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 We regret that a large number of people have been disappointed in consequence of being unable to procure copies of THE GRAPHIC. The first and second numbers were rapidly sold out, and we have had very reluctantly to decline a considerable number of orders for those parts. A larger issue of the present number has been printed, but readers must remember that the paper is a very costly one to produce, and we cannot allow a large margin for chance sales. The only way in which those who desire to obtain the paper regularly can ensure themselves against disappointment is by subscribing, or giving a standing order to one of the runners. The subscription, post paid, is ten shillings a half year.
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The New Zealand Graphic AND LADIES JOURNAL.
 With which is incorporated "The New Zealand Family Friend."
 SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1896.

CURRENT TOPICS.
ECHOES FROM THE NORTH.
 [BY GRAPHIC CONTRIBUTORS.]

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR and Lady Onslow, with their two little girls, are living at Lowry Bay, Wellington, a picturesque little place across the harbour. After their dreadful experience of typhoid last winter it is not to be wondered at that they do not care to expose their daughters to the risk of catching that terrible complaint. The Governor wants a telephone to be fitted on to this marine residence, which would cost between £40 and £50, as although the wire would have to come from Wellington, the posts would only have to be extended from the Hutt Race-

course. This is being opposed by some of the Wellington papers in language immoderate enough to protest against the erection of a marble palace.

Dr. Grace, who while travelling recently in Europe was made a Count of the Holy Roman Empire—some say 'Empire,' some say 'Church,' but probably 'See' is right, has now been made a C.M.G. This dignity has been conferred in recognition of his medical services as Director-General to the troops in New Zealand during the Maori war. It is said that the Roman Countship was conferred on the doctor, not so much for his own services to the church, which, however, are by no means to be despised, but more especially to do honour to his brother, who was Mayor of New York, and who is a man of great wealth and princely hospitality in that city, but being a Republican, was unable to accept anything in the way of a title.

Poor Civil Servants! Mr Withy, M.H.R. for Newton, thinks you ought all to be disfranchised. And why? Because you exert enormous influence in the political sphere. It seems the fashion with everybody outside the Civil Service to throw all the mud possible at the members of that body. If anything goes wrong you are overwhelmed with blame. If you do anything for the public good you get no praise. You are debarred from discussing in the papers any questions affecting your own work, and from taking any active part in public affairs. If attacked you cannot answer back—probably that explains the frequency of the attacks. Now Mr Withy proposes to take from you one of the greatest privileges of a free man, the right to have a voice in the choice of men to govern him. Does Mr Withy think that loss of voting power will mean loss of political influence? The few who do exercise a bad influence on elections will still exercise that influence, while the many who now do their public duties honestly and exercise their votes honestly would be in bad case; or to protect themselves, would have to resort to back-stairs work. Give the Civil Servants a chance. In the main they are obliging, honest fellows, with few tricks and pappies among them, no doubt, but not half so black as they are painted. Surely the great body of voters in the colony are not afraid of the twelve hundred public servants. Even if the latter can return a member or two as their own particular representatives, they surely deserve to have somebody to put in a good word for them. The general body of members and of the public can keep their eyes well enough peeled to prevent much danger.

The ways of the merry printer are sometimes very wicked. We all know stories of the ludicrous hash that has been made of articles by 'printers' errors,' such as that of the Chicago reporter who wrote of a young lady as a dance, 'her feet were encased in fairy boots,' and the printer set it up 'her feet were encased in jerry boats.' Not long since a reporter on an Auckland daily, in his remarks about a lecture on the Irish language, said, 'their eyes sparkled as they heald again the accents of their childhood's tongue.' The copy set it up 'childish tongue,' and for a week that reporter never saw an Irishman without fear and trembling. Of a similar character was the error made in an up-country paper in New Zealand when the printer made it say 'There need be demand no longer for Jules Verne's and other blackguards' works of imagination.' This appeared very rough, and had Jules come across it he would have had a nice little action for libel. Perhaps fearing something of the sort, the editor in his next issue said, 'For "other blackguards" please read "Rider Haggard's." Apologetic, but rough on Rider.

How merrily the Trades Unions are getting on with their work; fresh organisations formed and new demands formulated almost every day. New Zealand used to be the working man's paradise; from beneath it is to be the Unionist working man's paradise. And how about the Non-Unionist working men? Well, they, I suppose, must face the paradox and form a Non-Unionists' Union, striking against strikes and binding themselves to free competition. Really it seems rather as if the colony were settling down to an entirely new condition, wherein one half of the population shall be employed and the other half idle, which can easily develop into one half of the population keeping the other half. Each half might take the burden turn and turn about if the matter were only reduced to a system, the only objection being that there would probably be much changing of sides when the time came for shifting the burden. Party Government, which is the nearest approach to this state of things to which we have yet attained, teaches us this much. No wonder that our most thoughtful living historian, Mr Lecky, puts it down as his opinion that Party Government cannot last for ever because it excludes half the best men from office. And if a political system built on party cannot last, what can we expect of an industrial system on the same foundation? Parliament ought to intervene, say some. Well, Parliament having itself submitted to a general re-

duction of wages could no doubt speak with great superiority on the question; but the basis, if I may use the expression of so august a body, were by no means unanimous on the question of the reduction, as it is quite possible that a majority might refuse to consider any measure of intervention that might be laid before them, on the ground that it might cost them all future chance of employment. Perhaps our next Parliamentary parties may bear the names of Unionist and Non-Unionist, as in England, with a different signification. Who knows?

Mr Malcolm M. Irving, formerly manager of the New Zealand Drug Company, Christchurch, returned to Auckland last week from Australia. He left for the South on the 5th. Mr Irving is now representing the firm of Evans, Lecher and Webb, of London and elsewhere, in the Australasian colonies and the East. For the past five years he has been in Australia, Straits Settlements, Java, and other of the East Indies. Mr Irving was one of the best known and popular men in business in New Zealand, and his many friends will be glad to welcome him back, and to know that he is in the best health.

Those who do confine the church of God either to particular nations, churches, or families, have made it far narrower than our Saviour ever meant it. These words were written by that charming old author, Sir Thomas Browne, more than 250 years ago. But no words that have ever been spoken by mortal man have had the effect of making the Christian church a united body. The division of creeds, continues, and the believers in each send the believers in the others to Haies with charming resignation. Men like Bishop Julius, of Christchurch, may lament that 'in little townships of about 200 inhabitants there were sometimes as many as half a dozen Christian churches all in a row, each tinkling its own little bell, with half-starved clergymen, and supported by a wretched system of rag-doll fairs, bun fairs, bazaars, and other devices.' But the voice of Bishop Julius, eloquent and manly though it be, is but as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. There may be an interchange of pulpits on some special Sunday, as happened in Auckland the other day, but there is no permanent union. If all the churches united to-morrow next day we should have half a dozen sects branching off. At least I believe the English people are sceptical. They must inquire about their religion as about other things. When one inquirer finds an error he soon has a following, and a new sect is formed. No Christian unity is still far off. It will probably remain a subject for the hopes of such men as Bishop Julius until everybody knows as little of the differences among churches as the small boy who was going to a Catholic church for the first time. He knew he had some ceremony to go through before taking his seat. On inquiring from another small boy he was told that he must kick three times as high as possible. This he did to the huge delight of his small friend, while the congregation and the good priest were lost in astonishment and laughter.

The resurrection of the bones of the Orpheus brings up a long-forgotten sorrow, and one's thoughts pass on from wreck to wreck—Orpheus and Eurydice, unlucky in their loves centuries ago, and recently both wrecked on entering port. The old ship Orpheus was content to bury his bones in the Manukau sands so long as Eurydice sailed the seas, but now that she is gone he sings the old song, 'The faro-zena Eurydice,' and rolls his weary old frame ashore in the vain hope of being broken up near her resting-place. 'Vain hope! The Eurydice was torn plank from plank on the historic mud of Port-mouth Harbour, and old Orpheus will show his relics to gaping larrikins at a penny a head ten thousand miles away.'

The Atalanta, a sister ship of the Eurydice, was totally lost on the voyage from the West Indies to England, and neither of her nor of the ill-fated Wasp, which foundered somewhere in the China Seas only a year or two ago, have any vestiges been found. Seven Phoenixes have risen, one from the wreck of the other. There must be luck, good or bad, in names.

The Right Rev. Dr. Cowie, Anglican Bishop of Auckland, has ever since his return from the South, been confined to his house, owing to an injury received on the steamer on the way up from Wellington. He fell on his side, hurting himself somewhat severely. On Sunday week, however, he was well enough to leave the house, and his strength is fast returning.

An electoral reform that I notice none of our politicians advocate I should like to bring under their notice. It is the abolition of personal solicitation of votes, with severe penalties against anyone daring to make such personal canvases. What a world of worry would be avoided by such a change. We all know that nowadays candidates depend not so much on the principles enunciated in their public