

Echoes of the Week.

(By "Ithuriel.")

The hardest-worked man in Auckland at the present time appears to be the Coroner. How are we to account for the steady growth in the inquest business? The late Dr. Philson and Dr. McArthur were never blessed with half the trade that falls to the lot of Mr Gresham. The gods have been singularly kind to the Liberal Party for many years, and the circumstance that Mr Gresham is a valuable member of that organisation may have something to do with it. But work, even when it is well paid for, brings worry, and the Coroner must occasionally come to the conclusion that the world is stuffed with sawdust. The inquest touching the death of the child Moate has given him an experience he is not likely to covet again in a hurry.

Mr Rimmer, the Wellesley-street tradesman, who very nearly caused a riot by exhibiting a number of offensive placards in his window, has been very rightly bound over to keep the peace, which means abstaining from the exercise of his fad for six months, but he has a real grievance against the police. It seems that when he was taken to the lock-up he was charged with lunacy! For all we know the police may have been right, but that is not the point. Mr Rimmer's grievance (though he would not so state it) is this, that he has been selected to bear the stigma from which others equally culpable have been permitted to escape. One does not expect consistency from the police, who are necessarily opportunists, but they should endeavour to keep up appearances. Mr Rimmer is a fanatic, who in his zeal for the spread of what he believes to be the truth, pays no heed to the feelings and prejudices of other people, but if that constitutes lunacy (and I am not denying that it does) then the said Rimmer is not the only lunatic at large in the community. William Richardson, judged by the same standard, is infinitely madder, and his madness is of a much grosser kind. For Rimmer mostly slanders dead men, while Richardson seeks to befoul the reputation of live women. Then there are the single taxers, in fact the list might be extended indefinitely. If the police intend to run in all the "dotty" individuals in the city they will have a large contract. Yet if they tackle one they should go for the lot.

The Premier's idea of establishing a kind of partnership between the State and the Bank of New Zealand has ruffled the feathers of those who advocate a straight-out State Bank. In the classical language of their soi disant spokesman, one Mr Sievwright, of Gisborne, they say "let us run the show alone." This Mr Sievwright is kind enough to tell Mr Seddon that he, personally, appreciates the Premier's force of character, but he warns him that he will forfeit the goodwill of the people of New Zealand if he enters into any "hybrid partnership." Without going into the merits of the case, which cannot be discussed off-hand, I would like to know how this Mr Sievwright is able, as he says he is, to gauge with accuracy the opinion of the people of this colony? He is, I believe, the husband of Mrs Sievwright, who claims, amongst other things, to represent the Women of New Zealand, so perhaps the idiosyncrasy runs in the family. It is curious, moreover, to note how closely related to each other are all the fads that people take up when they want to worry their neighbours. Single tax, State bank, prohibition, women's claim to sit in Parliament—all these hobbies are run by the same people!

Mr Wragge has a rival rainmaker in Australia, and, if we may judge from the reflections of "Atticus" in the "Melbourne Leader," he provides some amusement. His name is Dr. McCreedy. Having received an intimation from the authorities at Broken Hill that they would like a few nice light, fresh-laid showers, the great Rain-maker replied in good set business lines:—"Please quote price for three inches of rain, delivery to be given within three weeks," and it was further stipulated that if the doctor did not come down with the rain the corporation of Broken Hill need not come down with the dust. Nothing could be fairer, and negotiations are proceeding. I suppose this gentleman is a qualified medical man, and not merely a medicine man, as his present occupation would imply. His methods are medical at any rate. For a droughty spell and a dry sky he prescribes the administration of a certain gas which is forced into the sky with the aid of a machine. The fact that gas will bring down rain is new to most of us, and sets one wondering how it is possible in those circumstances that there could ever be droughts in a country like Australia, blessed with seven Parliaments. Possibly, however, our various Houses do not generate the right kind of gas.

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His Majesty's Theatre, the lease of which has now been taken over by Mr C. R. Bailey, late manager for Mr Dix, is not to remain unoccupied between the dates of the big companies. Mr Bailey has organised a grand concert for Wednesday evening next, in which all the best available talent of Auckland will take part. An artiste who will make her bow to a local audience is Miss Olive Fristrom, R.A.M., R.C.M., T.C.L., a Brisbane pianiste of exceptional ability. A splendid programme has been arranged, and the concert is certain to be a success.

Parliament opens on Monday, and the members of both Houses are fitting to Wellington. Two new "Lords" go from Auckland this time, namely: S. T. George and W. Beehan. These appointments have been very popular in very dissimilar camps, though both nominees are supposed to be of the same "colour." A popular member of the House with all sides, and one who is also essentially a Parliamentary representative of sport, Mr W. H. Herries, was in town yesterday, looking up his many friends. He leaves Onehunga to-day.

A young lady of uncertain age entered a suburban music shop the other day, and said sweetly:—"I want 'Rock Me to Sleep.'" The shopman got the song and put it before her. "Now," said the young lady, "I want 'The Wandering Refugee.'" "Yes, ma'am," said the shopman, bowing, and in a few minutes he produced the "Refugee." "Now 'Kiss me,'" said the young lady, of course meaning the song thus named. The poor man's eyes popped fire almost, as he looked at the young lady in utter astonishment. "Wh—what did you say, miss?" "Kiss me," said she. "I can't do it. I never kissed a young lady in my life," said the abashed one.

A certain enthusiastic young lady was recently taken, for the first time, to see a football match. She knew nothing about the game, but she wasn't quite aware of the fact. "They're a poor team, aren't they?" she remarked to her companion, referring to the home eleven. "Oh, dear no!" he replied. "They're considered to be a clever lot." "That isn't what I mean," explained the lady. "They're not rich." "Certainly not!" he replied. "The players are mostly working men, and they don't get the support they deserve. As a matter of fact, the club's in debt." The lady was silent for a moment; then she returned to the attack with: "I should like to see a wealthy team play." "Why?" "Well," she replied, "every man would have a football of his own, I suppose."

THE BETTING MARKET.

Messrs Barnett and Grant report the following business on

THE NEW ZEALAND CUP

1800 to 13	Bulawayo
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In aid of and for the following object:  
Having £10 in hand, proceeds from a Concert held last year, and requiring another £12 10s to complete the purchase of an Artificial Leg for MR J. POLLAND, who lost his leg in Foughey's Quarry, through a dynamite accident, I propose holding the above Concert and Dance for this object, and earnestly solicit the patronage of the people of Auckland.  
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FOOTBALL.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27.  
ALEXANDRA PARK.  
PONSONBY v. PARNELL.  
NEWTON v. CITY.  
SUBURBS v. NORTH SHORE.  
Kick-off at 3 p.m. Sharp.  
Admission to either Ground, 6d; Grandstand, 6d. extra. Ladies Free.  
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By order of the Board. |  
JAMES BUTTLE,  
Acting-General Manager.  
Auckland, June 22, 1903.

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