

BREAKWATERS appear highly unsatisfactory things to build and keep in order. The cloud of troubles which has lately hung over the Napier breakwater will, we are assured on excellent and unprejudiced authority, soon roll off, and everyone will hope for good. Of all towns in New Zealand none deserves prosperity better than Napier. Enterprising, generous, hospitable, and if they don't succeed heaven forbid the unsuccess that must attend certain other places and peoples. Touching this breakwater: despite the growlings and groanings of a section of the community who look at the affair from an ultra pessimistic point of view, there is now little doubt but that the work so pluckily and creditably begun will be carried to its greatly-to-be-desired conclusion. The damage is certainly not what alarmists would have us believe, and when the official report is published we shall be surprised and disappointed if it does not recommend the completion of the work. On the other hand, breakwaters are, as we said at first, unfortunate things. It is not necessary to remind GRAPHIC readers of more than one colonial *farco* where money has been shovelled into the sea or buried in the sand. Some years ago the writer was at Port Erin—a fishing village in the north of the Isle of Man. Some wealthy company was building a breakwater: all day long such visitors as there were watched the powerful steam cranes hoisting huge blocks of granite six or eight feet square into their places. A placid sea sparkled and smiled. Then one night there was a storm—a storm that many widows and orphans still think of and remember with aching hearts—the hotel, sheltered as it was by huge mountains behind, rocked and swayed more than was agreeable, and the din was not such as can be described in a paragraph. Next morning the breakwater had vanished, and when the sea had gone down and the tide was out, the granite blocks were scattered here and there along the strand like playthings. Where the breakwater had been there was a rather larger heap of blocks than elsewhere, but tossed and tumbled together in wildness, if most picturesque confusion. It is to be hoped that the seas round this coast will never attain to the pitch of boisterousness which should in like manner sweep away any of our breakwaters.

THE daily purveyor of news in a small town has by no means an easy task cut out for him. The supply of local topics admissible in a newspaper is naturally limited, and though in Oamaru—the small seaport which I have in my mind's eye at the present moment—there is at any rate one never failing subject of interest, i.e., how to pay the rates, yet the whole of the paper cannot be taken up with discussions of their sea and shore liabilities; so that as the editor of the *Oamaru Mail* has a mind above such petty gossip as whether Mr M. threw one boot or two at his wife last night; and whether Miss S. ate shrimps for tea or only one of those delicious lobsters (crayfish) from the breakwater, something in the way of news has to be imported, and very far back does this daintily original paper go in its research for novelties in the way of news. 'Where are now the Ten Tribes?' is the soul-stirring title of an article in one of its recent numbers. With a frank confidence—greatly to be admired—the paper admits the article is from *Paris Truth*. The subject is by no means a fresh one. It was fully discussed in England some fourteen years ago, and the section of the community who believe themselves to be descendants of the Lost Ten Tribes, received numerous additions to their ranks. If the British nation is truly the representative of these missing tribes, then are we in New Zealand also of the missing ten? The *Paris Truth* says it is a great historical problem, and I for one shall never know a moment's peace until I am sure that I am, or am not, a missing tribe. For the benefit of others who may be also thusly troubled in mind, I append the five points of identification upon which the truly British base their claim to be the Lost Ten Tribes. 1. The Anglo-Saxon language possesses more than six hundred words which are taken from the Hebrew. 2. The British people love the Bible more than all the other nations in the world. 3. The British love the Jews, and give them a free asylum. 4. The British propagate the knowledge of the true God, and glorify His name in all parts of the world. 5. The British have a peculiar love for the Holy Land, and hope some day to possess it. Having become convinced that one is a lost—and found—tribe, the proper course is immediate departure for the Holy Land to purchase a small piece of ground whereon to erect a tent, purchase a camel, and live up to one's tribal privileges. A pilgrimage of this nature will shortly be arranged. Who goes!

THE political women of Wanganui are certainly a pattern and example to their sisters elsewhere. Fourteen pounds—no less—was cleared by the recent meeting of the Women's League there, when Sir Robert Stout walked over the peridy of friend Seddon in jumping his claim to the Premiership. And in connection with this matter a prominent member of the League has written an assurance which she wishes published that the League is not and will not become a tool of Sir Robert Stout. It is implied that the GRAPHIC declared this to be the case. This is not what we intended to convey. We pointed out the danger of Women's Leagues being used as tools by designing politicians

(all politicians are designing) and unquestionably the danger exists. The Wanganui Women's League have, so says our correspondent, no special fondness for Sir Robert. Accessibility, not affection, was the reason that he was the first to be called upon by the women of Wanganui. They mean to have the best they can out of all our prominent men. Nothing could be better if only the audiences will be content to listen. The danger lies in being entrapped by one side or the other, by Mr Seddon or Captain Russell into votes of confidence, or votes of thanks cunningly worded by adroit wire-pullers so as to be capable of quotation for party purpose, though the meeting was 'on paper' non-political.

THE modern woman—of whom we have heard an unreasonably amount lately—is omnipresent. Should Dr. Nansen succeed in discovering the North Pole it is doubtless she, not the traditional Scotchman, whom he will find there seated. And wherever or rather whenever you meet her you will notice that her one failing—the only one visible to gallant eyes is perhaps more correct—is her extreme tetchiness where criticism of herself is concerned. Her capacity for absorbing favourable comment—we will not say flattery—is considerable, very considerable, but once vented off this sage path and instantly you are vigorously assaulted by some outraged female with as much virulence as if you had labelled the sex in some utterly scandalous and irreparable manner. Only a day or two ago some unwise scribe 'cogitated' on the subject of the modern woman rises in the *Te Aroha*—To say the cogitation was mild, scarcely conveys an adequate conception of the writer's profound inoffensiveness. *Te Aroha* is not, moreover, in winter a seething centre of progressive social reform. Yet in the very next issue an indignant modern woman rises in truly dreadful wrath and castigates the poor cogitator with such stinging words as these: 'A man who could write the article in question must indeed be lacking in all chivalrous and manly feeling for his mother and sisters. Surely the press which boasts itself "a means of influencing the public mind," should aim at repressing, not disseminating literature which not only disparages her whose hand "rocking the cradle rules the world," but which is untrue, and cannot possibly have any good effect on those who read it.'

**PONSONBY 'AT HOME,' 1894.**

The Fifth Dance of the Season will be held on FRIDAY next, September 14th, at Ponsonby Hall, commencing at 8 o'clock. Omnibus leaves Choral Hall at 7.20, returning after dance. Tickets on application to the Committee and F. A. CLARKE, Hon. Sec. Corner of Vulcan Lane and High-street, September 7th, 1894.

**OPERA HOUSE.**

Lessee and Manager . . . . . MR TOM POLLARD.  
LAST NIGHTS OF THE SEASON.  
FAREWELL TO THE FAVOURITES.  
POLLARD'S LILIPUTIAN OPERA COMPANY.  
Arrangements for the Last Nights:  
WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12TH & 13TH,  
'ERMYNIE.'  
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14TH AND 15TH,  
'LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE,'  
or  
'THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY.'  
MONDAY, TUESDAY, AND WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17TH, 18TH, AND 19TH.  
First Production in New Zealand of the Charming Three-Act Comic Opera,  
BULBO,  
Written and composed by MR H. T. HARRISON.  
The operas produced under the sole direction of  
MR TOM POLLARD.  
Musical Director . . . . . MR H. T. HARRISON.  
Box plan at Wildman and Lyell's. Prices, 4s, 2s 6d, and 1s.

**COLUMBIA SKATING RINK.**

PROFESSOR JAMES' BENEFIT.  
PLAIN AND FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL,  
TUESDAY NEXT, SEPTEMBER 18TH.  
Handsome Prizes to be given away on view at J. & J. Dickey's Ironmongers, Queen-street.  
Judging to be done by the Audience by Coupon.  
SPLENDID PROGRAMME.  
Exhibition of Fancy Skating by two Juveniles. Maypole Dance on Skates with limelight effect. Exhibition of Fancy Skating by Professor James. Statue Acts on Skates with limelight effect. Triple Burlesque Skating and Bicycle Act, Grand March, Lancers etc.  
See Bills for Full Particulars.  
ADMISSION: ONE SHILLING.  
Ladies' Invitation TUESDAY AND FRIDAY.  
Special Attractions Every Week.  
POPULAR PRICES: Gents, 1s; ladies, 6d; skates, 6d. Day sessions, only 6d; skates, free.  
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MR T. HARLE GILES.  
Receives Pupils in any of the above subjects at his private residence.  
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Gentlemen's Classes—MONDAYS and THURSDAYS after 3.30 p.m., TUESDAYS and FRIDAYS, 7 till 9 p.m.  
Private pupils by arrangement.  
For terms and particulars apply to  
MR GILES,  
St. Andrew's Lodge, Alfred st., next Choral Hall.

**PARNELL ELECTION.**

PLUMP FOR  
MRS MATSON.

**TO THE RATEPAYERS OF THE GRAFTON WARD.**

MR GEORGE H. POWLEY  
Intends to Contest the Ward Election against ALL COMERS, on Thursday, September 13th.

**CITY OF AUCKLAND.**

ANNUAL ELECTION OF COUNCILLORS.  
PONSONBY WARD.  
Messrs Joseph Beckett and William James Courtney have been duly nominated for the office of Councillor for the above ward. A Poll will be taken at the Oddfellows' Hall, Ponsonby.  
GRAFTON WARD.  
Notice is hereby given that the following Candidates—viz., Kneen, Ellen; Gartick, Richard Knight; Powley, George Henry, and White, William Ragnall—have been duly nominated for the office of Councillor for the Grafton Ward. A Poll will be taken at the Schoolroom of St. Sepulchre's, Symonds-street.

The Polling at the above-named places will take place on THURSDAY, September 13, 1894, between the hours of 9 a.m. and 6 p.m.

S. BROOKING,  
Returning Officer.  
City Council Offices,  
September 5, 1894.

**PONSONBY WARD ELECTION.**

TO THE RATEPAYERS—PONSONBY WARD.

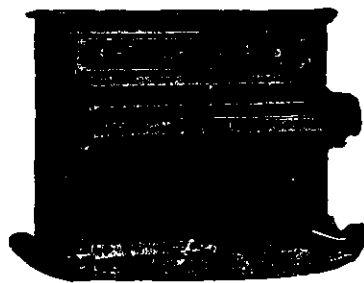
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—  
I am again a Candidate for your votes and support as your representative in City Council, and if returned shall strive to do my best in interest of Ratepayers in Ward and the City in general.

I am, Ladies and Gentlemen,  
Your humble servant,  
W. J. COURTNEY.  
Ponsonby Ward.

As I know that many ratepayers in the Ward object to paid canvassers calling at their houses, considering it (as it no doubt is) an insult to their intelligence, I will call personally on as many of you as possible and state my reasons for again desiring to enter the Council. The ballot box is sacred. Make no promises. Cabs will convey you to the Poll.

DONT FORGET—THURSDAY, the 13th INST., PONSONBY HALL  
VOTE FOR COURTNEY.

**W. G. THOMAS,**  
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**22½ GUINEAS,** INSECT AND VERMIN PROOF  
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SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR THE COLONIES.  
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