

gers of the rector and the Rev. B. Lester so clean that they were unable to determine which was the better, and got out of their difficulty by giving two prizes.

Is the barmaid to go (asks Christchurch "Truth")? Apparently not, since she claims a share in some forthcoming legislation. Whether she ought to go is another story, and a well-thrashed-out and much-debated story too. Our opinion is that there is no excuse for her existence, for several reasons. She is compelled to endure long and fatiguing hours of toil, too long for many men, and certainly for any woman. She lives, also, in an insanitary atmosphere, breathing the germs and tobacco smoke and alcoholic fumes of man in the mass. While we think her would-be abolitionists go too far in their unjust and sweeping denunciations of the unwomanliness engendered in our Hebes, and exaggerate the temptations to which they are exposed, we yet think the occupation is attended by circumstances that are calculated to offend, and in some cases to kill, the sensibility of any woman. Among Hebe's most strenuous supporters is the economist, but the economic difficulty that operated in Glasgow and in larger cities is absent in our smaller colonial towns. At the same time, we hardly sympathize with the Women's Institute's cry for the abolition of the girls of the bar. This weird convention, which has clamoured us deaf on the equality of sexes, is femininely illogical in its attitude towards Hebe. It seems to want the soft places reserved for woman, and the thorny roads kept for men only. It is really a pure accident that the W.I. wants Hebe to go. Anyway, what does the W.I. know about barmaids?

The best Melbourne cattle show story that I have struck (says "Atticus") comes to me from a Gippsland district which sent a young couple to the metropolis to see the show, and incidentally to get married. The pair evidently are not ridiculously young, seeing that they have been engaged for over twelve years. They were on the point of being married on half a dozen occasions during that time, but something always happened to put off the ceremony. The young woman, quite a local expert in matters connected with dairy work, and poultry breeding, entered a brace of exhibits at the show, and was accompanied by her venerable father as well as her lover. They had put up at a suburban hotel, and found Melbourne so wonderful a place that they went about in a condition of half-stunned amazement during their stay. Added to this was the tremendous elation of a great success, for the young woman's exhibits had both won prizes. She was greeted on her return to Dog Hollow as a conquering heroine. The people flocked about her, pouring out congratulations. Great excitement prevailed, and it was quite half an hour before a relation cut in with, "Yes, but what about the marriage—how did that come off?" A sudden silence fell upon the party, the lovers looked blankly at each other for a moment. "There!" cried the bride that was to have been, "didn't I say we'd forgotten something?" They had quite overlooked the wedding.

The wholesale disinterments of Chinese that have been taking place in the South, the Acting-Premier stated in the House, are being made under a license granted by the Colonial Secretary pursuant to the Cemeteries Act, 1882. The license prescribed the conditions to be observed, and these conditions were sufficient to prevent any danger to the public. He had not received any complaints in regard to the matter.

The Levin paper reports the discovery of gold-bearing quartz in the Tararua ranges, and urges that an association should be formed to carry on further prospecting. It is over thirty years ago since indications of gold were found in the Otaki and Waikanae Rivers. A very old resident, known as "Scotch Jock," long since dead, discovered a reef in-

land from Waikanae, and went back repeatedly to locate it, but always failed to do so. He was confident to his dying day that there was gold, and "plenty of it," in the gullies of the Tararua Ranges. "There will be a big crowd here," he used to say, "where now there isn't a soul, working reefs and alluvial after I am dead and gone."

A "shandygaff statesman." This seems to be the last name attached to that best-abused Minister of all times and in all Governments, the Irish Secretary, says a London journal.

Most people who have played cricket on a village green have drunk shandygaff, that compound of ginger-beer—in the days when ginger-beer was ginger-beer—and ale. What its derivation can be has puzzled the students of "Notes and Queries" for the last forty years. One derivation that is absolutely impossible is that given in Hotten's Slang Dictionary: "Perhaps"—mark the much virtue in that word "perhaps"—"sang de Goff, the favourite mixture of one Goff, a blacksmith." Who was Goff, and where did he blacksmith, and why did he drink blood?

But possibly some reader may enlighten the world on the derivation of a word which has been raised to the dignity of a political epithet.

The Wanganui "Herald" says:—"The amount asked for by the Minister of Works for expenditure by the Wanganui River Trust Board on the improvement of the Wanganui River, viz. £1500, is quite inadequate to the requirements. At least £3000 ought to be voted for so vitally necessary a work, as that sum would enable the River Trust Board to improve the navigation of several miles of splendid water-way sufficiently to allow the light-draught river steamers to carry passengers and goods at cheaper rates than those ruling on the railways and roads of the colony."

White Cliffs (Australia) provided a novel court case last week. A resident was charged with "unlawfully attempting to incite divers people there assembled to act unlawfully." Ranting at a public meeting he propounded his Socialistic theories a little bit too freely. However, as he had previously borne an excellent character, the charge was reduced, and he was simply bound over to keep the speech. Free speech is all very well in theory, and great latitude is given in all parts of the British dominion; but a call to a public meeting to act contrary to the law must be noticed. The accused, who announced his willingness, if the worst came to the worst, to lead an attack on local stores of water, was told by the bench that if the laws of the State didn't please him he should leave the State. He seems to have been lucky in escaping so lightly, but apparently the bench thought that a warning would meet the case. The warning might be noted by a number of Australia's professional agitators.

Orders had been issued during the American War to kill all bloodhounds, as these used to be kept for hunting slaves. One day a soldier, seizing a poodle, was carrying it off to execution, in spite of the heartrending appeals of its mistress. "Madam," he said, "our orders are to kill every bloodhound." "But that is not a bloodhound." "Well, madam," said the soldier, as he went away with it, "we cannot tell what it will grow into if we leave it behind."

Mr. A. J. Massey, of Gisborne, was in Wellington for the purpose of introducing the game of table bowls, which he has invented. He has set up one of his tables in the Wellington Bowling Club's pavilion, and gave an exhibition upon it recently. According to a description in the "Poverty Bay Herald," the bowls themselves are about the size of a cricket ball, and biased in the same way as ordinary bowls, and are made of ironbark, and then polished. The jack is about the size of a ping-pong ball. The table is about 16ft long, 48in wide, with a protected ditch at

one end, and covered with a cloth resembling that of a billiard table, the bowls running silently and smoothly. The ditch is constructed of a kind of netting, and the bottom of it is padded, so that a fair-paced drive may be made without injury to anything in a room, and as the bowls fall in a padded ditch the noise which would be caused if the bowls dropped on the floor is thus avoided. On each side of the table is a kind of light railway along which the bowls run smoothly to the starting base, thus doing away with the necessity of carrying them back to the starting place.

A typewriter expert, giving evidence in the Abrahams Customs appeal, at the sessions lately, pointed out that a peculiarity in the shilling mark on certain invoices showed that they were written with the same machine. "What is the peculiarity?" asked counsel. "It is off its feet," promptly replied the witness. "Off its feet," echoed the man of law; "what on earth does that mean?" "It means," rejoined the witness, "that the stroke is thicker at the bottom than at the top." "I should rather say that, having the heaviest side down meant that it was on its feet," said counsel. "Or off its head," remarked Judge Hamilton, amidst laughter.

The "beautiful blue Danube" (says an English paper) is a delusion. An observer watched the river for an hour each day during a whole year. He found the water to be brown 11 times, yellow 46, dark green 59, light green 45, grass green 25, greenish grey 69, other shades of green 110, and that it never had anything like a beautiful blue tint.

It is not easy to excuse the action of a prosecutor who actually swore an information against a lad who stole twopence from his till. The facts, as made public, do not show that the lad was a hardened offender. The action of the police magistrate who, when the case came before him, lectured the young culprit and sent him away after some good advice, is to be commended. But it is a matter for regret that a conviction was recorded against the lad. If at any time any charge should be made against him, the fact of this conviction will be remembered. Let justice be done though the heavens fall is a heathen maxim after all, and one which is sometimes sadly misused. We do not want the heavens brought

down every time a youngster commits a petty theft. An immediate thrashing from the person offended would have been a satisfactory punishment. It is by such unwise action as was taken in this case that geol-birds are made.

A resident of Eketahuna has a small large family (says the "Express"). One son stands 6ft. 5in. in his stockings, another 6ft. 4in., and a third 6ft. 3in.

A very well-known American lady, after visiting the Kaiser, pronounces that versatile monarch "the brightest, and, I think, the smartest and most accomplished man I ever met, and, to use what you English call an Americanism, 'just sweet!' He talked in English, and I wish I could speak my own tongue half as correctly; it's one thing to speak a language, and another to jest in it, and the Emperor was as ready in that way as my husband himself." "What little jest of His Majesty's do you remember best, may I ask?" "The one that took my husband's fancy most—and made Mr. Morgan smile—had reference to our ocean trip. His Majesty asked me how I liked the German Ocean. I said I didn't like any ocean particularly, and the German Ocean had been very rough. 'Sorry,' said the Emperor; 'the next time you come I will pour oil on the waters—Standard oil.'"

When one thinks that any bee that walks out of its cradle, pale, perhaps, but perfect, knows at once all that is to be known of the life and duties of a bee, complicated as they are, and comprising the knowledge of an architect, a wax modeller, a nurse, a ladies' maid, a housekeeper, a tourist agency, and a field marshal, and then compares that vast knowledge with the human baby who is looked upon as a genius if it gurgles "Goo-goo" and tries to gouge its mother's eyes out with its finger, one realises that the boasted superiority of the human brain depends largely on human vanity.

A Russian admiral has invented a sounding instrument which, it is said, will give warning of the approach of torpedoes and submarine boats.

The emus were lately reported to be coming to the populated parts of South Australia from the dry north-eastern plains in search of food and water.

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