

Says the "Bulletin":—It is notorious that Victoria's Licenses Reduction Board has improved the "temperance" aspect of social life by closing up unnecessary hotels, and those conducted in an unpleasant, undesirable, and sometimes illegal manner; that it is, in fact, doing more satisfactory work in one year than a dozen cold-tea fanatics could do in a score. Yet, one J. C. Martin—a parson, of course—now accuses it of "buttressing the trade by providing for seductive houses of entertainment." Apparently Martin wants places like Scott's, the Oriental, the White Hart, and Champion's wiped out, and the frowsy, unkempt beer-shops that used to disgrace the "little" city streets and lanes left untouched. At the same time, he probably wonders why fal-minded people have a whole-hearted contempt for the Wowser, and refuse to take him and his howlings seriously.

Statistics which show the average consumption per head of tobacco in various countries during 1911 place New Zealand half-way down the list. Holland, with 6.92lb, occupies premier position, followed by the United States, with 4.36lb. New Zealand, further down the list, is placed between New South Wales, 2.69lb, and Queensland, 2.65lb. Tasmania and South Australia come next, with 2.30lb, and 2.14lb, respectively, above Victoria, with 2.02lb. The United Kingdom is credited with 1.41lb, and Russia ends the list with 1.23lb. The chief source of supply is the United States, which in 1910, out of a total of 2,053,000,000lb, produced 1,103,410,000lb. Contrary to general opinion, Virginia is not the largest tobacco-growing State in the Union, Kentucky, with 303,000,000lb, producing more than twice as much as Virginia does. The ranks of the cigarette-smokers continue to increase yearly, and the number of cigarettes on which tax was paid during the last fiscal year in the United States of America totalled 11,239,000,000, an increase of 1,984,000,000 over the preceding year. New Zealand's imports of tobacco for 1911 totalled 2,786,000lb, on which duty to the amount of £592,000 was paid.

The following little story is related in a London paper, which points a moral to our wowser friends. "Last summer a couple of Northampton L.V.s were having a brief holiday at Blackpool. On the sands was a "Stiggins," fully equipped with tracts, umbrella, and wearing top hat with the black band, a white tie, etc. In a couple of seconds he was recognised as a teetotal lecturer, who had been trying to convince a crowd on the Northampton Market Square that they would all go to hell if they did not give up whisky drinking. To make sure of their man one of the L.V.s said to the lecturer: "Excuse me, but aren't you Mr. So-and-So?" "Yes," responded Stiggins. "Well," said the Northampton hotel proprietor, "I wish to thank you heartily for the advice you gave me as one of your crowd some years ago." The abstainer, naturally thinking he had reformed the man, said: "Of course you signed the pledge after listening to my address. How pleased I am to hear it." And then the tears ran down his florid cheeks. "Signed the pledge be hanged!" retorted the L.V. "No such thing. I had my place done up, got more business, banking account increased, and today I have all these," pointing to his gold watch and chain, diamond pin, and rings, "And," he added, "I have a cob at Northampton." "Stiggins" tried to get a few words in, but the L.V. continued: "Don't you remember saying, 'Look at the publican, he can have his gold watch and chain, his diamond rings, and his fast-trotting cob?' Well, I say, I took your advice, I profited by it, and today I have all those, but at the same time I have given good value for money, paid up all Lloyd George's unjust demands, and never gone out seeking customers or interfering with other peoples' freedom."—"Verb sap."

Mr. "Wet": "Allow me to congratulate you."
Mr. "Dry": "What for?"
Mr. "Wet": "Oh, for just anything—the sunshine, the blue skies, the fact that you are up and about. Isn't that something?"
Mr. "Dry": "No!"
Mr. "Wet": "Then congratulate me for not having a disposition like yours."

INN ON THE SLANT.

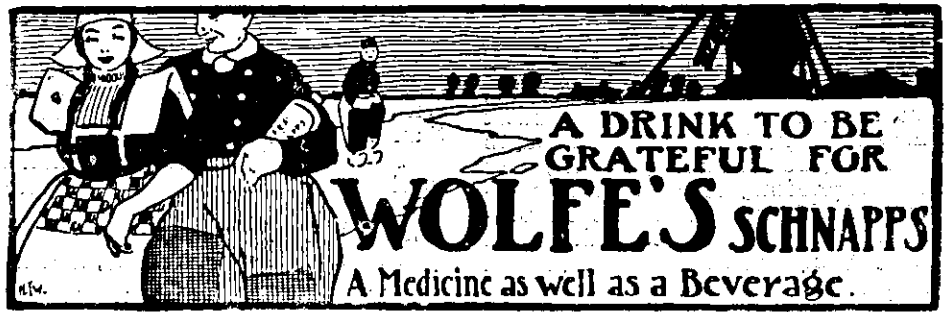
Droitwich is the place of invalids, brine baths, and sinking houses. The sinking houses are apt to give the most temperate man the impression that he must have dined "not wisely, but too well" the previous evening. The whole, needless to say, is a case of cause and effect, the foregoing being the effect and the cause the streams of brine, which exist at a depth of about 200ft below the surface of the town. At the "Waggon and Horses" in High-street, Eng., this is particularly noticeable. From one room into another there is a drop of over 3ft, and a table which is apparently slanting uphill is really slanting down. The whole house sinks on one side at the rate of a little over an inch a year. You don't notice the tilt so much because the whole street is sinking at the same time. The strangest effect, perhaps, is to be seen in the bedrooms of the inn, where the castors have been taken off one end of the bedsteads, and blocks of wood nearly 6in deep placed under the other end, and, as an additional precaution, the bedsteads are tied securely to the wall. Before that was done it was no uncommon thing to go to bed at one end of the room and to wake up at the other. A plumb line dropped from the upper bedroom windows to the ground is the only way really to tell from the outside that anything is the matter. The house is equally well known now as the "Crooked House"; in fact, it is to-day one of the sights of the town. Its proprietor, Mr. A. F. Kench, has been secretary of the local L.V.A. for 14 years, and was previously president and vice-president. He has occupied the house for the past 20 years.

HOTELKEEPERS' PARTIES.

When a licensed Victualler wishes to entertain guests after hours it is always well to give notice to the police. It saves such a lot of trouble and very often expense, and places the license-holder at his ease. Had Mr. A. J. Wightman, landlord of the Harvey Hotel, Dover Road, Folkestone, thus acted (says London L.V. "Gazette" in a recent issue), he would not have been summoned for a breach of the Licensing Act for selling drink on his premises during prohibited hours, namely between 11 and 12 o'clock on Sunday night. Of course he had to enter into a full explanation. His wife had gone on a holiday, so he invited some of his male friends—customers at the house—to join him in a little sing-song after hours. The invitations appear to have been given at various times during the day, and those who participated had assisted him in a concert he gave some little time ago for the "Poor Children's Fund." The friends were invited to the livingroom, and although drink had to be brought from the bar, there was no evidence to show that a drop had been paid for. Mr. G. W. Haines, who appeared for Mr. Wightman, pointed out that it was laid down that the holder of a justices' license should not be liable to a penalty for supplying intoxicating liquor after hours of closing to private friends bona fide entertained by him at his own expense. In this case they were bona fide friends entertained by defendant at his own expense. The case was dismissed, but the Chairman pointed out that it would have been wise of the defendant if he had given notice to the police, who were quite justified in bringing the case before the Court.

THE REPROOF COURTEOUS.

María Mitchell, the famous astronomer, was once directed by her physician to use lager beer as a tonic. On the way to visit her sister, Mrs. Joshua Kendall, of Cambridge, Mass., she stopped at a saloon and purchased a bottle of beer and afterwards asked her brother-in-law to open it for her. The Mitchell family spoke among themselves after the Quaker custom. "Where did thee get this bottle, María?" questioned her sister. "At the saloon on the corner," replied Miss Mitchell serenely. "Why, María! Doesn't thee know respectable women don't go into such places?" "Oh," said Miss Mitchell in the manner of one who has done all that could be required. "I told the man after I bought it that he ought to be thoroughly ashamed of his traffic."



A DRINK TO BE GRATEFUL FOR
WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS
A Medicine as well as a Beverage.

IMPERIAL ALE

for a Thirsty Man.

Nothing so Invigorating,
Nothing so Enjoyable,
Nothing so Pure, as

IMPERIAL ALE.

The Ale of Quality.

Hancock & Co., (N.Z.) Ltd.

If You are interested in
Tobacco Cigars Cigarettes

or any Smokers' Requisites allow us to submit Prices when next you are Buying.

- Colmado Cigars - 15s per 100
- Ideal Rothschilds - 19s 6d "
- Star of Cuba - 23s 6d "

(A Choice, Heavy Cigar)

These are our Exclusive Brands.

HUTCHINSON BROS., Ltd.

Custom Street THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS. Khyber Pass
Queen Street 4 STORES. Ponsonby

H. A. JARDEN & CO.,

Stock, Land and Estate, Insurance and Financial Agents, Hotelbrokers, Etc., Licensed Landbrokers, Live Stock Insurance Agency,
104 Hereford Street, CHRISTCHURCH.
Sub-Agents: AUCKLAND, WELLINGTON AND DUNEDIN.

First-class Town and Country Hotels, Boardinghouses and businesses of every description for sale in all parts of the Dominion.

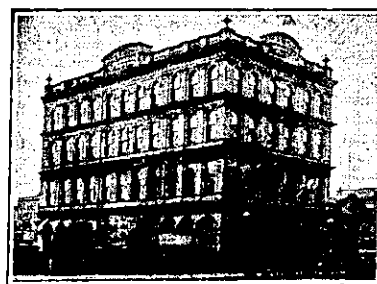
LAND TRANSFER DEPARTMENT.
All Documents prepared under the Land Transfer Act on the lowest scale. This Department is under the supervision of our Mr. G. Lisle, late managing clerk for G. B. Ritchie, solicitor, of this city, for the past 16 years, which position he vacated to join our employ. Money to lend from £100 to £5000 at current rates on approved securities. All letters and telegrams receive immediate attention.

H. A. JARDEN AND CO.,
104 HEREFORD ST., CHRISTCHURCH.

WHERE ALL SPORTS MEET.

ANCHOR HOTEL
(Opposite the Town Hall),
AUCKLAND.

C. F. MOLLOY Proprietor.



NEWMARKET HOTEL.
UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

F. MEYRICK Proprietor.
AUCKLAND.

HOWICK.

Visitors to this beautiful spot will find everything of the best at the
MARINE HOTEL.

J. W. H. BRIGHT Proprietor.

An ideal health resort.
First-class Cuisine and Accommodation.
Good stabling.

WAVERLEY HOTEL.
QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

Next to New Post Office, Railway Station, Motor Car Stand, and Wharf.
First-class Table d'Hôte. Conveyance meets Steamers and Trains.
Tariff: 8s per day; £2 2s per week.
Telephone 370.

FRANK TOWSEY & W. S. SLOANE,
Proprietors.