

GOUT
 readers of this paper should know that to effectually cure Gout the great thing to do is to eliminate the urates from the system, which are the cause of the malady, and nothing does this so effectually as Bishop's Citrate of Lithia, which is strongly recommended by the "Lancet," and "British Medical Journal," Supplied by all Chemists in two sizes.
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CURED.

any annoyance on that score. You must take it as part of the show, and submit also to have the beauties of the Queen of the North recited to you by every Aucklander you meet. Indeed, if you would like to pass as an individual of more than usual sagacity, it would be well to have a pocketful of notes of admiration with you with which to sprinkle your conversation. Also, it will not be amiss to quote Kipling's apostrophe to Auckland, beginning 'Last, loneliest, loveliest' at



"The danger of the organization extending its functions too far"

TOPICS OF WEEK.

THE AUCKLAND EXHIBITION.

THE Auckland Exhibition will be opened to-morrow (Thursday) by His Excellency the Governor. Expectations have been raised very high with regard to it, and the Executive Committee, and everyone who feels any responsibility for its success, have been labouring hard to raise the show up to the same level. But it is always a difficult business to raise anything up to the pitch of expectation. The natural law of attraction is reversed in these cases, and the force of gravity increases instead of decreases with distance. The experience of our remote forefathers on the plains of Chaldaea, when they set themselves to build a tower whose top would reach to heaven, has been that of their descendants ever since. Nobody can reasonably expect then that the Auckland Exhibition will be a brilliant exception to the rule. Let it be as fine as it may, it will do well if it comes up to the anticipations it has created. For the popular fancy now-a-days has been nourished on such rich food that it is well nigh impossible to surprise it. We have grown so familiar with marvels through reading about them, even if we have not seen them all, that our imagination, starting from that vantage ground, has soared away into the empyrean. In the matter of exhibitions, Paris and London have shown us such wonders that poor little fledgling cities, far away from the heart of civilisation, have no chance to startle the public with the splendour or magnitude of their industrial and artistic displays. Yet, though such an exhibition as this of Auckland can make no pretence to rival the wonders of Paris next year, the Aucklanders themselves feel no small degree of pride in the show. Probably in our little communities such an event occupies a much larger proportion of the public attention than similar shows do in the more populous centres of the Old World. The people of Paris identify themselves to a surprising extent with any exhibition that may be going on in their city; but we colonials do it not a whit less, but rather more. If it should be your good fortune, dear reader, to be a visitor to Auckland during the next two months—which, next to being an Aucklander, is the best fate I can wish you for that time—you will not fail to remark that the whole population of the city feels itself part and parcel of the exhibition. Every man, woman, and child is, so to speak, an exhibitor, and they let you know it too. A poorer Southerner or a visitor from Australasia cannot but feel his inferiority at such a period as he meets in the street those crowds of faces all wearing that self-complacent look of superiority which distinguishes 'exhibitors only.' It is a look which says as plainly as the things in the Museum 'You may regard and admire me as much as you please, but you must not touch me.' It would be folly to feel

short intervals during your stay in the city; and above all things, do not forget that the citizen who takes you up into the mountain (Mount Eden) and shows you all the glories of Auckland, expects you to fall down and worship—not him precisely, but the landscape, and him indirectly as part proprietor of that wonderful scene.

A HAVEN OF REST.

ARE we going mad? This ugly question has been forced upon the people of the neighbouring colony of Victoria by the statisticians, who declare that during the last 12 years the number of lunatics in Victoria has steadily increased at an alarming rate, and in spite of a falling off in the population. With a little knowledge of simple proportion it is easy for anyone to calculate how this condition of things must end unless it is checked. Of course the conversion of the entire colony into a race of blithering idiots—which is the ultimate logical outcome of such a tendency—is likely to be hindered in many ways; and in any case it could be arrived at only after such a lapse of years that it need not greatly trouble the present generation. But long before that time the prevalence of a very large insane element in the community would produce marked results and exercise unmistakable influence. The trouble and difficulty would probably reach its most acute phase when half the population was regarded by the other half as non compos mentis. Then as public opinion would be equally divided on the question of what constituted sanity and what insanity, fitness for an asylum and fitness to move abroad free from restraint, social conditions would present strange contradictions. You know what it is when a gentleman who has imbibed too freely is unceremoniously dragged off to the station in spite of his solemn assertions that he is 'p'f'ec'ly sober.' He naturally believes that he is a much injured and totally misunderstood individual, but as unfortunately for him the largely preponderating physical and moral force is on the side of sobriety he has to submit. Under such conditions as we are supposing might arise in Victoria the position of the man who was 'off his head' would be much the same as that of the common drunk with this great difference that he would have on his side quite as much public opinion and physical force as those who sought to incarcerate him in the asylum. But long before it came to anything like a struggle between the two classes ideas as to what was insanity and what was not would have been greatly modified. The standards by which we judge of a man's capability to look after himself would be very much lowered from what they now are, and even now they are not so absolute as they might be. It is gen-

erally suspected that most of us have a little mental flaw somewhere, a rift within the lute; and probably in a much higher state of culture and civilisation than the present thousands who now pass as perfectly sane individuals would find themselves in lunatic asylums. How many of us have cause to be thankful that the standard of sanity is not higher than it is. And if any of us have any fear that it is inclined to be too high for us the sooner we move our household gods to Victoria the better. It is inevitable that the standard of sanity there will become more easy to pass as time goes on until at last the man who is regarded as a doddering simpleton here may pass as a moderately shrewd member of society in the neighbouring colony. In the hurry and stress of modern life when the strongest may have a break down it is certainly comforting to think that there exists a haven to which we can retire if anything should happen to us—a haven where our little mental deficiencies will be generously ignored if indeed they do not actually bring distinction and honour.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

IT is rumoured that the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Society is going to bring a case against an officer of a Union steamer for shooting a porpoise in the French Pass. I had no idea that the society carried its tutelary functions so far. I always imagined that its control stopped with the shore, or at least was only extended to certain ocean birds. That it takes under its care the denizens of the vasty deep is probably news to most people, and many will be inclined to smile unsympathetically at the notion of the society constituting itself the protector of all the whales and little fishes. The general impression is that the inhabitants of the watery world lie entirely without the scope of its benevolence. To speak of cruelty on the part of man towards any member of the finny tribe sounds absurd. Does it ever occur to any of the disciples of Isaac Walton, usually the gentlest of men, that they are guilty of a want of consideration for the feelings of the salmon when they run him with hook and line up and down his native stream for hours at a time? I have seen the dying schnapper with gasping mouth and fixed eyes make most eloquent appeal in vain to Christian and philanthropic gentlemen to put an end to its misery. Naturally, we terrestrial mammals have little sympathy with the true fishes; and the fact that we are more akin to such creatures as the whale, the dolphin, the porpoise, which are not true fishes, does not seem to beget

most dreaded enemies of our food fishes.' The chief objection I see is the danger of the organisation extending its functions too far and becoming too sensitive in regard to animal life. It is not impossible to cultivate quite a Buddhistic reverence in that respect. My Uncle Toby, you remember, would not so much as kill a blue-bottle, a particularly irritating insect on warm summer afternoons, if you happen to be bald or enjoying forty winks. Uncle Toby chased the beast, and opening the window set it free with these memorable words, 'There is room in the world, little fly, for both you and me.' This is very beautiful to read of in cold weather when there are no flies, but I would not like to hear that the society had resolved to prosecute fly killers. If it went so far it might as well go a step further and take under its arm—I pity the arm—that much-abused insect the common flea.

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT.

THE prohibitionists intend to make a big fight next election. It is rumoured that they will run a candidate for almost every constituency in the colony. Of course if they have even a moderate degree of success it will mean the establishment of another party—a prohibition party—in the House, with persistent efforts after more liquor legislation. Should they prove very successful the result may be that we shall have very little but liquor legislation in Parliament. One almost trembles at the thought of with a strong anti-liquor party in Parliament would be like. We have prohibitionists in the House already, to be sure, but they confess to other political interests besides a desire to limit or annihilate the liquor trade. But the man who gets into Parliament on the prohibition ticket exclusively will be a prohibitionist and nothing more; and that will be more than



"The Prohibitionists intend to make a big fight next election."



"The citizen who takes you up to the Top of Mount Eden."

enough. His whole heart and soul, and head and tongue will be devoted exclusively to the one object. No weak apostles of water will the men be who get into the House on the prohibition ticket; they would be useless in an election campaign—the party know that full well. So only the most uncompromising and militant advocates of total abstinence will be put forward. The aggressive individuals of the party, the faddists who for years have been soaked and stewed in their fads, the men to whose minds anything is justifiable that favours or helps their own narrow way of thinking—these will be the candidates at the hustings. Judging from what I have heard from the lips of the most prominent of the class, I imagine that their advent en masse on the political field will scarcely improve the tone either at election meetings or in the House; and it may be questioned whether the entire absence of alcoholic persuasion from their candidature, or of alcoholic stimulus from their speeches in Parliament will atone for everything that they do give us. I pity those poor members who are not of their way of thinking if a strong prohibition party gets into the House, for it is there that these partisans of aqua pura will feel in duty bound to wage relentless war with liquor under any shape or waistcoat or in any human form. Bellamy's, as it has been known, will have to go. It will surely become a mere place of coffee and fizzing drinks. But even before that the life of the member who takes 'a drop of summat' when so disposed' will become a burden to him. He will have to walk most warily, lest he should stumble,

any particular feeling of compassion for them in our bosom. The poet understood this when he made the shooting of the albatross the cause of all the disaster that overtook the Ancient Mariner. Picture to yourself how superlatively ludicrous it would have been had the destruction of a mullet or a flat fish been represented as the cause of all the trouble. I yield to no one in my admiration of the work undertaken by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I have not the least objection that it should protect the porpoises, though these are described as 'the