

After Dinner Gossip.

Premier Barton's Good Work in England.

Sydney "Daily Telegraph's" London correspondent (Mr. L. J. Brient) acknowledges the good work done by Premier Barton in England.

Australia owes a deep debt of gratitude to Edmund Barton for the admirably cautious, sound and statesmanlike attitude he has assumed in his speeches, in his published interviews, and in the position he has taken up at the conference in relation to such contentious subjects as militarism, preferential trade and Imperial political representation. Speaking from an intimate knowledge of Mr. Barton's public life, extending over a quarter of a century, I am profoundly convinced that never at any time in his career has he displayed his highest qualities to Australia's better advantage than on the present occasion. It was a big occasion, and he rose to it. Both he and Wilfrid Laurier have acted the part of statesmen. Both have substantially added to their reputations, and, in Mr. Barton's case particularly, the appreciation of the London press and of English public men has been keenly discriminating, and justly appreciative. I can recall no period in his career when he acted with such consummate wisdom, and was so perfectly understood.

Snaphotting the King.

An interesting point has been raised by the complaint of a photographer at a London Police Court that a detective had "jogged" his arm and prevented him snaphotting the King coming out of Buckingham Palace.

"In one sense," said a well known barrister yesterday, "the man may have been breaking the law. There are, I believe, certain regulations as to taking photographs in the London parks, and the roadway outside Buckingham Palace may come under these regulations.

"Beyond that, however, there is, as far as I know, no law whatever to prevent anybody photographing the king or anybody else.

"In any case the detective had not the slightest right to 'jog' the man's elbow, and the sufferer is entitled to a summons. The detective's duty was to take the photographer's name and address and proceed against him for any breach of regulations. Of course by that time he would have got his snaphot, but that cannot be helped."

American Drinks.

At first sight they are a queer tumble and jumble of poetry and paradox. The ordinary Saxon knows the sherry cobbler, the shandy-gaff, the gin ricksey, the corpse reviver, and the cocktails. But what are the stone fize, the golden fize and the knickbein? And who were the Collins Brothers—John and Tom—or Mammie Taylor?

The barman made all this clear. "The fizzes," he said, "are first favourites this year, and they are about the best drinks going. There is the silver fize, for instance. This is made of lemon juice, sugar, soda and the white of an egg.

"The golden fize is the same, except that the yolk of the egg takes the place of the white. The best of the lot is the royal fize, which has both the white and the yolk. Other members of the family are the cider fize and the cream fize, which explain themselves.

"The Collinses are long lemon squashes, with gin in them. For the John Collins Holland's gin is used, and for the Tom Collins Old Tom gin. Tom is more popular than John.

"If you feel poetical you can try the morning glory—the white of an egg, lemon juice, sugar, dash of absinthe, and soda. Or there is the maiden's dream. This consists of benedictine, creme de menthe, the white of an egg, and a little brandy.

"The Mammie Taylor is made of Scotch whisky, lemon juice and a bottle of ginger ale."

"What is a corpse reviver?" was asked.

"That is best left to the bartender. He will diagnose your case, and prescribe accordingly."

"This long list solves the question from the point of view of the man who doesn't like to run the risk of infected water. But what about the teetotaler?"

Can a teetotaler quench his thirst? "Certainly," replied one. "He has water and tea to fall back on. What more do you want?"

A Scotsman expressed the view that tea was a fairly decent drink, and not bad so far as it goes, but that there was no really perfect teetotal beverage.

A member of the opposite camp was inclined to dismiss the whole question with the assertion that teetotalers have no need to quench their thirst, because they never have one.

"If they had," he continued, "they would not be teetotalers."

Head-Work.

An elderly bicycle-rider went to the establishment of a cycle dealer one day, and said to the proprietor, "I have tried all sorts of saddles, and never found one that I could ride on comfortably. If you can make one that will fit me I will give you 25 dollars for it."

"Come again in about an hour," said the dealer, after a moment's thought.

At the expiration of that time the customer came again. "Sit down," said the dealer, pointing to a chair, "and tell me what kind of saddle you think you would like."

"That's for you to devise," replied the other. "I have no suggestions to make."

"Well, I'll do the best I can for you, and take the risk," rejoined the dealer, and after a few moments of desultory conversation the caller took his leave.

A day or two passed, and a new saddle was sent to his address. About a week later he came again. "Here's your money," he said. "The saddle fits me perfectly. Would you mind telling me how you managed it?"

"Simplest thing in the world," replied the dealer. "Do you remember my asking you to sit down in that chair when you were here last?"

"Yes."

"Well, on that chair seat were two sheets of paper, with a sheet of carbon-paper between them. When you sat down you left the impression of your 'schiatric tuberosities,' as they are called, or lower hip-bones, on the white paper. It was easy to make a saddle to conform to the location of those bones, and—"

"I see," interrupted the customer. "You have earned your money."

A Clever Colonial in London.

No more true description of London has, the "Graphic" believes, ever been written than this, which "Clio" sends to the "Bulletin":—

London is certainly the most soot-begrimed, rosy-tinted, dirtiest, cleanest, poorest, most opulent, most flinty-hearted, most sympathetic, ugliest, most beautiful, most bewildering collection of mansions, hovels, and terrace-houses that this old world has ever seen. There "the sordid, great, squalid, magnificent, tragedy of human fate" is acted every day and all day long, like an American continuous vaudeville. Nobody has ever accurately described the monstrous city, and nobody ever will describe it, for nobody ever sees London. There is no unit London. There are a multi-million of little Londons, each projected from the brain or imaginative faculty of each and every beholder and observer of the mighty

wan. I myself have seen worse savagery in the West End than ever I saw in the South Pacific. I once saw a young man so ragged that he made me turn away—his nakedness shone through his tatters, and white nakedness, is so very much more marked than brown or black nakedness; he was in College-street, Westminster, right close up to Parliament House. But then I also saw the Thames in summer-afternoon light. "Earth has not anything to show more fair." That's the worst of London. You can't take an impartial, unbiased view. You begin to get sentimental at once. You try to get the view from Westminster Bridge, of course; that persistent sonnet comes into your mind. You are in City-road, your heart sunk to your very boot soles at the grimy everydayness of it, when suddenly the recollection flashes that Wilkins Micawber's address was Windsor terrace, City-road. You pick out his house and straight away love the place. You lose yourself in a street off Oxford-street, and wander into a smoky little churchyard and read an almost illegible inscription on a humble little tombstone to Chapman, who wrote the English Homer, and then you hear yourself thinking, "Oft have I travelled in the realms of gold." You go into St. Paul's to muse over the uncompromising nonmythicism of Wren, and read, gut into a wall tablet, perhaps, the curt record of deeds so gloriously brave that you have to wink hard to keep the tears back. And so on, and so on. Every impression in London is overcharged with a plethora of associations. London is a palimpsest of which the parchment has been so written upon by the never-ending procession of its men and women that no coherent impression is decipherable.

Lynch Law Horrors.

It is utterly impossible for any race on the face of the earth to suffer greater wrongs at the hands of the whites than the negroes meet with in the Southern States of America. It would shock the whole civilised world if half the truth could be made known. The negro that was burned in Texas on May 22 was first tortured in the most barbarous manner. Before the fire was kindled underneath him his eyes were burned out. Burning wood was held to his neck and other parts of his body until his clothing was burned off. He was gashed with knives, and tortured until his head drooped. Then the fire was started by the husband of the woman who claimed that the negro had assaulted her. The poor wretch's sufferings were horrible, while he begged piteously, "Please, Mr white man, shoot me!" There were several thousand persons present; some newspapers say seven thousand. The whites clamoured for the tortures to be prolonged, but they were ended by the death of the victim in thirty-five minutes. Six other negroes have been burned within a few months, and were similarly tortured. These lynchings "picnics" are becoming common. What can be the effect of taking

children to such scenes of cruelty? The sufferings of the negroes in isolated convict camps in the South are also terrible. One convict has been put to death with red-hot irons. Everything possible to be said and written against the negroes is concocted, so as to influence white opinion against them. A well-educated negro physician said the other day, "Our whole race is judged of by what a few ignorant vicious negroes do!" Every act of a bad negro is exaggerated in the newspapers; while, at the same time, he may not be half as guilty as the whites around him.

School-boy Definitions.

Here is a list of definitions given by various boys recently in a literature paper, and they are guaranteed genuine and home-made:—Papal Bull—the sacrificial bull of the Church of Rome; a pretty bull; a fierce pope; a joke about popery. Coin of vantage—usury; a valuable coin; a bad coin. Cabalistic—pertaining to cables; like a cab. Paradox—opposite to orthodox; opposite to "authodox"; a heavenly story; a humorous poem; according to strict rules, as a Paradox church. Apocryphal—pertaining to a doctor's business; pertaining to the science of the lower limbs. Prevaricate—to think a long time before speaking. There is a delightful suggestion about that last definition that a boy tells the truth only when he is flustered.

Smooth Phrases.

An amusing glossary of smooth phrases used by the company promoter in order to avoid direct statements is compiled by a financial contemporary:—

- It is proposed
- It is considered
- It is intended
- It is confidently expected
- What is thought to be
- There seems no reason
- Such doubt should be removed
- In my opinion
- Should be realised, give, or make
- In all probability
- Decidedly promising
- Only reasonable to assume
- Only reasonable to suppose
- Assuming
- If this were so
- Expected to bring in
- The strong probability is
- Even supposing
- As far as can be seen
- Humanly speaking.

"Wet Paint" we often see about,
And wisely keep our distance;
Advice like that is good, no doubt,
And valuable assistance.
But there's one thing more preclous still,
Of that you can make sure,
By driving off your cough or chill
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