

It has at last been decided to hold an inquiry into the (more or less) recent D.S.C. fire



(Foreman) Gentlemen, before opening these proceedings I think we should publicly record our disapproval of the indecent haste with which it has been decided to hold this inquiry. I therefore move that this inquiry be postponed for a further period of twelve months."

In the above space you have a slashing cartoon on the Report of the Kauri Gum Commission.

(The intelligent observer may object that there is absolutely nothing at all in the above space, neither is there in the Report: This is the joke.)



The Premier states that he anticipates a larger surplus for the current year than for the last, probably amounting to £500,000.



THE CITY OF A THOUSAND SMELLS

"The way to the Railway Station? Well, you keep straight on the way you're going till you come to a stale fish smell with a little stable manure smell thrown in to sweeten it as it were; well, you cross over there, and you goes on till you find yourself in the vicinity of a rotten egg smell and you follow that till it tapers off into a species of dead sheep perfume, and there you turn off to the left and go up a bit of a hill till you strike a lot of sewer gas, - you can't mistake it, well you follow your nose, so to speak, till you comes to a street where there store bone-dust, and then you —" (Stranger to our beautiful city thinks he had better take a cab.)



THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST

"No thanks: you don't palm any of that stuff off on me; not after the articles I've read in the newspapers on 'Our dairies!'"

Ashley Hunter 98