forces," "informations," and of "two characters who soliloquised at the top of their voices simultaneously." The editor said that thanks to Powelka or Pawelka, or Pawekla copies of the paper fetched as much as 6d. apiece "in places like Dannevirke." The staff evidently had a good time on those sixpences.

Government House.

Those who desire to see Government House in Auckland converted into a University, accuse those who wish to see the present building retained of "snobbishness." It is not quite easy to see where the point of the accusation lies. The Governor stands as the representative of the King, and respect paid to the Governor is respect paid to the King. If loyalty to the Throne is snobbishness, then our memorial services, our public demonstrations of grief, our National Anthem are all snobbish. It is said that Government House exists for the sake of a clique. The same might be said, and with far more truth, of Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. It seems passing strange that a time when we are loudest in our professions of loyalty to the Sovereign, we should propose to take away the residence of that Sovereign's representative, and force him to take rooms at an hotel. Strangest of all is the contention that a University is democratic. Democracy has been defined as "counting heads, not weighing them," and it is the proud boast of democracy that in the ruling of a country the vote of the veriest bar-loafer counts for just as much as the vote of the wisest man in the State.

A Menace to Democracy.

The progressive legislation of which we are so justly proud owes its existence to this fact. We want to see the principle applied to other things besides votes if we are to be a democracy in anything more than name. In a truly democratic state all men should be equal, and no man should be allowed to lord it over his fellows by reason of any fancied superiority, whether intellectual or social. Now a University strikes at the root of this principle by giving titles of B.A. and M.A., by means of which the possessors are enabled to assume an air of intellectual superiority over those who do not possess degrees. In a word, it creates a caste and distinguishes between man and man. It is strange how fondly we cling to the illusions of the past. We admit that as regards the health of the state, the opinion of Bill Smith, who can barely sign his name, is every whit as valuable as the opinion of Professor Cranium, who has made a life-long study of politics and political history. Yet when it is a case of our own health we still prefer the opinion of the expert, and do not allow Bill Smith to have a say in the matter. It is not too much to say that this absurd prejudice is largely fostered by our University system.

Why the Church is Not Popular.

A Church story from Egerton, Kent. It appears that the vicar, owing to old age, put a curate in charge. The curate was a very tactful parson, transparently sincere, an earnest worker in the parish, an attractive preacher in the pulpit, and soon filled the church. It is sufficient tribute to his popularity that when he left ninety per cent. of the Dissenters in the parish subscribed to a farewell testimonial. After he had been in the parish two years the vicar resigned, and though every effort was made by the parishioners to get the popular curate appointed to the living, the Bishop of Croydon and other influential persons supporting, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's pitchforked into the vacancy a ritualistic clergyman who, says a local correspondent, "is fast emptying his church." And people wonder that the Church is not popular!

The Most Irish of Living Irishmen.

Mr. John Redmond (Leader of the Irish Nationalist party in the House of Commons) visited Cork on May 22, on the occasion of a large gathering of his followers. At the same time many O'Brienites were visiting Cork in the interests of the "All for Ireland" League, and special police precautions were taken to prevent disturbances. In spite of this a fierce fight between the two factions occurred at Mr. Redmond's meeting. Mr. Daniel Sheehan, M.P. for Mid-Cork, being badly assaulted. During the fight clubs, stones and bottles were freely used, a hundred injured people being treated in the infirmaries. An additional cable on May 27th states that further rioting took place between the two factions, the excitement having spread to Newmarket, a county town with a population of 3000. The police were powerless to stop them fighting and a number of houses were wrecked. Finally the police fired on the rioters, shooting one man dead.

A FRESH phase in the fierce duel between John Redmond and William O'Brien for supremacy in the ranks of the Home Rulers threatens to send the man from Cork to America. Mr. O'Brien's only object in visiting the United States, avers "The Freeman's Journal," "is to dry up the financial springs which water the oasis of Home Rule," an allegation which the gentleman concerned concedes to be well founded. William O'Brien's rebellion against John Redmond is acknowledged in Irish papers faithful to the challenged chieftain to be the most successful as it has proved to be the most brilliant campaign witnessed within the ranks of the Home Rulers since Parnell unhorsed his own predecessor. A dozen "Times," he filling Parnell's old place as uncrowned King of Ireland. Yet the general public has still to realise that there is a feud between Redmond and O'Brien and that O'Brien is the real master of the political situation in London.

Of that feud, the London "Standard" affirms that it is a war of temperaments as much as of policies. It translates into practical politics the terms of the contrasts between these men. John Redmond is taciturn, square of jaw and chin, hawk-like in glance. William O'Brien is an animated vocabulary, with the brow of a bard and the eye of an inspired dreamer. John Redmond is stern of aspect and intensely serious in phraseology. William O'Brien is mellifluous, eager in salutation, at times merry, always approachable. John Redmond dresses like a London financier and looks prosperous, to say nothing of his tendency to express in his face that silent sense of the value of his own time which forbids trifling. William O'Brien lounges about in soft hats and short coats, a volume of some Italian poet in his hand, a quotation from Shakespeare on his lips, and a ready laugh that invites and encourages conversation. John Redmond has few gestures and William O'Brien can never convey an idea without a wave of one of his long arms.

William O'Brien's grand resource is speech. The inveterate refuge of John Redmond is silence. William O'Brien is perpetually revealing the working of his restless and darting intellect. John Redmond shrinks from the slightest manifestation of an intention until the hour has come for action. William O'Brien despises the art of the parliamentary tactician. John Redmond believes in organising, directing and controlling the Home Rule party in a compact regiment of voters for use in crucial divisions. William O'Brien loathes bargains with the English politicians and is fighting for the cause of his country without regard to the oppressor. John Redmond dearly loves to traffic in the spoils of legislation with the Ministry of the day. William O'Brien is a man of letters with the outlook upon life of the poet. He has written novels, collected pictures in Italy, and read the classics in the original. John Redmond can be picturesque neither in speech nor action. His voice is clear and forceful. He chooses his words deliberately. He is sane. William O'Brien cheers his auditors with the slogan of freedom, overwhelms them with the music of his accents, puts his gesticulating arms and his heaving breast into his discourse until a whole audience, catching the fever of his fury, springs from chairs to tables and rends the sky with its universal roar of "Ireland forever!" Sarcastic students of the feud between O'Brien and Redmond are delighted with the last-named gentleman's despair at these displays of Celtic frenzy. Applause is to O'Brien the proof of the vitality of the great cause, whereas to Redmond it is sound and fury, signifying nothing.

William O'Brien, again, is Cork incarnate. John Redmond represents the spirit of Dublin. Cork his beloved native Cork, is set high upon the altar of William O'Brien's patriotism, for that city is the centre of all his aspirations. His very organ is styled "The Cork Accent." It is complained of William O'Brien in "The Freeman's Journal"—John Redmond's organ—that he sees only Cork, hears but Cork. He reverts to Cork unceasingly, for it is the ancient capital of Ireland's kings, the home and the cradle of Ireland's genius, the theme of his majestic periods, the constituency he represents. John Redmond reflects the commercialism of common sense Dublin, while never forgetting that he is by birth an Irish gentleman. But he is sombre, like Dublin; stately, like Dublin, and destitute, like Dublin, of the picturesqueness of Irish lakes and Irish fields. O'Brien, in the language of his personal organ, belongs to that Ireland which smiling lakes beautify, while Redmond stands for an Ireland grown commercial through industrial enterprise and solidly solvent finance. O'Brien, retorts "The Freeman's Journal," weeps for Ireland and Redmond works for her.

William O'Brien, in the opinion of the more disinterested English spectators of his latest political adventures, speaks home to the heart of Ireland more tellingly than his rival Redmond. "O'Brien has the tremendous advantage of looking Irish," to quote the London "Post," "and Redmond seems excessively English." The contrast was telling when the new members of the House of Commons were sworn in. Redmond was dressed in a suit of the latest city cut. O'Brien appeared in light grey, as if he were still beneath the skies of that Italian landscape he so reluctantly quitted to plunge afresh into the turmoils of the Home Rule agitation. Redmond sat by himself, pondering, abstracted. O'Brien was surrounded by eager supporters, pledging fidelity.

O'Brien's genius originally asserted itself in the hatching of conspiracies. Perhaps the most famous of all his ideas in this line was the plot he conceived for utilising the strike of the Dublin police in an attempt to seize Dublin Castle and carry off the Viceroy of Ireland. Unfortunately, as William O'Brien viewed the matter, the "Irish Republican Brotherhood" refused to join in the conspiracy and the project collapsed. Parnell, then at the apex of his renown, seems to have fallen in with the scheme, but when it lost its aspect of tragedy and became pure comedy, Parnell assured O'Brien that "Ireland must be freed prosaically, practically, not emotionally and dramatically." It is the one truth, opines the London "Post," which the temperament of William O'Brien forbids him to learn. He is essentially poetic from impulse and ineradicably romantic because of the cast of his mind. The Home Rule agitation is an epic to him. He creates in his countrymen the

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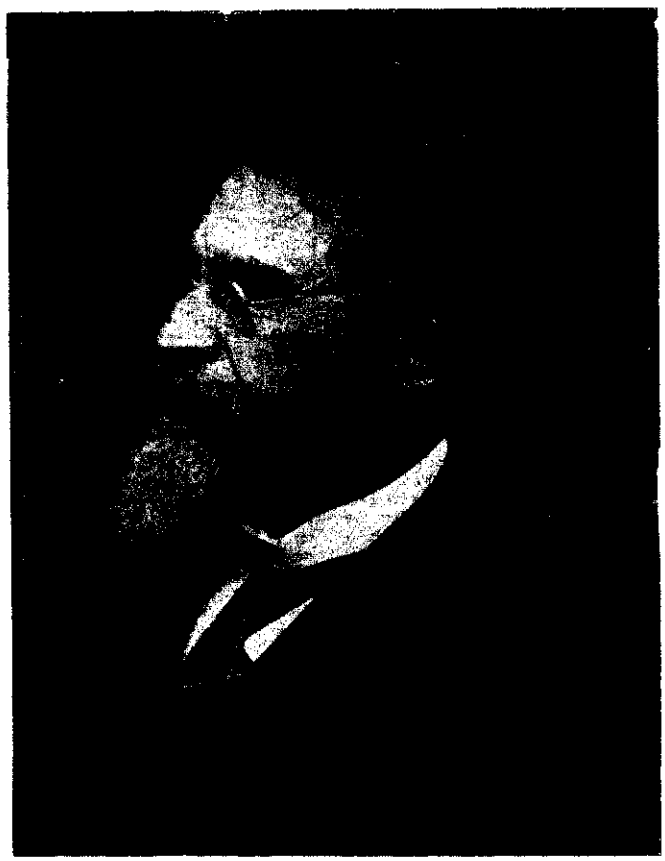

WILLIAM O'BRIEN,

Who leads the Home Rule rebellion against the authority of John Redmond, originated the slogan of "an Irish Ireland." He fought with Parnell, he has written successful novels, and is one of the most eloquent speakers in the English Parliament, to which he returns after a period of retirement.

Home Rulers have been chosen to the new Parliament in flat defiance of Redmond and in open support of O'Brien's rebellion. Should another general election occur this year, Mr. O'Brien, predicts "The Cork Accent," will have no difficulty in doubling the number. Had the revolt from Redmond been precipitated a little earlier, adds this daily, a much larger number of seats in the south and west of Ireland must have been wrested from Redmond's control. Had the latter fulfilled his promise to Asquith to support the Budget, William O'Brien, sworn foe of that famous measure of taxation, would to-day, admits the London