

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.

