

quences their action might bring down upon the poor members whose better half they unblushingly impersonated? Members have quite enough to do to keep their reputations even moderately white in that fierce light which beats about a seat in Parliament. While a common citizen may permit himself sundry little frivolities, the member must walk the paths of rectitude with staid and solemn step. But what is the use of one's doing that you will ask, when all unknown to him three or four ladies may, for the sake of a paltry front seat, be inferentially taking his character away? I was told of one poor member who was terribly victimised in this way. He was the tamest and most exemplary of husbands, and in the absence of his wife, who did not join him in Wellington till the session was well advanced, he scarcely ever cast eyes on a lady. His extreme modesty prompted an ambitious spinster to pass herself off as his wife to the officials in the House, and in the official circle she became known as the veritable spouse of the member for so and so. Judge then the opportunity for scandal and innuendo when the lawful wife appeared on the scene and was effusively welcomed by her husband, and constantly seen in his company. The official mind at once jumped to the conclusion most conformable to its theory of human nature, and it was freely whispered that the mild Mr So and So was 'a fair terror,' while when the real Mrs So and So passed eyebrows were raised significantly.

THE HOUR OF GRACE.

THE Auckland City Licensing Court at its quarterly meeting last week decided that the application of the licensees for an extension of the hour of closing their hotels from 10 p.m. to 11 p.m. be granted. In many other towns of the colony eleven o'clock has long been the closing hour, but for many years the doors of the Auckland hotels have been shut and the lights extinguished on the stroke of ten. I know it is said that in many instances it was only the front door and the front lights; but not being a Mr Thos. Taylor I take no notice of these insinuations. A thought that must suggest itself to every mind in these days when the question of temperance reform is so persistently agitated is: What effect will this extension of the legal opportunities for getting a drink have on the sobriety and general habits of the population? Will this additional hour of grace prove a veritable hour of disgrace as some venture to predict? Will it mean more sore hearts at home of a night and more sore heads of a morning? I am not versed in the physiology of the tippler or drunkard. The unnatural history of the species I have never carefully studied, but I am not inclined to believe that the concession of another sixty minutes in which he may legally, so to speak, get muddled or fuddled is likely to have such direful consequences as some fear. The man who is bent on losing his sobriety, if he has not lost it by 10 p.m., is not likely to preserve it simply because the hotel doors close at that hour. Where there's a will there's a way, even if it's only a back way, and when a man has dedicated himself to Iacchus for the evening he generally manages to fulfil his vows. On the other hand, there is the convenience of the general public to be urged on behalf of the later closing. Mr Baume told the Court that there were many respectable people who liked a glass of beer after coming out of the theatre; and there are, of course some of our temperance friends would reply that no man who wants a drink of beer can be quite respectable; and certainly no man who wants it after ten o'clock; but it would take too long to reply to that even if there was any use in trying to convince our friends. The Court evidently appreciated Mr Baume's argument; but what perhaps weighed as much with it as anything was his significant declaration that during the Exhibition there would be many visitors to Auckland who would certainly require liquid refreshment after ten o'clock. The vision of sundry Wellingtonians, Dunedinites, and dwellers of the City of the Plains wandering round the streets of Auckland in the thrifty summer evening and anathematising man's inhumanity to man as instigated by the closed public houses, rose before the eyes of the members of the

Court. Their hearts were touched with compassion at the thought of the suffering their fellow-men must endure, their pride was kindled for the reputation of their city and they issued their fiat that the hotels need not be closed till eleven o'clock.

THE ART OF WAR.

THERE is a strong suggestion of irony in that descriptive allusion to the battle of Omdurman as 'the most picturesque fight of the century.' One would certainly imagine that it is difficult to discern a picturesque side to an occasion where the forces of destruction and death were let loose in all their ferocity. It is quite a different thing when the scene is transferred to canvas or described by some graphic word-painter; for it is the business of these to soften down the revolting horrors of war or transform them with the infusion of heroic sentiment, and to bring into relief all the pomp and pride and circumstance. But that a participator in the horrors can pay much regard to the picturesque point of view is almost inconceivable. So acutely developed, however, is the sense of artistic perception in these days that even the ordinary soldier's eye when taking murderous aim along the carbine's barrel cannot exclude from his vision the picturesque elements of the scene or neglect to appreciate them. To an



Allusion to the battle of Omdurman as the most picturesque fight of the century.

eye so trained one can easily understand how the recent battle would have appealed, for it must have been peculiarly rich in attractive features on the Arab side. Imagine those desperate charges of the desert horse-men on the Anglo-Egyptian ranks. With banners wildly waving above a tumultuous sea of white-robed riders and gaily caparisoned steeds, amid cries of 'Great is Allah!' See how that embodiment of fanaticism throws itself into the arms of death. Modern warfare has nothing to equal such a picture. Day by day the picturesque element seems to be fading away from the battle arena on land and sea, just as the individual is becoming less a direct and more an indirect factor in the conflict. Compare a fight between two of the great Powers of to-day and the battle of Lake Regillus, for instance. The one was on a very insignificant scale, indeed, but it would have made an infinitely finer subject for a cyclorama than the mechanical meeting of two hosts that never do meet in all probability, but pour death and destruction at one another from a couple of miles apart. With their Maxims and magazine rifles they are knocking all the romance out of the fighting trade, and have closed a hundred paths to glory that were once open to the individual hero. No longer can he dare to seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth, or sword in hand storm the temple of fame. He has infinitely more chance of finding all he seeks by devoting himself to chemistry and inventing a new dynamite shell. The real hero of the war is not yon proud general who rides a prancing steed amid the plaudits of the multitude, but that wizened shrub of a chemist whose eyes are dim and whose back is bent making concoctions that may blow the earth into the moon.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Notice to Contributors.—Any letters or MSS. received by the Editor of the "New Zealand Graphic" will be immediately acknowledged in this column.

'Jimmy.'—I cannot say at present but will enquire.

'Miss Golightly.'—You will find it quite easy to make lavender sachets to lay in your linen and napery drawers. Take of lavender flowers, free from stalk, half a pound; of dried thyme and mint each half an ounce; of ground cloves and caraways each a quarter of an ounce; of common salt, dried, one ounce. Mix all well together and put into little bags made of odds and ends of silk or velvet.

'E.J.N.'—There could be no hesitation in a matter of that kind. Send at once a courteously-worded refusal to her.

'A Mother's Dilemma.'—The young man, it cannot be doubted, is a most undesirable companion for your young son. No pecuniary considerations should keep you from putting an end to the companionship without delay.

'Trusting Soul.'—I am very sorry for your sister since she has set her affections so steadfastly on one who is unworthy of her and will not believe anything but his discredit. But if the man is what you say, it may be hoped and expected that he himself will unconsciously make her disillusioned with him before the irrevocable step of marriage with him is taken.

'G.R.D.'—You must not despond. Yours is a hard lot, but try your best to cheerfully accept it, and you will be surprised to find that there are not a few satisfactions to be got out of that same cheerful acceptance.

'Correspondent.'—You must let me know before Monday.

'Hardy Warrior.'—Your question is absolutely absurd. It seems necessary to remind you that we are near the close of the nineteenth century.

'Ailing.'—If you can afford it—which would seem to be the case—you should take a run down to the Islands and not return till the warm weather is well-established in Auckland.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, quickest, safest, best; restores the natural colour. Lockyer's, the real English Hair Restorer. Large Bottles, 1s 6d, everywhere.—(Adv.)

WHY PAY FOR A WATCH?

We undertake to GIVE a Silver Watch of magnificent work or gold chain to every reader of this paper. Our list price for this watch is 50s; but, as stated above, to readers of this paper who carry out the conditions below, we give it absolutely FREE. The only conditions we impose are, that you should send us the correct reading of the following Puzzle, enclosing stamped addressed envelope for reply. And that, if correct, you will purchase one of our Solid Sterling Silver Chains. Puzzle: B \* A \* T \* F \* L \* N \* W \* Z \* A \* A \* D. Address.—The Manager of the Globe Watch Company Limited, 105, Pitt-street, Sydney.

SOME TESTIMONIALS.

Newlands, Waiuku, N.Z., Mar. 26th, 1888. Dear Sir.—I received your Watch and Chain in good condition, and am obliged. The watch is working splendidly.—Yours truly, L. N. WREST. The Globe Watch Co., 105, Pitt St., Sydney. Kent Farm, Port Albert, Auckland, N.Z., March 10th, 1888. Sir,—I received the Gent's Silver Watch and Chain quite safe. My son is delighted with it. I enclose remittance for Lady's Gold Watch and Chain; if it gives as much satisfaction as the silver one, we shall be very pleased to recommend your firm.—Yours respectfully, MARY H. BOGGS. The Globe Watch Co., 105, Pitt St., Sydney.

TEN PUDDINGS EACH can be made out of ONE POUND of good Corn Flour. THE BEST CORN FLOUR—BROWN & POLSON'S PATENT BRAND—

Is a trifle dearer than ordinary Corn Flour, but the difference in price cannot be noticed when divided over ten puddings. The superiority in flavour and quality can be distinguished at once. BROWN & POLSON have been making a speciality of Corn Flour for nearly 40 years. They guarantee what they sell. See that your grocer does not substitute some other make. Many articles are now offered as Corn Flour, usually without the maker's name, and sometimes bearing the name of the dealer instead, which can only bring discredit on the good name of Corn Flour.

ANECDOTES

HE, TOO, MADE BOOKS.

It is related of Mr F. Marion Crawford, the well-known author, that when he was making a tour of the States a few years ago, and was travelling through a rich agricultural region to fill an appointment at a large town, a brisk-looking young man, with his hat on the back of his head, came into the car in which the novelist was sitting, held out his hand and said in a most affable and companionable way:

'I presume this is the celebrated Mr Crawford?'

'My name is Crawford,' replied the novelist.

'The conductor told me you were aboard,' rejoined the other. 'Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Higgs. I am somewhat in the book line myself, and I know how it goes.'

'You are an author?' said Mr Crawford. 'I am glad to meet you.'

'Yes, I have published a book regularly every year since 1890.

'May I ask the name of your latest book?' inquired Mr Crawford.

'It's the Premium List of the Jones County Agricultural Fair,' cordially responded Mr Higgs, taking a small pamphlet from his pocket and handing it to him. 'Allow me to present you a copy of it. I'm the secretary of the Jones County Agricultural Board. We're going to have the best fair this year we have ever had. Balloon ascension, Roman chariot races, baseball games, and trials of speed on track till you can't rest. Come and spend a day with us, and it shan't cost you a cent. Well, this is where I get off. Good-by, Mr Crawford. Glad to have met you.'

Wringing Mr Crawford's hand again the genial secretary of the Jones County Agricultural Board pushed his hat a little further back on his head, strode down the aisle and got off the car, leaving the astonished author of 'Mr Isaacs' gasping for breath.

INDIAN AND TIGER.

According to a good and true tiger story in 'Cornhill' an Indian who had learned some of the elementary principles of jugglery and contortion went out one evening to walk upon a ridgy plain. When he reached the top of one of the mounds he saw a tiger ahead of him, five or six hundred yards away. Before the man could hide behind a mound the tiger had seen him and began to bound towards him at its topmost speed.

Having no means of defence, there was nothing for the man to do but to race for the nearest tree; but though he tried it and put forth his utmost strength the tiger steadily gained upon him.

What was he to do? In sheer desperation he resolved upon an unusual scheme. Just as he disappeared for an instant from the tiger's sight, in running over a ridge, he halted, stretched out his legs at right angles, curled down his head so as to look between his legs to the rear, and extended his arms upwards in a fantastic manner, like the sails of a windmill.

In a few seconds the tiger have in sight, and at that instant the face of the object assumed a hideous grimace. A prolonged yell arose, such as perhaps never before pierced the ear of any tiger, and the sails of the windmill began to revolve backward and forward as if a sudden whirlwind had burst upon the scene.

The tiger recoiled. What, he evidently thought, is this? There stood a ferocious star-shaped monster, gigantic against the sky. Its hideous head was situated in the very centre of its body; nay, its vice-like jaws, between which those fiendish roars were issuing, were actually placed above its two fiery eyes. Its limbs were furiously clamouring for action; and the man he had been chasing, where was he? Already devoured by this terrible beast? The tiger could not pause to reflect. He turned tail, and as he disappeared over a friendly ridge, a last awful yell caused him to redouble his pace. He was conquered by the unknown.