

**TRADE TOPICS.**

A busy man is Mr J. S. Palmer, President of the New Zealand Licensed Victuallers' Association. His services are in general request, and with that good nature which is so essentially part of himself, and with the view of rendering his trade colleagues every possible assistance, he is always ready to respond to the calls made upon his time and attention. On Tuesday evening he left Auckland by the Main Trunk train, on a flying visit to Hawera, having been requested to explain to the hotelkeepers of that district several matters connected with the new Licensing law, the issues upon which the option votes are to be taken, and the working of the law should those issues be carried. Mr Palmer's advice is also being sought in connection with organisation work. He visits Wanganui also before returning to Auckland.

Congratulations to the South Australian Licensed Victuallers' Association, which has newly completed the fortieth year of its existence. The local L.V. "Gazette" declares that its position was never better, its membership never greater, and its affairs never more prosperous than they are to-day. Which is as it should be.

Concerning that "unauthorised" payment to Messrs. Adams Bros., the well-known Dunedin barristers and solicitors, Mr G. B. Nicholls, writing to the "Otago Daily Times," prior to Sir John Findlay's return to New Zealand, says (replying to a correspondent's criticism):—"As regards Mr Adams and the £369, there will be so complete a reply when Sir J. G. Findlay comes back that those who have sneered and insinuated will feel ashamed of themselves. I stand in with Mr Adams absolutely, and say that, as legal charges go, his charge will be proved moderate. Blame may possibly be laid upon the Government, but none lies upon Mr Adams." A lot of people are now anxiously awaiting Sir John Findlay's explanation of the business. The question is: Will he give it? Explanations are often not merely difficult but dangerous. This may be one of them.

I hear the no-license party went to the meeting with lots of ammunition," remarked the man from the Wairarapa.—"So I b'leeve," assented the McGreegor, "but they were aye carefu' to hide it, except a wheen o' telegrams they had readied up frae Waihi and ither places, makkin' affidavit that property had gone up a hundred per cent. wherever the liquor traffic had been pit doon and oot. There's no vally in stuff o' that sort. Hoo are we to know what soart o' progress a place like Invercargill would ha' made even gin the pair fowk there had been condemned for ever to bear the burden o' the unholy drink? Hamilton has made mair progress than Invercargill, or Oamaru or Asaburton, or sainted Clutha either, and that without burstin' up the liquor trade. And pair Waihi! To talk o' property goin' up in that place is 'maist as comical as oor Wully's demand for proofs! Jamie Fitzgerald made them a' laugh at the chamber o' commerce when he said he had been ance to Waihi and did na want to go again. Weel he could do waur for I'm told there are no end o' hooses that he might buy there, cheap. We're no wantin cheap hooses in Te Aroha!"

Here's a conundrum sent to us by a reader of the "Home Journal," who is evidently not an admirer of its methods:—"Why is the 'Home Journal' like a street car?" The answer is easy enough, and should be picked at the first attempt, "Because it is for ever snapping at the heels of its betters!" With that off his 36in. chest the office dog feels better.

Says the "L.V. Gazette and Hotel Courier" (London), in its review of the British and Irish export spirit trade for the six months ended June 30th last:—"New Zealand, notwithstanding the No License' legislation,

increased her orders by over 30,000 gallons, and took 294,634 of the value of £118,822." It would be interesting to know just how much of that 30,000 gallons went into No-License districts.

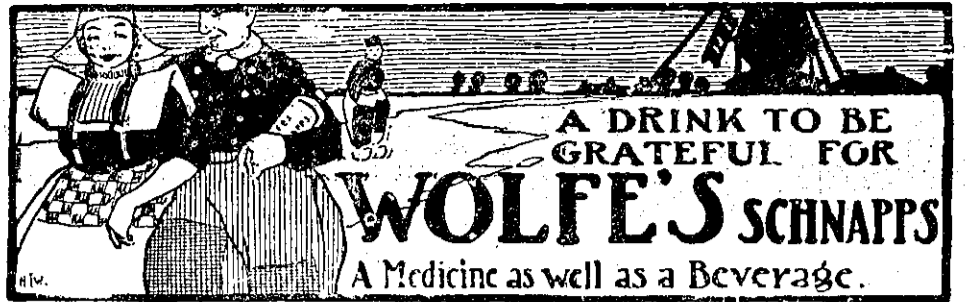
Rough on the Rev. John! According to the local "Guardian" a rather amusing case of mistaken identity occurred in Ashburton the other day. A stout and florid-faced gentleman was speaking to another person on the street in regard to electoral boundaries, and two prominent local no-license advocates, who were passing by at the time, heard the remarks and ventured a hasty conclusion as to the stranger's identity. "It's an easy matter to judge what party he belongs to," said one of the temperance reformers. "Look at his bulky form and that unmistakable color in his face!" The other friend acquiesced in the tell-tale signs referred to, and both thereupon indulged in an animated conversation regarding the absurdity of the Licensed Victuallers' Association paying an organiser to work the electorate in view of the defeat that party suffered at the last poll. Attending the Baring Square Church in the evening, where a no-license meeting was held, the two local men were astounded when they recognised in the chief speaker of the evening the gentleman whom they had taken to be the paid organiser of the liquor party, and who was none other than the redoubtable New Zealand Alliance worker, Rev. John Dawson, of Wellington. Moral: Judge of nothing (not even complexions) by appearances.

The "Home Journal" devotes the greater portion of its last issue to: (1) The glorification of the late T. E. Taylor, and (2) Unmitigated abuse of the "L.V. Gazette." We have nothing to remark against either beyond this. When the heathen rage and the Prohibitionists imagine vain things, sensible people smile. The abusive Temperance advocate is nearly though not quite as entertaining as "the Hon. Roddy" when he cracks a joke: That isn't often it is true, and the joke is generally a dour thing. And, so is the Editor of the "Home Journal." Still, he pleases a certain section, and his humour alleged or otherwise (more often otherwise) meets the requirements of gentlemen of the Smallfield persuasion. They please them and they do not, cannot, hurt us. Why then should we trouble? Begone dull care! The "Home Journal" makes excellent pipe lights. There are even times when its lurid utterances suggest that it is not even necessary to strike a match; they ignite of themselves!

Between judicial ignorance and police malevolence (says the London "L.V. Gazette") the licensed victualler not infrequently finds himself either fighting a rough and tumble with the devil or struggling for life in the deep sea. We do not mean that His Lordship and His Honour are invariably lacking in knowledge of the law of the land; or that Bobby, as a class, is vindictively out of sympathy with everything appertaining to strong drink. We could, and we would, find excuses for both. The law relating to licensing is so voluminous, so complex, and so contradictory, that there is small ground for wonder if it is sometimes misdirected, although the misdirection seldom goes in favour of the publican, who is often put to the expense and anxiety of an appeal before he can obtain simple justice. On behalf of the police as individuals, we would point out that out of the multiplicity of convictions proceedeth promotion, and there is a lot of human nature in the average policeman. Moreover, he occasionally errors along the line which the law permits him to pursue, but none of these excuses for blundering authority is of much comfort or help to the harassed license holder.

At the Magistrate's Court at Thames, for failing to forward their address to orders for liquor for Karangahake,

(Continued on page 23.)



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