

inequalities of fortune, which has given these Irishmen the gift of pointedly saying what they have at heart."

Many a true word is spoken in jest. This little paragraph admirably describes the situation. The brave Mr. Balfour dare not face Wm. O'Brien in debate on the floor of the House of Commons. He waits, as *Punch* says, for "his opportunity." He sets two of his Removables at him here in Ireland—staunch bloodhounds of the Rowdy Roche breed. He runs him into prison. He has his revenge then for the arguments which he could not answer, and the exposure under which he writhed in the House of Commons. Yet is there a bitter drop in the sweet cup of his vengeance. He dare not again have his indomitable opponent knocked down and stripped stark naked by brute force in his prison cell. He tried it once and found the public would not stand the performance a second time. The old fashion in Venice, modified to fit more modern times, suits the brave Mr. Balfour admirably. A gentleman in old Venice was not expected to run any risk in getting rid of an opponent he had only to give a few gold pieces to a fellow who was handy with a dagger, and in some lonely place and on some dark night the matter was quietly arranged. Rowdy Roche makes an excellent "bravo"—a professional stabber.

One horror succeeds another so rapidly in the accursed system of Coercion in Ireland, that public indignation has not time to overtake them all. The murder of Michael Cleary in Tipperary seems to us amongst the blackest infamies of the system for which the brave Mr. Balfour is responsible. We say "murder" advisedly. Coercion is as responsible for the death of Michael Cleary as it is for the death-wounds of poor young Heffernan, who was shot down by the police rifles in the streets. Michael Cleary was sentenced to two months' imprisonment by the Removables. His crime was that he was in the streets of Tipperary, walking towards his own house on the evening poor young Heffernan was shot. He entered the prison door a strong young man of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. He was subjected to the usual treatment which Coercion prisoners have to endure. He left the gaol two months later the skeleton of his former self. Just a week after his release the poor young fellow took to his bed, which he never left alive. Sometimes one is tempted to smile at the ludicrous sentences of Removables—four months', five months', or six months' imprisonment for "winking at a boycotted pig," or indulging in "a humbugging sort of a smile." But let us remember what this imprisonment means. Let us remember the fate of young Larkin, of heroic John Mandeville, and of poor Michael Cleary, of Tipperary, and all tendency to merriment is checked. Its place is taken by horror and loathing for the hirelings, brutal and corrupt, who do these things in the outraged name of justice and the heartless cynic who commands them.

FEMALE REPORTERS.

NOT all women will make successful newspaper workers, any more than all men will. It is not an easy task, albeit it is fascinating, writes Sally Joy White in *Wide Awake*. It, more nearly than any other I know, will answer the description given of woman's work in the old doggerel which ran:—

"Man's work is from sun to sun,
Woman's work is never done."

This is really true of newspaper work. It is literally never done.—Your paper goes on through everything; it is printed every day, and sometimes several times a day. Can you understand what that means? Something fresh and new in every one. The last incident caught even in its happening, chronicled in white heat, and put before the waiting public before it is two hours old. Nothing must escape; every class in the community must be looked after, from the merchant prince to the rag picker. Do you realise what this requires? Quickness, alertness and, more than that, if you will let me coin a word, aliveness. A readiness to do whatever may come to you, to turn out an interesting story on any subject, to make the most of every trifling incident, in short, to give value to every piece of work put into your hand to do.

Here, for instance, is a sample of what may come to a worker, what has come, in fact; and it is no exaggeration. Busy on a "special," as a long article to be ready for use at any time is called, you are interrupted by the call from the managing editor's desk.—You answer the summons and find your superior officer with an open letter in his hands.

"I have just heard," he says, "that there is every likelihood that Mrs. — will be put in nomination for the school board. It is to be done suddenly, and isn't generally known. We want to be prepared for the emergency, so will you go out and get a sketch of her to use this afternoon? Get a full column, more if you can, and see what her views are on such and such points," naming them over. "And, by the way, such a person," naming some distinguished individual, "is to arrive this afternoon. Can't you see him and get a little interview? Have it for the morning. Perhaps you'd better go to the station to meet the train; and while you're waiting you might run into Harmony Hall and see what is going on there."

Well, off you go. To facilitate matters you take a carriage and go to the house of the proposed candidate for school committee. She has just gone to see someone who is interested in her nomination, and off you start after her. Perhaps you catch her at this point, and perhaps, which is much more likely, you have to follow her elsewhere. You find her, get your points speedily, back you go to your desk, formulating your sketch in your mind meanwhile. It's pretty near lunch time; but there's no time to think of anything but that sketch; there is a little over an hour in which to catch the edition you want, and at least a column to be written. You lock your door and begin. Somebody knocks, and you keep on writing; nothing short of the crack of doom or the managing editor's bell will stop your pen. You and Time are having a fine race, and, being a true newspaper worker, you win. Hurrah! the last line is written, five minutes to spare.

And now for a good luncheon. But what is this? The city editor appears; somebody is ill, an assignment overlooked; won't you take it, please? There's really nobody else; every one is out or busy "catching the edition." It will take you a mile in the opposite direction from which you are to go to capture your "interview" that is coming on the train; good-bye, luncheon. A cup of coffee or a plate of soup is hastily swallowed, if there is that time to spare, if not you go without it. You get the points needed, write them out on your lap in the horse cars, then go on to the interview, with "Harmony Hall" by way of diversion. Luckily for you there isn't much going on there—a paragraph will dispose of it—so on you go. You are in time for the train, you look out, there's nobody from any other newspaper there. Your spirits rise, you've scored a point. In comes the train. Your "interview" is amenable, asks you to drive to the hotel and talk on the way. It's astonishing how much information you can get in a very little time. Correct information, too, just what your public wants. And here is a point which I desire to give to the would-be newspaper girl. You are of little value to your paper unless the information you get is perfectly correct and reliable, and unless you know and understand the points which the public and the paper not only want to know, but have the right to know.

Well, you go back with your material and write out your interview. Perhaps you think since that is done you will be at liberty. It may be that you will; and it may be also that you will be asked to go somewhere in the evening and write an account of a lecture, a party, a convention, a fancy fair, or a revival. That is the newspaper day, and pretty much every day.

THE PROGRESS OF NEW ZEALAND SINCE 1886.

(From the *Investors' Guardian*)

WHEN Macaulay evolved the idea of a traveller from New Zealand, taking his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge, in the midst of a vast solitude, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's Cathedral, perhaps the historian had in his mind's eye not only the possibility of the decline of England, but a prophetic glimpse of the growth and development of New Zealand, in common with her Australian sisterhood. Some despondent minds a short time ago seemed to think that these conditions would be reversed, and to apprehend that general ruin was in store for that colony because some adventurous local merchants had overtraded, and the banks had thereby been temporarily embarrassed, as if these episodes would not be certain to occasionally recur in every new region where men had courage and energy enough to face uncertainty in their eagerness for the development of their country. But we venture to say that if these pessimists will carefully read the pamphlet just issued by Messrs. Street and Co., of Cornhill, which contains the addresses of two Presidents of the Chamber of Commerce of the Province of Canterbury, in the South Island of the Colony, far happier views of the present and anticipations for the future cannot fail to replace their past saddened sentiments. Our readers are well aware of the temporary depression of trade to which we have referred, occurring between 1886 and 1889. Serious losses were then experienced by the banks, but the gradual increase in trade in every branch of industry in the Colony has restored their financial position and renewed public confidence. Previous to 1888 the low prices of all kinds of produce not only made it impossible for farmers to continue to pay the high wages which had prevailed, but production became greatly restricted, so that men were thrown out of work, and the labour market was overstocked. One of the results of the consequent limited demand for labour was, that the stream of emigration to New Zealand was temporarily checked. During the year 1888 the prices of agricultural and dairy produce generally advanced. Wool more than maintained its price, the frozen meat export to England sprang to dimensions of the first magnitude, and there was a steady increase in the exports of timber and flax. The addresses in the pamphlet to which we have referred were delivered in the years 1886 and 1889, and the statistics as given by the president in the latter address, last August, demonstrate most forcibly that the returning prosperity of New Zealand is an indisputable fact; that the colony has made steady and decided progress, and has emerged from that depression which, like a millstone, hung round her neck and impeded her progress. Although the rapid expansion of the frozen meat trade brought about some diminution in the number of sheep, yet this decrease has not reduced the value of the export of wool, but, on the contrary, a comparison with the previous years shows an increase of more than £300,000. This progress in the frozen meat trade has been most marked, and fulfilled the sanguine expectations of those who, in the face of much opposition and scepticism, initiated the industry. The figures speak volumes. In 1882 the export value of frozen mutton was under £20,000, whilst for the year ending 31st December last, it exceeded half a million sterling. The trade in refrigerated beef also shows considerable growth, the exports for the year ending 1888 being £54,000, as against only £10,000 for 1887. The dairy produce has also commanded higher prices, and considerable quantities of butter and cheese are being sent to England and other countries, the increase in the export of butter alone being over £50,000. The value of cereals has increased in a remarkable degree; the export of wheat to England and Australia, as compared with the previous year, shows a rapid expansion; and stress must be laid on the fact, that New Zealand is able to spare three and-a-half millions of bushels of wheat to meet the deficiencies of this and other European countries. There can be no reasonable doubt that its fine climate, the richness of much of its soil, as shown by the high average yield of wheat, coupled with the well-known fact that New Zealand stands first of all the colonies in its facilities for sheep producing, renders this colony most attractive to farmers and emigrants from the agricultural classes. The augmented demand from