

of carting round his pack, and for this labour may consider himself justified in taking a larger profit. The councillor who seems to me to hit the right nail on the head with regard to peddlars is a Mr McLean, who observed bluntly he was satisfied peddlars were a nuisance, for they sold inferior wares and took advantage of the credulity of women to get rid of their trash. Cr Forsyth said he had a better opinion of the shopping proclivities of the women of the county. He certainly had no objection to them plying their calling without tax. The voting was very close, opinion being very evenly divided as to the ability of Hawera to hold their own and secure bargains from peddlars. Ultimately the clause to tax 'the man with the pack' was carried by 5 to 4. Personally I should like to see the same tax levied in every county in the colony. The average peddler is an Asiatic with very indifferent ideas of honesty, and the sham jewellery and rubbish he sells are no good to any one.

Some Nelson young fellows who went to Klondyke last year are finding pretty hard times while seeking the welcome nugget. Mr W. H. Taylor, who with several other New Zealanders has a 'claim,' in a letter home says that as he writes there are fourteen inches of snow on the ground, and that icicles form on their beards and moustaches, the additional appendages being very disagreeable. Dogs are the best animals of burden there, a good dog carrying 200 pounds weight of goods. The teams of dogs for sleighing purposes are all sizes, from one dog up to twelve. He and his New Zealand friend have a claim on Eldorado Creek, but have not got any of the precious metal out of it yet. It is slow work, owing to the ground being frozen so hard, and they have to keep fires going to thaw the ground as they dig. They have got one hole down 25ft., and another 12ft. Some of the men are working the claims for a certain percentage of the gold. Fresh meat is scarce; beef sells at Dawson City for 4/ per lb., and mutton 5/ by the carcass. A fire in Dawson City consumed buildings worth a quarter of a million dollars. The papers greatly exaggerated the gold finds on the diggings. There are a great many Australians and New Zealanders on the diggings, but few of them have done anything. The temperature sometimes registers 44 degrees below zero.

A lady teacher has written to the Tararua Education Board, asking for permission to use 'the strap.' She says: 'I, being assistant teacher at the Central School, desire to call your attention and that of the rest of the Board members to the great difficulty in carrying on my work effectually without having the power to use the strap. I should not wish to use it to any great extent, but I should be able to do much better work if the children knew I could inflict punishment upon them for "disobedience," "idleness," and "continued carelessness."' Mr Dempsey, the headmaster, wrote that Miss Evans' request had his approval. It is, perhaps, unreasonable, but one doesn't like the idea of assistant teachers—especially women—asking to use the strap. Surely, the power to send the delinquent up to the Head to be strapped, or caned, would meet all proper purposes. Hundreds of assistant teachers manage well without the strap, and enjoy the respect, as well as the affection, of their pupils. As a rule, the less 'stick' the more order, and vice-versa. Of the merits or needs of this, or any other individual case, I can say nothing; but, speaking generally, we should set our faces against allowing assistant teachers the use of the strap, and (again speaking generally, and as a matter of principle) this rule should be specially observed with regard to lady teachers. It is not the province of a woman teacher to thrash a child, or oughtn't to be.

Walking round the world for a wager, or for advertisement, will soon become an overcrowded profession as any other. There are at present two individuals at the game in New Zealand, and about a month ago I dropped across one in Sydney, and read of another in Adelaide. The novelty of the business is beginning to wear off, and no doubt these long-distance men will soon find a falling off in the voluntary contributions and

lecture receipts they receive. The latest of these world-walkers is an Oxford man, Mr Oliver Bainbridge to wit, and, being a well-looking fellow, he attracts much attention in his picturesque get-up, which, by the way, is that of a Bulgarian. He left the General Post Office, London, in June, 1891, and has done 46,218 of the 60,000 miles he is to travel without money or clothes. At least he was to leave without money or clothes, and to beg, borrow, or steal none en route. Mr Bainbridge is to write his adventures in four volumes, and has to finish his journey within six years from the time he started.

There are some things they understand particularly well in Christchurch, and one of them would appear to be refreshments. At least, so I judge from the following par from the local papers:—

'At the meeting of the Christchurch City Council last night, Councillor Gray protested vehemently against an item of £12 8/8 in connection with the recent annual visit to the Council reserves. He said that for a party consisting of twelve people the following bill of fare was somewhat excessive:—1 dozen Bull-dog ale, 1 dozen cider in bottle, 1 gallon Kilmarnock whisky, 1 dozen each of soda-water, lemonade, and ginger-ale, and an allowance, in addition to luncheon, of 83 cigars and 20 cigarettes per man. He did not mind these rare functions being carried out in a fitting manner, but characterised such extravagance as monstrous. Councillor Kincaid said that as long as he was Chairman of the Works Committee, he intended that Councillors should be properly treated on the one day in the year on which they had an outing. If there was any disagreement on the subject he would pay the amount himself. The account was passed, Councillor Gray being the only dissident.'

All I have to say with regard to the above is that the Councillors must be men of great capacity and with excellent heads. A bottle of ale, a bottle of cider, half a bottle of whisky (to say nothing of 'soft tack'), and so prodigious a number of smokes is no bad average.

There is a terrific 'pow wow' in educational circles in Nelson just now because a member of the local Board of Education made a remark (which he declares to have been jocular) to the effect that town teachers, in view of the superior results achieved by country cousins, ought to 'bag their heads,' or 'put their heads in a bag.' To the unprofessional mind, there is nothing so very awful in a little chaff of this sort, but it simply horrified the Town Schools Committee in Nelson, and was characterised as 'derogatory to the dignity of a responsible body.' Furthermore, the Rev. J. H. Mackenzie solemnly declared that 'on any other occasion such language would have resulted in a breach of the peace.' Goodness, gracious! Gracious, goodness! What pugnacious folk these Nelsonians be, and how easily is their dignity outraged. In any other place the 'bag their heads' remark would have passed unnoticed, but in Nelson it's different. Dignity or death is evidently their motto.

The Devonport (Auckland) Ritualistic shindy—excuse the vulgar word—has attracted attention all over the colony. The difficulty is now ended (or they say so), and the lion lies down with the lamb, so to say, at Auckland's 'marine suburb.' The opinions of Southern papers as to the anti-Ritualistic crusade are by no means invariably in favour of those who tackled the pastor and prevailed on him to give up the offensive practices. For instance, speaking of the Northern Ritualistic crusade, the Oamaru paper observes:—'We suppose this pestiferous disease, like the bot fly and the rabbit, and the Californian blight, and the codlin moth, has reached us by misadventure. Possibly, a band of infected Home-made Christians have been inadvertently admitted to religious pretence and have sown the seeds of dissension; or may be it is simply the incentive of bad example. There is never a Napoleon but has his little dummies in the out-of-the-way corners of the busy world, and Devonport has, perchance, unearthed some village Kennit yarning

with undaunted breast to overthrow the pyx of Holy Trinity, tear off the pastor's becoming vestments, extinguish the altar lights, and hurl the profane kist o' whistles to the sharks, and to replace their decorativeness with the pinchbeck simplicity of bare walls and the unmusical discords of the unaccompanied congregational voice.

Sniffing methought, his dew of Hermon With such content in every snuffe As the devil inside us loves to ruffe.

Nothing brings church-going in the abstract into greater disrepute than such ridiculous factious controversies as that at present raging in the Northern church, and nothing, among a certain class of church-goers, is more infectious. For everybody's sake it is to be hoped that this imbecile exhibition will be promptly suppressed.'

In Dunedin Ben Fuller of Waxworks fame, got a capital 'ad.' out of an indignant parent, who protested in a letter to the 'Star' against the Deeming tableau in the waxworks, characterising the same under the heading of 'An Offensive Exhibition.' The wily showman promptly wrote an answer announcing that in deference to Pater's letter the Deeming exhibit would be separated from the ordinary show and a small extra charge levied for seeing it. He further took occasion to guilelessly remark that 'in Auckland he had personally known women to pay to see it over and over again, standing gazing at it spell-bound for fully half an hour at a time.' Dunedin sub-editors are evidently 'kindly,' for this lovely 'ad.' was allowed to pass, and without doubt attracted hundreds of extra patrons. There is nothing like the newspaper controversy for working up any sort of 'show business,' but most sub-editors wink the other eye when the showmen try it. They've all been there, many a time, many a time, as the old comic song had it.

It is to be hoped that the alleged discovery of an egg preservative, which is absolutely infallible, and which will keep eggs fresh for centuries if need be is only half as valuable as it sounds and as the inventor claims. The discoverer of the new boon—for if it be as stated it will be a boon—is Mr J. D. Hansen, of Norsewood, Canterbury. He has sent some of his patently preserved eggs to the 'Govment,' and asks £100 for his secret. This seems rather 'tall,' but not when you remember that if the new discovery is all that is claimed for it, the now unsolvable problem of when an egg ceases to be 'new laid' and becomes fresh will cease to perturb an anxious public, for the 'new laid' article and the 'fresh' will then be to all intents and purposes identical. The only persons who will remain unattracted by the discovery will be the Chinese, for according to legend (I've never seen a case) your Celestial epicure prefers oysters that have been opened a week or so, and eggs that have been 'ripened' for a decade or thereabouts. When (if ever) I do see a Chinky make a meal of these delicacies, I shall take care to keep on the windward side of him by a mile or so if possible.

Geraldine—not the party in the lugubrious ditty sung by tenor soloists—but the town of that name, is considerably more go-a-head than many larger places. By 103 votes to 7 it has decided to obtain a high pressure water system for domestic and fire extinction purposes. Christchurch by the way has failed to achieve this yet.

What will the votaries of the 'Sport of Kings' not suffer in following the chase of the alluring but illusive 'divi.' At the Whakataki-Castlepoint races 'tother day,' the ardent sports from Masterton and the Wairarapa generally, not merely endured a interrupted downpour of the 'wet-to-the-skin-in-five-minutes order' all day, but in crossing the creeks several buggy loads of active 'backers and layers' were capsized, and pitched into the water. The local geographist remarks, with the genial optimism of a dry and comfortable individual, 'no one was hurt; they merely had to stand shoulder high in the streams endeavouring to "right" their vehicles.' That 'merely' is a distinctly happy effort.

MINING NEWS.

SHAREMARKET.

Owing to the Easter vacation little business was transacted on the Exchange during the past week. Before the Exchange closed, however, frequent transactions took place in Bunker's Hill shares at prices ranging from 2/6 to 3/, the final quotations being, buyers 3/, sellers 3/6, with a decidedly upward tendency owing to another parcel of specimens having been obtained. Several stocks also advanced in price. May Queens sold up to 5/6, with buyers left at 5/4. Talisman shares also firm, being sold at 14/6, but subsequently there were sellers at that figure. Ohinemuri Syndicate shares were still wanted at 2/4, and buyers of Waibi-Silvertons advanced their offers to 7/2, call paid. Inquiry set in for Welcome Find shares, 94d being offered, probably on account of this property adjoining the Bunker's Hill mine. Hauraki Associated shares had enquiry at 6d, due no doubt to the fact that development works have now reached a point at which the gold-bearing leader ought shortly to be intersected. The Kapai-Vermont battery and plant was purchased this week by the New Zealand Trust Company and the Great Mercury battery by Mr J. J. Craig. It is to be hoped that the result will be renewed activity at Kuaotunu.

PUKEWHAU.

The half-yearly meeting of shareholders in the Pukewahu Company lapsed for want of quorum. The accounts showed receipts £28 17/7, and the expenditure left a credit balance of £5 16/9. The mine is at present let on tribute.

BUNKER'S HILL.

Shares in this company maintained the advance noted last week, sales being again made at 3/, with buyers left at 3/11, and no sellers under 3/6. During the week 22lb of specimens were obtained.

STAR OF WAIBI.

The half-yearly meeting of shareholders in the Star of Waibi G.M. Co. was held this week in Mr J. H. Harrison's office, at which Mr J. T. Julian presided. The half-yearly statement of accounts showed total receipts £138 2s 4d, and the expenditure showed a credit balance of £111 10s 3d.

GREAT MERCURY.

Mr R. C. Carr offered the whole of the property of the Great Mercury Company for sale by auction this week. The property included the mine, battery, cyanide battery, stores and outbuildings. Mr J. J. Craig started the bidding at £250, and it was knocked down to the same bidder at £495.

NONPAREIL.

The winze on the Wade reef is down 45 feet, and the country penetrated is all that could be desired. Good colours of gold have been seen for the total distance sunk. In the stopes above the level the leader is somewhat small, and very little gold has been seen.

IMPERIAL.

The low level drive on the main reef is in 71 feet from the main crosscut, and is still in first-class country. The footwall portion at present bears a very promising appearance, the stone being very highly mineralised, of the same class as that obtained in the reef at No. 4 level where the rich stone was found, and the manager is very hopeful of getting payable ore as the reef becomes more developed.

PROGRESS CASTLE ROCK.

No. 4 drive on No. 1 reef is in 119ft. The reef is about 3ft wide, carrying a good footwall. The flinty part is giving out and better sandstone is coming in intermixed with quartz stringers and mineral veins which might make a patch of gold at any time. At No. 3 level stoping is proceeding on the hanging-wall branch, which still looks promising, gold being seen when breaking down,