fugit be found?" asked the teacher.

A long scratching of the head and a final answer of "perfect," owing to a whispered prompting.

"And how would you translate it then?"

"Dunno."

"Why, put a 'has' in it."

Again the tardy emphasis drawled out:

"The king has fleas."—Waterbury American.

The Hero of the Holocaust.



He—Isn't that young Chilton over there?
She—Yes. Miss Fuller would probably have perished in the burning theater but for him. She told me she grabbed his coat-tails at the first alarm and wonders how she ever held on.—Life.

Liars Come High.

It was such a bright boy who applied to the grocer for a job that he thought he would give him a little talk just for a guy.

"If I hire you," he said, "I suppose you will do what I tell you."

"Yes, sir."

"If I told you to say the sugar was high grade when it was low, what would you say?"

The boy never turned a hair.

"I'd say it," he responded promptly.

"If I told you to say the coffee was pure when you knew it had beans in it, what would you say?"

"I'd say it."

"If I told you to say that the butter was fresh when you knew it had been in the store for a month, what would you say?"

"I'd say it."

The merchant was nonplused.

"How much will you work for?" he inquired very seriously.

"One hundred dollars a week," answered the boy in a businesslike tone.

The grocer came near falling off his stool.

"One hundred dollars a week?" he repeated in astonishment.

"With a percentage after the first two weeks," said the boy coolly. "You see," he went on, "first class liars come high, and if you need them in your business you've got to pay them the price. Otherwise I'll work for \$3 per," and the boy had caught the grocer at his own game and got the job at \$3 per.—Exchange.

A Good Sign.

Landlord (of newly opened wine tavern, to waiter)—Piccolo, mind you pay special attention to that gentleman sitting yonder. He has such a red complexion.—Corriera.

Heavy Enough.

One of the ladies in fancy dress was, though fair enough, a trifle fat, and we will not say that she did not look well out of the thirties. And there spake to her a reporter:

"May I ask what character you represent?"

"Helen of Troy," she answered. "What do you think it was?"

"Well," he murmured ungallantly enough, as weights and measures confused his brain and he gazed on her ample proportions, "I thought you might be Helen of Avoirdupois."—Tit-Bits.

His Grievance.

"I'd like to know what ails these spectacles!" grumbled Mr. Skinnphlint. "I've always taken the very best care of them, but they've begun to fail me. I can't see through them well any more."

"Why don't you take them back to the man you bought them of?" asked Mrs. Skinnphlint.

"I would if I could," he rejoined savagely, "but he died 14 years ago."—Chicago Tribune.

A Special Order.

Bingo—I think I shall order a trunk made for my wife to take to the seaside this summer.

Kingley—Why don't you buy one ready made? They are just as good.

Bingo—I am going to use this as an annex to our cottage.—New York World.

A Compromise.

Soldier—Will you promise to be eternally true to me?

Servant Girl—Eternally? How can anybody promise for so long as that?

Soldier—Then say three weeks—till the reserves are disbanded.—Dorfbarbier.

Force of Habit.

Strawber—Cubberly rather gave himself away when he went to church with Miss Summit the other day.

Singerly—What did he do?

Strawber—He wanted the usher to check his hat and coat.—Brooklyn Life.

A Quick Recovery.

She—I am so surprised to see you out after your sudden illness.

He—What do you mean?

She—Why, they told me that after the dinner the other night you had to be carried home.—Truth.

A Sport For Babies.

Miss Awstruck—And are you going to play football again this year, Mr. Hafbak?

The Football Hero (proudly)—Not on your life! They've revised the rules now so that the game's positively safe.—Chicago Record.

A Possible Solution.

Robbie (at the museum)—Mamma, that little dwarf was never washed right, was he?

Mamma—Why, dear?

Robbie—Well, isn't that what made him shrink so awfully?—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Proved.

Giles—Did he tell you he couldn't speak French?

Merritt—No.

Giles—Then how did you know?

Merritt—He spoke some.—Life.

French Politeness.

She—I beg pardon, monsieur, for having trodden on your toe.

He—Don't mention it, mam'selle. It is I who ask pardon for having a toe.—Tit-Bits.

RED STAR STORE.

TAYTON & ERSKINE,

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A 1 Tobacco of all descriptions.
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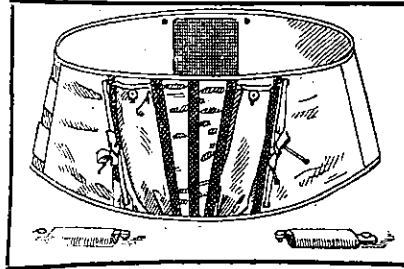
PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGENCY
late of New South Wales, Victoria, and America, has opened a high class **PRIVATE ENQUIRY OFFICE**, at Enfield House, Willis Street, Wellington, opposite Dr. Gillon's. Evidence collected in Divorce and all Court Cases. Missing Friends and Absconding Debtors Traced; Suspected Persons kept under Surveillance, and all business coming within the scope of a Secret Service Office Transacted. Highest Testimonials may be seen. Business Transacted throughout the world.
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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 anyone.—Yours truly,

C. JESSUP.

Roomhedge Street, Newtown, August 15, 1894.

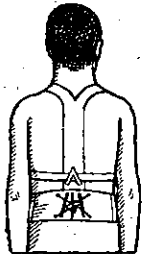
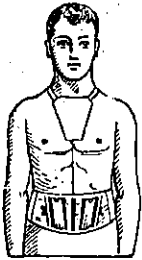
I have much pleasure in informing you that I have received decided benefit from the use of your Pononga Electric Belt. I have worn your belt for about eight weeks, and can say that from the first day I have been relieved from Chronic Indigestion and Constipation, and I feel a general bracing up of the 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,

J. LAUNDER,

Hutt, August 23, 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.



For Circulars and all Particulars apply to

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

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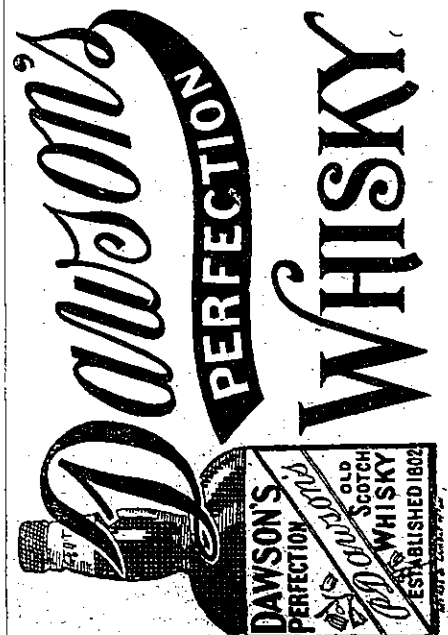
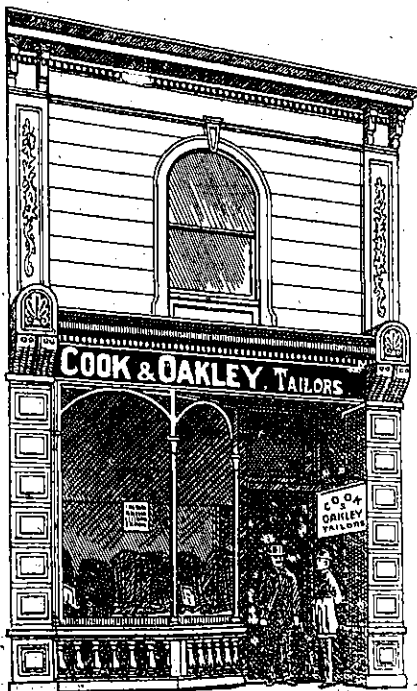
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WELLINGTON,

NEAR GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

Motto:

HIGHEST OF THE BEST.



Inventions of the Month.

[By HENRY HUGHES.]

Extracting the seeds of weeds such as goose grass, hair grass and the like, from cocksfoot, rye grass and seeds which can be similarly treated.—No. 6593, S. W. Lester, Christchurch.—This invention consists in the discovery that grass seed can be separated from the seeds of certain weeds by simply giving a small vertical motion to the screen, and this principal is applied by a very simple form of cam placed underneath the screen; the screen itself being supported on springs or rubber blocks.

Improvements in landing nets.—No. 6935, A. Holmes, Dunedin.—A collapsible landing net frame constructed of jointed segments and pivoted to a handle so that it may be collapsed and folded back along the handle or distended by a swing motion of the frame.

Fastening for machine belting.—No. 7158, Palamountain and Dawson, Invercargill.—This is a simple, cheap, and secure method of fastening belts, and consists in passing the two ends to be joined through a square link, then passing them through a smaller square link, and turning back the ends in opposite directions through the larger link.

Improvements in window sashes and in apparatus for hanging the same.—No. 7164, C. J. Cooze, Carterton.—There have been several applications for Letters Patent in New Zealand of a similar nature to the present, the object being to provide a simple method of allowing the windows to swing, more especially for the purpose of cleaning, so as to obviate the necessity of getting outside the window for cleaning or repair. The present invention consists in hanging the sash to a side block which extends the whole height of the sash and having a pivot on which the sash turns. There is a very ingenious arrangement of tongue to hold the window when sliding and prevent draft, and the sashes are hung by cords in such a manner that each sash is held in a horizontal position by the use of one sash weight. The whole of the sash pulleys can be easily examined by the removal of a slip placed over the head of the window.

An attachment to the clothing for striking matches upon.—No. 7163, J. W. Bowman, Christchurch.—A suitably roughened surface is ingeniously attached under the flap of the waistcoat or in any convenient part of male or female clothing, upon which matches may be ignited by friction.

Improvements in sinks.—No. 7166, J. and T. Christie, Dunedin.—Consists in forming the overflow pipe with a removable cover so that it can be inspected, also in placing the outlet grating from the sink vertically or at an angle, so that it will not be easily choked.

Improvements in gate actuating apparatus.—No. 7168, D. T. T. Shaw, Camperdown, Victoria.—This is an arrangement whereby a rider may open or close a gate before arriving at the gate itself, and the invention consists in erecting a shaft at right angles to the gate, such shaft being supported on posts, and having handles by which it can be turned and actuate the gate by means of chains.

Improvements in the method of and apparatus for saving gold.—No. 7170, Harman and Bennett, Dungog, N.S.W.—This invention is a compact machine for saving gold from sand or tailings, the most novel feature being a well of quicksilver agitated by cams or beaters fixed to a revolving shaft. The water is returned back by elevating buckets so as to be used over again.

Semi-automatic wide-opening cow-bail.—No. 7171, G. Walworth, Taburco.—The object is to pass the cow or bullock at once out of the shed through the framing of the bail after being milked or braided. The uprights forming the bail are held in position when in use by a catch at the top and by hinges at the bottom formed of radial bars. By removing the said catch the bail will open out and allow the animal to pass.

The erratic circuit railway.—No. 7195, O. P. Peez, Opawa, Christchurch.—This is a form of invention of a well-known principle where a room in which a carriage is placed is caused to revolve by the action of the carriage itself, the impression

produced on the occupants of the car being that they have turned completely over, whereas the room itself alone turned.

A new or improved sliding box silo.—No. 7179, M. S. Campbell, Papanui, Christchurch.—This is a very simple arrangement for a silo, the silo itself consisting merely of upright posts on which are grooves formed by attaching strips to the said posts. Into these grooves the ends of the boards are slipped down so as to form walls which may be gradually raised to an height desired, and from which the lower boards can be extracted as the fodder descends, through a recess left for that purpose. An ingenious, simple and cheap arrangement of pulley blocks produces gradual pressure on the silage.

Improvements in apparatus for cooling liquids.—No. 7183, Lane, Pullman and Elworthy, Birmingham.—This is a simple form of valve through which carbonic acid is admitted to a refrigerating coil from the now well-known liquid carbonic acid vessels, and thus forms a convenient and instantaneous cooler for small quantities of water and other liquids.

Improvements in automatic pressure reducing valves.—No. 7184, Lane, Pullman and Elworthy, Birmingham.—These valves are to meet the demand for gas at very high pressures such as that arising from liquid carbonic acid. The arrangement is similar to a well-known principle of gas governor, but provided with powerful springs and pipes.

Improvements in apparatus for regulating the flow of compressed liquefiable gases to and from storage reservoirs.—No. 7185, Lane, Pullman and Elworthy, Birmingham.—This invention refers to apparatus for drawing off from a vessel either liquid or gaseous carbonic acid, and consists of a pipe for dipping into the liquid at the bottom of the vessel, and another pipe communicating with the gas in the upper part of the same, both pipes being stopped by suitable screw valves to suit the great pressure.

Improvements in tanning hides and skins.—No. 7185, Bake and Levoret, Bayswater, Middlesex.—Currents of hydrogen gas or any suitable gaseous compound of the same in which arsenic is present, are caused at intervals to pass through the tanning liquid in the pit containing the hides or skins to be tanned, by which action the process of tanning is greatly expedited with the result of a superior leather at a cheap rate. This invention is applicable to open tanning pits but the pits may if desired be closed temporarily by covers when it is intended to lead the gas back to the gas holder. The hydrogen gas may be produced by the aid of sulphuric acid acting on ordinary zinc or iron, or by passing steam through a retort containing pieces of iron or other suitable material, in which case it will be found that arsenic will be present in the gas in sufficient quantity.

Improvements in the construction of sheaf binding harvesters.—No. 7187, E. Samuelson, Banbury, England.—Relates to sheaf binding harvesters known as "low down machines" and consists in the mode of collecting the cut crop, from a platform, trussing the said crop, and conveying it by means of rotary travelling packers from an upright gavelling chamber to a binding mechanism above the travelling wheels where it is bound, and finally ejects sheaves into a carrier or on to the ground. This is effected by means of a revolving drum placed at the delivery side of the platform, between the platform and the main travelling wheel, which drum may be fitted with a series of projecting fingers, and passes the cut crop into a gavelling chamber above it; from this chamber the crop is removed to intermittent travelling packers, the fingers of which deliver the crop to the binding mechanism. The separation between the cut crop and the gavelling chamber and the bundle being bound can be effected by the fingers of the packer closing the throat of the chamber during the operation of binding.

A table milk cooler.—No. 7189, D. McKary, Rangiora.—Consists of a stand on which is fixed an inclined vessel through which cold water is circulated: the upper surface being corrugated. The milk descends from a receptacle above and being made to pass across the corrugations is thereby cooled.

An automatic self-registering tallying machine for use in numbering carcasses of sheep, bags of grain, or any other packages of merchandise delivered into any ship's hold or elsewhere

by means of any shoot or trough. No. 6566, J. H. Boundy, Blenheim.—Consists in forming a section of the shoot in a hinged form so that by the aid of springs it may register on a counting machine fixed to the side of a shoot the number of articles or packages delivered.

The Incline Plane Digging Plough.—No. 6569, G. W. Tiffen, Makaraka, Poverty Bay, N.Z.—This invention has for its objects to provide a plough which will pare off a thin sod, lay it with the grass downwards, and then cover the said sod with soil with the effect that the grass is completely buried. The ordinary frame-work and fittings of a plough are made use of excepting that the mould board and share are made to dip at a sharper angle. A second mould board or skimmer is fixed in advance of the usual mould board and is capable of being fixed at such a height that it skims off the surface of the soil with the vegetation attached, turns it over and lays it away from the land side of the plough. The whole of the earth and under-soil is then raised and by means of a share the front of which is horizontal and of the full breadth of the furrow. This share has a slight ascent to the mould board so that with a part of the front of the mould board it makes an inclined plane extending from the front edge of the share backward so as to receive the "furry slice" which is turned over by the mould board proper so as to be broken up and deposited on the grass sod already laid by means of the share.

An improvement in gas engines.—No. 6570, The Valveless Gas Engine Syndicate Ltd., Westminster, England.—This is an improvement on such gas engines as are referred to in specifications of New Zealand Patent No. 5688 granted to Joseph Day, and consists in removing the inlet port or ports from the chamber itself, and placing them in a cylinder in such a position that they may be covered by the piston through the entire revolution except for an extremely brief period when the piston is close to the end of the stroke.

A new or improved suspensor for garments and some other articles.—No. 6574, F. D. Fergusson, Auckland.—This is a compact and ingenious arrangement of a hat hook, within and underneath which is a tongue which can be opened to receive the garment and firmly hold the same until the tongue is again released.

Improvements in apparatus for sanitary disinfection.—No. 6588, H. Hermann, Sydney, N.S.W.—Relates to the "Ger-micide" system for sanitary disinfection in which a solution of chloride of zinc or other material is applied to the closet bowl and a solution preferably of thymol is intermittently sprayed into the room by means of an atomizer. Liquid disinfectant is used in a highly concentrated form, and the apparatus consists of a vessel provided with a spout composed of fibres of vitreous substance so arranged that the liquid will flow out through the fibres in direction of their length. An elastic and adjustable washer surrounds the fibres and is confined with a spring valve to control the pressure.

Apparatus for operating atomizers.—No. 6589, H. Herman, Sydney, N.S.W.—This specification seems to have an extraordinary title, but it refers to a pneumatic arrangement for closing doors, the advantage being that the operating mechanism may be placed at near the outer edge of the door as desired, and the force of the discharge be always uniform and not depend on the force with which the door is moved, besides which the discharge can be easily regulated.

Improvements in ammonia or gas compressors.—No. 6865, H. D. C. Marr, Stratford.—This is a compact form of compressor pump having a central chamber filled with oil in which a crank revolves and drives plungers which fit into pumps placed on either end of the said chamber, thus securing perfect lubrication in a simple manner. One of the pumps is fixed above, and the other below the centre line of the driving shaft so as to more equally distribute the power on the work performed.

Pad or ear piece for telephone receivers.—No. 6874, J. W. Kinniburgh, Wellington.—It is well known that in the telephone receivers as at present constructed, the outer surface is continually presented to the ears of different persons, and that in time his surface becomes soiled and offensive, more especially by the

moisture from the face and ear, and moreover that such apparatus is not readily cleaned or washed without impairing the instrument. Now by this invention the operator can whenever desired and with very little trouble make a clean surface on that part of the receiver which touches the ear, and this surface may, if desired, be made of absorbent material and of a colour which will show plainly when the receiver has become soiled. In carrying out the invention a tube or pad is made of blotting paper. This blotting paper is cut to the form of a disc with a circular hole in the centre so that each piece of paper is in the form of an ordinary washer. These pieces of paper are pressed into a convenient shape so as to form the surface of the receiver and fit the ear conveniently. They are then piled one above the other and gummed together at their edges so as to form a tube, but in such a manner that each disc or washer can be torn or split off and have the clean surface below exposed. The ear pad is not only more comfortable, but improves and softens the sound.

Improved gold saving machine.—No. 6971, F. Condy, Sydney, N.S.W.—This invention has for its object the treatment of gold of yearling alluvial tailings, slimes, and other gold-bearing materials, for the separation of the gold contained therein, and more especially where the hold is too fine for recovering by customary methods. The essential feature of the invention is a rotating and revolving cylinder, in which are a number of blades or paddles, which rotate with the cylinder but do not revolve. In each end of the cylinder are several conical tubes having their smallest diameter inside, and opening into the cylinder, each opening being protected by a bail.

Improvements in machines for cutting wrappers for cigarettes from tobacco leaves.—No. 7019, A. Moonelis, New York.—In the utilisation of tobacco leaves for cigarette covers, it is necessary to secure an oblong and rectangular section of tobacco, the relative dimensions of the sides and end of the wrapper depending upon the nature of the cigarette, and to cut the wrappers so that the ribs and veins will lie parallel to the longer edge so that when the filler of the cigarette is rolled and the wrapper is wound around it, the said ribs and veins will lie along the length of the cigarette. It is also essential to secure wrappers which will be as free as possible from disfiguring ribs or veins and to this end it is necessary that the operator when cutting should keep as near as possible to its outer edge. One part of the invention consists of a cutting device whereby the leaf can be fed through the cutting machine, and also transparent guiding plate so that an unobstructed view of the tobacco leaf is permitted and the operator can with great rapidity sever the wrappers and guide the leaf so that the most economical results can be obtained. Another important feature is the arrangement of the cutting apparatus including with a cutter and transparent folding plate a table having a rectangular opening through which the cutter can penetrate, the opening being the shape and size of the wrapper. This opening is set at an angle to the edge of the table so that the leaves may be readily cut at an angle of 45 degrees, that being the angle of the veins of the leaf.

Improvements in cigarette machines.—No. 7020, A. Moonelis, New York.—Relates to the manufacture of all tobacco cigarettes, viz., cigarettes which employ tobacco fillers and tobacco wrappers in contradistinction to the ordinary paper wrapper cigarettes. Consists essentially of a terminal apron on which the filler is rolled, and which delivers it in a rolled condition to the wrapper proper for its reception, with means for operating said terminal apron from the rear end so as to produce the necessary tension on the same. It also consists in an improved form of wrapper delivering carrier, whereby the wrapper is carried towards the filler in a horizontal direction, and then dropped into position at the moment the filler is ready to be encased within it, and a pasting device consisting of a brush which is brought into contact with the outer edge of the wrapper at the proper moment and held in contact with the same by the retreating wrapper carrier, in such a manner that as the wrapper carrier leaves the wrapper it will press slightly upwards against the wrapper and its pasting brush so that the extreme edge will be gummed. The invention also consists in an improved

cutting device whereby the butts are severed from the cigarettes and delivered in a proper manner to a receptacle, and having means for mutilating the butt ends of the cigarettes so that they can be utilised for fillers.

Apparatus for washing and drying currants and for mixing and beating eggs, No. 7092, A. L. J. Tait, Dunedin.—This seems to be a similar invention to that which has recently given rise to so much litigation in the case of Walters v Tait, and the claims seem to consist in using such a machine for a different purpose, viz., for making puddings etc., instead of churning cream.

Improvements in wire strainers—No. 7105, Ward & Harvey, Dunedin.—An improvement on a well-known form of wire strainer where the wire is laid into a groove in a small barrel, and the wire strained by the revolution of the said barrel. The novelty consists in the form of teeth by which the barrel is held permanently to the wire.

Improvements in the joints or connections of water closets, urinals, and other like earthenware goods, No. 7129, T. W. Twyford, Hanley, England.—The earthenware pipe leading from the closet is made in a porous biscuit state and this porous surface is covered with plumbago on which is deposited copper by a current of electricity. A metallic deposit covers the inside and outside of the end of the pipe so that when a metallic drain pipe is inserted it can be soldered with a pipe-joint. By these means the usual rubber joints are dispensed with.

Improvements in apparatus for aerating water or other liquid with carbonic acid or other gas under pressure and bottling the same.—No. 7180, H. S. Elworthy, Stratford, England.—Consists of an ingenious arrangement of cylinders, pistons, and valves by means of which the gas at a pressure of about 50 or 60 atmospheres is made to pump the aerated liquid into a mixing reservoir, and finally into the mineral water bottles.

An improved crusher and pulveriser.—No. 7132, Lens and Paynter, Gawler, South Australia.—This is an improved and an ingenious method to apply the principle of the stone breaker to reduce the material to a greater degree of fineness, and consists in two cams or levers, the faces of which are partly serrated and partly smooth, and which faces act against one another, and can be very accurately set and so curved that when the rough material enters it is broken up, but on leaving the smoother part of the faces of the levers it can be thoroughly pulverised. There are simple and accurate means of setting levers so as to regulate the size of the material crushed.

Improvements in venetian blinds.—No. 7133, W. Gee, Christchurch.—Claims to be improvements on the well-known principle of raising and lowering venetian blinds by means of a roller and one cord wound upon the same. The improvement consists principally in using tapes instead of cords for lifting the slats.

Improvements in jointed lever attachments for hind seats of buggies, waggons, or similar vehicles.—No. 7134, E. R. Atkin, Auckland.—This is a simple invention for changing a two-seated into a one-seated vehicle, and *vice versa*, and consists in an arrangement of levers whereby the back seat can be lowered and passed under the front seat.

Improvements in drain traps.—No. 7136, J. and T. Christie, Dunedin.—Consists in fitting to a drain pipe a bell shaped mouth, and a metallic grating having a handle to lift the same, which drops into a recess when not in use. The drain pipe is the full size of the grating but tapers downwards and forms a syphon trap, which trap has an inspection lid placed on the top of the rise of the bend.

Deepening bars, channels and rivers.—No. 7137, P. Nolan, Dunedin.—Consists of an iron framed harrow with tines or teeth at the intersections of the frame pointing downward and forward. It is fitted with a towing chain.

Animal and bird trap.—No. 7138, J. E. Sprey, St. Bathans, Otago.—Consists in attracting the birds or animals to alight on a perch which closes a door or passage behind, after which the birds or animals make their exit into an enclosure.

Improvements in or relating to syphons.—No. 7139, T. L. Grigg, Dunedin.—A simple appliance attached to an ordinary

syphon used for withdrawing kerosene from the tin. A hole is made in the tin and the syphon inserted. The appliances attached thereto enables the operator to force air (by blowing) into the tin when the syphon will work in the ordinary manner. There is no loss of kerosene, and the syphon is started without the hands coming into contact with the liquid. A cock is provided at the outer end for stopping the supply as required.

Improvements in the construction of sulkies, also adaptable to other vehicles.—No. 7147, R. L. Trench, Sydney.—Novelty consists in adapting the springs to an independent frame instead of to the shafts, and combining therewith the use of other springs thus avoiding the objectionable vibration on the present vehicles.

Aerating and cooling milk.—No. 7151, P. Thompson, Feilding.—This is a class of invention for which several patents have been applied for recently, and consists in a vessel for receiving the milk from which it descends through perforated holes on to a corrugated surface kept cool by a circulation of water. The exact novelty is not very clearly described.

An improved ball bearing.—No. 7153, Truogrove and Adams, Christchurch.—This invention relates to ball bearings such as are used for velocipedes, and provides a readily adjustable bearing which is so constructed that the friction of surfaces in contact, are materially reduced. It consists of a bearing in which the spindle has the "ball race" or surface upon which the balls are arranged to travel, convex (instead of concave as is usually the case) while the bearing or hub is recessed in a concave form, or the ball race on the spindle may be concave, and the recess in the hub or bearing convex, whichever may be most convenient in practice.

A combined clothes horse, hat rack and umbrella stand.—No. 7155, W. H. Watson, Canterbury.—This invention consists in fixing to the ordinary upright of an umbrella and hat stand, arms with supports which when spread out form a clothes horse. The clothes horse folds up within the said upright so as to hide the same and prevent unsightliness.

Improvements in machines or apparatus for breaking, scutching, and decorticating flax.—No. 7152, The Fibre Machinery Co., London.—Although this invention does not refer to New Zealand flax it should be very interesting to New Zealand flax millers as it seems possible to apply it as a substitute for the present stripping process. The machine is very simple, consisting of one or more pairs of feeding rollers, preferably fluted, working at a slow speed and gripping the leaf firmly, and a pair of decorticating rollers working at 40 times the speed of the feed rollers. The ingenious part of the invention lies in the decorticating rollers, which are fluted longitudinally in such a manner that the blades or flutes of the rollers work within one another like the teeth of a pair of cog wheels, but are accurately geared so that the blades do not touch in revolving. One part of the circumference of each of the decorticating rollers carries coarse blades, and the other carries fine blades which give a varying, rubbing or beating and scraping action on the fibre, stripping off the pellicle in a most complete manner.

Improvements in machinery for scutching flax, &c.—No. 7153, The Fibre Machinery Co., London.—This invention consists of a machine which will produce a complete finishing scutching action on the fibrous material after the same has been crushed previously by passing through any suitable breaking and crushing machine. The machine though simple in its operation, is elaborate and well worked out, and consists of a horizontally revolving metal belt, like a band saw with its teeth upwards, and on to which the flax is clipped so that one end projects and its revolution is gripped by ingeniously formed beaters. When one end has been scutched, the other end is presented to the beaters, so that the whole fibre is acted upon, resulting in a clean sample.

THOS. ATKINSON,
CABINETMAKER,
GREYTOWN NORTH.

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.—The Labour problem has two distinct phases. The first is: the existence and steady increase of an unemployed class; the second is, the almost universal complaint made by the brain and manual labourers of all nations, of the insufficiency of the reward, or wages of labour. The latter is, of course, the effect of the former. No man can expect to get more than a bare subsistence wage, while hundreds of others are willing to take his place on the same terms. It is, therefore, very necessary for us to sweep away the conditions or the system which produce an unemployed class. While we are fighting for the unemployed we are fighting for ourselves.

Professor Thorold Rogers says:—

“There is no expedient beyond bringing about a scarcity of labour which will raise wages, and no special or local scarcity will raise general wages. If the persons who engage in a particular calling agree to limit their own numbers, they may perhaps raise their own wages; but they will do so only by driving a larger number of persons into other callings, and so lowering the wages in other callings.”

He is of course speaking of labour under our present system, where men are compelled to sell it as a marketable commodity.

Now, Socialism is the only method which will successfully solve the unemployed question and the wages question. What is Socialism? you ask. “It is the extension to industry and economics of the free self-governing principles recognised in democracy.” It means that the people shall control and direct their own industry. It means that the instruments of production, distribution, and exchange shall belong to the people collectively. It means that food, clothing, and all the necessaries of life shall be produced because they are wanted for all, and not merely to afford profit to those who do not work. Socialism asserts the right of every man to live by work, and denies the right of any to live without it. “Unless a man work, neither shall he eat,” is one of its most fundamental principles. Who is to direct and organise all this? you ask. Why, the State. But you say—Will not the State be as hard a master as the private capitalist? The State, Tom, is the people themselves. The ministers, members, officials, and directors are merely the servants of the people. The people have even now such power that they could make this country one of the happiest in the world, only, like Samson, they are blind. Years ago a certain French king said—“I am the State.” When the landlords of England ruled England they were the “State,” and now democracy rules New Zealand, the people are the State. Socialism means that the people would employ themselves, just as Democratic Government means that they govern themselves. But if they do not own their own land, their own machines and implements, and their own money, they cannot employ themselves. They can attain all these things without robbing anybody. But how is it to be brought about, you ask? Simply enough; through the ballot box. There is no necessity for bloodshed, riot, confiscation, or revolution. They have simply to make it understood that the State must employ those people whom private enterprise cannot employ, and to vote against any candidates who will not pledge themselves to carry this into effect; and in a very short time the State industries will be extended and new ones spring up. If they, at the next election, say we will not be dependent on the European or British money lender, but will have a National Currency of our own, there is nothing in the world can stop them. And the means of exchange will be nationalised. It will not be robbing the money-lender, it will be simply discontinuing to deal with him. We shall be merely exercising the “freedom of contract” so glibly talked about to half-starving people. The change will come

gradually, but it will come. The trend of economic change is moving rapidly in that direction. We who see it coming, and are trying to assist and hasten it, are not the motive power. In a community where every man was certain of employment at 8s. or 10s. per day, and where an opportunity of laying something by for old age existed, Socialism would not be heard of. Where every man can own his own little plot of ground and his own home, land nationalisation and single tax would find no voice. It is poverty, misery, helplessness, uncertainty of employment which impel these movements. It is these things which give rise to Socialism, first as a criticism and an enquiry into the economic conditions, and the system; then as an idea; and, finally, as a passion of such power and strength of conviction that it carries all before it, and becomes steadily realised, changing the old order for new.

The objections which are made to Socialism, which Socialists have to refute, are generally raised against a misconceived notion of what Socialism really is. People who have never studied the subject oppose it through ignorance. To begin with: thousands of people never think that our present state of civilisation can be improved on. They unconsciously accept it as the highest possible state. They look back and say “how much better off we are than previous generations”—which is open to argument. Every generation has no doubt thought that. Even Lord Macaulay expressed himself so. Indeed, there is little doubt that the cattle-raiding Highland chief and the feudal lord could not have imagined a state of society in which “money” not “arms” would “boss the show.” When he had the Jew imprisoned in the “deepest dungeon beneath the castle moat” (and drew a tooth out of his head each morning unless he parted some of his shakels) he could not have been persuaded that the time was coming when the descendants of the Jew would control nations simply by monopolising financial power. And the ancient economists could not see how slavery could be dispensed with. So many of us cannot see how wage-slavery and capitalism can be superseded by an improved state. The first error that many of our opponents run into is that Socialism involves a periodical sharing-out of property, and that those who were strong, capable, intelligent, and vigorous would have to share with the lazy, the idle, and the improvident. I will let that independent and impartial critic, Dr. Schaffle, reply to that. He says:—

“It implies collective ownership of the means of production; direct provision for the maintenance of public departments out of returns to collective labour instead of by taxation, distribution of the remaining wealth among individual producers in proportion to their work as private income and private property! It is then absolutely false to say that Socialism is the system of periodical redistribution of private possessions. That is absolute nonsense, and every page of a Socialistic journal rightly condemns such an account of the matter as the result of gross ignorance.”

Then, again they say, no matter how you reconstructed or improved society the same thing would happen again. In a short time a few would have all the wealth. The same argument may no doubt have been used when it was first proposed to restrain the physically strong man in the days of barbarism. For a time the strong man did oppress the physically weak, but numbers rebelled against him, passed laws, raised soldiers and police to control him. It is, therefore, likely that some dissentients said: “It is no good if you restrain him: the next strongest will prevail, might has always ruled, it will never be otherwise.” But it has not proved the case. Each successive power which has threatened the liberty of the community, has been

successfully combatted and vanquished. The question of equality is again raised. They say, "you Socialists want all men to be equal, and you know, such a thing is against nature." Now, we fully recognise that inequality among men will always exist, and we have no idea of levelling down. We merely say that mankind is so far equal that everyone has a right to live, and to live by work. He would be a bold man who would publicly deny the right of existence to any section of the community. Though their conduct through life may be one long deliberate attempt to drive them out of it (unconscious, not premeditated). We also deny that the possession of either lands, money or economic power of any sort is an assurance of superiority of any kind. If the wealthy or the comfortable middle classes are better informed, more gentle or polite, cleaner in their habits and generally more cultured and sociable than the workers, they have to thank their good opportunities. Man is the creature of circumstance. The boy born of wealthy parents, educated at public school and college, and polished with good associations and surroundings, will generally turn out a decent young fellow. Quite natural you say. So it is quite natural that the child dragged up in a slum midst poverty, filth, obscenity and drunkenness, should be a blackguard and a rogue. The sort of equality we wish to establish is equality of opportunity. Hear John Ruskin, writing before we had advanced in Socialism so far as to recognise the instruction of the young as a necessary province of State activity:

"First, that there should be training schools for youth established at Government expense, and under Government discipline, over the whole country. That every child born in the country should, at the parents wish, be permitted (and in certain cases be under penalty required) to pass through them, and that in these schools the child should with other minor pieces of knowledge hereafter to be considered, imperatively be taught with the best skill of teaching the country could produce the following three lines:—(a) The laws of health and the exercises enjoyed by them. (b) Habits of gentleness and justice. (c) The calling by which he is to live. Secondly, that in connection with these training schools, there should be established, also under Government regulation, manufactories and workshops for the production and sale of every necessary of life, and for the exercise of every useful art. And that, interfering no whit with private enterprise, nor setting any restraints on private trade, but leaving both to do their best and beat the Government if they could, there should at these Government manufactories and shops, be authoritatively good and exemplary work done, and pure and true substance sold, so that a man could be sure, if he chose to pay the Government price, that he got for his money bread that was bread, ale that was ale, and work that was work. Thirdly, that any man or woman, or boy or girl, out of employment, should be at once received at the nearest Government school, and set to such work as it appeared, on trial, they were fit for, at a fixed rate of wages determinable every year. That being found incapable of work through ignorance, they should be taught, or being found incapable of work through sickness, should be tended; but that being found objecting to work, they should be sent under compulsion of the strictest nature to the more painful and degrading forms of necessary toil, especially that in mines, and other places of danger (such danger being, however, diminished to the utmost by careful regulation and discipline), and the due wages of such work be retained—cost of compulsion first abstracted—to be at the workman's command, so soon as he has come to sounder mind respecting the laws of employment. Lastly, that for the old and destitute comfort and home should be provided; which provision, when misfortune had been by the working of such a system sifted from guilt, would be honourable instead of disgraceful to the receiver. For a labourer serves his country with a

spade, just as a man in the middle ranks serves it with his sword, pen or lancet. If the service be less and therefore, the wages during health less; then the reward when health is broken may be less, but not less honourable, and it ought to be quite as natural and straightforward a matter for a labourer to take his pension from his parish because he has deserved well of his parish, as for a man in higher rank to take his pension from his country because he has deserved well of his country."

This is what our objectors would call Utopian. They would ask who is to pay for this? In reply, I ask, who pays for every thing now? The people who labour by brain and hand. The ratepayer, the merchant prince or the city land-owner may pay direct to the government a land or income tax, but their revenues are derived from a tribute drawn from the workers, who really have to bear the burden. Society would effect a great economy by adopting a process which prevented the growth of larrikins and criminals. It is almost impossible to calculate the cost of crime, but there is no doubt the expense in prison, reformatories, and the other necessary means to suppress and punish it are far in excess of what it would cost to prevent a great part of it by training the rising generation and giving them healthy occupation and surroundings.

(To be continued.)

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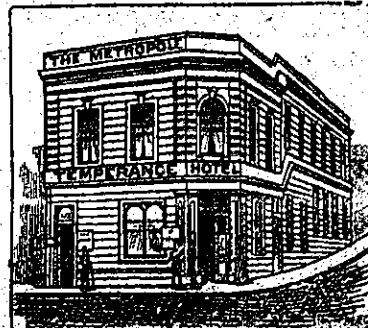
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THE MAN YOU CAN HELP.

There are plenty of men who will grasp your hand.

With a pleasant, cordial smile;
There are plenty of men who will pass you by
In the most indifferent style.
You may be "cut" sometimes by those
Whom in boyhood days you knew,
But a man will always treat you well
When he wants a favor from you.

How glad is he that you look so well,
And how do your children do?
Your wife is in good health, he trusts,
And your business prospering too.
He struck a new brand of cigars today—
By the way, just try a few!
Oh, yes, a man will treat you well
When he wants a favor from you.

When the favor's done—alas! alas!
How suddenly he forgets
How he loved you when he needed, perhaps,
Your help to pay his debts.
But the fact remains, and every one knows
That this assertion's true—
A man will always treat you well
When he wants a favor from you.

—Somerville Journal.

A LIFETIME LOVE.

My sister once related to me a love story, which illustrates the peculiar intensity, especially in matters of the heart, which marks the Breton character. The tale was related to her by one of her friends, the daughter of the heroine, whom I will call Emma Rosilis.

She was not perfectly beautiful, but her face had an indescribable charm. Her eyes had the most exquisite softness, and her delicate eyebrows almost seemed to possess a soul, while her skin was so fine that it betrayed the slightest agitation by fugitive blushes.

Little Emma Rosilis went regularly to church with her book of hours, and the truth is that toward the age of 16 or 18 there was no place in her little soul but for one young man, of about 20 or 22, whom she saw often, and whom I will call Emilien.

Emma had known Emilien ever since she had known herself. Moreover, she dreamed what she did not think, until it happened one day that she found Emilien was occupying the entire cavity of her little heart.

The young man whom she loved had a good, though not a strong, nature, but his simplicity, his absence of all pretense, were most pleasing to Emma. She had not known any young man superior to him, and indeed in the little world where she moved she had not met many young men of any kind.

This love of Emma's soon became most absorbing. During entire days she would remain motionless, almost as though she were in a trance, dreaming of her beloved. Naturally she said nothing of what she experienced either to the one she loved, or to her relations, or to her

companions. Her discretion was so absolute that no one knew anything of what filled her.

While Emma lived only in her love for Emilien, he thought little of her. He found her pleasing, as did all the world, but he never thought of telling her so.

He was a commonplace and passive being, and then, after all, was he to blame? Emma was so modest that she could scarcely be distinguished from her friends—you would have said she sought only to hide herself.

One day, while she was talking with her companions at a little reunion at the foot of the garden, many things were spoken of. The news which had a freshness for all was of the approaching marriage of Emilien to Anna M—. It was spoken of as a certain thing. Emma heard it all. Such was the control which she had over herself, however, that no one suspected that a poniard had entered her heart. She was quiet, arose a little while after and retired without giving any sign of the frightful wound which she had just received.

Another bit of news was circulated a few days after, in the company of the same young people, assembled in the same garden. Emma had entered as novice into the community of Ursulines of the little village of L—! As she was very pious, this surprised no one. Her secret had belonged so exclusively to herself that no one reproached her. The idea occurred to no one that the marriage of Emilien was the cause of her consecrating herself to religion.

The convent of the Ursulines admitted divers degrees of religious vocations. By the side of the sisters bound to the order by a perpetual vow there were pious persons wearing a costume which was like that of the order, minus the veil. These practiced the same observances without assuming any permanent obligations. The greater part took the vows at the end of some years, but there was more than one example of devoted sisters who re-entered the world after years spent in the convent.

It was into this class of sisters that poor Emma entered. Everything was as usual in her admission, in her novitiate, in her conduct in the convent.

She became a devotee of the most perfect regularity, pious as the others, never in fault, esteemed by her superiors. Her pale face in the white linen which surrounded it had the beatific calm characteristic of the sisterhood. Assiduous in prayers and in all other pious exercises, she yielded quickly to the religious habits of the cloister. At the end of some days the slow and monotonous routine of the regular convent life had dulled her sensibilities, and her ordinary state became a kind of gentle sleep.

Had she succeeded in driving from her heart the image which had captured her

whole being?

After a fashion—yet she had not even tried. The suspicion came not to her for an instant that her love was culpable. It was, as in the canticles, "a bouquet of myrrh in her bosom." She would have doubted God rather than her right to this sentiment which filled her. She distinguished not her love from her piety nor her piety from her love. She even tasted in her austerities an additional charm. She found in wounding herself a sort of delight. She experienced an intense joy in believing that she suffered all this for the one she loved, and in saying that she saw no other man but him. Such were the innocence and purity of her imagination that never a scruple came to her for her dreams of love. She was so certain of being right that she never felt obliged to accuse herself to her confessor.

Thus five years rolled by without a trouble, without a storm. Did the possibility of recovering Emilien ever present itself to her spirit? Dreamed she at moments that it was Emilien and not the church that she had really espoused, and that she whom he had espoused was in very feeble health? As nothing that passed in the little town was unknown in the convent, she knew that Anna and Emilien had two little girls. Did Emma's heart never whisper to her, "Thou shalt be their mother some day?"

Anna had a sister in the convent. One day, according to the custom at such times, prayers were requested by the women of the community for a relative of their number, who was dying. The name of this dying person was repeated that evening to Emma. She was Anna. The two little girls, who soon had no mother, were confided to the care of their aunt, the nun. Emma assisted her in attending to them. From this time Emma experienced a change. She could scarcely pray. She tried to re-clothe herself in her haircloth, and she found it insupportable. The austerities which were familiar to her became revolting. She denied herself the communion for eight days. Her peace was at an end; her profound piety extinguished. She believed herself morbid, selfish—almost wicked.

At this time she felt obliged to tell all to her confessor, the chaplain of the convent. He was not a great man, but he was very sensible. He advised at first that she should wait; then he saw the gravity of the evil. After all, Emma had pronounced no vows. She had not worn the whole costume of the order. The veil had not shadowed her forehead. The chaplain had a benevolent heart. The sacredness of the confessional forbade him from consulting his bishop. He formed his opinion from his own reasonings. Convinced that it was for the salvation of Emma, he confided the

two little daughters of Anna to her personal care. He hoped also to give an outlet to the restlessness which began to disturb her. On these orphans she might outpour the fullness of her heart.

The father came to see his little girls, and Emma conducted them to the parlor. The shock of seeing him again was terrible. She burst into tears. He was just the same as she had always seen him in her dreams. As for her, she was sadly emaciated. Her excessive weeping deprived her of what little strength she had. Her self control entirely forsook her. Gazing into her tear dimmed eyes, Emilian discovered there her love. The good man, commonplace as he was, at last comprehended the situation. He had a very tender heart, and he was profoundly touched.

Some months after Emma and Emilian were united in marriage. What no one had suspected all the world now saw. The entire community married them.

For the rest of her life Emma tasted without a moment's intermission the most perfect felicity that one can dream of. During 40 years she drifted, as it were, in a Pacific ocean of happiness and love.

Emma and Emilian had eight children, from whom they never separated the two daughters of poor Anna. They brought them all up well.

Some speak of the "storms of love." What childishness! Passion has its inequalities, but true love has no storms. The happiness of Emma after she had won her lover was as a full sea without tides. Even death was hardly for her. Life went out because the hour of finishing had come. She died at the age of 70 years, without sickness.

My sister found this a perfect example of love as she comprehended it. She esteemed Emilian the happiest of men. For him an excellent woman had condemned herself to a life of austerity, giving to him the most complete guarantee of the exclusiveness of her love. During five years she saw not a single man. She had accepted with innocent joy the expectation of an external exclusion. In all battles that come in life there is a recompense for those alone who dare. Happiness is like glory. To obtain it, it is necessary to play high.

One day I hazarded the observation to my sister, "It was a great deal of devotion to bestow upon a mediocre man."

"Oh, that was no matter!" she responded. "Emilian certainly did not merit so much happiness, but who does? See the false idea of the Parisian men of letters, who assume that great men only are worthy of being loved. What childishness! You will see some day the ridiculousness of all that. Ah, the heroes who have saved their country—I acknowledge they may reward affection, but the daubers of canvas, the blotters of paper,

what have they for the heart? What is a husband who belongs to every one?—Translated From the French of Ernest Renan For Romance.

The Conscience Fund.

Every little while conscience stricken individuals refund to the treasury department certain sums of money confessed to have been ill gotten from the government in various ways. It is astonishing that notwithstanding the thousands of dollars that have been sent to the treasury on this account no special record has been taken of them; that there is never proof to those who have thus "squared themselves" that the money ever reached the proper disposition. Treasury officials now recognize this dereliction, and separate accounts will be kept in future, if for no other purpose than to enable public officials to vindicate themselves from anonymous assailants who may impugn their trustworthiness.

Diplomatic.

Porter of Sleeping Car—Your berth is the top one, lady.

Passenger—What do you take me for, a bundle of old fashioned dry goods that you want to put out of sight on the top shelf?

Porter of Sleeping Car—No, madam, only an angel, who ought to be as near heaven as possible.

TOLD BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

Some Yarns He Recently Spun at the Authors' Club.

"Our chairman said something tonight about the lovely lack of jealousy among authors and its prevalence among my and allied professions. I must dissent from the idea. Why, have you not all observed the harmony which prevailed among the operatic stars whose season recently closed at the Metropolitan Opera House? [Laughter.] And then take it in my own profession. If an actor is discharged from a company, are there not always plenty of his fellow actors ready to take his part? [After a silence, laughter.]

"Preparation, to return to my text, is most essential in the players' profession. If we are not prepared, we cannot retrace, retract nor repair. The speech once delivered cannot be recalled. You authors may correct and revise, the painter can scratch out and paint over, but how would it seem in me to pause after a speech on the stage, scratch my chin and say: 'That inflection was not quite right. I will deliver that line again?'

"Possibly I may have paid too much attention to preparation in my profession. One critic has abused me frequently for that, and he laments that I leave nothing to chance. That worries him, but I assure him he is right. I never leave anything to chance.

"I will confess, between ourselves that I did needlessly prepare for one occasion. Mr. Florence and I had been playing together in comedy, and when the time approached

for our final appearance, the manager said, and it seemed to me that as the audience would not be able to put out and demand speeches at the conclusion of our last performance we should prepare something. So we did. We rehearsed it all very carefully. Mr. Florence was to be first taken by surprise and overtopping his emotions make a farewell address in which he was to refer to me. Then I was to be taken by surprise, but suppressing my swelling feelings I was to thank Mr. Florence and wind up the important scene."

Mr. Jefferson paused, lifted his wine glass, put it back on the table and added:

"But the audience did not call us during that performance. [Laughter.] But there was no excuse for a mistake. Florence made afterward. He was playing in what we call the New England circuit—Hartford, New Haven, etc. One night he was called away after the performance and said:

"This is a mark of approbation which peculiarly touches me. I know many of the men before me—know them personally. I played marbles with them under the shadow of the Hartford Baptist church, shared their boyhood joys and sorrows, and I assure you that I shall never forget this last act of kindness which you people of Hartford."

"Just then a voice from the gallery interrupted him:

"This is New Haven, Mr. Florence."

[Laughter.] "Preparation is essential. Once a manager was obliged to apologize to an audience for the nonappearance of the leading man, who had been suddenly called to another city by the death of his mother."

"It happened that the manager that evening was suffering from a tired feeling. He was a trifle unsteady as to voice and legs, but his dignity stood firm on both feet. He said:

"The leading man, gentlemen and ladies, is—this is first time excuse has to be made this theater, but—well, anyway, man's mother is dead. Never before occurred this theater disappoint audience, and—you see man's moth' is dead. I regret that after 20 years' experience manager theater, audience—which I mean to say man's mother is dead, but shall never occur again."

Mr. Jefferson told the story in a voice so richly affected by the disability the manager suffered from that all his hearers reached for their glasses.

Consolation.

Mr. Slimmy—I don't like that Miss Elter. She said I was a perfect idiot, don't you know.

Mr. Bumme—She didn't mean it, of course, Slimmy. Anybody knows that nothing human is perfect.

The Course of True Love.

She—There is one serious obstacle before us.

He—Your parents?

She—No, but my little brother leads alterably opposed to our attachment.

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