

speeches, as on the influence they can exert by the button-holding process. Men with self-respect will not descend to the meanness of which many candidates are guilty to gain election. They know that under the present system they must promise a billet to Tom's son, kiss Dick's latest addition to the family, and crack coarse jokes with Harry. These things they can't do, and the result is that they either keep out of politics altogether, or if they do venture to contest a seat they fail in most cases to gain it. But let a man put forth his views before the electors in a public manner by his speeches, and let him be judged on those views alone, and we should get good men to come forward. The trade of the trickster would be gone, and a new tone would soon be felt in politics. We get many good men even as it is, but we get many bad ones—many who owe their position merely to their ability in wheedling the votes and in practical political bribery. I offer these suggestions to the members of Parliament, knowing that they are about to deliberate for the good of the nation, and knowing also that very soon we shall have another election in progress, when we all hope honourable men will in every case be returned.

A discovery has been made which is likely very materially to influence the flax trade in New Zealand. It is a process, partly chemical and partly mechanical, for cleaning flax, and it will, if it keeps up the reputation it has already gained at its trials, be a very valuable acquisition to its inventor. Mr Bull, who is at present accountant in the Wellington Survey Office. Mr Bull claims that his process will produce a ton of flax for £4 less than any other known method, and that it is also very economical of the raw material, making very little tow. This invention, coupled with the re-jection of the American duty, ought to set all the mills going again. In fact many of them in the Foxton district have already started.

The Wellington Agricultural and Pastoral Association lately advertised for secretary, offering a salary of £150 per annum and some insignificant extras in the way of small commissions, and they received no less than 89 applications. Now a billet of this kind requires a certain knowledge of farming matters, and yet many of these applicants came from people absolutely ignorant of the whole matter, many of them men who would hardly know the difference between a haystack and a paddock. This a very good instance of the irresponsibility of the colonial youth. If applications were invited for the positions of Astronomer Royal, Archbishop of Canterbury and first Lord of the Treasury, he would apply for all three, trusting to pick up the work, if appointed, as he went along, and in many cases he would do it, too, in a slovenly sort of way.

Mr Ryan, formerly of the firm of Ryan and Bell, Auckland, has been appointed secretary of the Auckland Club, *vice* Captain Olive, who has gone to Australia. Mr Ryan was for many years in the Royal Navy, is a very popular man, and will no doubt prove an excellent successor to Captain Olive.

The following excellent recipe for making a live town is as applicable to any town in New Zealand as to that in whose local paper it first appeared:—'Grit, push, snap, vim, energy, churches, schools, academies, morality, enterprise, harmony, cordiality, cheap property, advertising, healthy location, talk about it, help to improve it, patronise its merchants, faith exhibited by good works, honest competition in business; help all public enterprises, elect good men to office, speak well for its public spirited citizens, and be one of them yourself. Remember that every dollar invested in permanent local improvements is that much on interest. Always cheer on the men that go in for improvements.'

ECHOES FROM THE SOUTH.

With the disappearance of the Exhibition all our distinguished visitors have left us, except a certain Mr Collins, who is reported to have arrived in Dunedin from Melbourne or Auckland. It is not known exactly which. There is another Mr Collins in these parts who is going around telling all sorts of stories about the Pope; but this one, christened 'Tom,' is ubiquitous, and in the matter of everybody's private affairs a perfect demon of omniscience. He seems to know all your friends, and to have communicated to them the most harrowing account of your antecedents elsewhere. Hence he has been waited upon by many of our leading citizens, both singly and *in posse comitatus*, but never apparently at the right place, for no one has enjoyed the satisfaction of an interview. One evening, when after high tea I was sitting smoking the cigarette of peace before the fire, reflecting upon the many virtuous actions of a long and well-spent lifetime, a fellow-boarder casually remarked that he had met a Mr Collins from Auckland, a traveller in the oils and varnish line, who had known me; that Mr

Collins was credibly informed of my record there; of my depredations in the money-box at St. Thomas'; of my attempt to cash a worthless cheque at the Bank of New Zealand; and of the troop of infuriated husbands, fathers, and brothers whose inability to leave their businesses alone prevented them pursuing me hither. Like the man who doesn't know he has a stomach until he gets indigestion I instantly realised that I possessed a character, and muttering the Shakespearean words, 'he who steals my purse steals trash,' we ran down the street to the spot where Mr Collins was reported to be found. On the way I met a friend coming out of Watsons'. 'Do you know a man Collins?' said he. 'I am looking for him.' 'No,' I replied, 'but I am dying to make his acquaintance.' We then compared notes, and it gradually began to dawn upon us that Collins must be more than mortal to know so much, and turned into a neighbouring bar, where, on recounting our troubles, we were greeted with shouts of laughter. Since then, though relieved in mind, I have felt somewhat smaller at thus being taken in by the creation of a joker's imagination.

Fauntleroy is such an ideally chivalrous name, has such a *sans peur et sans reproche* sort about it, that one fancies it must have been communicated by an angel of inspiration to the hard-bound brains of the labouring novelist; but it is no invention, and really figures on the page of history, or at least on that part of it known as 'The Newgate Calendar.' Some sixty years ago a banker of that name died. If he were descended from Paladins bedied as a Paladin should die, with his boots on, for Fauntleroy was hanged. He had lived speculatively, and had got into the deep waters, and at last found himself in the 'Stone Jug' awaiting the summons of Jack Ketch, for those were the good old times when fraudulent bank directors and bubble projectors did not always escape. Now, Fauntleroy had been a sort of 'lion' in good society; his dinners had been so good, his cigars so superb, and his champagne superlative. Every guest longed to know where Fauntleroy got such champagne. The thought of such a connoisseur going away where there is no dining or giving of dinners with the secret of that champagne unrevealed, seemed intolerable. A friend, therefore, in the interests of good living here below, called p.p.c. on poor Fauntleroy at Newgate, and after having bade him an affecting farewell, concluded with, 'And now, my dear Fauntleroy, as you can have no earthly motive for concealing the fact any longer, just tell us, ere it is too late, where you used to buy that excellent champagne.'

What does the Calabrian brigand do for a living in the slack season when no tourists are abroad? Does he sit upon a rock and pipe the most melodious airs of his native land, in the hopes of attracting some victim? What does the insurance man do in desperation, having exhausted all known methods for taking life? Man is apparently too sanguine ever to be convinced of his mortality—at least sufficiently for the purposes of a brisk business in policies. Even octogenarians think that they are never going to die. I knew one who commiserated the 'shakiness' of a man ten years his junior, who has, however, outlived him; and another who, six months before he died, would have his 'shaky' octogenarian sister insure her life to carry out some speculative project of his own. Hope is apparently stronger than love, despite the poets, for neither of the gentlemen seemed at all apprehensive of the future. If then the insurance man cannot overcome this, what is he to do to strike the imagination? An ingenious member of the craft in Otago having been warned off the premises during office hours, has hit upon the diabolical expedient of invading the sanctity of our evenings with popular lectures on insurance. In these, sandwiched in between music, recitations, and singing, the mysteries of premiums, bonuses, paid-up policies, rates, risk, and preferential payments in the event of decease, are to be elucidated. Where is this going to end? Some company more enterprising than the others will perhaps engage a Gilbert and Sullivan to write them an operetta bearing on the subject of insurance, with a patter song like that of Wellington Wells, holding forth the advantage they offer, so that even in the drawing-room we shall not escape from the grisly spectre from the skeleton at the banquet. What would Froissart, who said that the English took their pleasures sadly four centuries ago, say to this?

After much toil and talk Bishop Julius has managed to get ahead upon his See; but despite his good qualities, which he is quickly showing, the Bishop will not lead a happy life if he immediately attacks the fundamentals of the church. Perhaps he is taking advantage of the fact that at present there is no Metropolitan to bring him to task. But if the Bishop is going wrong at all let it not be upon the cardinal point of religion, compared with which Luther's impugning of the Papal infallibility was a mere trifle. What, after all, are questions of transubstantiation, or vestments, or doctrines of redemption, and atonement, compared with the all-absorbing dogmas of the lawbees? There are miracles compared with which those worked by

saints, apostles, and martyrs pale into insignificance, and that is how, in a village of 200 inhabitants, six ministers professing religions as obviously different as are half a dozen Chinamen seen so often endeavouring to raise the wind. It was much easier in the olden times to raise the dead, but then faith was strong, and the standard of living was low. The clergy were not married, and as a consequence there was no appropriation in the supplies of an annual spring bonnet and frequent nocturnal summonses of the neighbouring æsculapius. The ladies, therefore, realizing how much their earthly failure turns upon the doctrine of ways and means, have with a prescient clergy devised the bazaar. It is strange that Bishop Julius condemns this. As his huge mouth is to the whale, his tentacles to the octopus, his long legs to the hare, his keen eyes and swift flight to the eagle, so is the bazaar to the modern hard-pressed ecclesiastic. It is in his sheet-anchor, his strong bower and defence at Christmas-time, when the bills come in, the outcome of his necessities, and an evidence of the doctrine of evolution. They all protest, but they all do it; and so it will continue until the end of the world.

EARLY CHINESE INVENTION.

LONG before water-tight compartments were built in the ships of the 'civilised' world, the Chinese divided the holds of their ships by water-tight partitions into about a dozen distinct compartments with strong planks, and the seams were caulked with a cement composed of lime, oil, and the scrapings of bamboo. This cement was rendered impervious to water, and was greatly preferable to pitch, tar, and tallow, since it is incombustible. This division of their vessels seems to have been well experienced, for the practice was universal throughout the empire.

A SIMPLE CREED.

To the Rev. Walpole Warren, on one occasion, when in America, was put this question:—'How shall people be brought into the Church?' 'By preaching the Gospel to them,' he answered. 'That is all I do to fill a church. To preach the gospel from experience, without fine language, without dabbling in modern science unless prepared to go deep enough; without theorizing, personally, plainly. This will fill any church. After fifteen years of mission work, with crowded churches wherever I have held a mission, this has never failed. Too little is made in this age of simple life depicting creed.'

'Do you believe in long sermons?' 'I believe in giving half an hour's direct, personal teaching, stating plain truths in plain language personally believed in by the hearer. I don't believe in fine music, but good music and congregational singing.'

MIND YOUR LAMPS.

It is very imprudent to defer cleaning and filling your lamps until the latter part of the day, or until wanted for actual use, as the vapour of the oil about a freshly filled lamp is liable to explosion. A lamp should be filled at least two-thirds its depth, and one which has but a spoonful or two of oil in it should never be lighted, as the empty oil space is filled with explosive vapour.

The disagreeable flickering of a student lamp is often caused by small particles of the wick dropping into the inside tube of the cylinder surrounding the wick, which prevents the oil flowing freely from the barrel. Remove the oil barrel before you insert a new wick, and empty the lamp entirely of oil; then pour into the opening, down the wick cylinder and wherever fluid will touch inside, boiling water, to which has been added a spoonful of spirits of ammonia.

In lighting a lamp be careful not to touch the wick with the match, as by so doing you are liable to roughen or spread it. The proper way is to hold the match over the wick very close to it and wait until the flame reaches it. When the lamp is lighted the wick should be turned down, and then slowly raised.

When nearly burned away a wick may be lengthened by a fold of Canton flannel pinned to the end of the wick, which, reaching to the bottom of the lamp, will feed the wick as the oil burns out. Don't cut your wick, but, turning it just above the tube, take a match and shave off the charred end, thus insuring an even flame.

Wicks should be dipped in vinegar and dried thoroughly at the fire before being put into lamps to prevent their smoking. The wick should be turned down below the top of the burner as soon as the lamp is extinguished.

Many people after filling and trimming a lamp leave the wick turned up ready to light. This should never be done. If you are annoyed by not being able to keep your lamp chimney clear, try using warm water and soda, or rub the smoky spot with dry salt.

Lamps should be emptied occasionally and washed out with soap-suds containing soda or ammonia. This will remove the greasy sediment from the bottom, but care must be taken to dry it thoroughly before refilling, or it will spatter when lighted.

Harry: 'Dearest Amelia, can you, will you, give me your hand?' Amelia (looking at Harry's grimy fingers): 'I don't know, Harry—no, I'd better not. It would be so hard for you to keep it clean, you know; I think you have rather more hands already than you can attend to.'

There is only one letter in a man's alphabet, and that is 'I'; only one in a girl's, and that is 'O'; only one in a married woman's, and that is 'U'.

A Poor Investment.—I should think photography would be awfully jolly. 'Well, I found that my camera took more time and money than it did pictures, so I gave it up.'