

Various Views.

[BY OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.]

I have got several tips from my bosom friend, Jonny the Rhymer, bearing on the City Election, and, no doubt, one or other of them may turn out all right. The first—

You'll find when all the votes are cast, That F. comes first and F. comes last!

Is a little obscure, but may appeal to the intelligence of many of my readers. The second, at first sight, looks as if intended for the puzzle column of a family fireside journal. It runs as follows, and it is to be hoped that those who run may read:—

The City 8 are safe to be—
2 H's and a B or C.

Right Johnny, there's sure to be a B. amongst them.

It is a merciful providence that the well-springs of hope continue to bubble up in the breasts of so many of our candidates for Parliamentary honors. The other day one of those sanguine Micawberites, whose chances of being returned the ordinary sober individual would estimate at a thousand to one, was heard to jubilate over his certainty of success. Standing in the centre of a coterie of mutual admiration friends, he smiled divinely, and patting himself with both hands, working with his thumbs through the leverage of his arm-pits, remarked with the utmost complacency, "Well, sisters and brothers, workers in the cause, let me tell you that all, all my anxiety now is, that the election sends two good men down along with me to Wellington."

Don't be over anxious about this, dear boy. I—even I—will do my best to influence the electors before polling-day, and you may rely upon your colleagues being men of high character and of independent minds, with a contempt for honorariums of all kinds and a burning love for every citizen, including themselves. I have a choice bundle to choose from of all sorts and conditions—some young and vigorous, others old and decayed and very shaky on their pins (about ten in all), and the cry is, "Still they come." It is said that Samuel Vaile has been approached cautiously, and it is to be hoped by stages, in order to make up the third old man "agin the Government." I had thought that, like the Scotman's "native land and native vale," he had been bidden "a long and last adieu"; but, no, he is still to be kept on the string, and is willing at any moment to be cut loose and make "a railway accusation" against the Government.

I need hardly say that I am anxious to assist the Auckland ladies in coming to a right conclusion as to the three best men to vote for, but I fear my advice and counsel may be treated with disdain. They have now, so to speak, arrived at the age of political puberty, and can look after themselves. Six years ago, when first they exercised their privilege, their sweet simplicity was charming. At one of Mr Button's meetings then, I well remember a very pretty young female voter looking intently into the face of the candidate in "maiden meditation fancy free" and remarking to her sister (who, by the way, wore an "idiot fringe"—then in fashion—and also looked struck and absorbed), "Oh, Hemma! we must vote for Mr Button; he's got such a beautiful complexion!" Not so now, ye tight-lipped political hypnotists. The grey mare is now often the better horse, including the late Mayor of Onehunga. The political atmosphere, I have noticed, hardens, and sometimes dries up the cockles of the hearts of my dear sister, and other fellows' sisters as well.

I had a long discussion the other night with a number of my cronies about mean men and where the meanest of the mean are raised—that is, born and bred. One man claimed the distinction for Aberdeen, but he was promptly sat upon by a man from the North Island. A Cornishman also put in a claim, and a Welshman from Flint said he was true to his county's name; but they were both sternly rebuked by a man from Cuper, Fife. I was referred to, to decide the point and to give pre-eminence to one of the aspirants, but I declined, until I had interviewed a man who borrowed my umbrella and my macintosh, a week ago, when the barometer indicated change. I won't say where he lives.

The Scot has the distinction of being a very careful individual, but my own experience goes to show that a more pronounced characteristic of the Scot is his love of driving a good bargain, and above all things, of not being over-reached. A

striking instance of this Scottish caution as a guard against being *done* occurred in Auckland not very long ago. A tradesman, who by industry and strict economy had amassed a considerable fortune, came to well-nigh the last milestone, and, realising the inevitable, he sent for his brother to proffer him a bit of advice. "Now," he said, "brither, a'm goan to leave ye, and whan a'm awa' the'll be trian to over-reach ye about ma funeral. Tak ma advice, then, and ca' for tenders, and let the lowest mon get the job." "The ruling passion strong in death," did you say? Why, it slipped over on the other side in this instance. It is said that the bawbee was originally struck to enable Scotchmen to contribute to charitable institutions, but, needless to say, it is not a corroborated fact. Charity begins at home.

"The labor laws of the colony and trades unions are killing the goose that lays the golden eggs." So says Mr Glass, organising secretary of the N.Z. Farmers' Union, the goose in question being, as he puts it, the "blooming cockatoo." But a goose can't possibly be a cockatoo, although a cockatoo may be a goose, and very often is. In any case, they (the cockatoos) are the backbone of the contry, and its future prosperity depends very much more upon giving them a free and unfettered hand than upon the fostering of industries by the robbing hand of protection. And this applies to producers of wealth of all kinds—miners, gumdiggers, bushmen, fishermen, and all the sons of toil. This is, of course, the private opinion of your "Captious," and may be taken in a modified sense, or not at all. I am not anxious that my readers should swallow it, until they have masticated it well, and mixed it with the saliva of commonsense.

Another long haired man has appeared in our midst. The long legged, lanky, long-haired, and learned Bainbridge has come and gone, and the schools and school children that have known him once shall know him no more for ever. But another has risen in his place, having a flood of hair even more prolific than his learned brother. Beware of long-haired men. They ought not to be allowed to roam about unfettered, but kept in cages and viewed at a distance for a slight consideration. Sequah was the best of those abnormalities, but his presence was indispensable to the complete whole, by means of which he raised a dust to obscure the vision of the unthinking. Take it from me, my friends and fellow Brits, that when a man kicks up a dust he is trying to conceal something, possibly his own ignorance. Give him a wide berth. Let not Mr Bombastus Furioso come over you.

The linotype fiend has evidently been at work again in the columns of the *Star*. It appears that the Gordon Highlanders, presumably in kilts, have been playing cricket in the Domain, and have been worsted by Giles' College Boys. This will be news for our contingent in the Transvaal, and to the Highlanders themselves, whom they possibly may meet.

Mr Ledingham and Mr Napier afforded the greatest treat to those who were present at Sowerby's Hall last week that has been served out to the insatiable elector since the commencement of the campaign. The principal dishes were, as a matter of course, the same—education, central railway, electoral reform, 'Frisco mail, and a few side dishes—but this "feast of reason and flow of soul" was principally remarkable for its garnishing. Sprigs of Napier were thrown around in profusion. I trust that the little success you have met with in this world is not going to spoil you Mr Napier. Everyone gives you credit for your pluck and push, but you are not such a great man after all. You haven't written a period of history on a great poem just yet, and the Woolsock still awaits you in Westminster.

Professor James Young Simpson, the discoverer of chloroform, when a young man went about with a baker's board on his head, selling scones. After he rose to eminence a man of the snob order twitted him with this, to which the professor replied: "Right you are, I did go about with a baker's board on my head; but had you done so you never would have managed to get it off your head." We all admire men who mount superior to their surroundings, but these men, as a rule, are modest men.

I think my friend the Hon. Dick Seddon can afford to treat with contempt the policy of Palmerston Pirani and his crowd. It is certainly not that approved by Capt. Russell, who happens to be a gentleman, if perhaps a little too kid-gloved for a young democracy like New Zealand.

The trend of the day is to secularise the pulpit, and we have in Auckland a man who is in this respect even in advance of his age. Queen Street on Saturday night gave the Rev. Kelly of Knox Church a fruitful theme last Sunday evening, the head and front of Queen Street's offending being the foul, filthy, and blasphemous language that pollutes the moral atmosphere. Next Sunday evening Mr Kelly takes up our parliamentary candidates, and this ought to afford him an interesting and varied subject.

Do you ever bet on a certainty. I know a mean man who always does. In playing euchre the other night with the joker in—which by the way in a scientific game is not admissible—he got the old gentleman, the two bowers, an ace and a king, and immediately proceeded to get a bet on. This reminded me of a verse in a song called "The Joker," which I composed when a very young man:—

With a bower on his right and a bower on his left,
An ace and a king I look child-like and bland,
And go without fear just six bottles of beer
And say to my pal I will go a lone hand.

There was once upon a time a sporting editor who, like John Corlett of the *Pink 'un*, was a law unto himself, and with the license accorded to every genius, he had his own pet shibboleth of racing quips and saws. And in pursuance of that same license, if he wanted to say that three or four horses were entered for a race, he would emphasise it by telling you that "no fewer than" that number were so entered. Now this worthy editor was visited with a twinge of gout, and well-wisher meeting an employee of his asked how the boss was, and heard with concern that the boss was laid up with gout in "no fewer than both legs!" Such is the force of example.

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Electoral.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE ELECTORAL DISTRICT OF PARNELL.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

I beg to announce that I shall, at the next General Election of Members of the House of Representatives, be a Candidate for the representation of the Parnell Electoral District.

Yours faithfully,
HUGH CAMPBELL.

Domain Drive,
Parnell, July 18, 1899.

TO THE ELECTORS OF AUCKLAND CITY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

I beg to announce to you that I shall be a Candidate at the next Election for the Representation of the City of Auckland in the House of Representatives.

Yours respectfully
W. J. NAPIER.

**EDEN ELECTORAL DISTRICT
TO THE ELECTORS.**

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

I beg to announce that I shall be a Candidate at the approaching General Election for the honor of representing your district in Parliament.

Yours faithfully,
MALCOLM NICCOL.
Devonport, July 21, 1899.

TO THE AUCKLAND ELECTORS

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

I beg to announce that I am a Candidate for the City of Auckland at the forthcoming Election.

F. Y. BAUME.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CITY OF AUCKLAND.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

I beg to announce to you that I shall again be a Candidate at the next Election for the Representation of the City of Auckland in the House of Representatives.

Yours respectfully,
JAS. J. HOLLAND.

TO THE ELECTORS OF AUCKLAND CITY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

I respectfully announce I shall again solicit your suffrages at the coming Election. I dare to ask you to give me credit for having been a zealous worker in the past. I have now been engaged for considerably over 20 years without a break, helping to promote the welfare and prosperity of our city, its population, rich and poor alike, and its institutions of all grades. My programme is still the same—Equality, Frugality, and Fraternity. These, governed by a desire to be fair, frank, and impartial, I trust will again pull me through.

Upon my arrival home I shall be pleased to meet my friends, with a view to concerted action.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
W. CROWTHER.

TO THE MANUKAU ELECTORS

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

My term of office as your Representative in the Parliament of New Zealand being about to expire, I beg to state that, if it be your pleasure to re-elect me, I shall endeavor in the future, as I have done in the past, to promote the prosperity and welfare of New Zealand, and to provide for the local wants of the several parts of your electorate.

I propose to notify next week the places where I intend to hold Meetings, and I respectfully invite you to attend such as may be most convenient.

I have the honor to be,
Your obedient servant,
G. MAURICE O'BOURKE.

TO THE ELECTORS OF PARNELL

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—

I am again a Candidate for your suffrages at the forthcoming General Election. I hope very shortly to have the honor of addressing you in the various centres of the Electorate.

Believe me,
Yours faithfully,
F. LAWRY.

Ellerslie, 2nd November.

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