

# Our Competition Page.



## COMPETITIONS OPEN.

### ANECDOTE COMPETITION.

SIXTH OF THE SERIES.  
SEE COVER.

### OUR ELECTION COMPETITION.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

See second Page Cover.

45 PRIZE. TWO CONSOLATION PRIZES.

Politics, and the result of the elections are in everyone's mouths at present, and the "Graphic," intent on being "up-to-date" as ever, now opens a Political Competition. We do not ask you to foretell who will win, but what will be the aggregate number of votes recorded in the four principal cities of the colony added together.

As a guide, the number of votes recorded at the last general election are given on the coupon on which you have to put your answer. Mind you do not mistake what we mean. We do not want the number of voters on the roll, but the actual number of votes recorded for all the candidates added together.

### SECOND CRYPTOGRAPH COMPETITION.

Our second cryptograph competition, although somewhat more difficult than its predecessor, attracted a large number of competitors.

The first four correct solutions, taken at random from the entire number sent in, were those of—

- JAMES W. WITTY,  
Box 63, P.O., Gisborne.
- EDITH E. ROBERTS,  
Mercer.
- A. LAMBERT,  
Box 409, P.O., Auckland.
- MRS MURRAY,  
Te Kowhai, Ngauruhia.

In accordance with the conditions of the competition prizes of 10s each have been sent to the four competitors named above.

## Some More Anecdotes.

### A SUCCESSFUL BIDDER.

A lot of people were present at an auction sale of Japanese goods in London. "How much am I bid for this exquisite vase?" asked the auctioneer, holding it above his head. "Ten shillings," responded an elderly lady sitting in one of the front seats. "That's a shame," cried the man with the hammer. "This vase, as a work of art, is worth four times the sum. Why look at it. Will an intelligent audience allow such a sacrifice?" "Twelve-and-six," came in the same woman's voice. "Well, well, well! Can't you see that this is a treasure, and you stand here and allow it to be given away for such a paltry sum?" "Fifteen shillings." Again it was the same bidder speaking. "Fifteen shillings! The very ideal!" ejaculated the auctioneer. "I never saw the like. Come, good people, what is the meaning of this? One of the Mikado's special designs slighted in such a manner! It is a reflection on your taste." "Seventeen-and-six," said the solitary bidder. "I cannot let it go for that," was the man's reply. "It is too costly, too precious, and too rare in pattern. Wake up, or I'll put it back in the box." "A pound," the woman said. "Well, it doesn't seem as if I can get any more, so here goes. A pound—once, twice, three times! Sold to a lady there at that shameful figure." The lady stepped up, paid for and received her parcel, and departed, apparently without noticing the smiles of the audience.

### THEIR DIAMONDS.

Davis, the actor, otherwise known as "Avin Joslin," was in the lobby of the St. Charles, in New Orleans, when a man from Chicago stepped in front of him and looked over his head in

search of an acquaintance, who he supposed was in the hotel lobby. Davis, mistaking the Chicago man's purpose, remarked: "Ah, I see you admire my diamonds. This one"—indicating the stone on his shirt bosom—"cost me \$1000. These"—showing his cuff buttons—"cost me \$2500 each, and my wife has a trunkful up in our room." The Chicago man did not say much, but that evening, by arrangement with the head waiter, Davis was placed at supper alone at a table where there were several vacant chairs. Presently seven men, all commercial travellers, entered the dining-room, and each one had a large cut-glass fruit dish fastened on his breast, while glass prisms hung pendant from each coat and vest button. Soberly marching to Davis' table, the seven men took the vacant seats, and the Chicago man entertained the actor with: "Ah, I see you admire our diamonds. This one"—pointing to the fruit dish—"cost me \$1,000,000. These"—indicating the prisms—"cost \$250,000 each, and we have three carloads like them at the depot waiting to be sidetracked." Davis not only changed his table, but went to another hotel.

### HIGH AND LOW CHURCH.

Dr. W—, for fifty years rector of a Baltimore church, is what is denominated "an old-fashioned High Churchman." His views, when he took charge of the work, being much in advance of those about him. By degrees, however, new ideas began to creep in, and a young clergyman, thoroughly imbued with these, was called to be the doctor's assistant. "Doctor," said the young divine one day, "I have always been led to suppose that you were a High Churchman, but I must confess I don't think you are a High Churchman at all." The doctor regarded his

young mentor for a moment in silence, and then said, with a genial smile: "Mr Smith, when I first took up my residence in Baltimore I lived way uptown. Now I live way downtown, and yet I have been living in exactly the same house all the time."

### BY HOOK OR BY CROOK.

A gentleman going through a leading street in Liverpool stopped to look at some pictures displayed in one of the shop windows. He had not stood there long before he became aware of the close proximity of a pickpocket. The gentleman watched him for a little while, then took out his purse and looked into it, as though counting if he had sufficient to make a purchase, then put the purse in the outside pocket of his overcoat, making much ado as though pushing it into a corner, on which he turned to look through the window again, seemingly loth to give up the bargain. The light-fingered one slipped up behind him, and, before you could say "Jack Robinson," had his hand in the capacious pocket. The gentleman buttoned up his coat and proceeded on his way, but had not gone very far before a man called to him: "Hi! there's a man with his hand in your pocket." "Never mind him," said the gentleman. This occurred several times, and in each case he gave the same reply. Presently they came to a police-station. The gentleman entered, made his statement, and then asked one of the officers to help to take his overcoat off, as the man could not otherwise get his hand loose. For, besides a quantity of fish-hooks, there was a medium-sized rat-trap in his pocket, into which he had inserted a hook when the man thought he was hiding his purse, and into which the would-be pickpocket had thrust his hand, drawing down the spring, and thus making himself prisoner.

### IN NEED OF WHITEWASH.

Speaker Reed recently met Representative Lacey of Iowa in the shadow of the entrance to the members' lobby of the House. He peered at the Iowa man, who bears a strong resemblance to the Secretary of War. Walking up and greeting him with a laugh that conveyed a suggestion of relief, he astonished the Representative by drawing out: "Lacey, you look so much like the Secretary of War that you ought to be whitewashed."

### A MARK OF DISTINCTION.

A clergyman sought to lead a congregation of children to see that the wearing of a uniform was a mark of distinction, making the individual easily recognised, and involving responsibility. "You see a man walking very erect, dressed in a red coat—who is he?" "A soldier, sir." "Right. You see a man wearing a kind of helmet, and dressed in blue—who is he?" "A policeman, sir." "Right again." Then the preacher braced himself up to sketch a parson. "You see a man dressed up in a black coat, and wearing a stiff white collar—who is he?" "A masher, sir," was the triumphant rejoinder.

### WHAT IT MEANT.

A little time ago on board an Atlantic liner one of the crew (while the passengers were at dinner) picked up a menu, and, seeing on the top "Table d'hôte," inquired of one of his mates the meaning of it. "What does this 'ere mean, Joe?" Joe, taking the menu, gazed on it with a puzzled air, and then said: "Well, look 'ere, mates, it's like this 'ere. Them swells down in the saloon have some soup, a bit of fish, a bit of this, a bit of that, and a bit of summat else, and call it table dottie. We have our table dottie, only we just mixers it all together, and calls it Irish stew."

A Scotsman once met a Frenchman, and during the conversation said to the Frenchman, "What'll you hae?" He answered: "I will take a drop of contradiction." The Scotsman asked: "What's that?" To which the Frenchman replied: "Vell, you put in de whisky to make it strong, de water to make it weak, de lemon to make it sour, and de sugar to make it sweet. Den you say to your friend, 'Here's to you!' and you take it yourself."

### FORCE OF HABIT.

At a social party recently the following question was put: "What is religion?" An insurance agent present replied: "Religion is an insurance against fire in the next world, for which honesty is the best policy."

An English lady tells of a real Mrs Partington. She walked into the office of a judge of probate and asked: "Am you the judge of probate?" "I am the judge of probate," was the reply. "Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the woman. "You see, my husband died detested and left me several fifty-fidels, and I want to be appointed their executioner."

"Now, sir, I hope we shall have no difficulty in getting you to speak up," said the lawyer in a loud commanding voice.

"I hope not, sir," shouted the witness at the top of his lungs.

"How dare you speak to me in that way?" angrily asked the lawyer.

"Because I can't speak no louder, sir," said the ostler.

"Have you been drinking?"

"Yes sir!"

"I should infer so from your conduct. What have you been drinking?"

"Coffee," hoarsely vociferated the knight of the stable.

"Something stronger than coffee, sir, you have been drinking! Don't look at me like that sir!" furiously. "Look at the jury, sir! Did you have something in your coffee, sir?"

"Yes, sir!"

"What was it?"

"Sugar!"

"This man is no fool, he is worse!" stormed the counsel.

"Now, sir," turning to the witness, "look at me. What besides sugar did you take in your coffee this morning?"

The ostler collected his forces, drew a deep breath, and in a voice that could have been heard half-a-mile away, belated out:

"A spine! a spine an' nothin' else!"

It happened one Sunday that the parson of a small church had a bad cold, and could not preach the sermon as usual, so he got behind the pulpit and declaimed it to the clerk, who was to give out what the parson said. The clerk being a little deaf did not quite catch some of the words. The parson: "Moses was an austere man." The clerk: "Moses was an oyster man." The parson: "And he made an atonement for the sins of his people." The clerk: "And he made a toe ointment for the shins of his people." The people began to go out, and the parson realising the mistake said to the clerk, "Oh, you fool! you've spoilt it all." The clerk said: "And the fools they spilt it all."

### ADVICE TO YOUNG LAWYERS.

An eminent lawyer of New York, when his son was about to enter the legal profession, thought it incumbent upon him to offer some advice born of his own experience. "My son," said he, "whenever in trying a case you find the law is in your favour but the facts against you, come out strong on the law." "Yes, father," said the attentive son. "And if you find," resumed his adviser, "that the facts are in your favour and the law against you, come out strong on the facts." The attorney in embryo meditated a moment, and then asked, hesitatingly: "But suppose, father, the law and facts are both against me?" "Oh, well," continued the parent, unobtrusively, "in that case—talk around it."

### WAS IT WRITTEN ON ASBESTOS?

In a small country town not more than fifty miles from New York there lived a coloured gentleman who was at one time a pastor in the church, but having fallen from grace landed in the county gaol. About a year after the term of imprisonment began, a rumour came to the town in which he had lived that the "reverend" gentleman had "passed in his checks." There being, however, some doubt as to the truth of the report, a gentleman asked the small son of the supposedly deceased how he knew his father was dead. The small boy made the astonishing reply: "How? We got a letter from him."

### PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

Dr. Pitcairn, being in a church in Edinburgh where the preacher was not only emphatic, but shed tears copiously, was moved to inquire of a countryman, who sat by him, what it was all about. "What makes him grieve?" was the inquiry. "Faith," said the man, slowly turning round, "ye had may be greet yourself", if ye was up there and had as little to say."

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